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SINAI AND PETRA


E. HORNBY



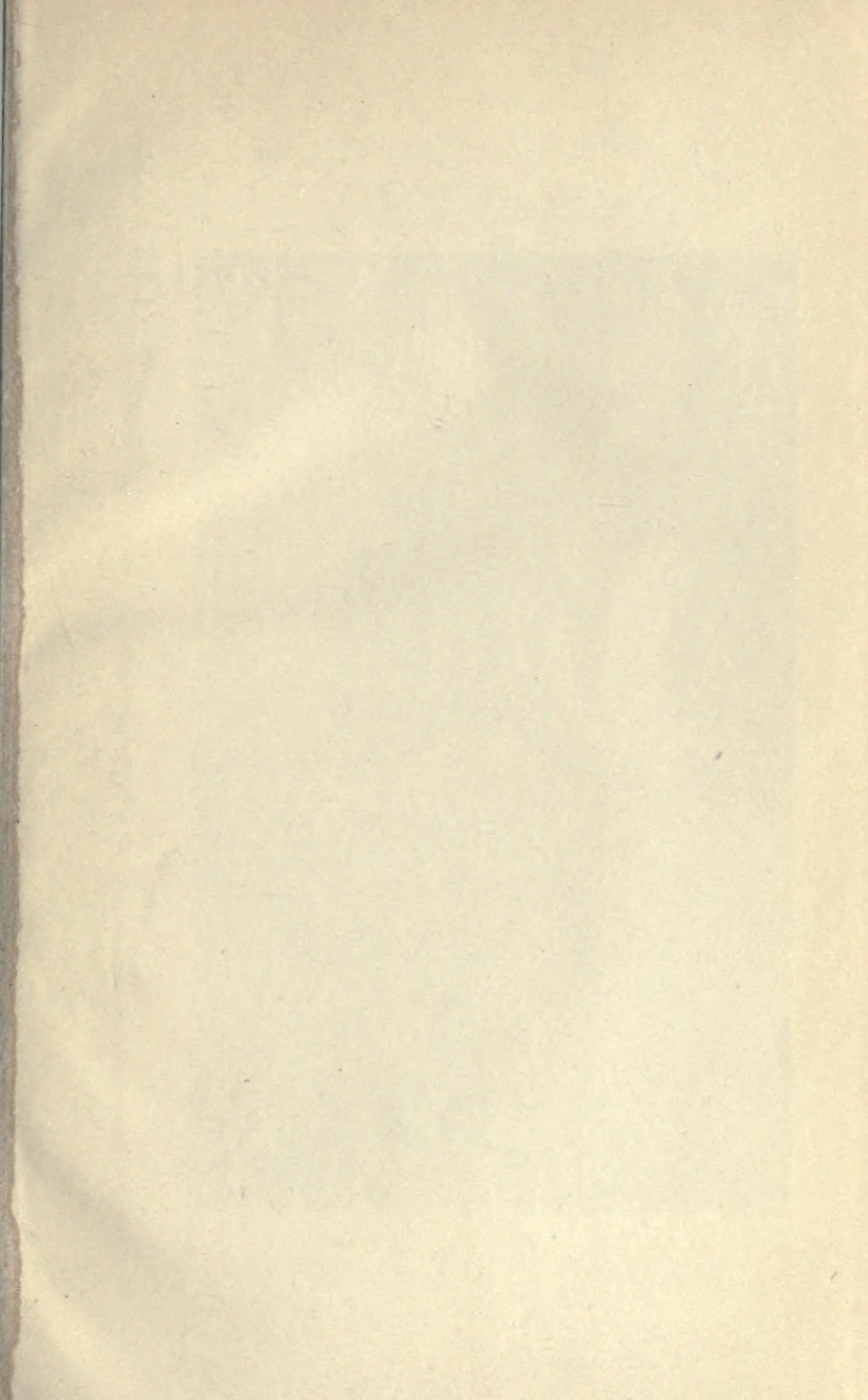
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SINAI AND PETRA.

THE JOURNALS OF EMILY HORNBY,
IN 1899 AND 1901.

With Colored Plates

From the original Water Color Sketches by F. M. Hornby.

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My sister's last journal (an account of our voyage up the Nile) was printed for private circulation only, but as Sinai and Petra—more especially the latter, are rarely visited by ladies, it is hoped that these earlier journals may be of some general interest.

M. L. H.

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SINAI.

1899.

SINAI.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1899. We got off this morning from Cairo by the 11.40 train for Suez, all our nineteen packages with us. Suleiman (our dragoman) who looks abjectly miserable, did not seem at all up to his duties about tipping the porters, etc., but coerced by F. got through somehow. He provided an excellent luncheon, chicken and ham, bread and butter, we got coffee at stations on the way. A most dreary line, we never saw the Nile or the Pyramids, or the Suez Canal. We saw how very narrow Egypt is, the desert quite within sight and the latter part all through desert. A very cold wind though a hot sun, I kept my jacket on all the way, and the last hour was glad of my rug. The Hotel de l'Orient is very decent, we had nice rooms on the ground floor. Table d'hote. An English family are living here, father, mother and daughter, I suppose

he has some appointment. They have a little Irish terrier, which must be a great comfort but also an anxiety. We are not to start till two to-morrow, so we shall have time to look about us. Our luggage, all but one thing each, is to go off at six, so we must arrange all to-night. A very nice table in the dining room. I played Patience very comfortably. The mother and daughter played Halma.

SATURDAY, FEB. 18th. Up very early. Breakfast in the courtyard. There is a shrub with lovely red flowers, I think it is a bougainvillea. M. and F. went a walk all round, and to the shore, and found quantities of shells, which they washed, and M. sent off to Rome. I did not go out, there was such a glare, I thought I should see all Suez going to the boat. Suleiman came with the luncheon waiter, who says he has been with M. and F. on one of their former tours as cook. His name is Ibrahim. At two we drove to the landing-place, M. armed with her box of shells which is to be sent straight to Woodhouse Street, they said the post was close to the pier. Of course it was not open, in that tiresome way of foreign posts, so M. in despair, drove back to the hotel, with the box, and asked the English ladies to post it for her, which they cheerfully consented to do. F. and I in the meantime were hoisted into the boat (a space of water intervening), a substantial tub with a sail, what I picture to myself as a felucca.



Kitchener's

Feb 17 1879

M. soon appeared and we thought we were off, when an unexpected delay appeared in the shape of a policeman, who demanded our names, and summoned Suleiman to a conference. He was away ages. We were rather frightened. I had my passport with me, but the others had left theirs with the luggage which had gone on in the morning. The English ladies appeared on the shore with Jessie, the little dog, and F. tried to throw it a biscuit. Suleiman at last appeared, very angry with the policeman, and we got off. No wind, so the sail was useless. One of the two Arab boatmen kept rowing, punting in a sort of way, running along the edge of the boat like a monkey, and pushing with a long pole, first at one end and then at the other. For about two hours it was the canal, then we emerged into the Red Sea. I had dreaded this voyage, but it was perfectly smooth and quite lovely, a hot sun but a fresh wind. The canal is much wider than I had imagined it, several steamers passed. The course is marked by red flags. The wind got up the last hour, and we drifted across to Ain Moussa, our landing-place, supposed to be the point where the Israelites crossed. Suleiman thinks it was not so wide there before the canal was made. I hope it was not, it made my blood run cold to think of it. Suleiman was attached to the German Emperor's suite in Jerusalem, and had a great many stories. The road up the Mount of Olives is quite a temporary affair, we are glad to

hear, and will soon not exist, The Empress was obliged to walk down it, she suffered dreadfully from heat, being of a fair complexion. Towards the end of the voyage another Arab suddenly rose up from the bottom of the boat where he had been asleep. Suleiman said he was our Sheikh, and lived near Mount Sinai. He was a fine looking old man, dressed in a long sheepskin. It was after five when we landed, at the end of a long débarcadere. We had seen a little village as we approached, but I don't remember anything of it when we landed, except a square building, with a verandah with benches. There had been lovely mauve hills in the distance on each side. Now we were all excitement about the camels, for we had been told we were to ride an hour to-day. I was very glad to make a beginning with a short ride, and I was burning with curiosity to know what it would be like. Soon a troop of camels approached, and we saw the saddles fixed on, large soft armchairs (without legs) looking most thoroughly comfortable, a little pillar in front to rest against, and stirrups. My camel knelt and I was hoisted up first and sat well back when it rose, and felt as if I should be quite comfortable. A speechless Arab grasped my hand at first, but soon let me go. It was not in the least like what I expected, I thought we should be jolted up and down, but instead one swayed from side to side, at first I thought the saddle was going to slip off, but soon felt it was safe. It was rather like

balancing on a bicycle. It was quite dark when we started, but a lovely starlight night, we were well wrapped up so we were not cold, and it was quite delightful strolling across the boundless desert to our camp in an oasis of trees about an hour away. I have a room partitioned off the dining tent and a most tempting little bed. There is another sleeping tent for M. and F. both of picturesque Eastern stuffs. There is a kitchen tent where they were all sitting round a stove with divisions, in each of them something being cooked. I shall get to know the staff in time. The waiter, Jusouf, also acts as chambermaid. It was too dark to see the Arabs and camels bivouacking, I hope we shall arrive to-morrow by daylight. We had an excellent dinner and Suleiman then came in and told us we were not to have such a long day to-morrow as is put in the itinerary, eight hours to Wady Wardan; instead, we are only to have six to Wady Sardir. It will be much better not to have such a long day to begin with. We are to be called at six.

SUNDAY, FEB. 19th. My cough was so bad in the night M. and F. heard me in their tent and brought me some cough medicine. I was better afterwards and slept very well, the bed was most comfortable, quite warm. I was very glad I had resisted a hot water bottle, I hate them. I was called at six, up at once and dressed very hurriedly.

The Arabs and camels were all crouched round a little Arab village quite near behind a fence of brush-wood, some children were about. I had some hot milk and toast for breakfast, it answers better than anything. It was most interesting seeing them load the camels. The bedding etc. was all rolled up and put into square sacks closed by a flap. I could fancy Joseph's brothers had that kind. A network of strong rope is laid across the camel, which is kneeling down and grunting very much, a package slung in each side, the ends brought across the camel's back and laced up. It was 8.30 before we got off, so I shall know to-morrow there is no need for frantic haste. I was perfectly comfortable on my camel, so was F., M. not quite yet. Suleiman, and Ibrahim (the luncheon waiter) also rode with us, managing their camels themselves. We were each led by a very nice Arab, I have tried in vain to learn their names, I must put them down to-morrow. We were also accompanied by two little boys, called Moussa and Selim. I thought for a long time Selim was a girl, and at last asked Suleiman, who told him, on which Selim, very indignant, pulled off his head gear, and showed a long black tuft, by which, as a male Moslem, he is to be pulled into Paradise. The whole procession was led by a baby camel, which seemed to be quite following its own devices. We followed the line of the Red Sea, glittering to our right, a line of mauve hills beyond ; the desert was

exactly like the sea shore, sometimes stones about, sometimes not. To our amazement we saw posts, and heard they were the telegraph line to Sinai. We might have been riding over the shore at Hightown, the posts marking the quicksands. We plodded steadily on for four hours, it was not at all hot, and then pulled up for a halt, on what seemed a peculiarly flat and shelterless piece of sand, but there were some tufts of coarse herbage, not grass, but a sort of little shrub, on which they said the camels could graze. (They also handed to me this morning two sorts of yellow flowers, growing close to the ground, which the camels like very much, the little boys kept gathering bundles and handing them to them). Our luncheon tent was put up in a second, our saddles arranged as armchairs, and we were thoroughly comfortable. Luncheon followed, sardines, hard-boiled eggs, cold chicken, cheese and pickled onions, which they think a great delicacy, I am very fond of them myself. Onion is bussal in Arabic. Wine and coffee afterwards, oranges and raisins. We rested nearly all the hottest part of the day, it was still very hot when we started. I tried M's camel, and liked it just as well if not better than my own, and she thought she liked mine better, so may keep it. The afternoon's ride was, I must say, exceedingly monotonous, a perfectly dead level, sometimes stones and sometimes none. In the morning there had been a few mounds. I was glad to see our camp,

though not at all tired, we arrived about six with the sun setting brilliantly into the Red Sea. Tea ready for us, which was most grateful, and really very good. Suleiman again proposes to vary, or rather shorten the route to-morrow, and only get to Elimara instead of Wady Ghurundel, which is the Elim of Exodus, and where we particularly want to stop. I think this seems to be quite the least interesting day. A high wind has got up, there has not been a breath all day: I hope it will not blow to-morrow. Read "Angel of Wrath," etc., from Christian Year. To-morrow I must have a book handy to dry the flowers. A most lovely night, the moon nearly full, and beautiful stars.

MONDAY, FEB. 21st, 2nd day in the Desert. A most awful thing happened last night, after I was left alone, M. and F. gone to their tent. I was arranging my things on the dining table, when a huge black monster dropped with a thud upon it from the roof. I flew out shrieking, and Ibrahim came, but the creature could not be found. I had to go to bed in misery and terror, I did not venture to bring the candle into my department at all. After I had got into bed, the wind whistled so in my ears, I was quite obliged to get a silk handkerchief off the table to wrap round my head. I was in mortal terror of the creature, but heard no more of it, and had a very good night. The wind was not cold and went down

before morning. I was very loath to get up at six, but duty called. I dressed rather more elaborately as there seemed so much time yesterday, and in consequence was a little hurried at the last. All got off at 8 o'clock. Two very fine peaks were visible from the camp, I think to the north. We now turned away from the Red Sea, and for the whole day, till the last half hour before reaching the tents in the evening, we traversed a perfectly level plain, firm hard sand, interspersed with pebbles here and there, and little bushes like broom. My Arab gave me a branch, it has little lilac flowers close to the stalk like lavender, I have dried a piece and hope I shall not lose it. Everything is so perfectly clean and pure, the desert must be most healthy, nothing but clean pure sand, I should have thought there must have been mounds of débris from Bedouins and camels bivouacking, but there are none. We met two parties of Bedouins with laden camels, the men all walking. They greeted our Arabs most affectionately, kissed them (I was told afterwards they did not kiss, only knocked their foreheads together). We rode four hours in the morning, till 12 o'clock. M. got off and walked the last half hour and said it was delightful. Eggs, potted tongue, chicken, cheese, raisins for luncheon, enjoyed it very much, luncheon is the only meal I can eat, so far. After a nap we all walked on, the telegraph posts being a guide we could not lose our way. F. went

on much further than M. and I did. F. had her Arabic grammar this morning, so I had my Greek this afternoon, and could read quite comfortably. We are all thoroughly inured to our camels now, and I could go on all day without inconvenience. These are a new kind of saddle, only just made, so I think we are most lucky. They are like soft, legless arm chairs, we require no extra cushions, indeed there is not room for them. Hills are in front, one a solid square block of rock, we seem gradually approaching them, so are in hopes of scenery to-morrow, but I like this pure flat desert very much, it seems so healing and restoring, I am sure it would do Helen a great deal of good. The last half hour before the camp we mounted quite a hill, and found the tent nestled in a hollow, the hens and chickens we carry with us all pecking about. I want to see our sheepskin sheikh again, but to-night it is blowing quite a gale, harder than last night. We arrived in camp about five, tea was all ready for us, and most grateful. We certainly have every luxury. I shall count the camp up exactly when we have a day of rest, which is to happen, I believe, at Rephidim. To-morrow we go through Wady Ghurundel, which is Elim, but are not sure whether we are to camp there. All to-day I believe we have been going through Wady Wurdan. No yellow flowers. This is written with a fountain pen, which answers capitally. I played Patience for the first time in the desert. The wind was very high

and cold. I put on Maud's Pyrenean jacket for the first time, and a red shawl round my head and was thoroughly comfortable. I never coughed once. I never have a hot water bottle and never want it.

TUESDAY, FEB. 21st, 3rd day in the Desert. Wind still very high. M. and F. started walking, Moussa with them as guide, and we did not overtake them for an hour. I provided myself with three books, Mrs. Lewis, my Greek Testament, and Greek grammar. The Greek Testament I found rather dazzled me, the other two I could read very well. The wind was horrid. The scenery was much more varied, quite rocks in places, and a good deal more vegetation. A quantity of small glittering stones, M. thinks they are alabaster, I have got some. We passed some plots that really looked like fields, and heard afterwards they really were cultivated, some with corn. This was all Wady Ghurundel we were going through. We met a party of Bedouins, seven camels laden, and two or three men walking. I see now exactly how they greet each other, pressing their foreheads together. The little camel became quite frisky and galloped about. At last we came to quite a steep hill, my Arab, Abdul, kept saying hoti, hiti (take care), and very soon after we came to a descent at the entrance of a defile. There were quite high rocks on each side, and we all got off. Abdul lifted me down without making the camel kneel, I had to

drop into his arms. I believe the camels do not like kneeling, it is rather a mercy, as they might want to do it at wrong times if they did. This had been a very short morning, only three hours and a half, and the afternoon was still shorter, not an hour, M. and F. walked the whole way. We were all taken by surprise to come suddenly upon the tents behind a piece of rising ground. The reason of this short day was that the camels might be watered at the wells of Wady Ghurundel, the Elim of Exodus, where there were twelve wells and seventy palm trees. The latter have disappeared, at least I have seen none, (Suleiman says he saw one), but there are quantities of bushes and, I really think, quite twelve wells. They are not attractive, holes about three feet square in the ground, but in one place there was quite a clear stream. We were just in time to see the last camel (it was mine) drink. I am so sorry we did not go at once, but we had no idea the wells were so close, and also thought they would be ages pottering with the camels, and tea was just ready. However, we feel now we are on the exact ground occupied by the Israelites, as we must also have been the first evening. Ain Moussa, where we encamped, is the first place they could have stopped at after crossing the Red Sea, there would have been no water anywhere else. It must have been there that Miriam sang, "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." I am so surprised how Keble, who I



Palms, I. 1890. 1890. 1890.
1890. 1890. 1890.

am sure was never in the desert, hit on such an expression as the "desert ledges."

"Along the desert ledges green,
The scattered sheep unheeded glean
The deserts spicy store."

There are no sheep certainly, but "ledges" exactly describes the look of the place, and I could quite fancy all these thick shrubs having a spicy flavour. M. and F. found some thick yellow mulleins to-day, F. has drawn one, they are too large to dry. Also some dandelions, and some very pretty little yellow and lilac flowers which we have dried.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22nd, 4th day in the Desert. A most delightful day. After all the Elim palm trees do exist, and M. and F. saw them yesterday. We all went this morning, it was about a ten minutes walk, and F. took a sketch. There was quite a grove, M. counted, but could not make out quite sixty. The stems are all silted up with sand, but the tops are very fine, and bear dates. It would have been too dreadful to have missed them, they did look so picturesque all among the rocks. We also found several flowers, one particularly pretty, like a little yellow primula (F. says it is a crucifer), I have dried them all. My camel met me before I got back to the camp, I mounted, and almost directly we came to one of the wells and it drank, I was so pleased. M. and F. walked on with Moussa, for more than an hour, it was really very cold but there was no wind.

We crossed some very bare tracts, but passed one lovely little oasis with about a dozen palm-trees, the stems all exposed. There was another oasis quite in the distance, where they said there was a well. We went through quite a narrow defile, like the arch of a bridge, the valley it leads out of is called Wady — ? We met two parties of Bedouins and camels, the men always walking, they did not press their foreheads to-day but shook hands. Abdul, my man, always gives one of them something, I think tobacco, one of the men was carrying a small, striped, dead animal, a hyena, I wonder if we shall see any prowling about. We all saw three donkeys galloping wildly about, one young one with its mother. A fine peak was suddenly seen in the distance, M. discerned it first, and the Arabs pronounced it to be Mount Serbal, which we had not expected to see before Rephidim. It was decided that we were to have luncheon while it was in sight, that F. might take a sketch, so we halted rather early, and in a very bare place, Wady Waseit, but there was plenty of herbage as there has been everywhere to-day. This is the first day I have felt thirsty, but nothing to what one feels bicycling, or walking on mountains in heat. Still we were all thankful for luncheon though it was not yet 12 o'clock, and I had a good nap afterwards. F. did a lovely sketch. The camp passed while we were lunching. The Sheikh sat for a little, and we all called out "Mashalla el Sheikh Spahil," which

Suleiman said was the proper greeting. We got off before two, and had two hours and a half ride through most interesting country, most curious defiles of rock, and some peculiar shaped hills. Quantities of flowers, the little boys keep bringing large bunches of yellow and lilac flowers, and the camels chump them up with avidity. Selim has a cold, I hear him cough. I forgot to record one incident. At the luncheon halt Abdul lifted me down instead of making the camel kneel. He had done it before successfully, but this time, unfortunately, my petticoat caught on the horn, and I was suspended in mid air and Abdul's arm, while an Arab swarmed up the camel's leg to loosen me, all of which took time, and I must have presented a most extraordinary spectacle, no doubt it will be graphically described in the others' journals. When we arrived it was decided F. should sketch the Sheikh. He was quite willing, but insisted on dressing in his best clothes. We were rather sorry, we should have preferred him in his sheepskin. However a very satisfactory sketch was effected, the Sheikh reclining among the hen-coops, smoking a long pipe, and accoutred in a black burnous, with a sheepskin edge, over a striped petticoat. This camp is in a bare place, but there are some fine peaks in the distance. No wind, a lovely moon. This place is called Subeikh. I wear my Pyrenean jacket every evening, it is bliss, and my kafiyeh is now most satisfactorily arranged, both Maude's presents. If she were only here !!!

THURSDAY, FEB. 23rd, 5th day in the Desert. Anna's birthday. Red Sea. A most interesting day. A very cold morning. We got off at 7.30, walking, Abdul and my camel with me. Moussa had already started with M. and F. Delightful walking, most pleasant to the feet. We went through defiles of rock, and at one time came to an amphitheatre of rock from which there seemed no outlet but to the left. I was going that way when Abdul called, and I found a way had suddenly developed to the right. In exactly an hour Abdul said "Mesdames" I thought he meant he saw the others and was looking out, when I found the camel on its knees, so I had to mount. It was getting rather hot so I did not mind. We did come upon them very soon, F. sketching, Selim, holding the umbrella over her. M. walked on by me, and we very soon came to a little oasis with palms, so pretty we regretted F. had not waited to take a sketch there. M.'s camel came up and she mounted, but F. did not overtake us, though we went on very slowly, stopping very often for the camels to feed. I should say the camels were thoroughly enjoying themselves this journey, we get on so very slowly, but I do not mind at all, I delight in the desert. Suddenly I saw M. had alighted, and when I came up to her just at a corner, there was a splendid view of the Red Sea almost close to, and the Libyan mountains beyond. We supposed they considered it a good place for luncheon though barely

eleven, and sat down and waited for the rest. We waited ages, and at last the little camel appeared alone, gazing pensively round. M. went to look, and as she did not return I went too, and found F. was taking a sketch just before turning the corner when the Red Sea was visible. When she saw that view she felt she must do it too, so the luncheon tent was hoisted, and we were none of us sorry to get out of the sun. The early start and walk had made me very sleepy. Abdul had kept saying to me *Naini, naini*, which means "sleep." After luncheon, and a nap I was quite refreshed, and felt I must go down to the sea and look for shells. We knew we were going down to it, as they said we were to cross a little piece, so I thought I should be picked up. The sea looked about ten minutes off, but it took three quarters of an hour steady walking to get there, (fortunately pretty smooth). Before getting there I saw M. and a boy approaching more to the left, and followed them I found a great many shells, different kinds, (how Maude would have revelled in it) and I had a wade, to the great amusement of Selim. M. and he had gone away, but he came back before I had finished. Then I found we had to go and meet the camels, and my heart sank, it had become so hot, but providentially they were seen crossing the sand not very far off, and Selim ran and stopped them, for they were not thinking of looking back for us. I was not sorry to be seated in my comfortable arm-chair. We soon

overtook F. making a sketch of Mount Serbal in the distance, across the neck of a little promontory. The crossing a piece of the Red Sea turned out to be only going along the shore, and round the edges of some very fine rocks where the sea comes by very close, perhaps in high tide they have to wade, but to-day there was plenty of room. The camp was close to when we got round the rocks. We arranged and packed our shells, and F. sketched the Sheikh again. She was not satisfied with what she did yesterday. A most lovely sunset in the Red Sea. All to-day we have been in Wady Taiyibeh. This is written with Miss Beckford's ink pellets.

FRIDAY, FEB. 24th, 6th day in the Desert. A very varied programme to-day. To begin with we were not called till seven, so we escaped the extreme morning cold. M. and F. started walking, but as it was later, and already beginning to be hot, I mounted at once and soon overtook them, as they had dallied gathering shells on the sea-shore. We made at once for the sea, but in an opposite direction to where the sun had set in it, and I was very much puzzled at first. Then I remembered the shape of the Sinaitic peninsula, and supposed we must have now gone round the corner as it were, and so still have the sea to our right though going in the opposite direction. We kept close along the shore for some time, rounding corners of rock, but never had to go into the

water. Then we left the sea and crossed a very bare plain, with a high wall of rock in front of us. I could not think how we were to get through, but as we got near a way developed itself, winding through a defile of rock, and we found ourselves in an amphitheatre of rocks with several caves, one solitary palm-tree close to the rocks on one side. I thought these caves must be Pharaoh's quarries, but it appears we do not pass them till to-morrow. It was very hot and I longed for luncheon. Suleiman now came up with the joyful news that we were not to go on in the afternoon, camels and men were to have half-a-day's rest. A splendid wall of red rock was in front of us, and there was water to be had. We went on close to the red rocks, there was quite a grove of trees, not palms but very sharp thorns, Suleiman called them amber trees. Our luncheon was spread under one of them, and it was delightful, much more airy than the tent. The camp came up, we again greeted the Sheikh, and the tents were put up and all ready for us when we had finished. A horrid wind was the only drawback and it soon went down. After tea I went with Suleiman to see one of the pools of water on the rocks, quite a short way, first across the flat desert and then up a little rocky path. I sat and bathed my feet in it and it was most refreshing. Suleiman sat a little apart, crooning an Arab ditty, he has really a very good voice. He goes about in top-boots, they must be boiling hot.

I have to-day started white canvas shoes, and they are most comfortable. While I was still having my footbath Moussa came to water two camels, he had a sort of shallow pail, and I thought he was filling some receptacle and did not realize that the camels were only a little way behind me till they had done. I should have liked to see them drinking. I saw some quite new flowers on the way, like crocuses, but growing on a bush with large leaves. I have dried some, and also kept some seeds. I looked for land shells in the desert sand on the way back, but found none. This afternoon of leisure and repose has been most delightful, and such a lovely camp. Splendid red rocks all round, one a very curious double-pointed one, and coming down from the pool I had a splendid view of the Red Sea, and mountains beyond. The setting sun was full in my eyes, so I could not see the latter properly. This camp is called Wady Shellal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25th, 7th day in the Desert. I was called at six and was ready at 7.15 to start walking with M. and F. The sand was very soft at first, but soon became hard, and walking was delightful. I found two new flowers. We went through a defile of very fine rocks, and passed some quite large trees, the thorny kind. After walking an hour-and-a-half I stopped for the camels. I was picked up at nine. M. and F. went on further, and when we

overtook them Suleiman said we must all walk, there was a hill to go up. It was quite an interesting little pass, a winding path cut in the rock, the camels got up it wonderfully briskly. Our sheikh overtook me in his sheepskin, and had picked up my pocket handkerchief, which I had dropped. There was hardly any descent on the other side. Remounted, and I must say it was boiling hot. Abdul kept saying to me "Naini, naini." I could not help dropping off. It was a most interesting ride, splendid rocks all the way, one kept turning round unexpected corners. At last at 11.30 when I was expecting another half-hour at least, they suddenly stopped and said "luncheon," and we bundled down under the shadow of some high rocks, which we found were covered with inscriptions. They are not thought now to be the work of the Israelites, but of pilgrims in the 3rd or 4th century A.D. In any case they are most curious. I wish they could have been thought to have been done by the Israelites. We had no luncheon tent but sat in the shade of the delightful rocks. It made me realize, as I have often done before, the truth of the verse "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." F. took copies of the inscriptions and so did Suleiman, who is most artistic. There was an animal like a cow, which F. drew. We had a short but very hot afternoon, winding round unexpected corners of rocks, and had at first a very fine view of Gebel Serbal, it was lost afterwards. I discovered that

Abdul, my camelier, can speak a little Italian and also Greek, so I have had a little conversation with him in the former, and I am preparing some sentences in the latter. In about an hour-and-a-half we drew up under some rocks, where there were some more inscriptions. One in Greek letters on a tablet which Major Macdonald (who lived near here for a year or two some time ago), tried to remove, but unfortunately did not succeed, F. has copied. A man kneeling, with his arms raised, is at the top, we wonder if it was meant for Moses. In another part is a donkey, under a Hebrew inscription. When we had done examining these we suddenly saw camels grazing, and found we were close to the camp. It was indeed a joyful surprise, for we were melted. Tea was indeed grateful. After we had recovered ourselves a little, F. started off to copy Major Macdonald's Greek inscription more carefully. M. went with her. (Sitt Miriam the little boys call her). I was so demoralized by the heat that I could do nothing but play patience, which I found very soothing. I enjoyed dinner very much to-night. We had pilau which I always like, and we tried the Eau de St. Galmier for the first time, it was delicious mixed with the wine. To-morrow we are to be called at 5.30 and try to get off with the camels earlier, so as to begin our mid-day halt before the great heat comes on. We started this morning through Wady El Badra, then went through Wady Akir over the little

pass, and are now in Wady Mukatteb. The moon is full, and it was beautiful to see it rising over the mountains, the Bedouins' fire looking so picturesque below. They surround us in a semi-circle in front, the camels all crouching between.

SUNDAY, FEB. 26th, 8th day in the Desert. We regret very much we cannot make to-day a halt, but there is no water in this camp. To-morrow, in Wady Feiran, we are to halt for the whole day. We regret still more now, that we did not halt last Sunday at Ain Moussa, which seems to be a most lovely place, and I hardly saw it, for it was dark when we arrived, and the next morning we started on the camels the second we were ready. My cough was just then at its worst, and I should have been quite thankful for two or three hours more in bed, but it never entered into my head to suggest it, and it never occurred to either of the others. Everything seemed so thoroughly arranged, and we were rather eager to see how we could stand the camels. It cannot be helped now, but it is really not altogether our fault. We made a very early start this morning. We were called at 5.30 and got off, walking, at 6.15. It began to be hot before eight, and I waited in a shady place for the camels. We soon overtook the others, and very soon Suleiman, who was in front, halted, and said we were now at the entrance of Wady Feirân. That Wady has been our

goal for some time, and it seemed as if we should never get to it. It is supposed to be the Rephidim of Exodus, where the Amalekites fought the Israelites, and where Moses prayed on the hill, his arms held up by Aaron and Hur :

When Moses prayed with arms spread wide
Success was found on Israel's side,
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

We are to go up the hill on which he prayed; there are the ruins of a Church at the top. We had a long hot morning. At first the road was very rough, past heaps of débris of mines, then it became smoother, all the way past splendid rocks. While we were walking we had a very fine view of Serbal but lost it afterwards. It was 12.30 before we halted. I was famished, I never have anything but a cup of hot milk in the morning. I put a piece of toast in my pocket. The halt and food were indeed bliss. Off again soon after two, Abdul and I led the way, and saw nothing of the rest for some time. It appears three camels had strayed, and it was some time before they could be caught. (In the morning we had come upon a herd of camels grazing, which had rather excited ours). Swallows were twittering in holes in the rocks, none flew about to-day, they did yesterday. The route this afternoon was most curious, from one amphitheatre of rock, with apparently no outlet, into another, it seemed as if there

would have been one for each tribe. A splendid view of Serbal, and at one time a gap to the left, through which a very fine red peak appeared, called Gebel Joseph. There was all along a good deal of vegetation, and some really almost forest trees of the thorny kind. Suddenly we came upon a lovely stream running along the base of the rocks on the left hand side. The camels drank, but did not seem at all eager, they seemed much to prefer munching the dry branches of a tree. Abdul left me there, with the camel grazing, till the others came up. Now the desert assumed quite another aspect. Quantities of palm trees, very fine ones, interspersed with the thorny kind. The stream continued the whole way. There were two patches of cultivated ground with Arab houses, not tents, I have not yet seen an Arab tent. The stream became quite wide in places, and at last we actually lost our way in a regular jungle of palm trees, and had to turn back a little. Then suddenly we found we were at the camp. It was in an amphitheatre of rocks. Serbal in sight, and beautiful palm trees, their shadows reflected like giants upon the rocks. We shall be here all tomorrow, so I shall have time to describe it more minutely. I am still writing with the ink pellets.

MONDAY, FEB. 27th, 9th day in the Desert. This really is a lovely camp, high rocks and palm trees all round, the whole range of Serbal in view,

and a clear stream running across in front of the tents, in the middle of the valley. There are two or three little Arab houses against the rocks, like square open sheds. This morning we got off at 6.45 to visit the Church on the hill, on the site where Moses prayed; we passed it coming here. We had quite a difficulty in crossing the water, stepping-stones were put for us in two or three places. Suleiman and Ibrahim (the second waiter) went with us, and we had an Arab guide called Mohammed Moussa. A very good undulating path round the base of the rocks brought us to the hill. Close to it are some Arab houses, and a piece of cultivated ground sown with wheat, I thought it was onions. The hill was no height, there were really some very interesting ruins on it, evidently there had been a Church. We had a very good view of the valley, with the stream running through it, and of Serbal with some clouds on it, a very uncommon sight in the desert. F. took a sketch, she thought the clouds an improvement. We all thought the hill rather low, and there was another ruined Church on a much higher pointed hill which we felt sure was the place. The guide said he had never taken anyone there. I must say I felt rather relieved, it looked such a very hot, steep climb, but M. was quite bent on going, and somehow coerced the guide. I had gone away to the other side of the hill, thinking it was quite given up, and when I came back, I found it was quite settled, and



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we were going as soon as F. had finished her sketch. I thought I would start with them, and sit down and wait if it became very hot, but it was quite unexpectedly easy, a good track all the way, stony of course, but not very steep till the very last part. It took us just an hour to get up, of course M. and F. could have done it more quickly without me. There was not as much of a ruin when we got there as it looked from below, and what little there was is now diminished, for I just touched a stone and half of the best wall came down, I was dreadfully sorry, but it could not be helped. There was a very extensive view, showing a great deal more of Serbal, but F. preferred the lower view, and we are all inclined now to think the lower Church is the right one after all. Still we are all delighted to have been up this high hill, which is really rather an exploit in this climate. I had forgotten my cards and M. sacrificed the back of her Greek Testament, and I inscribed on it our names and the date, and the names of Suleiman, Ibrahim, and the Arab guide. It was in housing this document in a safe place that the accident occurred. Coming down we inspected the ruins of two other Churches, one had a very perfect arch, and there were also several caves where hermits had lived. Suleiman kept telling me helmets used to be here. I could not think what he meant, till at last it dawned upon me that he meant hermits. Of course all about here was the Thebaid. There are lots of

crumbling ruins about everywhere. When we got down the lower hill looked quite a respectable height, and we think it was almost more handy for Moses to overlook the fight from, they could never have seen him praying on the higher one. F. took another sketch of Serbal from below, and the Church on the lower hill comes into the foreground. We got back to camp at 11.30, and were most ready for luncheon, it was quite a novelty having it on a table in the tent. As a rule we have only cold things, but to-day we were indulged with three hot dishes, one of them macaroni, a great treat. Hanna is really an excellent cook. The long afternoon of leisure was delightful. I did a great deal of tidying, played Patience, arranged the flowers, etc. We find a new flower almost every day. They were all arranged in Mrs. Lewis's book, but M. was so craving to have it to read to F. they have been turned out, and put in Fra Paolo Sarpi, which she has finished. After tea I went with Suleiman to see an Arab woman, who, he said, had bad eyes and wanted some rags, so I took her some old pocket handkerchiefs and some rose-water. We went to two houses, both open sheds with bare ground, but all they want. A man was grinding flour in a millstone in one, sitting on the ground; I should have thought the women would have been made to do that. I saw two women; both had masses of beads, and bracelets, and rings, and the lower part of their face covered with thin

yellow gauze, dotted with sequins. I did not know Arab women covered their faces. We have had rather an animated discussion with Suleiman about the route this evening. We are not to arrive at Sinai till the third day from here. Cook's Itinerary makes it a day and a half. Evidently the Bedouins are husbanding their camels very carefully with us, but we are quite powerless, and it is very pleasant dawdling along.

TUESDAY, FEB. 28th, 10th day in the Desert. I thought I would indulge in a little extra sleep this morning, so I did not get up till I heard the others calling for coffee. They were off very early, and I was off on my camel at 7.20. The first part of the way there was a great deal of water, sometimes nothing but a water course through jungle to walk along. I wondered how the others had managed, they went round by a path on the rocks. Quantities of palm trees, and the ruins of another church on a hill to the left. There was a patch of cultivated ground sown with cabbages, and quite an alley of trees which I believe to be tamarisks. This verdure continues to quite the end of Wady Feiran, which is left by a narrow gap between two high walls of rock, and one emerges into Wady Shech, a wide open valley, much lower rocks on each side. Roads, or rather tracks, branch off in two directions, we took the one to the left, both lead, I believe, to Sinai. We encountered

three donkeys and a flock of goats before leaving Wady Feiran, and either just before leaving it or just after, I forget which, we had quite an exciting encounter with two Europeans, riding comfortably along, mounted on very nice white donkeys. We stopped and had some talk. I asked if they were English and thought they said yes, but soon saw they were not, and asked again and heard they were Austrians. They said it was two and a half days to Sinai, so perhaps the Bedouins are not cheating us so much. They said their donkeys got along capitally, they carried water for them. When they had gone on Suleiman told me one was an Austrian Archduke, they had been here some time shooting ibex. I had been talking to him like a common mortal. M. and F. had encountered them before, and also had some conversation. We lunched under the shadow of some rocks, I much prefer rocks or trees to the luncheon tent. We had a very short afternoon, and were rather indignant when we found the tents pitched at 3.30. We had been told we were to push on a long way, it was quite cool and we were perfectly fresh. M. and F. had some warm words with Suleiman, it is a mercy they cannot speak Arabic or we should be murdered, if they rowed the sheikh so. Still it is as well to speak plainly to Suleiman, who evidently also thinks we ought to get on, but as he has not been this trip before, when the Bedouins say the next camping place is two hours further, he cannot

contradict them. We shall certainly have several extra days to pay for, I do not much care, it is so very delightful. We have, however, stipulated that we are to arrive at Sinai very early on Thursday, and encamp at once in the garden of the convent. The time is drawing very near now, and we are all excitement. I have made the discovery that strong boots are much the most comfortable to wear in the desert. I have tried brown shoes and white canvas, and both seem to draw the heat. The last two days I have worn an old pair of Gullick's, and been thoroughly comfortable, never thought about my feet at all, and been in no hurry to take them off when I came in. It is windy and cold to-night. This place is called Hadjah Soláf, Hadjah means "rocks," and it is in an amphitheatre of rocks, and two very striking great blocks are in the ground, the Bedouins camped round them. We have 19 camels and 15 men in our camp. The three cameliers are Abdul Fatra, mine, a very nice intelligent man. Suleiman says quite the best man of the camp. He knows a little Italian and a little Greek, the only words I have made him understand in the latter "*δενδρα καλα*" when we pass palm trees. He sometimes wears a Norfolk jacket, which some one must have given him, instead of a burnous. Salim, M.'s man, has nothing very characteristic, but Zadan F.'s camelier, is most picturesque, with a beautiful deep claret kafiyeh, edged with gold, flowing down his back, he is to be

both photographed and sketched, but neither has been done yet. We have lost the little camel, I quite miss it, it has been left with its owner in Wady Feirân, we suppose it must have been taken this expedition to get it into the way of walking. I should think it would be an excellent walker, it was always ahead.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1st, 11th day in the Desert. I started walking with M. and F. at 6.40. Very cold. A long flat plain, very pleasant walking. Some Arab children pursued us, and begged for backsheesh, the first time it has happened. They got none. It became hot, I was glad to be picked up about nine. I am so very comfortable on the camel. I carry a small Greek vocabulary and exercise book in my pockets, and whenever I feel rather sleepy I look at them a little. It was not hot long to-day, for the wind got up and it was rather cold. We had a long morning, pushed on till 12.30, the latter part through a narrow defile of rock. The luncheon tent was put up under the shelter of some rocks, but it still blew about very much. We had two hours in the afternoon, and the wind was really piercing. We passed a large white tomb, that of Sheikh Selah, a holy man, and all the Arabs did a little devotion, they did not kneel. Suleiman says all the Bedouins assemble about here for two or three days in the summer, and have a feast in his honour. Directly after this we entered the pass of Nagh Hawa, the pass of the



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Winds, and it merits its name, for it is blowing a gale, and it is bitterly cold ; the tent is flapping about. To-morrow we cross the pass, and from the top are to have our first view of Sinai. We hope to lunch in the Convent garden, and to encamp there till Monday. It will be too delightful if all turns out right.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2nd, 12th day in the Desert. Arrival at the Convent of Sinai. This has indeed been a day. I started at 7.10 on my camel, M. and F. had started walking, but I thought I should have a better view from the camel. Almost directly Abdul said " Sufsafeh," and I looked, but saw no peak, only a wall of rock. I thought I must have mistaken him, but he went on saying it. We crossed a bare plain, a bitterly cold wind blowing, I had to hide my hands in woollen gloves under my rug. We passed some black Arab tents for the first time, saw Abba's house quite plainly on a mountain. I overtook M. and F.; they also had been much excited to find Sufsafeh was so very close, it is a wall of rock, with several points, and now Abdul pointed out Sinai. (The top of Gebel Moussa (Sinai) is not visible, it is behind a pointed crag overhanging the Convent). We are to go from one point to the other, though they seem to be quite separate. We now saw cypresses and almond trees, and a white building. I had expected to mount quite a stiff pass, but it was hardly anything. Suddenly Abdul made the camel kneel down and I

got off. We walked a very little way along a high causeway (the wall of the garden) with almond trees and cypresses below, turned to the right, and were at the Convent door, in a high wall, Abdul and I and the camel alone, nothing to be seen of the others. It was nine o'clock. We knocked for a long time, at last a monk opened the door, and I was taken through some courts and up some steps, and put into a nice little room, with a divan all round, and pictures on the walls. Another monk appeared, and I explained in Italian that I was one of three, and I thought the others must be sketching the convent, and they told me to wait there till the others came. I waited ages, looked at all the pictures, one of scenes from the life of St. Catherine, (she was carried by angels to be buried at Mount Sinai), portraits of several Archbishops, one of the Sultan, and one of the German Royal Family. Then I looked out from the top of the flight of steps I had come up, and saw tent poles being carried across the court-yard, so it was evident our camp had arrived, but there were no signs of M. and F. I saw a very nice cat down below, and I went down and tried to caress it, but it would not let me touch it. I went up again and waited, and another monk came with whom I had a great deal of conversation. His name was Cyril. I gave him a visiting card and explained where I lived, near London on the River Thames, that "Manor" meant a "Chateau" (we conversed in French), then as he

seemed not to know the days of the week, I got out my Greek vocabulary, and showed him "Δευτερα" "Monday" in it, and said we wanted to stay till then, and he found out of himself that to-day was "Πεμπτε" "Thursday." Then we talked about Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson. They had thought when they saw us coming we must be them. At last I got quite to the end of my conversation, and said I was afraid I must "déranger" him, keeping him so long, and that I would go and look for the others. He agreed with alacrity, and said he would come with me. The Church was close by, and he said we must look at it first. I would much rather have waited for the others, but was obliged to agree. Another monk fetched the key (I was surprised it should be locked), and we went in. A really beautiful Church, white-washed pillars, but I believe they are granite underneath, it is a pity the whitewash cannot be removed. The Church and the whole Convent date from the time of Justinian. There is a lovely marble mosaic pavement, great slabs of porphyry. Rows of pictures, a large one of our Saviour, and behind, the chapel containing the tomb of St. Catherine, but only her head and hands are in it, it is not known where the rest of the body is. There is a most beautiful mosaic of the Transfiguration. Then I was taken into the chapel of the Burning Bush, and had to take off my boots. I quoted the words, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, etc." There was a little

altar with three lights burning on it. We came out on the other side, and they brought my boots round to me. Then we encountered M. and F., and after some greetings we all went into the Church again, and had a most exhaustive examination. The figure of our Lord, in the great mosaic is most beautiful. There is an inscription underneath which the monk translated: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the whole of this work was executed for the salvation of those who have contributed to it by their donations, under Longinus, the most holy priest and prior."

Then we looked at the pictures a good deal, one is a Virgin, said to be by St. Luke. The inner doors are quite beautifully carved with figures of animals and birds. I forgot to mention that on the walls on each side of the chapel there are mosaics of Justinian and Theodora. We were then taken again to the room I had waited in, and were given liqueur and coffee, very good. Something was said about the library, but Suleiman suggested it was twelve o'clock, and we had better go to luncheon. The monks quite agreed, and it was settled we were to return at three to see the library. We found our tents pitched in the garden, all among olive and almond trees, just as Mrs. Lewis describes it, hens and turkeys pecking about, and we heard a tinkling bell, and a lovely little gazelle appeared. Luncheon and a pause were very

refreshing. At three we went off again, the way led by a court-yard where some of our camels and Bedouins were resting under an open shed. They are to have a sheep here, it is the custom, they also had one in Wady Feiran, a sheep costs sixteen shillings. The convent is all up and down steps, and little galleries running round open court-yards, the graceful open church tower, with the bells visible, rising in the middle, three crosses at the top. The library is up two flights of steps, several monks attended us. We were at once shown the palimpsest discovered by Mrs. Lewis, of the Syriac Gospels. I had never seen a palimpsest before, the two sets of writing were quite palpable, but how she ever deciphered it is a marvel. We were shown another book she deciphered, the very tiniest writing (I forget what it was) the lines touching each other. There are scraps of torn MSS. pinned with little tacks on boards. I believe they have all been catalogued by Dr. Rendal Harris. There were some beautiful illuminated MSS. In another room was a fac-simile of the Sinaitic Codex carried off by Tischendorf, (the writing quite beautiful, but no division between the words), and, what interested us very much, copies of all the rock inscriptions arranged according to their different Wadys. F. found the one Major Macdonald had tried to carry off to England, and which she had copied. She copied it again quite correctly, with the translation, which is to the effect

that some one is to be kept in memory. We invited the monks who had shown us the library (Cyril was among them) to tea, and returned to our tent. F. had a hasty cup at once, as she wanted to sketch outside, and made off, accompanied by Ibrahim. M. and I waited, and had a most successful entertainment, altogether seven monks appeared, dropping in one after the other. We regaled them with tea, mixed biscuits, raisins, rahatlacoum, and finally a nip of whiskey in coffee, cups, which they appeared to enjoy, and even cigarettes, which Suleiman produced. I did not know we had any. Then they were shown the photographs of the convent in Mrs. Lewis' book (*In the Shadow of Sinai*) which interested them very much, and M. read them *passages*. At last, when all had gone but two, we fell back on our Greek, showed them our Greek testaments and vocabularies, M. had quite a lesson from her monk. After they were gone I had a hurried peep at the lower part of the garden, which is all in terraces, lovely almond and pear-trees all in blossom, and on a lower terrace, quantities of beds of beans, onions, cabbages, etc., looking quite healthy. I must thoroughly investigate it another day, but it was so very cold this evening I did not stay long. I must also see the approach again, and go back to the great plain we crossed this morning, when it was so bitterly cold. That was where the Israelites encamped. To-morrow is to be devoted to Sinai itself, Gebel

Moussa as it is called, and Sufsafeh. A monk is going with us, and an Arab guide, we are to start at 6-30 and take luncheon with us. It is a comfort that here there is never any anxiety about weather. There is no wind to-night, but it is very cold.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3rd, 13th day in the Desert. Camp in Convent Garden. Ascent of Gebel Moussa (Sinai). We were off for Mount Sinai at 6.30 this morning, Suleiman, Ibrahim, Hanna, and an Arab guide, and Father Procopius, a monk, with us. We carried provisions. We went out at the other side of the convent to that where we arrived (the convent actually nestles against the rock on that side), and began to mount at once, which is always rather trying to me. A very good track, steps of blocks of granite, quite level and not slippery, up a long ravine, mostly in shade. The first halting-place, in about half-an-hour, was the Fountain of Moses, quite a large pool in a recess of the rock. The last halt was the Chapel of St. Marie, a tiny chapel full of pictures, very like those one sees on the Tyrol mountains. M. and F. were all this time far ahead of me, Suleiman stuck to me for the most part. The story of the Chapel of St. Marie is that the monks were once driven from the Convent of Mount Sinai by fleas, and meant to build on another part of the mountain. They had got as far as this spot when the Virgin appeared to them, and promised to

drive the fleas away if they would return. This promise she has faithfully kept, and they have built this chapel in her honour. After this the route was very interesting. Some patches of snow appeared, and quite a little green tarn among the rocks, then we passed under two archways about a quarter-of-an-hour apart, the view through them, looking both ways, was lovely. All this time the most splendid red, jagged rocks, covered with fissures, were round us on all sides. The next point was the Church of St. Elias, very similar to that of the Virgin, but inside it was the cave in which Elijah hid when escaping from Jezebel. (I forgot to mention that a little before we got to this church, a solitary tree appeared over our heads against the sky, looking so picturesque, I think it was a cypress). Here the luncheon was left, we were to go up to the top of Gebel Moussa, return here, lunch, and then go on to Ras Sufsafeh, which some, I am afraid most people now, believe to be the real Mount of the Law. I, by this time, had quite given up any idea of Sufsafeh, and felt I should be only too thankful if I ever got to the top of Gebel Moussa, which the Arabs, and everybody, till quite lately, have always believed to be the true one. It was indeed a fearful pull, from here to the top, but with time everything is accomplished, and just before ten I was at the top, Suleiman and Hanna having been all the time in close attendance. It had taken me rather less than

three hours and a half, the time Murray gives is two hours and a half. There are the ruins of a Church at the top, and a mosque. There is quite a precipice on the other side, and we looked down on what seemed to me a most suitable plain for the Israelites, but they say it is not the right one. Splendid peaks all round, one of them Ras Sufsafeh, but we never could be sure which. On another is the Convent of St. Catherine, where her body was first carried by angels from Alexandria, and from there it was brought to the Convent. The Red Sea was visible in the distance. I had visiting cards and wrote all our names on one, and left it in a cranny in the walls of the ruined Church. We stayed forty minutes at the top, it was quite warm and there was no wind. The descent to St. Elias was most easily accomplished, and there we had an excellent luncheon, to which I could not do justice. I never can eat on a mountain. Some wine and a biscuit was all I could manage, and a cup of coffee, we were surprised to have coffee. Father Procopius, the monk, who was an excellent walker, had his own luncheon, but accepted coffee and some biscuits. After a good rest M. and F. started, quite fresh, on their further expedition to Sufsafeh, Procopius with them, also full of spirit, the Arab guide, and poor Suleiman, who had had quite enough, but was required as an interpreter. I got off with Ibrahim and Hanna at ten minutes past twelve, and found the descent very

easy, the blocks of stone were just like a staircase. The view of the Convent from the latter part was most interesting, a bird's eye view of it enclosed in the high buttressed walls, built close against the rock, and all the almond trees and cypresses below. I had a most reviving drink at the fountain of Moses, on a mountain. I really like water. We could not get in by the door by which we had come out, so had to go all round the walls to the door by which we entered yesterday. I was rather glad, it gave me an opportunity of seeing how high and strong the walls were. There was a little Bedouin encampment against them at one place. I was safe in my tent again at 1.30, it had taken rather less than an hour-and-a-half to come down from the Church of St. Elias. I wondered how the others were getting on. I had tea, and washed and tidied, which lasted till about three o'clock, and then I began to think of the others. I thought they might be back about four. I felt I could neither read nor write, so played Patience, which I found very soothing. Time went on and it got to five o'clock, and I really was beginning to feel rather uneasy. However about 5.40 they did appear; even M. rather famished and wild with thirst, and F. frankly exhausted. She demanded brandy in her tea. Procopius just looked in smiling, gave me a branch of hyssop and departed. They said he took off his shoes and ran about the rocks like a goat. They had



Convent, Sinai.

found the last peak very hard climbing, Procopius and the Arab guide had helped them very efficiently. Suleiman had not been much good, he had to be rescued from a very dangerous position. They were enchanted with the view, and have not a doubt it is the true Sinai, the plain, El Rahab, where the Israelites were encamped, is so very evident, just below. The peak rises sheer from it, and could be so easily fenced off. I am sorry not to have seen it, but even if I could have got there, which I doubt, I should have been so much slower we should have been be-nighted on the way: as it was it was nearly dark when they got in. I think, perhaps, some time, if I ever come with Maude I might wait at St. Elias while she goes on to the top of Gebel Moussa, and then manage to get to Sufsafeh. They found the descent to the valley very rough, and trying to their knees. However they were not really any the worse for it, and they enjoyed their dinner and went early to bed. We all had the delightful feeling (I especially) that it was not necessary to get up early in the morning. We cannot be too thankful everything has gone off so well. It has been a perfect day, no wind, which we had dreaded, and very little heat, there was so much shade.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 14th day in the Desert.
Camp in Convent Garden. It was too delightful to stay in bed till eight o'clock, and to have a comfort-

able breakfast with coffee, fried eggs, etc., at nine. I never can eat anything before our early starts. We heard the monks singing in the mortuary chapel close to us, they seem to have a service there morning and evening. Soon after ten I went out with F. and sat with her a little way outside the walls, while she sketched the convent and the rocks behind. We do not see the summit of Gebel Moussa, but see plainly the line of the first part of the ascent. M. went in before we did, and was fortunate enough to see the arrival of a quantity of Russian pilgrims from Jerusalem. They had camels to carry their luggage, but, I believe, were all walking themselves. I have not seen them yet, they had all gone into the Church when F. and I got in. We greeted several of the monks, Procopius among them. We had invited some to luncheon, but they were so busy with the pilgrims they could not come, some are to come tomorrow. I forgot to mention, as we were going out this morning we saw a very tiny baby camel sucking its mother, M. took a kodak of them, I hope it will succeed. The Arab guide was made to stand so as to come in, he is a very picturesque figure with a green under-robe and white burnous. F. has drawn him this afternoon. Then I went out with her to draw in the direction of the plain of Rahan, but it began to rain, not much, but enough to have spoiled the paper. We came in and she sketched the well in the court-yard. I walked in the garden, looked

at the vegetables, a monk gave me a large branch of almond blossom. It was very dreary and cold all afternoon and evening, it is our first experience of being without sun and I do not like it at all. We hear we are to have an audience of the Archbishop to-morrow. We want to ascertain the time of the Church Service, but Suleiman is very vague. We have had a great wash of our clothes here, they are only rough-dried, the Arabs cannot iron. It poured in the night.

SUNDAY, MARCH 5th, 15th day in the Desert.
Camp in Convent Garden A delightful peaceful day. We were up soon after seven, for we had heard there was a service at nine, but it had been much earlier. I thought there would have been services going on all day, but it was quite a mistake, the church was always locked. F. went off to sketch the plain of Rahan before eight, and M. went with her. I had a very good breakfast, and then sat in the sun with my Greek testament, it was starving cold in the tent. We were to have our interview with the Archbishop at ten. M. and F. came back in time, and we went towards the convent, but were met by monks who told us the Archbishop was very busy with the Russian pilgrims, and they would let us know when he was ready, so we returned to the garden. Soon some more monks came, and had a great examination of Mrs. Lewis' book, and then we made another

start for the convent, and this time we got to the waiting-room where we were the first day, the door of which opens on a little gallery. We were regaled with coffee and liqueurs, and then the Russian pilgrims began to pass, the men all in long gaberdines, the women very sensibly attired in short skirts and jackets, and black handkerchiefs round their heads, all had some bright-coloured pictures of Sinai, and scenes from the life of St. Catherine. They are all to go a pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Catherine, stay the night there, and go on to Gebel Moussa. At last the Archbishop came; he wore a velvet cap, and a gold chain with a cross, and had a dark grey beard. We all kissed his hand, we were told to be seated, but the conversation had to be entirely conducted through Suleiman, as the Archbishop can speak nothing but Greek and Russian. We told Suleiman to tell him what an honour we felt it to be received by him, and how delighted we were with everything. Then I showed him his photograph in Mrs. Lewis' book, and he did not much admire it. The interview was not very long, as conversation was so hampered. We all kissed his hand again, and each deposited on the table a sovereign, our private gift to the convent. Of course Cook has a regular bill here, which Suleiman pays, it is most delightful having nothing to do with any money transactions. F. now selected a point of view for a sketch inside the convent walls in the afternoon, and we all went back to luncheon.

We had invited some monks, and two soon followed us, Procopius, and another who was called Eugenius, he has given each of us his card. We had the table put outside, it was rather cold and dark inside the tent, and it was really a most successful entertainment. Hanna, we thought, had provided an excellent luncheon. A very good omelette—chicken with kidney beans, liver with fried potatoes and a pudding. Raisins, figs, etc., and coffee. Suleiman kept their glasses well replenished with wine. They had excellent appetites. Then each had a cigarette. We got on capitally in French, Procopius begged us to speak very slowly. We urged them to try and learn English, and M. gave them a Greek and English vocabulary she bought in Cairo. Procopius said this day would ever live as a bright spot in his memory. He is going with us to-morrow morning to a chapel where forty of the monks were murdered by Arabs. it is about two hours walk. I had not meant to go, but I find it is not at all stiff walking, and there is plenty of time. When the monks were gone we went with F. to do her sketch. It was a most interesting peep through a window with wooden bars upon a confused mass of building, little galleries and courts, and belfries, and the red rock rising behind. Close to was an opening through which they let down provisions to the Arabs in a basket, by a rope wound round a windlass. The Arabs are never allowed inside the convent walls, the garden where

we are encamped is just outside. Then we went into the church and looked at the mosaic again. In the spandrils are the heads of Justinian and Theodora, and above one of them Moses and the Burning Bush, and above the other Moses striking the rock, all mosaics. I think I did not mention the other day that there is a splendid silver chest encrusted with precious stones, a figure of St. Catherine on the top, lying with her hands crossed, no one knows what is inside. Then we looked at some of the pictures again, some of the monks were with us, and suddenly found a service was beginning. The officiating priest stood with his face to the pictures. All the Russian pilgrims came and were most devout, prostrating themselves and kissing the floor, and crossing themselves at certain points of the service, which they evidently quite followed and understood. The Archbishop came in, but I could not make out whether he took any part in the service. It was nearly all singing, and if I had been nearer I think I could have caught some words, they seemed to pronounce so distinctly, as it was I only caught the doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer. It lasted about an hour and I became very cold. After tea we all went out again for F. to do a sketch of the outside wall with its buttresses, it was so very cold we did not stay long. Another visit from a monk, Eugenius I think, with the visitors' book of the convent, for us to write our names in it. I have not

yet succeeded in seeing Euthymius, Mrs. Lewis' chief friend, whom she mentions so often in her book. He is to have the book, so I must send it him to-morrow, A very cold evening. Retired early as we are to be up at cock-crow.

MONDAY, MARCH 6th, 16th day in the Desert. Camp in Convent Garden. All three started at 6.30 this morning with Procopius and Ibrahim for the Convent of the forty martyrs in the Wady Lejah. A most lovely walk, undulating all the way, a little stony in places but mostly an excellent path. We started the way we arrived at the Convent, then turned to the left and wound all round the base of Sufsafeh, and had a splendid view of the plain of El Rahan. One saw how easy it would be to fence off the mountain from the people. The tradition is that Aaron made the golden calf just at this point. We saw a white building, and thought of course it was the convent, much nearer than we had been told, but we turned sharply up a ravine to the left, the Wady Lejah, before getting to it. (We heard afterwards it was a convent built only five years ago for the monks of the Holy Apostles.) The Wady Lejah is a perfectly beautiful valley, such splendid rocks, a whole range to the right, and most beautiful detached ones bordering the path, several with inscriptions. One is believed to be the rock Moses struck for water. Soon cypresses, almond trees, and poplars

began to appear, and the convent itself is in the middle of a perfect forest of splendid olive trees. There was a tank of lovely transparent water among them, but we heard it was not good to drink. We went up two flights of steps and had a little food in a room opening on a balcony, and then went up a ladder on to a platform from which there is a very good view of the top of Gebel Moussa which is never visible from the plain. Then we went into the Chapel, full of pictures, just like all the little Chapels on the Tyrolese mountains. The convent is not inhabited, but seems quite in good preservation. The Archbishop sometimes spends a few days there. An Arab gardener looks after the garden. The Russian pilgrims all started up Gebel Moussa this morning, and are to sleep at this convent to-night, and to-morrow toil up to St. Catherine's convent, a pull of about four hours. F. and Ibrahim started back before M. and I did, and we came upon them in the ravine, F. sketching the rocks. We all had a rest, I a nap. Then F. hurried on again, M. with her, and took another sketch of the plain of El Rahan. The monk and I went by another path more leisurely, and passed several little square stone huts, whether for animals or human beings I cannot say. Procopius has long hair like a woman's, tied in a curly bunch, really quite pretty, and he kept arranging it. He brought us in by the convent garden. I was behind, and he was gone before I

came up, so I never took leave of him and was so sorry. Also I had invited him to luncheon, and the others did not know, and let him go, no doubt much disappointed. Our camp was all cleared away, this was our day of departure, nothing was left but the luncheon tent, and our meal was rather a scratch affair, so perhaps it did not matter. It was past 11.30 when we got back, and at 1.15 we were all off on our camels. It was just the hour of the siesta, so only one monk, Eugenius, appeared to take leave of us. M. and F. saw him, I had followed my camel, we had to walk a little before mounting as the road is rather rough at first. We had a long afternoon's ride, four hours and a half, all the same way we came, it was astonishing how very little I remembered of it, but things look so different going in the other direction. Of course we now had our backs to the Sinai range which had been the great feature of the last two hours. We passed the Sheikh's tomb, and a great deal of open ground without rocks, which I did not remember. We passed through the narrow defile which I mentioned on March 1st, and we found the tents pitched in a grove of tamarisk trees, where I remember on March 1st the camels were determined to browse. Abdul let mine have a good feed. They must be thoroughly enjoying themselves to-night. There was a cold wind this afternoon, but it is not nearly so cold here as in the convent garden. Suleiman calls this place Wady Jurla, a name which

has never been mentioned before, I think they invent a new name every time. I was very sorry to leave the convent, but now that we are off I rather enjoy being on the move again, and now our thoughts are bent on Jerusalem, but more than a fortnight has to pass first, so I just enjoy the present.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7th, 17th day in the Desert. Camp in tamarisk grove. My bed collapsed in the night. I awoke feeling as if my neck was broken, and at last got up and lighted the candle, and found the legs had given way at that end. I put the pillows to the other end, and turned the bed-clothes, and then was very comfortable, though sloping. Off at 7.20 on camel. M. and F. had started earlier, walking. I wanted a little more sleep. The tamarisk grove looked very pretty against the rocks. When I was mounting I remarked to Suleiman that nothing had ever been wrong with my saddle, and I asked him to say so to Abdul. By some strange fatality from the moment we started I felt something was wrong, my saddle seemed all on one side. I said so to Abdul, and he crammed something under it which did not do much good, and in about an hour when the camp overtook me I heard yells behind, and Abdul instantly made the camel kneel down, and took me off, and it was thoroughly rectified. They were telling him the saddle was all on one side. After that it was quite comfortable, but strange to

say, the same thing happened after luncheon. Again I had to get off, and have it thoroughly put to rights. We had a very long morning, nearly five hours. The first part was very dull, except for some very fine views of Serbal, but in about four hours we turned off to the left from our old route into the Wady Solaf, and it began to be very interesting. We went through a very narrow rough defile between rocks, only just room for the path, steep up and down. M. got off, but F. and I stuck to the camels, and they managed it very well. Then we halted for luncheon in a lovely amphitheatre of rocks, and I must say I was very glad of it, and we all had a good sleep. We all started walking, a quarter before two. I was picked up in about half-an-hour, and, as I said before, had to get off again very soon to have my saddle rectified. This time it was quite successful, and I was very comfortable all afternoon. We passed a Bedouin cemetery, marked by tall pointed stones. Some beautiful blue mountains in the distance, I have not ascertained what they are. Then a very striking pointed peak was just before us, called Ras El Lebua, it was very interesting how we worked our way up to it, up gently rising ground. We passed some splendid red rocks to our left, very curiously marked. Swallows were twittering in the rocks again to-day, but I did not see any, also a good many flowers. It is odd that about Sinai itself, there were neither birds nor flowers, and yet so many trees.

I had expected to see the tents as soon as we got past the pointed rock, but they were nearly an hour further on, in a sunny hollow near rocks. I am rather glad we are encamped in the open desert again. It was 5.30 when we got in, we have been eight hours on the camels. This is Wady El Lebua. It is very cold this evening, but it has been a very pleasant day, no wind, but just sufficient breeze not to be hot. The stars are quite beautiful now there is no moon.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 8th, 18th day in the Desert. I was not called in time this morning, but I dressed and packed, etc., in twenty-five minutes, and was ready to start walking with the others at seven. A lovely morning, and a fresh breeze. We were picked up at 8.45 and very soon came to quite a steep rough little pass, up and down. We should have walked if they had told us of it, but the camels managed very well. There was nothing particular in the morning, some fine rocks, and a great many large bushes of a very pretty shrub like lavender, we have only found quite small patches before. We saw some quite large trees of the very long thorny kind, we had luncheon under one without the tent and it was very pleasant. We had five hours in the morning and not quite three in the afternoon. We passed some patches sown with wheat, and actually went through a sort of gate, which a Bedouin opened for us.

Camels were grazing about, and swallows flying. There was a baby camel among the camels. Evidently there was water near but we did not see any. Then we traversed a wide tract of desert without any rocks, and our camp is pitched in the middle of it. It feels very fresh and healthy, and we have the El Tib range of hills in view, which we are to cross to-morrow. There are fossil shells to be found, and we are to lunch half-way up, so we shall have plenty of time to look for them ; we anticipate a very pretty varied day. Suleiman has been singing Bedouin songs to-day, really very well, he has quite recovered his spirits, he was very gloomy yesterday with a bad cold. He took us at luncheon to see Abdul and Zaidan having their's, parched Indian corn, very good, and bread baked in ashes, very like girdle-cake, also very good. Abdul has a bag very like Swiss guides have, with a tin plate and basin for cooking, and a little can to hold coffee-cups, the same sort of pottery we have for luncheon, without handles, he is a most enlightened Bedouin. We have been to-day through Wady Shek, Wady Ager, Wady Barek, Wady El Gamil (there were two peaks of rock called El Gamil) and we are now in Wady El Remleh.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9th, 19th day in the Desert. A most interesting day. I started walking with M. and F. at seven, we were picked up by the camels at

8.10. The range of the El Tib hills which we were to cross was exactly in front, they looked a perpendicular wall of rock, and the nearer we got the more perplexed we were how, not only we, but the camels, were to get up them. It took us rather more than three hours to get to the foot. We then dismounted, and were told the camels were to go a different way. I understood that they were to meet us in about half-an-hour and we were to have luncheon, and when we had tramped a good way in great heat was much dismayed to find we were not to meet them till the top. We never have any breakfast to speak of and had been going for more than five hours. Fortunately I had my flask with a little brandy and F. had some raisins. It was an excellent zig-zag path, and there were fossil shells to be found, but under the circumstances I could not attempt to stop to search for fossils, but could only plod on. We saw the camels mounting to our left, apparently higher than we were. Suleiman was with us and an Arab guide. At last we came to the camels, on a plateau. I was asked should we have luncheon here, or go on to the top, which was close to. I knew what "close to" meant, I could see the top was miles away, and I was ready to drop, so I at once gave my vote for luncheon here. We had it and it was really bliss. I did enjoy some food and wine, and in some inscrutable way Ibrahim produced coffee. Jusuf appeared from the camp, and asked where they were to halt,

and was told wherever it was best for the camels to stop; we saw them toiling painfully along. After food and rest I felt quite fresh, and grovelled about looking for shells, and found a good many (landshells, not fossils), eight little pointers among them. M. also found a good many, they are all to be kept for Maude. It now became very hot, so we decided to go on, and now that we were fresh the walk to the top was really nothing, and there close to the top, on a limitless plain, were the tents pitched. The view looking back reminded me of Csoebe in the Carpathians, which is at the top of a precipice, looking over a boundless plain, only there the plain was pasture, not desert, and there was not another plain at the top but a lake and mountains. We have now had our last view of Serbal. After tea I went out again for a prowl, and found some more pointers, and a little yellow flower which I am sure is *Gagialutea*, which I have often looked for in Switzerland, but never found. Ball says it grows about Breuil. Below, near our luncheon-place, I found a little plant of *mignonette*, exactly like garden *mignonette*, I was delighted. Abdul handed me to-day a large bunch of a yellow flower in pods, too large to press, also a lovely little lilac flower with a black centre, but I had no book with me and it got spoiled. I found one myself, but it had lost a leaf, I hope I may find it again. I like this camp better than any we have had, so delightfully open and breezy, on the top of

Sinai.

this hill. We were afraid at one time it might be too breezy, but the wind has gone down. When I went out after tea I saw a huge creature, not a camel, grazing, I went to look and it was a large black sheep. I never saw such a monster.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10th, 20th day in the Desert. We started this morning at 7.10, all the camels with us. I expected a level plain, but we soon began to descend, and the rest of the way was a terrace path winding round a ravine, most interesting. In an hour-and-a-half we crossed the ravine, and mounted the other side, and then I got on my camel as it was quite flat, M. and F. walked on. In about half-an-hour we came to a most lovely sight, some palm-trees, and pools of water in basins of rock. We got off and all the camels drank, the camp came up, and all those camels drank too, and the barrels of water were all filled, and also some skins. It was curious to see them tying up the necks very tight. We did not see the poor sheep drink, but Suleiman assured us it did. The camels did not seem at all eager to drink and soon had enough. I bathed my feet in a retired corner, and it was most delicious. This is the last water before Nakhl, two days' journey. We are very anxious to halt on Sunday, and they had told us we could not, on account of the want of water, but now they have got such a supply they think we can; we are very glad. Nakhl is a sort of

frontier station, we are to change our Bedouins there, and be escorted by another tribe ; we are very sorry, we like our men so much. After the wells we had three hours very dismal ride through perfectly flat desert, mostly stony. The luncheon tent was put up near some stunted trees ; we made rather a longer halt than usual, it was so hot. A very dismal ride again in the afternoon. A line of white rocks in the distance was the only object to look at, it was a sort of interest to see how long it took to get up to them and pass them. In rather more than two hours, to our astonishment (in this very barren part of the desert) we came upon some patches of cultivated ground, barley looking quite healthy, but with very short stalks. We now saw our tents, and got off and walked to them, having quite work to pick our way among the patches of corn. The name of the Wady with the wells was Boutehgenah, and this is Wady El Arish, a very long valley. We had tea outside the tent when we arrived about 4.30 it was so hot.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11th, 21st day in the Desert. Off at 7.10 with M. and F. Zaidan leading us. Whichever goes with us has to go without his breakfast, they make their bread fresh every morning, it is very like girdle-cake. They are only just making their fires when we start, but we must have this cool hour ; they, on the contrary, like waiting for the sun.

A boundless dreary plain all to-day, a few low limestone cliffs. Some blue mountains on the horizon, but not in the direction where we were going. We halted for luncheon rather early, 11.30, as there were a few trees for the camels to graze on. Three hours in the afternoon over the same dreary plain, but I did not dislike it, it felt so very fresh and healthy. M. and F. walked on an hour-and-a-half after luncheon. I should not have liked it in the sun though there was a breeze. We found our tents pitched near some low rocks, with a little green about for the camels. They say there is water near, not fit to drink, but it will do for washing. We are going to stay here all to-morrow, Sunday, it will be too delightful. We are still in the Wady El Arish. This place where we are encamped is called Um Saida. The vast plain we have traversed is called Berbera.

4TH SUNDAY IN LENT, MARCH 12TH, 22nd day in the Desert. I had expected such a delightful long night and my bed broke down, and I spent the whole night trying to accumulate the clothes, which kept dropping off. Then, by some strange mischance, there were no matches. I got up and fortunately found my Pyrenean jacket or I should have been frozen. I got up much sooner than I had intended. A thick fog and no sun, till nine o'clock bitterly cold. I had an excellent breakfast, which did me a great

deal of good. A most delightful day of perfect rest. I read a good deal of Greek Testament, also wrote exercises, and found texts for my almanack. F. sketched Zaidan, and made a very nice picture of him, he is most picturesque. In the afternoon F. read some passages from Exodus to the Arabs, all sitting round in a circle. She read about Rephidim and Sinai and the golden Calf, Suleiman translating verse by verse. They were very much interested. They were then given figs and rahatlacoum. M. has come to the end of her Kodak films. and Zaidan has not been photographed, to F.'s great disappointment. M. is much annoyed at our having missed Serabid El Khadem, mentioned in Cook's itinerary. We did not know what it was, and she has just discovered from Murray it is a very interesting ruin of an Egyptian Temple. Suleiman has been told to adhere strictly to Cook's route, but I suppose it must have been a little longer, and the Bedouins made him miss it. He has been well scolded. To-morrow we are to start very early to get to Nakhl in good time. It is blowing hard.

MONDAY, MARCH 13th, 23rd day in the Desert. Another foggy morning, bitterly cold, we warmed our hands at the kitchen fire (ashes in a brazier) before starting. Off with Zaidan at 6.30, very early, but we wanted to arrive early at Nakhl. I was quite startled to see two large rocks loom up close to us in

the fog. The sun came through in about an hour, but it was cold all day with a cutting wind. The same bare plain we have had for three days, ever since the wells in Wady Boutehgenah, but it is delightful walking and feels very healthy. We walked for two hours-and-a-half, then sat down and went to sleep for ten minutes, and were startled by finding the camels close to us. We rode for two-and-a-half hours more, and halted for luncheon near a mound of sand. We had the luncheon tent put up as a shelter from the wind, still quite cold. I walked on for nearly an hour after luncheon, M. and F. much longer. Very soon after we were all started Abdul said "Nakhl." I looked, and saw a blue pointed mountain, and something white at the bottom. As we went on this gradually developed into a large square building with towers at two corners, very like the fort at New Brighton, a few more solid-looking little white buildings near; our tents pitched close to. Nakhl is an Egyptian fort: here we are to change our Bedouins for some of another tribe, we are very sorry. When we got in F. made a most startling proposition. That instead of going on to Jerusalem we should turn back, and go to see Serabid El Khadem, and then return to Suez and from there to Rome. It would involve a few days more on camels, but we should be back in Rome sooner. I was of course rather startled, but on reflection felt that I should not mind it at all. I really should like

to see Serabid El Khadem, which it seems most stupid to have missed, and I can go to Jerusalem another time, the others have been twice. I delight in the desert, and should not at all mind going back over this boundless plain, besides it is most likely just the same going on to Gaza. However when the proposition was mooted to M., she did not take to it at all, she did not like the idea of going back over these three days of dreary plain, and when we represented it was just the same probably going on to Gaza, she said Cook in his itinerary mentioned wild and grand scenery. It does for one day but there are eight. Suleiman was told to do nothing about changing Bedouins till we had thought the matter over. However it was finally decided we were to go on, to the great joy of the staff, Jusuf said "Evviva Gerusalemme!" and to the great sorrow of our Bedouins, who would have liked us to go back with them. We were next startled by the arrival of an Egyptian Major from the fort to call upon us, accompanied by a subordinate, who never spoke. The Major was quite a gentlemanly civilized being, in uniform. He could only speak Arabic, so the conversation was conducted through Suleiman. He has been at this fort nine years, placed here by the Sirdar for whom he has the deepest veneration. Everything in this part of the country is now in perfect order, entirely owing to the Sirdar. We asked him what he thought of the College at Khar-

toum, and he thought it was sure to answer if the Sirdar undertakes it. He (the Sirdar) speaks Arabic like a native. We told Suleiman to tell him about the crowd being so eager to see the Sirdar when he arrived in England that they nearly smashed him at the station, and he said it was worse than Omdurman. The Major laughed very much, and quite entered into the joke. All the country round, as far as Sinai, is under his orders. Suleiman has a great deal to arrange with him about our new Bedouins and camels. They are determined we shall stay the whole day here to-morrow. We had struggled to get here early, in hopes of making a half day to-morrow. The Major and his subordinate had coffee; we did not ask him to dine, as conversation is so restricted. We have traversed to-day Abou Arijan, Abou Trefi, and Wady Metellah. Suleiman says we are to return to El Arish later on.

TUESDAY, March 14th, 24th day in the Desert. Nakhl. I had a delightful long night, did not get up till nearly eight o'clock, and had a good breakfast. Quite a hot day. The Egyptian Major came to luncheon, Suleiman stood by and conducted the conversation. The Major drank no wine, but liked the St. Galmier water, and altogether enjoyed his meal. Towards the end he invited us to come and see his wife when it was cool; we were delighted, we wanted to see some Eastern women. His wife

is the daughter of a Bedouin headman. In the afternoon all our Bedouins came to take leave of us, they kissed our hands dozens of time, at least they pressed our hands and kissed their own. We each gave our own camelier half a sovereign, and I gave Abdul a penknife as a present, and a five piastre piece for Selim, his little boy, who left us at Sinai, and I had promised him some backsheesh. We also gave the Sheikh three sovereigns to divide among the rest of the men, there were seventeen. It would only be about three shillings each, but they seemed quite satisfied. Another time I should come better provided with sovereigns, nothing but gold is any use. About 4.30 Suleiman conducted us to the Major's house, it was not in the fort as we had expected. Suleiman was of course, not allowed to enter. The Major met us, and led us up a flight of stone steps into a little balcony, and a room opening upon it with windows, or rather loop holes, in every direction. One he told us looked to Suez, one to Akiba and one to Gaza. From the direction of Akiba we saw a large flock of black goats approaching, they made a long perfectly straight line. At last the wife appeared, resplendent in violet velvet trimmed with ermine, and quantities of gold chains and rings. A little girl, as I thought, was with her, who the Major explained was the "femme de son frère," he had mastered that much French. She was in Eastern dress. Both had their hair in long plaits down their backs. F. had her

Arabic phrase-book, and quite carried on some conversation with the Major, the wife did not help much, but she and the sister smiled. I thought her very nice looking, the "femme de mon frère" very plain, but cheerful. The wife had stockings on but no shoes, M. says she left them at the door. M. and I had prepared a little present, a pocket handkerchief case with two handkerchiefs in it, and a white tie with lace, I had made them up in a little parcel, pinned with large pins, which I thought she would probably like very much. She did not open them while we were there. F. took some tortoise shell hairpins out of her hair and gave them to the little femme de mon frère. We rose to go, having come to the end of our conversation, but were told that coffee was coming, and it came the next moment. The attendant dispensed it quite solid with sugar, I ate all the sugar separately. Then we took leave, leaving the three females in the eyrie, which was delightfully cool, divans all along it covered with white. I hope they would be allowed to stay there some time. When we got down the Major asked us if we would like to see the town, we said yes, and were conducted through a little street of low stone houses, quite clean, the view of the open plain through the end most picturesque. Then he led us past our tents to a well where the goats were being watered. It made me think of Rebekah, there was a deep well with a large trough by the side, a man kept winding up skins of

water, and emptying them into the trough. Then the shepherd called up a certain number of goats and they came and drank, the others waiting quite properly till their turn came. It was really the prettiest sight. Then the Major took us over the fort. The Sirdar has told him only to admit English people. There are huge tanks outside, which can be filled from a well inside when crowds of pilgrims come. A troop of soldiers saluted the Major as we went in, they were in white Eastern uniform. The Major had a dark blue frock coat with gilt buttons, and dark blue trousers with red stripes, but I hope he does not always wear them, they must be so hot. There was a large courtyard with one large tree in it, a sort of palm, one bough of it had grown through a window in a most curious way. We went up two short flights of steps into one of the towers to see the view, and also saw the well which fills the outside tanks with an immense windlass. We now took leave of the Major, I gave him our cards, and he wrote his name in Arabic characters on the back of another. Suleiman is to write it in European characters for me. When we got in F. sketched one of the soldiers who form our guard. A tent is pitched in front of ours with five Egyptian soldiers to guard us, they are tipped by Cook. Suleiman brought the new Sheikh to see us after dinner, he was given a cup of coffee, and he was to dine with Suleiman and the staff. We are to start walking at six o'clock to-

morrow, I shudder, but am resigned. This is the warmest evening we have had. There is a crescent moon. This fort was built by a Sultan Selim three hundred years ago, the same, Suleiman says, who built the present walls of Jerusalem.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 15th, 25th day in the Desert. Off at 6.30 the sun rose just as we were starting. We cannot find out from any of our diaries what time the sun rises, or we should have been able to put our watches right. We were picked up in two hours-and-a-half. All to-day over just the same level plain, at one point we found a few flowers, a very pretty dark anemone. There was some cultivated land, barley growing. The saddles on the new camels were not quite right at first, M.'s never was right all day. She and F. walked an hour-and-a-half after luncheon: it was very hot. This is the first day it has been really hot. I shall put on cooler clothes to-morrow. We have passed through El Helje, Agaba, and El Halsit where our camp is. Blue mountains are in sight—to which we are gradually approaching.

THURSDAY, MAR. 16th, 26th day in the Desert. I indulged in a little longer sleep this morning, and started at once on the camel. Another day of unvaried plain, the blue mountains turned out quite a fraud, they proved to be quite low hills when we got

to them. We left them to our left. No sun all day but it was quite hot, it would have been overpowering if there had been sun. It was quite hot in the night. My camelier is a little negro boy, called Mushby, his father is an escaped Nubian slave and lives at Nakhl. M.'s is a decrepid old man called Ibrahim, with a very bad cough. We had four-and-three-quarter hours this morning, and three hours and twenty minutes this afternoon. At the end we had the excitement of passing through a little defile between sandhills, and found the tents pitched in a hollow among sandhills. No water, but a good deal of vegetation for the camels, we are to come to water to-morrow. I have found a great many shells for Maude. We have passed to-day through Wady Fahdi, El Graia, El Batoun, and are now encamped in El Ashueif. We do not believe anybody has ever been this dreary route before. Since the wells in Wady Boutehgenah on March 10th, it has been an unbroken plain. It has one merit; most delightful walking, firm and hard, yet elastic.

FRIDAY, MAR. 17th, 27th day in the Desert. I started walking at 6.10 with M. and F. A very nice young Bedouin goes with us called Aleyan. He smiles most cheerfully, and is constantly showing us how he lights his pipe by striking a flint and steel together. We walked for two hours, and it was quite cool. The same unbroken plain, but we found

some flowers, mignonette again. Quantities of shells, but all the large kind, and I have no room for any more. After we were picked up it became very hot, and F. and I were overpowered by sleep. Some trees appeared very opportunely, and we halted very early for luncheon, about eleven, and sat under a tree without the tent, which was much more airy. M. and F. walked on, but I thought it too hot. I started at one and soon overtook them. We were to go on to-day till we came to water, there was none yesterday, and the Bedouins were all suffering from thirst. Old Ibrahim, M.'s camelier, was quite finished. Another man led her camel, and F. gave Ibrahim, our waiter, two shillings to walk and let old Ibrahim ride his camel. He was quite speechless, poor old thing. M. gave him an orange, and we passed some shepherds with a flock of goats, and one of our men got some water from them. There was a good deal of vegetation, and we passed another flock of goats, and Suleiman stopped to get some milk from them, to save us from the Swiss condensed milk for one day. We had seen some hills in front, and were told our camp, and water, were behind them. We turned to the left up some broken ground and came upon the camp in a hollow, no water visible, but I went with a Bedouin before dinner up a rocky path and saw the much longed-for water. The first pool was quite salt, but the next was fresh, quite a large pool, and a stream wandering among

the rocks. The Bedouin filled his skin, it had a metal neck, and he filled it with a sort of ladle. It holds quantities, they will be well supplied to-morrow. I had heard a rumour we were to start later, and thought how delicious a bath would be in this pool, but we are to start at the same hour. We are to keep all together to-morrow, camp and all, for we have now crossed the frontier, and are out of the dominion of the Sirdar, and thieves may be about. It is quite hot to-night, I now wear a cotton blouse. It is a most sudden change. We have passed to-day through El Murafa, Abou Musergat, Adjerour, where we lunched, Assesab, Ajabe, and Wady Muwela, where we are now encamped. This morning some gazelles were seen, I did not see them, for I could not get my little boy to stop.

SATURDAY, MAR. 18th, 28th day in the Desert. Heavy rain last night and thunder. The morning gloomy and no sun all day, quite cool, a great change from yesterday. We were up early and waited till the camp was ready before we mounted. We passed some broken ground at first, and then relapsed into flat desert. Soon, however, we began to see strips sown with corn, and a green sprinkling over the whole ground, which was a great relief to the eye, I found several new flowers, yellow pheasant's eye most interesting. We rode for four-and-a-half hours, lunched without the tent by a low wall round

a mound with a little ruin at the top. We walked on after luncheon, passed a herd of goats, and then a herd of camels with several young ones, four all lying together, so pretty. Suleiman asked the herdsman to bring us some camel's milk, it was quite delicious. We think these Arabs have been maligned, they all seemed very well behaved, but of course we are a large party. We mounted in less than an hour, passed another herd of camels, crossed some gently sloping mounds, one had a ruin at the top. The ground was now almost always green, and reminded us very much of the sandhills at Formby, where we find *pyrola*. We had had some short showers, but the last hour of the afternoon it poured steadily, and, most perversely stopped the moment we arrived at the tents. As soon as the tents come in sight, my little black boy begins to chuckle with delight. The poor Bedouins were, of course, all soaked. M. and F. administered a dose of peppermint to old Ibrahim, to warm him up, and I have given him my rug, with which he was delighted, and it will really, I think, save his life. We are to get to Gaza the day after to-morrow. We consider we have now done with the desert. We are now in Wady Labia. I am beginning to-night to write some letters, to have them ready to post at Gaza.

5TH SUNDAY IN LENT, 29th day in the Desert.
It poured in the night and thundered so badly I thought I would not undress while it went on, and I

lay down in my clothes. I never awoke till Jusuf called me this morning. They kept guard alternately all night, having heard there might be prowlers about. This morning there was a rushing river close to the camp, where we had crossed a dry watercourse. The Sheikh had foreseen it if the rain went on, and so pushed on with the tents rather further than he had intended to get across. We had thought we should never get to them. It is rather the irony of fate, for we had been told we could not stop for Sunday, there was no water, and we are leaving floods. We all started walking ahead of the camp, as things seemed quite safe, it was delightfully cool and fresh. Quite flat country, but green and interesting. Masses of asphodel, and a good many red anemones, also a large purple lily, Suleiman got a good many roots. We were picked up in an hour-and-a-half. We lunched at eleven, rather early, but my saddle wanted altering. Just above where we lunched was a mound with a large tent. It was occupied by a merchant who comes to sell things to the Bedouins. He came down to talk to Suleiman, who brought him to us, and he watched, with much interest, F. drawing the lily, he said none of the Arab women could do such things. We walked on after luncheon; in about an hour it was hot and I lagged behind. Seeing some camels coming I thought of course they were ours, but they were quite different people and among them they were leading a grey pony. I patted

it, quite pleased to see such a novel animal. Our troop came up directly afterwards, and I heard from Suleiman that these Arabs had been rather quarrelsome, one of them was actually going to fire a rifle, but Suleiman, who, from his own account, showed great heroism, jumped off his camel, got hold of him and begged him not to be foolish. Then another man came running up, with what Suleiman calls "a bare sword" and had also to be soothed. All this had taken place just before they overtook me, I was quite unconscious. We had another excitement in the course of the afternoon in the sight of some cows, but could not get any fresh milk. We went over some undulating ground, expecting at each rise to see the tents, at last we crossed a dry water course, went up quite a steep path with some white cliffs to our left, and came upon a little plateau with an Arab encampment of black tents, several donkeys about, and dogs barking, and quite a river running at the base of the cliffs. We crossed it at a very shallow part, and mounted to a still higher plateau, where we found our tents on a beautiful piece of green ground studded with flowers. The afternoon's ride has been three hours-and-a-half. We have passed through Bahaidey, Suneh and our present camp is Hor El Adjoram. The river is called Hor. We are to get to Gaza in good time to-morrow. It seems incredible that we have really emerged from the desert. I have enjoyed it thoroughly, but there is some excitement

about a partial return to civilization, and I must say I am beginning to long for news of our belongings, which we cannot have till Jerusalem, where we hope to arrive the Thursday before Good Friday.

MONDAY, MARCH 20th, 30th and last day of the Desert. Camp outside Gaza. We started this morning at 6.15. Quite cold and never hot all day. We had two sharp showers, soon over, and then the sun came out. Larks were singing, so they were yesterday. (I forgot to mention that on Saturday we saw a number of storks feeding among the corn, and flying about. Evidently preparing for their flight to Europe). We passed a number of Arab encampments, dogs came out and barked furiously at us, but no one molested us. There was a great deal of corn sown, and at one time we quite lost the track, and had to go right over the corn. When the camels came up we found they had done the same. We found some red tulips. Halted for luncheon about 11.30. Very ready for it. M. and F. walked afterwards. I waited for the camel and started at one o'clock. I passed a large Arab encampment to the right, and to the left a large flock of sheep and goats scattered over a grassy plain, a sprinkling of camels among them, they looked so picturesque. There was a good deal of undulating ground, and twice we had to get off for steep descents, curious hollows like the bottom of quarries, with blocks looking as if they had

been half cut away. We met several parties on donkeys, and one man went before us for a long time with two laden donkeys, looking exactly like a picture in the Arabian Nights. At last we saw a round hill with trees, and something white among them, we heard Gaza was close behind, but we were ages getting up to it. We mounted several ridges. The white object developed into a sort of temple. We crossed endless flat fields, and seemed as if we should never turn to Gaza, which we knew must be to our left. We saw what looked like sea in the distance and knew it must be the Mediterranean. At last we came to a decided road, with a hedge of prickly pear bordering it on one side. Here we did turn to the left, and almost directly the camels all whisked round, I thought the little boy was pulling mine and called to Suleiman to tell him not. All were jabbering Arabic and no one would explain, at last we found the camels were shying at some people sitting on the grass at the edge of the road, so they were made to lie down, and we all got off, and this was the end of our thirty days' camel ride. I am very sorry. We walked on to our tents, which were a very little further, on a common, the whole town of Gaza before us, looking most picturesque. Several towers, and near us a quantity of little odd-shaped white buildings. I must investigate them to-morrow. We are to be here two whole days, waiting for the horses to be sent from Jerusalem, the rest will be delightful.

After tea M. went with Suleiman into the town, she to get stamps, and Suleiman to send the telegram about the horses. M. says it is quite a civilized post-office, the officials speak French. The common was covered with a mob of people, mainly women and boys, staring into the tent, they came close up while we had tea. We adopted the plan of gazing fixedly at them through our eye-glasses, they do not like that, they think it brings on the evil eye. I am looking forward to a long night and a comfortable breakfast to-morrow. Our Bedouins have already started back to NakhI by moonlight. I gave my little boy two shillings, M. gave old Ibrahim five, she walked the greater part of this afternoon that he might ride, and then tipped Ibrahim the waiter to walk that old Ibrahim might ride. The Sheikh was given a pound to divide among twelve men, they seemed satisfied.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21st. Camp at Gaza. About ten o'clock M. and I went to the town with Suleiman, passing the cemetery, which borders our common. The tombs are square blocks with a little turret at each corner, those of sheikhs have red lines upon them. We went through the market, men were sitting in open booths, mainly weaving. Each man has two wheels, one with the thread or wool wound upon it, the other with broad spokes. They make the Arab burnouses here, it is their chief industry.

We went to the post-office, quite an imposing building with a red roof. Civilized officials in European dress, they spoke a little French. I posted my letters, and got change for a sovereign in large, clumsy, silver coins. We saw the outside of the Great Mosque, it was originally a Christian Church, some say built by the Empress Helena, some by the Empress Eudoxia. We passed through another market and bought some writing-paper and red slippers. Back at the tents about eleven. M. and F. went a walk with Suleiman after tea, and called at the English mission. It is a medical mission. They bought some ammonia, and have invited three of the ladies to tea to-morrow. (F. had previously given strict orders that no one was to be invited to any meal here). I shall quite enjoy seeing some civilized fellow-countrywomen. We were much astonished returning from the town this morning, to meet all our camels and Bedouins. They did not start by moonlight as they said they meant to do. I thought I heard a cough exactly like old Ibrahim's in the night. They did really start this afternoon, and they had better have gone at once, for we hear they had to pay thirty shillings taxation for their camels.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22ND. We went into the town with Suleiman, and saw Samson's tomb. It was like those in the cemetery, square, with conical

stones at the four corners. It is in a little detached building, a tree in the courtyard. M. and F. say they were shown a different place when they were here with Ibrahim, their former dragoman, two or three years ago. Then we went to the Great Mosque, M. and F. had brought slippers with them, I had not, so I went in my stockings, the floor was covered with matting. The interior is just like a Church, cruciform, with beautiful clustered Corinthian columns. Quite empty of course. In one corner were some very interesting carvings, a tree and a vase, which F. sketched, no opposition was offered. There was a fine palm-tree in one of the outer courts. Passing through the market I bought two amulets, such as the women wear, for about two shillings. We met strings of laden donkeys. We had a Turkish soldier with us, as well as Suleiman and Ibrahim, so met with no annoyance, and were back at the tents about twelve. It was beginning to be hot, the flies are most troublesome, it is the first time we have been really annoyed by them. About 1.30 we saw horses galloping about, they were actually our horses arrived from Jerusalem in response to the telegram, also mules for the luggage. The horses looked delightful, F. tried one at once, and liked it very much. They grazed about most contentedly the rest of the afternoon, though there seemed very little to eat. We had the table put outside for tea as there is so little room in the tent.

Three ladies and a Syrian doctor arrived from the mission, they were very pleasant, all quite young. One had been here three years. They come for five years and then have a year's holiday at home. Miss Jiffin, the one who has been here three years, knew Miss Newtons (Mrs. Oxley's sisters), at Jaffa. They were much pleased with F.'s Arabic phrase book, M. is going to send them one. Suleiman has appeared this evening in a new brown and white burnous, like what the Arabs wear, he thinks it will be very comfortable at night: he bought it here for ten francs. We are to start on our horses at seven to-morrow, it will be very exciting. The hill with a temple, which we saw before arriving, is the one up which Samson carried the gates of Gaza. I wish there had been time for me to go up it, it is quite near here. The others did go up it when they were here before, two or three years ago. Some of the women here wear great clusters of coins hanging over their faces; they are not veiled.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23RD. Off on horses at 7.15. We did not go through the town, but along a sandy lane with prickly pear hedges. We soon got accustomed to the horses, they went very well. After the lane we emerged upon a plain, mainly corn-fields, Arab encampments at intervals, and flocks of sheep and goats, some cows and a few camels. We met several people on donkeys. They

all passed the different side to what one does in England, except a female, who had a man walking by her side, she resolutely kept to the other side, and as one or two others did the same, I suppose it is the custom for women to keep that side of the road. In about two hours Suleiman suddenly turned off from our excellent path, and dashed across ploughed fields, sometimes corn. I followed close after and sometimes induced my horse to canter a little. We came at last to a hollow, where he told me to wait, while he went to speak to a man with some horses in a field beyond. I did not much like waiting all alone, though my horse seemed a much-enduring animal. I thought he might make a sudden bolt to his friends in one direction or another. However I did as I was told, and very soon the others came up. We then all followed Suleiman, and before we got up to him he was joined by an Arab on a bay horse, who kept with us as guide for the rest of the day. We then realized for the first time that Suleiman had completely lost his way. He had told us he was going a short cut, which would save us more than an hour. The Arab led us ruthlessly across the corn, occasionally we got on a track for a little and longed to keep to it, the horses went so much better than over the hard furrows, but we always dashed off again directly into the fields. It began to be hot, and we were getting quite worn out, but at last in four-and-a-half hours we halted

in a cornfield, the luncheon tent was put up and the horses tethered to the tent pegs, so as to do as little damage as possible. F. insisted on the saddles being taken off. I should mention that we had excellent saddles, and quite proper double bridles, all marked with the magic name of Cook. The horses were all dark grey, our three were like steady cobs, Suleiman's was bigger, Ibrahim had a mule. We also had one of the grooms with us who came with the horses from Jerusalem, he was mounted on a roan, his name was also Suleiman, which was confusing, so we called him Selim. Luncheon revived us very much, and we started off again at 1.15, Suleiman saying cheerfully we should have three hours ride. The first part was most interesting, quite like a mountain pass, we passed a great many rocks, and what looked to me quite like the ruins of some city, we had several steep ascents and descents, and narrow paths round ravines. Then we came to plains again, and it really was most interesting seeing the Arab encampments, and all the different animals, sheep, goats, camels, cows, donkeys, pasturing, and occasionally a solitary animal watched by a child, as one sees them in the Tyrol. Then we came to quite a wide river which we had to cross. My horse showed some disposition to stop and drink, which I knew would be the prelude to lying down, so was struggling to prevent it, when the groom seized it and dragged it on. After this there was not much

more excitement, boundless plain again. The three hours were now more than elapsed, and we began to speculate how we were provided for camping out, for we were quite sure Suleiman had not a notion where the tents were. He kept carefully ahead out of our reach, so that we could ask no questions. I got off and walked for about a quarter of an hour which was a great rest, and after I had mounted again the others did the same. We were now shown a village in the dim distance, and were told the tents were an hour beyond that, it sounded hopeless. However we plodded on, at one time I found myself alone with the Arab guide far ahead of the others, and did not much like it. He did not seem to like it either, and insisted on waiting for them. At last we got to the village, which was surrounded by hedges of prickly pear, and really looked rather nice. Low stone houses round a green and a piece of water, we emerged from it into a lane bordered by prickly pear, and fondly hoped it would lead us to the tents. Vain hope! Almost directly we dashed off into boundless fields again and wandered on for ages. It became quite dark, but providentially there was a moon, and the weather throughout had been perfect, not too hot. I cannot think what would have happened either with great heat or rain. I followed close after Suleiman, and had to let my horse go as it liked, they are wonderfully sure-footed. Suleiman had said something about the tents being near another village,

so at last I said to him if we did come to a village, unless we saw the tents I should get off and stop, not dash off into boundless plains again in the dark. If we had to camp out it would be better to lie under some walls. Just at that moment to my intense surprise he said, "There are the tents with lights," and there they actually were, this side of the village. We were quite near and I called out to the others, but they did not hear, so it came still more as a surprise to them. We were indeed thankful, it was seven o'clock, we had been going five hours and three quarters, which made altogether more than ten hours. M. and F. say they have never had such a day in all their Eastern experience, so it is some satisfaction to have beaten the record. I could hardly stand when I got off, but gradually recovered the use of my limbs. Tea and dinner revived us very much, and we all went early to bed, determined to have a long night, and not make a very early start to-morrow. The village we are encamped by is called Zeiteh. Larks were singing vigorously this morning, and in the afternoon flying along the ground close to us, I think to decoy us from their nests, as plovers do.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24TH. A blissful long night, I got up about 7.30 quite fresh. We started about 8.30 and had only an hour's ride to Beit Jebrin, the ancient Gath, which we were to stop and see. The

camp was to go on further on the road to Hebron. Our Arab of yesterday was still with us on his bay, the road was a good path through the fields and we actually had a canter. My horse goes better when they are all together, but still has a strong resemblance to a pony at the seaside. It canters convulsively for a few yards, and then is very glad to stop. Still with constant urging I could keep it going. We passed several flocks of sheep with camels among them, and at the end a grove of olive trees, and halted by a well near a village; some olive trees near, a hill close to covered with ruins, one large building conspicuous in the middle. We started at once, an Arab with us, to see the sights. Nothing could be found that M. remembered. It was a very pretty walk round the side of a hill, and at last we came to a fine old arch. We went on to the top of a hill over cornfields, rather rough walking, and at last came to very broken ground, and to a large opening. We went down and M. cheered up at once. We came into a series of most curious caverns, great holes in the walls, a pool of water in one, and in the last some hieroglyphics, very high up and hard to see. Then the Arab said there was another cavern with inscriptions, so we set off there. On the way F. suddenly fell, she had put her foot in a concealed hole and gone in above her knee, it is a mercy she did not break her leg. This series of caverns was also most curious, one was just like a

chapter-house, a large pillar in the middle and large archways on each side, and quite a clear inscription in the last cavern. We had quite to crawl through one archway. We passed some very curiously-shaped rocks that reminded me of Montpelier le Vieux. We scrambled up a rocky path and returned to our halting-place by another route, a very pretty path among the olive-trees. We saw the luncheon-tent just below us, and there seemed no reason why we should not go straight down to it, but Suleiman and the Arab, for some reason, took us an immense round. After luncheon we resolved to make another effort to find a castle and well, which M. said she knew was quite near. We went first up to the large building, which was evidently modern, but it was rather interesting going into the heart of the village. Troops of women were about, not veiled, and with rather light complexions. Then Suleiman pointed to a ruin which we had passed in the beginning of our walk, and said he had told us it was one of the best. We went there, and it turned out to be what M. wanted. It was not in the least like a castle, it seemed like the portico of a Church, with two columns with Corinthian capitals still standing quite perfect, other capitals lying about. The well was close to, they had encamped here last time, and all the women had come in the evening to draw water, and it had been most picturesque. Altogether Beit Jebrin has been most interesting. We started again at 2.30 in a very high wind, and my

hat would not stay on my head. We had some good canters and every time it was hanging behind, but fortunately did not drop off. First the path went under olive trees and then through cornfields. I saw men ploughing with little wooden ploughs, a donkey and an ox harnessed together. We met several returning from their work, driving their animals before them. We passed a village on a hill called Dehr Nach Haya, then we suddenly turned off over fields. The Arab guide who had been with us through the caverns had come on with us, but had dropped behind when we cantered, and in consequence we again went wrong, but were brought back in time. We seemed to get quite into another valley. Eventually we came to a village. A little boy guided us through some very tortuous windings, and we came upon the tents in a green hollow among olive-trees, white masses of rock scattered about, under one of them a large tuft of cyclamen. The afternoon's ride had been two hours and a half, so this has been a very easy day. After tea a very annoying contretemps occurred. The floor of the tent was very uneven, and after washing I was carrying the basin to the door to empty it when my foot slipped, and I fell with my side against the iron bedstead. I could not save myself as I had my hands full, and there was nothing to break the violence of the blow. When it came to bedtime undressing hurt me, and I just lay down in my clothes. It blew a most furious gale all night, my bed shook under me.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25TH. I could hardly stir this morning, I could not stoop, and could hardly get up when sitting down. F. did all my packing for me. However sitting was decidedly the most comfortable position, so I hoped I should be able to sit on the horse, and get as far as Hebron, which they said was only two hours off, but we hardly dared believe them. We walked a little way over some rough ground, and then I got on very cautiously with the help of a stool, and found I could sit quite comfortably. Of course cantering was out of the question, but, as it turned out, there was no ground fit for it. A tall Arab was our guide, who said he could walk like a lion, and he really could, he stalked on a good way in front with an easy stride, whatever the ground was like. It was a most interesting route, a very narrow deep valley, only just room for the path, very rough and stony for the most part; it was wonderful how the horses picked their way. We met several men with laden donkeys. In about an hour the valley widened out and the path rather improved, and there was a long gentle ascent to the top of a pass which reminded me very much of a lake pass. It was altogether a ride of two hours to the top of this pass, and there was then an extensive view of table-land. This was the plain of Mamre, and Hebron was quite near, we did not see it yet. We all got off to walk a little, Suleiman the groom lifted me off as if I were a baby, hardly hurting me at all. I found walking less comfortable than

riding, so soon sat on a low wall, hoping they would see and send the horse back for me. However F. came back and said we were to have luncheon under some olive trees quite near, so I thought it better to walk on than have the work of mounting and dismounting so soon. While we were walking we met a couple of travellers riding on horses, evidently English. We were very much taken by surprise, no greetings were exchanged. We heard from Suleiman that they belonged to a medical mission, and were going to visit at the very village near which we had encamped. We had been told that no one had ever encamped there before, and that they would probably steal, and F. had actually stopped a woman in the very act of entering my tent that morning. She was driven away, and then had just as hastily to be fetched back with deep contrition, for it turned out that the poor thing thought we were doctors, and wanted to consult us about an ill baby. M. and F. gave her heaps of things, and Suleiman advised her to wash the baby thoroughly, most excellent advice. A very pleasant halt under olive trees, no tent. The camp passed us, so we had to linger a little for them to get settled. The carriage road, Suleiman told us, was close below, it seemed incredible. We started to walk to it, but as the descent seemed quite easy we mounted. The last bit was rather rough, but we reached the road safely, a broad excellent Macadam road. We plodded along it, met camels and donkeys,

and soon were startled by the apparition of a large lumbering carriage with three horses abreast, smart tourists inside. I was so afraid my horse might shy, which would have been agony, but it was quite unmoved. Vineyards on each side, square towers at intervals, made me think of Isaiah v. 2. Soon we came to quantities of new houses, quite a suburb, a cemetery, etc. We took an upper road, turned to the right over a grassy slope, and there were our tents under some olive trees, the whole old town of Hebron below us, the Great Mosque, under which is the Cave of Machpelah, conspicuous in the middle. The pool of Hebron, where the fight between David's and Abner's men took place, is close to the Mosque. I shall see it to-morrow. Now I felt I must devote myself to my injured side, so after tea I bathed it with hot water, put on a loose jacket, and tried to play patience. It was about 2.30 when we arrived, and very hot, we had tea at once, early as it was. I found even patience did not answer, moving my right hand hurt my side, and then I suddenly remembered a Tauchnitz I had with me "Corleone," by Marion Crawford. I unearthed it and lay down on the bed, and had a very blissful time. I feel nothing but thorough rest will get me right. M. bathed my side for me again in the evening and I went early to bed. We passed quantities of cyclamen to-day, and little blue irises. In the evening all our attendants sang, and beat an accompaniment on tin basins. Suleiman

said it was because it was the last night of our journey, and they are so sorry. We are to drive to Jerusalem on Monday, as I am incapacitated for sight-seeing at present. It is a mercy the others have been to Jerusalem and all the places, so I am not marring their pleasure in any way.

PALM SUNDAY, MARCH 26TH. I went so very early to bed that I awoke when it was quite dark, and as I did not go to sleep again, I managed to get up and lighted a candle, and went on with "Corleone," which soon sent me to sleep. I think I manage to move better. F. went off to sketch about seven. M. went with her and a guard. I stayed in bed till 8.30, and had breakfast before dressing. The others came back about 9.30, very hot. I sat outside, it was very cool in the shade and wrote my journal. Suddenly visitors arrived, a lady and two gentlemen, one, Mr. Pattison, a missionary here, and the others, Mr. and Mrs. Robartes, missionaries from Formosa, on their way home, and staying with Mr. Pattison. They were all very pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. R. only arrived in Jerusalem on Thursday, and that very evening went out by themselves for a walk in the Mount of Olives by moonlight. They were much interested to hear we had crossed the desert from Suez. Mr. Pattison had met Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Lewis at Jerusalem. I dared not venture to ask them to luncheon with no notice, but after they were gone

it struck me we ought to have given them coffee. I never thought of it. F. never appeared, she was asleep in her tent, but she said afterwards Ibrahim, their former dragoman, would have brought coffee of his own accord. I have no doubt it would have been a boon to them, so reviving after their hot walk. It has been one of the hottest days we have had, but our camp is in a delightfully cool place. On the top of the hill above us is a very conspicuous arch, no one seems to know what it is, and I forgot to ask Mr. Pattison. In the afternoon M. and F. went to a service at the Mission House at four o'clock, they rode, and Suleiman went with them. At five I walked down to the post with Ibrahim and the Turkish soldier. It is close to the road, a large square reservoir, a low wall round it, and steps at one corner, where they come to draw water. I bathed my hands in it and drank a little. There were perfect swarms of children about, who I have no doubt would have been very rude, but the soldier kept them at bay. Then we went and sat in a shady place on the hill-side, and waited for M. and F. to arrive. They did not appear till six o'clock, the service had been very long, but they had liked it. Quantities of women kept coming down the hill, all in very clean white burnouses, some veiled and some not, most of them carrying babies. As we went up to the tents by a different route to what we had come down by, I found we were going through a small

cemetery, of course the women had been visiting the graves. It was a perfectly lovely evening and quite cool. The moon is nearly full, we sat outside, looking at the view. The town of Hebron seems to consist of very solidly built detached, low, square, white houses, an amphitheatre of hills round, scattered with white rocks. We saw our carriage arrive, in which M. and I are to drive to Jerusalem to-morrow, it will take about four hours. F. will ride. It is a very humiliating change, but I am sure perfect rest for a few days is the only cure. I am decidedly better to-day. After dinner F. read to the men the chapter about Abraham buying the Cave of Machpelah, and entertaining the angels on the plain of Mamre. Afterwards they sang and danced for us. They are much disappointed at missing the rest of the trip, and so am I.

MONDAY, MARCH 27TH. This has been my last night in the tent, I am very sorry it has come to an end. F. started riding with Suleiman the groom at 6.30. M. and I got off in the carriage, a large open landau, Ibrahim on the box, about 7.30. They had brought the carriage nearly close up to the tents, meaning well no doubt, but the moment we started the jolting over the rough ground was agony, so I had to scream to them to stop, and we walked down to the road, which was excellent and quite smooth. We went off at a great pace, in the direction we had

come, excellent horses, and a very good-looking young driver. M. pointed me out the Mission House where they went yesterday, it is a large building, standing back from the road, and was formerly the hotel where they once stayed. We saw the point where we had come down from the hills, and looked up at the olive-trees under which we had lunched. Now we were on new ground, wild desolate country, but very interesting, a valley to our right, low hills to our left. Ibrahim pointed us out the Russian convent, close to which is Abraham's oak. We passed a ruined tower and a fountain, where our driver filled his water-bottle. We also passed a Mosque on a hill to the right, and then suddenly came to a little house where a man stood with a tray, and on it four little cups of coffee. M. and I, the driver and Ibrahim, each had one, it was most refreshing, a brilliant idea. Very soon afterwards we overtook F., she had not been offered coffee. She got into the carriage, having had enough of riding on the hard road, and Suleiman exchanged with Ibrahim. We soon saw Ibrahim trotting along very cheerfully, no doubt enjoying himself very much, on a horse at last, unencumbered by tent-poles, he had only had a mule before, and always carried the luncheon-tent. Our two horses trotted on alone, F's was attached to Suleiman the groom. They took some short cuts across the valley. In about an hour we came to Solomon's pools, saw a large piece of

water as we came up, and a large battlemented building like a fortress, facing the road. Here we were to halt, so we got out and walked across the grass down to the pool, a large reservoir, with steep, strongly built sides, there are three, one after the other, the surroundings lovely, broken ground covered with luxuriant grass, anemones, and other flowers. To our surprise we saw some females in the distance on the other side of the pools. They looked like tourists, but had white things on their heads. The pools are supposed to have been made by Solomon to supply Jerusalem with water, which they still do. We had our luncheon under the walls of the fort, which was rebuilt by Ibrahim Pacha some time this century. We afterwards went inside, into a large square courtyard. In two recesses of the walls were quantities of round barrels, which Suleiman told us were beehives, and that honey was a great industry here. Two women were there in semi-European clothes, who I thought were the keepers of the bees, but I found they were Armenians, pilgrims from Jerusalem, the two we had seen wandering about the pools belonged to them, also a young man. We then went to see the spring of the pools, which Suleiman said was better worth seeing than the pools themselves, with which we did not agree. A door was unlocked by a man who had two bits of lighted candles, and we went down a good many steps and under a low archway, and saw a lovely transparent

spring in a rocky basin, and flowing through a narrow channel out of the rock. The Armenians all followed, and were much interested, they dabbled their hands in the water and so did I, and I drank some, it was most excellent water. We now emerged and prepared to start. M. now took her turn of riding. We now met long strings of camels, more than we had seen since the days of the desert, which now seem things of the dim past. Soon we had a view of the convent at Bethlehem, and passed Rachel's tomb, a building with a dome close by the roadside, and Suleiman pointed out the field of Boaz. There is a beautiful walk from Solomon's pools over the hills to Bethlehem, which I hope I may still accomplish. Our view was very much obstructed by the two men, and the lumbering front of the carriage which only opened behind, but F., peering round suddenly, saw a tower and called to Suleiman to stop. He had actually not told us, and the whole of Jerusalem was in sight, a confused mass of towers, and walls, and battlements and domes, and the Mount of Olives, much, much more imposing than I had expected. I was entirely taken by surprise and was moreover thinking of my own ailments. Very different from the Crusaders, and ever since I have been racking my brains for what I used to know thoroughly, and now can only remember three lines :

*Ecco additar Gerusalem si vede,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente.*

To make up for his neglect Suleiman pointed out some little mounds in a field which he said were tombs, and began to name every object, but I did not much attend. We were soon close to the walls, passing the station, which was not aggressive as a station would be in England, it is outside the walls. We passed through the Jaffa gate, and the first thing to catch the eye was "Grand New Hotel," in staring letters, rather a shock. We drove into a courtyard and F. was instantly received with effusion by the landlord. We were taken upstairs, and three delightful rooms given to us, on the same floor and close to a very large salon, with a window filling up all one end, and looking full upon the Mount of Olives. We can see the new road made up it for the Emperor. The missionary at Hebron seemed to think it did not spoil it much, I hope it does not.

My sister soon got over the effects of her fall, and was able to go about just as usual, but Jerusalem is so well known to travellers, and by description to others, that it seemed better to finish at this point.

M. L. H.

PETRA.

1901.

PETRA.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24TH, 1901. Bugle sounded soon after six this morning. F. says it was a hymn. I forgot to say last night there was a dance on the lower deck, it was very prettily decorated, with flags and red and green lights. We all went and looked on for a little. They finished up with "God save the King" which I thought very nice of them. I had then gone to my cabin. We arrive at Port Said at six this evening. I am quite sorry, this is such complete repose. German Gottesdienst in the second class saloon at ten this morning, we all went. A long hymn sitting and two extempore prayers standing, and a very nice little sermon on St. John i. 46, 47. Understood nearly every word. The second class saloon is on the same level as our cabins, a story below the dining-saloon, and looked thoroughly comfortable, very large and quantities of

oblong tables covered with green cloth. It is their dining-room as well. Our deck and saloon is a storey above our dining-room, so two stories above the second class. Have begun to identify some of the passengers (not by name) and there seem some very nice English people. Many ladies lie on long chairs, all swathed up in shawls. I should so hate it, but hope they are invalids, and it must be a splendid way for invalids to recruit.

Since writing the above a great deal has happened. The Egyptian coast began to come in sight in the afternoon, towers, houses, light-houses, trees, at intervals. Dinner was at six, as it was expected we should arrive at Port Said about eight. Dinner was very festive, a sort of tall lighthouse in the middle of each of the three long tables, an electric light, red, white, and green, in each respectively. At the time of the sweets all the electric lights suddenly went out, and we were in darkness. We thought it was an accident, but soon a march was heard (we always have a band at dinner), and the waiters all marched in in a triumphal procession, dozens of them, carrying alternately a Chinese lantern and a Japanese umbrella. Great applause. Then they went out and came in again, carrying each a large glass bowl, light inside, and ices ranged all round. More applause. I forget whether the regular lights were turned on again before or after the

ice. By this time we had arrived. I had to hurry off to pay our bills for wine, etc., at the steward's office, and the others to see after the luggage. We expected to have to spend three days at a hotel at Port Said, we had heard there was no steamer for Jaffa till Wednesday. When I had escaped from the steward's office I encountered F. and Jamal's agent (Jamal is the name of our dragoman, Ibrahim Gandour's firm), and heard we were to embark in the Jaffa steamer at once. In an incredibly short time our luggage was all collected, and we were gliding in a small boat across the bay, a lovely star-light night. The König Albert looked quite gigantic as we left it. It seemed impossible that all our small things should be safe, but they were, and were all at last housed in a cabin for three on board the Jaffa steamer. We resigned ourselves to our fate for the one night. Supper was going on in the saloon and there seemed a good many passengers, mainly Americans and Scotch. Had some coffee, and sat on the deck till past ten, a lovely night. Then we thought we had better settle before the start. F. nobly took the upper berth. I did not undress further than taking off my gown, and lay outside the bed wrapped in my fur cloak. Slept soundly.

MONDAY, FEB. 25TH. A most lovely morning. Got up about 7.30 after a most excellent night. Indifferent breakfast, very hard bread. Sat on deck,

about nine began to see land. Sandy coast, and then Jaffa, a cluster of white houses piled up the side of a hill. Only the doctor's boat was allowed to approach at first to be sure we were free from plague, there were 303 third class passengers so we thought it would take a long time, but very soon boats began to appear, and the first of all had Gandour on the flag, and Ibrahim Gandour, our dragoman, was in it. Now all anxiety was taken off our minds. He rescued us and our belongings from crowds of shrieking Arabs, all with the names of their employers painted on their bosoms—Cook, Gaze, Clark, Jamal, Floyd. Of the latter I had never heard, but Ibrahim seemed to employ them as well as Jamal's. All have beautiful straight bare feet like statues, and look as if they were moulded out of brown clay. Transferred to little boat without any difficulty, and Ibrahim steered us safely through the rocks. Last time we had Andromeda's rock pointed out to us, this time I forgot to ask. Landed at the douane, but nothing was opened. Ibrahim took our passports but brought them back directly, and led us up a narrow winding street, passing camels and donkeys, and porters carrying heavy loads, and across some open ground, till, to my great joy, we came to a carriage. I was afraid we were going to walk all the way to the hotel, and I was very hot. Drove past gardens of oranges laden with fruit to the Hotel du Parc, where we found palatial rooms for each of us opening out

of the sitting-room, which opens on a large terrace, a delightful garden below. It is quite hot here, but not uncomfortably so. Good light luncheon, several people, mostly Americans. Carriage at four, Ibrahim on box. We called on Mrs. Gandour, she has a dear little white dog called Stella. It was a good long drive to the Gandours' house. First through streets and market-place (not much in it), then along sandy roads. The house stands high—nice little drawing-room with balcony looking out on sea. Bowls of red anemones, I am glad to find they are just out now. Then to the Mission House quite near, to see Miss Edith Newton. She was just returned from a ride. Beautiful large dining-room, very prettily furnished. She gave us tea and invited us to an evening meal to-morrow. Then on to the other Miss Newton at the hospital. She was engaged in the wards, so we only stayed a very short time with another lady. Then on to Miss Arnott who has a school where three of Ibrahim's sisters are. Mrs. Gandour is very anxious one should be allowed to sleep at her house while Ibrahim is away with us, but Miss Arnott will not allow it. She says small-pox is about, and she cannot run the risk of girls going backwards and forwards. She has had to close the day-school for the present. Perhaps she is right. It was now dark, so we drove back to the hotel. All the Americans were cleared off. Only we three females at dinner. Several men, Scotch, German,

and Syrians. We mentioned having been at the English Service at 4.30 on the König Albert, and one of the Scotchmen said, "I conducted that service," and when we explained that we had come in at 4.30 and the service was just concluding, he said they had been obliged to have it earlier because dinner was earlier, but the steward had promised to let everybody know and had not done so. He was a very nice old man, minister of the Scotch Church at Naples (we were sure it had been a Presbyterian service). He says Naples has now the most splendid water supply in the world, from an underground lake fifty miles away in the Apennines. It has been done since the cholera epidemic in '84, when 1,250 died in one day. I should have mentioned that before we started on our drive we were introduced by Ibrahim to Mr. David Jamal, the head of the firm (a Syrian Cook) who is undertaking us. He looks such a very worthy old man, I feel sure he would not, for his own reputation, lead us into danger. At the same time he states calmly, as a fact, that no tourists have been to Petra for two or three years. It is very odd. He and Ibrahim came in after dinner to have a final discussion about plans. It is finally settled we are to start from Jerusalem: going round by Gaza, Ascalon, and Beersheba, as had been thought of, would involve five extra days, and we are all nervously anxious to get on to Petra, the culminating point of our tour: we had better dally on the return journey

with our minds at ease. Each of us handed over fifty pounds to Jamal on account: the riding part is to be three pounds a day each. He wrote out a beautiful English receipt. I played patience at a table with an uncomfortable white crochet cloth.

TUESDAY, FEB. 26TH. Another lovely day. We are to leave Jerusalem on Saturday, and spend Sunday at Jericho. I strolled in the garden, looked at parrots and monkey, and bought post-cards. Wrote journal and arranged packages. Luncheon very early. Miss E. Newton called. The Gandours came to tea, then we went with them to a Museum belonging to the Baron who is the owner of the Hotel du Parc. Fixed to go there to-morrow morning and the Baron would like to explain everything to us. Then we started for a drive, Ibrahim on the box. Through orange-groves first, and then across fields, hedges of prickly pear, then came to a river, crossed a bridge where the river (the Auger) widens into a pool, mill in the middle, and water rushing over two mill-dams. Very pretty all round. On the way back we got out and gathered some anemones and tulips, but the anemones are nearly over. They say they are much earlier than usual, the season has been so dry. Rain very much wanted. Back to hotel where M. was dropped. Then on to Miss Edith Newton's, where we took leave of the Gandours. Madame Gandour is very agreeable, and told us all the Jaffa

news. A very pleasant evening at Miss Newton's. Very good little dinner with her and Miss Dundas. Later on Mrs. Walter, the wife of the chaplain, came in, and the doctor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Keith. Before they came in F. exhibited two of the Beecham pill papers which turn into generals (army) by lighting a star at the corner. They would not light for some time but succeeded at last. One was Buller, the other Macdonald. They caused intense delight, the Syrian servants and two convalescent children looked on. Ibrahim fetched us with a carriage at 8.45, just the right time. We found M. copying bits out of "Robinson." Heard the luggage that was to go by train was to be ready by nine to-morrow morning. Rather dismayed. We ourselves start driving at two.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27TH. With desperate efforts my large box, portmanteau and hat-box were ready by nine. Miss Arnott called just as we were going to get ready for the Museum. She has been 14 years trying to settle some affairs connected with her property here, and it is not done yet. We got off to the Museum rather late, the Baron in a white costume, and with long grey hair, explained everything to us most elaborately. It was a most interesting collection, statuettes, bas reliefs, inscriptions, vases, etc. The most curious were two bas reliefs from Palmyra, one exactly like a virgin and child, the other a female saint with a palm-branch, he said

both were undoubtedly pagan. Off in carriage at two, rather smothered in our small things. Ibrahim on the box. Carriage with a top, but open sides, very comfortable. Through the orange gardens and past a fountain, which I remember very well, on the Jerusalem road. Soon we turned off to the left from the Jerusalem road, which is really very good, for Lydda, and followed a very rough track across fields. This (Ibrahim told us) is the Plain of Sharon. Miss Newton overtook us very soon, riding a very nice horse, followed by a groom on a donkey. She was going to Lydda on purpose to meet us, and invited us to tea at the Mission House, which is under them. She meant to stay there all night. I really don't wonder they like living at Jaffa, the country is perfect for riding, sandy lanes and fields everywhere. Passed a large pool with quantities of cattle walking about in it and drinking, most picturesque. Then we passed a most delightful well. A high square stone structure, channel round, quantities of women and children getting water. We got out, at M's instigation of course, and mounted some steps, and saw two men sitting on the edge of the well, each working a wheel with their bare feet. As soon as ever a skin came up full they toppled it over into a channel and went working on again. It was most interesting. No trees till quite near the end, when we drove through a grove of olive-trees. Saw the tower of a church with a round ball at the top in the

distance. That was Lydda. We drove up to the church, which is Greek, a monastery opposite. The monks were chanting a service, very dreary Gregorians, so we could not go up to the altar end. Large picture of St. George in the middle. We were taken down into the crypt, each with a candle, and shown the tomb of an archbishop with a really lovely recumbent statue of St. George upon it. (Quite modern, 1871). He was represented, I cannot think why, as a very young boy in armour, but there was no doubt of his identity, as ὁ ἅγιος Γεωργίος was over his head. Several good pictures in the church and a bas relief of St. George and the dragon over the door, a modern doorway with very good mouldings. Then Ibrahim led us to the Mission House through a very dirty, but interesting, bazaar under archways. Up some steps, and we found ourselves in a large, clean, marble-paved courtyard. Miss Newton, divested of her habit, all ready to receive us. She took us into a very comfortable sitting-room, and the ladies of the Mission gave us an excellent tea. A sort of lay reader entertained Ibrahim in another room. Two ladies are here all by themselves, with a negro child of two whom they have adopted, and who was sitting on the floor all the time, quite good. He was found deserted on the banks of the Nile when about a day old, and one of the ladies, who was then in a hospital at Cairo, where he was brought, adopted him. We were shown the dispensary, and the room

where the doctor sees patients. He comes over from Jaffa twice a week. Miss Newton, and one of the ladies, and the lay-reader (a very nice man), all went with us back to the carriage, and we were shown a beautiful new Mission House they are building, in a much more airy situation. We are to tell Mrs. Oxley all about it. I forgot to say our carriage is surmounted by two flags, one a Union Jack, and the other bearing the name of Gandour, so we are quite *affichées*. We had now only about half-an-hour's drive to Ramleh, quite a good road. Crossed the railway (we had already done so once), and soon had a good view of Ramleh, with its tower, looking very picturesque. The tower is quite apart from the town among olive-trees and ruins. We went up it two years ago and had a very good view. The hedges of prickly pear which we see everywhere, became quite gigantic as we approached Ramleh. A very nice little hotel, we had tea in the porch two years ago. Each had a very nice room assigned, we saw our things all brought up, and then sallied forth for a stroll with Ibrahim (it was about five o'clock). As we had seen the tower we went through the town, very solidly built and very rough pavement. Through the market-place, leeks and cauliflowers seemed the principal wares, saw two mosques, a Greek church, a French convent, an oil-mill, not olive oil but made from the seeds of sesame. Back to the hotel, a very good little dinner at 6.30. The landlord is German, but speaks English like a native.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28TH. A delightful table in my room for Patience with a cloth, the only time I have had one except at Naples. Called at six this morning, slept soundly though bed very hard, and very loath to get up. Off at 7.20, flags as before, one or other of them is always dropping off. We soon came to the plain of Ajalon, then to the tomb of the penitent thief. I had not remembered that the road crosses quite a pass, a steep ascent and descent each way. Before the ascent began we stopped half-an-hour for the horses to refresh, and M. and I scrambled up the hillside, and got quantities of red anemones and cyclamen. Lovely. Heaps of red anemones all along the road, not withered as at Jaffa, it must be hotter there. Quite cool this morning, I got out wraps. At the foot of the descent on the other side (having passed Kirjath-jearim with the crusaders' church, most picturesque. Such a long way for those poor kine to come lowing from Ashdod, having left their calves, and then to be sacrificed) we stopped for luncheon at a nice little Inn and had it on a terrace outside. Ibrahim had brought it with us. Sardines, cold chicken, cold mutton, very tender, cheese, dates, oranges. Wine of the country, very good, and coffee, were supplied there. Ibrahim pays everything, we think of nothing. We do not begin our £3 a day till we are across the Jordan. We were now only three miles from Jerusalem, and were there by 1.30, through the

familiar Jaffa gate. (I forgot to say the little Inn was close to David's brook, M. and F. went down to it to get stones, I did not as I have seven at home from the last time we were here. The road crosses it on a bridge). The landlord of the Grand New Hotel received us most cordially, and enquired after Mrs. Madden. (So they did at Jaffa). The American consul also met us and greeted us, and numerous Arab and Syrian myrmidons. Also Boulos, the owner of a shop, who said I bought a brooch from him, and I really did. I can buy nothing this time, the tour is much too expensive. Very nice rooms, though not large, all out of a passage leading out of the lower sitting-room. All our luggage was soon accumulated, what we had with us, also what had been sent on. Now Ibrahim had decided we were to try our horses, so we donned our skirts, mine was very tight. I steadied my felt hat as well as I could, but I knew it would come off, which it did. My Tam O'Shanter is considered too ugly to wear here, but I expect it to be a great comfort in the desert. Ibrahim mounted us all beautifully on three greys, mine was a very poor walker, I soon decided it would not do. We started outside towards the Damascus gate, and Ibrahim, in some mysterious way, had another ready to meet us at the corner where one begins to go up to the Mount of Olives. The tower on the top of the Russian Church had been in view all the way. Just at this corner a number of dreadful

lepers are always sitting. F. thought it a very odd place to choose to change horses, so we moved on a little further. The new horse, a brown, was much more satisfactory. We now turned down a steep little slope, and passed Absalom's pillar. We only looked down at it from above last time, I always longed to go down here (the valley of Jehoshaphat) but it was so filthy. Now it is all dry and clean, but very rough and stony, a good trial for the horses, who all seemed very sure-footed. Passed the village of Siloam, built all up the other side of the valley, and got off to go and look at the pool. A deep oblong reservoir, no water in it. A small mosque close to, Ibrahim says it has only lately been built, and that they always build one near any place in which they see the Christians are interested. Now we soon mounted into the road, and met the three Scotch gentlemen (the Naples chaplain one), whom we had seen at Jaffa, mounted on donkeys, and evidently enjoying themselves. We had a brisk canter up to the Jaffa gate, first having an excellent view of David's tower. F. once sketched it. Got safely to Jamal's office a little way outside the Jaffa gate, close to Howard's Hotel, through a dense crowd of carriages, donkeys and children, I do not remember any camels. Here we were to wait for a new horse for M. to try. At last she was mounted and we started up a side road. Had a brisk canter. Very satisfied with the trial. We were close at home,

tea very grateful. We are in a different sitting-room. We regret the beautiful view of the Mount of Olives and the Mosque of Omar, this one only looks into the street leading up to Jaffa gate. At dinner Mrs. Merrill, wife of the American consul, came and greeted us. He always sits at the head of the table. At the end of dinner, to our astonishment, Ibrahim appeared with quite a budget of letters. Pouring rain and thunder-storm.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1ST. Still raining this morning, and it went on at intervals all day. We were to have had a long ride to-day to give the horses another trial, but it had to be given up, and I must say I was quite relieved, as I wanted a little spare time to arrange things. Ibrahim was incessantly in and out, doing little shoppings for us. F. went out with him for a short ride to try another horse, but soon came back, preferring the first. In the afternoon she and I went with Ibrahim to see the Jews wailing by the foundation-wall of the Temple (they are not allowed to enter the Mosque of Omar, which is built on the site). We went down endless streets with little steps, almost as dirty as they were last year, through the Jewish bazaar where I had not been before, and then found ourselves by the wall. I had no idea so much of the original foundation was left. It is a great height and there are enormous blocks of stone, larger than the Cyclopean stones in

Italy. Only about twenty Jews were wailing, they do not like doing it in bad weather. Most of them were reading Hebrew Bibles (the Psalms or Jeremiah, I believe). Only one woman was really wailing, quite howling and sobbing, we wondered if it was real or for show. They put letters and little bits of iron between the stones, and have a lamp in a box constantly burning. All had little tin money-boxes, Ibrahim gave them some small coins for us. All in very ragged gaberdines, at least the men: some of the women were quite decent, in yellow robes or mantles. Ibrahim took us into an inner court, where some still larger stones were to be seen. Then we went to see Robinson's arch, and I got at last to understand how it stretched across the valley like a bridge to the Tower of David. It must have had more than one arch. Back by a very interesting way. After going a little way up a steep path we got on to a little ledge, broad enough to walk on comfortably, on the walls, quite a scramble to get to the steps that led to it. A lovely view of the Mosque of Omar and Achsa, and the hill of Scopus, from which the Crusaders first saw Jerusalem, beyond. Also the Mount of Olives with the Russian church, but I forget whether we saw them all at once. Through the embrasures of the wall we looked down upon Siloam and the pool with the new little Mosque. If it had been clear we should have seen the Dead Sea, Ibrahim said he saw it, but I cannot say I did.

Back to the hotel past the Armenian convent. Before going in I went to a bookseller's outside the walls to try to buy an English Bible, but the shop was closed. I have talked a great deal to an Armenian lady who lives at Astracan. She is always writing at the same table. We talk in French. She and her husband have been travelling since September, beginning with two months in Paris for the Exhibition. We compared notes of our adventures there. She lost her husband for a whole day and tumbled down on the *plateforme roulante*. Shoals of Americans arrived to-day, the dining-room was nearly as full as last year. We are to start at two to-morrow for Jericho.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2ND. Fine morning but cold. Just up when Ibrahim came and said the luggage to go with the camp must be ready in half-an-hour. Had to arrange it in frantic haste. Very late for breakfast in consequence and I had got up quite in good time. I went out by myself for some shopping, and was inveigled into getting two tables, which are to be sent direct to England with some little things. The two tables came to thirty shillings. I succeeded in getting an English Bible, rather small print, but it will be a comfort. Directly after luncheon we started driving to Jericho in a very nice carriage. Jamal, and all the hotel officials assembled to see us off. We had taken leave of Mrs. Merrill, and the

American consul. Both were lugubrious about the weather. I was sorry not to see the Armenian lady to say good bye. I am glad to think we are going to have a quiet Sunday. Ibrahim says everybody in the hotel envies us, I only hope we shall return in safety. Now that we are fairly embarked I do not feel in the least nervous, I suppose it is desperation. Very cold, but no rain. Passed the Mount of Olives and Bethany, and after that it was all new ground to me. Bare hills on each side, no trees and no flowers. Very little traffic on the road, occasional flocks of sheep. Passed the Apostles' fountain (Enrogel) and the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where the horses stopped to refresh and we prowled about a little. Down hill all the way: it made me realize "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." Looking back, the tower on the Mount of Olives was visible for a long way. After passing the brook Cherith we had to get out and walk the last piece of descent, it was so steep. View of Nebo and the Dead Sea. The driving road was only completed all the way to Jericho for the German Emperor in '98. Then through the town, or rather village of Jericho (several small hotels) to our camping place on a grassy plain just outside the town, close to the house of Zaccheus, a square ruin, behind it the stump of an old tree, supposed to be the sycamore up which he climbed. A large new public building near. Our camp looked most picturesque, each tent surmounted

by a flag. The dining tent has the Union Jack with the head of the Queen in the middle. It makes me quite feel as if her spirit was watching over us. A single and a double sleeping-tent. It is decided we are to have the single one a week by turns, and I am to begin. Last time I had only a strip of the dining-tent. All the appointments are most luxurious, even little hand-mirrors. A table besides the washhandstand with a cloth, quite available for Patience. Tea ready for us on a table outside, and then we set to work writing letters and cards to be sent back by the carriage to Jerusalem to-morrow morning, our last chance of communicating with the outer world for probably a month. A dressing-bell and second bell for dinner. Then we saw the dining-tent for the first time, most gorgeous colouring, and a dado of Arabic letters all round. Ibrahim translated them to us—"Health — Prosperity — Peace — Plenty of money—God from above—My heart and spirit always with you." A very good little dinner. Soup, mutton (very tender) and cauliflower, pigeons and peas (rather old), sweet omelette, dates, figs and oranges. Very good native wine and St. Galmier mineral water. Patience, first in dining-room, then in my own room. Cloth rather full of creases. In bed by 11.30.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3RD. Most excellent night. I had given orders I was not to be called, but when I was just dressed I heard F. ordering her breakfast,

and found, to my astonishment, it was only a quarter past eight, quite an hour earlier than I thought. We had breakfast together, for a wonder, very good coffee, quite hot, toast and butter, and eggs. M. had disappeared; we found eventually she had gone a long walk to a monastery at the top of a hill, with a Bedouin guide. Ibrahim gave me a lesson in Arabic, he wrote out some sentences and six letters which I am to learn. At 10.30 F. and I started with Ibrahim to walk to Elisha's fountain (2 Kings xi. 21). It took us just three-quarters of an hour, good sandy road all the way (made for the German Emperor, of course). Elisha's fountain is a really large pool, very clear water, a little boy was swimming about in it, it looked delicious. Our luncheon tent was pitched on a little hill just above. M. was already there, and an excellent cold luncheon spread on a table, with chairs. Last time it was always spread on the ground. M. is inclined to consider it a superfluous luxury, and an extra weight for the pack animals. F. and I both liked it very much, and hope she will not forbid it. We had potted meat, hard-boiled eggs, cold chicken, cold cutlets, cheese, bread, butter, walnuts, raisins, oranges, wine and St. Galmier; crowned, of course, with coffee. M. was very much satisfied with her excursion. I find it was the scene of the Temptation, which no one had told me before. I hope I may go there some time, but really could not have made up my mind for a

long excursion to-day, so taken up with the start to-morrow and so many things to settle. I read St. Matthew iv. in my Greek Testament, and shall try to learn it. Mount Nebo and the Dead Sea were just before us, and after a siesta F. made a very pretty sketch. I examined our tent, and found it was a red ground with patterns of different shapes and colours sewn on, most gorgeous in effect, and a dado round the middle, of Arabic letters, also sewn on, white on the scarlet. We think we shall order one for garden-parties, it would be so very effective, but we must insist on having Arabic letters. Came down and went round to the other side of Elisha's fountain, and I dabbled my hands in it and drank from it. I should have liked to sit with my feet in it, but there were too many people about, natives. Herds of camels feeding close under some rocks to our left, and a flock of goats being watered at the fountain. Back at our tents by four, tea very grateful. It had been rather a hot day but nothing uncomfortable. I forgot to say a Bedouin guard, on a very fine horse, had followed us all the way. F. took a very pretty sketch of the camp from a little hill near. I went later with Ibrahim to the Jordan Hotel, very near, and got some post cards and wrote them there. Quite a nice little salon, an Englishman and a Frenchman were playing chess. Eighty-two visitors are expected to-morrow to come in a German steamer, the *Augusta Victoria*, to Jaffa, am glad we shall have

escaped. A lovely moon to-night. Irreparable misfortune! I have lost the metal end of my best pen, the part which holds the pen, so that the holder is useless. I have only one other, if that is lost, I do not know what will become of me. Only dropped in the tent, but so small it will never be found. (The pen was found next morning). We are to start at 6.30 to-morrow.

I have ascertained how we stand. For this last week we have paid £1 15s. each a day, which includes hotel bills and carriages, everything except little sundries such as wine, washing, etc. From to-morrow when we cross the Jordan, we know we are to pay £3 each a day. We have an excellent view from the camp of the convent where M. has been, perched at the top of a rock.

MONDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1901. START FOR PETRA. All mounted and off at 7.30, later than we expected but Ibrahim was afraid of bad weather. Turned out quite fine. Good sandy track for some time. Would have given worlds to try a canter, but did not like to suggest it. Then we came to some curious white rocks, some round, some pointed, with what looked exactly like towers at the top. In an hour-and-a-half we came to a wooden bridge over the Jordan, my first sight of it, would have liked to get down to its banks fringed with willows and other bushes, but it was not to be thought of. Sixpence toll each to

be paid. Ibrahim thought it a great deal, I was thankful it was no more, but did not say so. Quite a nice track under trees, and we had a short canter, very successful. Then some stony ground, and a very unexpected catastrophe. F's horse shied, taking her quite by surprise, she partially recovered herself, and then it shied again very badly, and she came off and fell on her back. She was on her feet again directly, but felt, of course, rather shaken. No brandy available, it is really very wrong ever to go quite unprovided. I have a flask of Curaçoa but of course it was with the luggage. However she soon mounted again, and said the horse had been fidgetty for some time, and required some good canters, so we had some quite long ones. Then we all pined for the lunching place, as it was evident she was rather spent, and fortunately it was not far. Plenty of water, we had to cross some wide streams, and then when we were longing to stop, our Bedouin guide or guard made us go on past some corn-fields, as the Bedouins might have been afraid of our injuring them. At last we halted, and the moment poor F. got to her feet she nearly fainted and could not stand. She was helped to a rug under a tree, and given some wine, and was soon better, and by the time the luncheon tent was up and she was settled, she was able to take a little luncheon, and the coffee gave her a final fillip and she went to sleep. We were all roused by seeing the camp pass, not nearly

as imposing as our Sinai one, donkeys and mules instead of camels. I shall make a list by-and-bye. When F. got up she felt very stiff and it would have been well to start at once, but Ibrahim thought it too early and we waited another hour. It was, of course, very early, only one o'clock when we finally did start. F. now could not canter, but as it was very rough ground it did not matter. Most fortunately the cook had a very nice little horse and she was put on that, for she did not feel disposed to try Daoud (David) the delinquent, again. We had only an hour-and-a-half ride to the camp, the last part I was isolated, M. and an attendant a good way in front, F. and Ibrahim a good way behind. I passed a Bedouin with a gun, and expected him to shoot me in the back. We were close to the tents when quite a broad river intervened, steep rocky banks at the other side. I pulled up for I could not think where the others had crossed, if I had only gone one yard further I should have seen the low place, I felt quite provoked. We were soon all safely landed, the camp looked lovely in a meadow, a range of pink hills. Nebo one of them, quite near. The Tower on the Mount of Olives visible to good eyes behind. F. had a hot bath with ammonia in it and lay down. Ibrahim suggested I should have a cold bath in the river. I caught at the idea. Put on an impromptu bathing costume, and clad in my pink dressing-gown and kafiyeh over my head, followed Ibrahim across

two little streams, where they had carefully arranged stepping-stones to a very nice pool in the main stream, where he left me. I found it was not too stony to wade and then lay down and splashed about, it was delicious and refreshing. Very cold, so I only stayed a very short time, and was soon back at the tent, feeling all in a glow, and I had a good sleep. In the evening we discussed plans. It was decided F. must have an entire rest to-morrow, and that I should be taken up Nebo as an independent excursion. The others had been up. M. decided she would stay with F. We all felt very depressed and unhinged.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5TH. Heard F. had had a tolerable night. Started at 7.30 with Ibrahim, an imposing old Sheikh, and Mohammed, the man who looks after the horses, on a donkey. Crossed a very rough stony little pass almost close to the tents, and then passed some most lovely flowers, anemones and others I could not exactly see. Of course it would have been futile to get them then, at the very start, and we came back a different way, rather provoking. A most interesting ride, first a good deal of flat, then we kept going round shoulders, the peak of Nebo appearing behind each, never getting any nearer. Nebo and Pisgah look very like Catbells on Derwent-water. We came to a very deep narrow ravine called the valley of Nebo, I had to get off and scramble up the opposite side of it on foot. I could not help

thinking how suitable for the burial place of Moses, as he was buried in a valley, I would rather have thought of him near the top. Saw some flocks of goats and some cattle, no sheep. A Bedouin encampment, the tents arranged in a straight line on a lovely green plateau just under the peak. Passed over Pisgah getting to the final summit, got off for the last few yards. Quite a peak, a precipice the other side. Remains of the high place of Baal, part of a pillar, one of the places from which Balaam tried to curse, they show the three different points. One of them is supposed to have been at Baal-meon, (Main). A most lovely and extensive view, the Dead Sea, and the whole valley of the Jordan, and the Mount of Olives with its tower, so poor Moses must have seen the site of Jerusalem. Quantities of red anemones, and what, I am sure, must have been yellow gentians, but quite withered. It had taken just two hours to get up, we came down a different way, the first part rather rough, I walked a little and should have liked to walk more. Came to the fountain of Moses, a beautiful stream rushing from a hollow in the rock. I was thankful to drink a little, Ibrahim had actually taken no provisions of any kind, food or drink, I was never so surprised and appalled, I thought Mohammed had come for nothing else. M. and F. had encamped close to this fountain in '95, and gone up Nebo from here, it must of course have seemed like nothing. Now we mounted

again and stuck to the horses all the way home, except once for a few minutes. It was a perfectly lovely ride, one part I thought very perilous, a very narrow smooth white path above a deep ravine, a slip would have been fatal. As I looked ahead I saw one place a perfect straight precipice and my heart sank, but when I got there I found the path was much wider just there, and sloped inwards towards the rocks, so it was not at all bad. Very nearly three hours back to our tents, and the same little stony pass at the end. I was so empty I could hardly sit on the horse, the whole affair had been about six hours, quite too long to be without food, and I had only had a cup of tea and piece of toast before starting. Fortunately the luncheon was most suitable, macaroni and onions, quite delicious, I could not have eaten anything solid. that, with plenty of wine and St. Galmier, bread, butter, cheese, dates and coffee quite set me up. I then had a short sleep, and then another bathe in the river, quite delightful. M. could not be induced to bathe, but sat with her feet in the river. F., I am thankful to say, was wonderfully better with rest and walked about quite well. She had another bath before dinner. We cannot be sufficiently thankful it is no worse. We are to have a short day to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6TH. Off at 7.30, a lovely morning. Our own Sheikh Saliba (which means crucifix, he is a Christian) led us to-day. He croons

Bedouin ditties as he goes along. He goes with us, and two other Bedouins keep with the camp. We started by the same little stony pass, and then soon branched off to the left. A rough winding track, and soon we began to mount. In an hour-and-a-quarter we got to a level plateau, and all dismounted for F. to have a rest, and also to look at the view, lovely, the same as from Nebo, but much clearer than it was yesterday. Nebo itself just in front. In about a quarter-of-an-hour off again, much more level now. Passed a flock of sheep and lambs, one the tiniest lambs I ever saw, it can only have been just born. We met three camels, the first we have seen since Jerusalem. Now, and later on in the afternoon numerous large troops of donkeys, all laden with sacks, some quite young ones. Wild-looking Bedouins with them who all looked at us unmoved, as if they were in the habit of seeing three English females riding along. We mounted a little knoll, and to my joy I saw Assad and Mohammed urging their mules on in front, evidently to prepare the luncheon tent. We had not gone quite an hour-and-a-half since the last halt, but I, as well as F., was quite ready for a rest after my hard day yesterday. Luncheon and a good sleep set us all up, we were rather longer than usual, to give the camp time to arrange things, they were rather hurried yesterday. An Arab couple appeared with three rather nice little children, wanting to sell coins, we gave them each a trifle. The

women have not their faces covered here. They wear much the same garments as the men, a white and black loose robe, I call it a caftan, over a brown skirt. The ride this afternoon was quite level and tolerably smooth, we could have cantered if F. had been in condition, the first good ground this side the Jordan. However it did not matter, as the whole affair was less than an hour-and-a-half. We came suddenly to the brow of a hill and saw a little white town just below us, our tents pitched outside. This was Medeba. Yesterday I opened my Bible quite at random, a'propos of nothing, and suddenly saw the words, "Moab shall howl over Nebo, and over Medeba." (Isaiah xv. 2). It was really curious. F. tells me it is mentioned in three other places. Nebo is not visible from here. I had begun to unpack when I heard there was a difficulty about water, and we might have to move on further. Ibrahim was soon in conference with three Medeba magnates (looking exactly like the elders in pictures of Susanna), and there was evidently much perplexity. However things were eventually arranged and we stayed. About 4.30 we went with Ibrahim to see an Italian priest, of whom M. had a lively recollection. (They were here in '95). She wanted to give him an Italian book of travels in the Holy Land which she had with her. Almost all the inhabitants of Medeba are Christians, there is both a Latin and a Greek church. The Greek church was close to our tents,

the Latin at the top of a little hill, we had to walk through the town to get to it. The houses seemed all in ruins but the streets very clean, quantities of little donkeys lying about on the ground. The church was a very solid building with wings attached, surrounded by a wall, actually surmounted by barbed wire!! Now there was fearful indecision whether this was the same priest or not. Ibrahim had said that one was gone to Kerak, but this one said he had been here ten years, and he thought he recollected the signora. Eventually M. gave him the book, though with many qualms lest her real friend should be lurking at Kerak. He seemed much pleased. He was also asked to dine, but declined as it was Lent, though assured there would be maigre food. He said he would come in after dinner. Then we went to see an old Mosaic in one of the houses some way further through the town. Down into rather a dirty court-yard, and several dirty people crouched before the house where the Mosaic was. They seemed inclined to object, but Ibrahim got us in, and it was most interesting and perfect now, but will soon be damaged if not protected. It is square; a tree with fruit like oranges at each corner, animals and birds all round, a lion, gazelles, cows, birds with long necks, a small head in the middle. F. took some hasty notes and fixed to go and make a complete sketch next morning. Now we had to hurry off to the Greek church where they were waiting to show us

another mosaic. This proved to be most curious. A map of Jerusalem with the names of all the gates in Greek, the Dead Sea, Valley of the Jordan, and all the route into Egypt, with all the towns marked in Greek. Very large. It was most wonderful. We are to go and see it again to-morrow morning when the light will be better. The Greek church is quite new and very handsome inside. Only one picture, St. George, who seems a general favourite. A bit of old pavement outside. This mosaic was discovered underneath and was brought up to the floor of the modern church. I do not know its date. Two Greek priests exhibited it. Ibrahim told us afterwards they had demanded three pounds before they would show it, and he eventually compounded for one. Then we thought we would not go again, but he seemed to think as the pound had been paid we might as well have our money's worth, so perhaps we shall go. F. had stood all this trudging about wonderfully well (with a stick) but now had had quite enough. In the evening the Italian priest appeared, bringing three copies of a little account of his mission, and a beautiful photograph of the mosaic in the Greek church. He said an artist from Jerusalem had been here two months copying it most carefully, and I suppose the photo was taken from his copy. I had no idea till after he was gone that the photo was a present, he had said it was his only one, and I felt quite guilty that we had only

given him ten francs. (We had not heard then about the extortionate Greek priest). The Italian priest was a very nice man, from Mondovi in Piedmont. Two years ago there was an Exhibition at Turin, and he went home and took five boys from here with him, and they were delighted and most interested. So like what an English Clergyman would do. He took them to see the Pope, who was most kind to them. M. told him about the Pope having been so pleased to see Anton Lang, the Christus of Ober Ammergau. He knew all about the Passion Play, and had seen the photo of the Christus. He gets books and newspapers from his friends in Italy, and has them sent by private hand from Jerusalem as they would be lost in the post. He visits people as far as seven hours from here. He once rode to Kerak in fourteen hours, all in one day. (Of course halts, but 14 hours riding). It will take us at least three days. He says Machærus which we are making a détour to see (where John the Baptist was beheaded) is most lovely. In the early mornings, if fine, the windows of Jerusalem can be seen glittering in the sunshine. He has schools with about 80 boys and 40 girls. He does not teach them any foreign language as the Government would object. No sooner was he gone than it began to rain in torrents. He had told us rain was much wanted. Also thunder and lightning. Later on a furious gale sprung up. Patience in my own tent most comfortably.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7TH. Awful wind all night. Expected every minute the tent would fall in on me, but nothing happened. I slept quite late, there was no hurry. Very cold dressing, fingers quite numb. Breakfast at 9. F. gone with Ibrahim to draw the mosaic in the town. I wrote up my journal on a packing-case, the table rocked in the wind as if it was on a ship. F. and Ibrahim back soon after eleven she had made a series of lovely drawings. An early luncheon, and then Ibrahim took us to the house of the Greek priest for shelter till all was ready for the start. A most comfortable room with three sofas, we were thankful to be out of the wind for a little. The Greek priest received us very civilly, and then brought in a young woman knitting a stocking, who spoke English quite well. She said she had been six years at a school at Nazareth, kept by a Miss Smith. M. and F. had been there. We could not make out whether she was any relation to the priest or not, but gathered that she taught in the school. They brought us coffee, though we said we had just had some, we were very glad of more, we were frozen. The priest gave me a sort of Greek primer to look at, for the use of very small children, it was most interesting. I understood a great deal. Ibrahim brought the horses about 1.30 and we started. Our nice guard, who sang, has gone back to Jerusalem. He took some letters. Our new zaptieh is mounted on a mule, something quite new.

Very straight road across a plain (a Roman road) could have cantered almost all the way. My Tam O'Shanter is indeed a boon. I bless Mrs. Biddulph every day. Nothing dislodges it. In about an hour we saw a village on a hill. This was M'Ain, where we were to camp. We were there in less than an hour-and-a-half, rode up among the streets, if they could be called streets, all ruined houses and walls, and holes in the rock. We were met by some magnates of M'Ain, and a place selected to camp, fearfully bare and exposed. Nowhere else was available. It was suggested we should go on to a valley two hours further. A terrible idea in this wind, but all submitted. The alternative was passing the night in one of these caves, also terrible, but I must say I preferred it. It began to rain, so finally the cave was decided upon. Ibrahim had been to choose one and we were at last conducted to it. It was a very large cave, evidently used as a granary, large shelves at the back, full of sacks. An outer apartment, one side open to the air, was the school, a quantity of girls different ages, some quite small, were doing their lessons, reading in a kind of chant. Very soon they finished, and came and put their books by on a shelf in our room. In the twinkling of an eye our men had three beds arranged in the room (bedsteads) washhandstands, and carpets on the floor. It looked quite transformed. We were then told tea was ready, and brought down to a sheltered nook sur-

rounded by walls, and had scalding hot tea on our own table, half the population of M' Ain leaning over a higher wall, looking down upon us. Three little kids came down quite close to us to see what they could get. We liked them very much, but when women and children began to come down we thought it safer to retreat to our cave, as we could not talk to them. I wished we could for they looked very nice. One man was carrying a little child and seemed so fond of it. One baby had a cap on all made of beads. They are nearly all Christians. The Greek priest comes from Medeba every week. After dinner, (an excellent meal, cooked in another cave, which we had in an outer apartment) Ibrahim proposed that F. should read to them. A curtain had been arranged in front of our dining-room, and they had assembled outside, so that I do not know how many they were. She read to them about St. John the Baptist, as Machærus, where he was beheaded, is quite near; it is our next stopping-place. When she got to the verse where John said it was not lawful for him to have his brother Philip's wife, one of the men intervned and said, according to the Jewish law it was quite lawful. We were rather startled, but then said (not feeling at all sure) that Philip was alive, which of course made all the difference. He raised another point, I quite forget what it was, and spoke so clearly I quite longed to understand Arabic. I am trying hard to learn a

little. F. reads a verse at a time, and Ibrahim translates it into Arabic. (I quite forgot to mention that on the evening of the day we went up Nebo, M. read to the men of our camp the chapter about the death of Moses, in the same way, with some very nice comments. Also part of Joshua I, and told them we had just got a new King, and that that chapter was always read in the Accession service). We retired to our granary, frozen with cold, and lay down in all our clothes, only taking off our boots. We thought it better to leave as few things about as possible, not knowing what sort of living creatures the room might contain, but saw nothing but a very nice little kitten, which gambolled about among the sacks. I, for one, had an excellent night.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8TH. A very hasty toilette and got off at 7.40. Wind quite gone and every prospect of a fine day. Immense relief. A very nice inhabitant of M'Ain, who F. thinks like Anton Lang, is to act as our guide to Kerak. He rides far ahead as he is mounted on a mare. I follow the Zaptieh on his mule. I have never described my horse, which I have christened Boutros (Arabic for Peter) after St. Peter, my great-grandfather, and Petra. He is a Racouan, which means a very fast walker, and he does walk capitally and likes to be first, and the way he goes up and down the roughest places is extraordinary. Sometimes he is quite

determined to go rather a different way from the guide, and it is always a better one. M. has changed her horse and rides a smaller one, which one of the servants rode. Our way was at first across a nearly level plain. We stopped to look at a dolmen, there were several about, also tombs, but we could not stop to look at them. In about an hour we came to the edge of a very steep descent into the Wady Zurkel, and all had to walk. Very steep. Bedouin tents on a level niche. At the bottom lovely grass and a stream. We had seen the water from above. M. and I went down to the water through a wood of oleanders, nearly in flower. In another week they would have been out, it would have been lovely. The water was quite warm and sulphurous, bubbling up from a spring. This was one of the hot springs of Callirrhoe, where Herod used to come for baths. It would have been too delicious to stay here all day and bathe, but of course one could not, one never can stop in the nicest places. The stones were all covered with little specks, I looked closely and they were shells, so I at once collected a quantity for Maude. I tried to get her some on Nebo, but they were so very lively I could not bear. I got her some near Medeba, which looked the same kind. We heard the cuckoo here. Off again at 9.50, along a beautiful terrace path, the valley below full of oleanders. There are more hot springs, but of course we could not see them. Out of this valley by a very

steep, stony ascent. Boutros most eager to get on. The Zaptieh said, "zong, zong," which I find means, "no hurry." Tolerably level at the top. Piles of anemones. Encamped for luncheon on a rising ground. Quantities of small blue iris as well as anemones, and a yellow flower which I have found in Switzerland. The afternoon's ride was tolerably level, very soon the guide pointed out Machærus. I had expected to see the ruins of a castle, but there is nothing visible from a distance, only the hill. Just before we had passed the ruins of Atteroth (Numbers xxxii., 34). We now turned diametrically away from Machærus, and fetched a circuit along a ridge. The camp was on a hill, quite among the ruins of the city. The fortress with St. John the Baptist's prison is supposed to have been on a little round hill about a mile away. The Arabs still call it "The place of Execution." We fixed to go there next morning. A beautiful view of the Dead Sea from our camp. (I forgot to say we had a beautiful peep of it as we emerged from the Wady Zurkel). Went to look at a very deep well and two caves close to our camp. Evident remains of walls, and circles of stones. Lovely sunset. One of the muleteers found some porcupine quills in one of the caves, and gave us each one. We shall make penholders of them.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9TH. Machærus to Aroer. High wind in the night, intensely cold. Not called, delayed others. Off at 7.40. To the conical hill,

had to get off at the end, and quite a scramble. A splendid view, the whole length of the Dead Sea, ranges of pink and white mountains, and Jerusalem quite plain. It was well worth going out of our way for it. A large hollow in the middle of the hill, traces of masonry at the bottom. Quite a large piece of wall in another part. Down again. The whole affair had taken about an hour. Off again across the plain, not returning to the camp. Flocks of kids, and goats and cattle. In about an hour met the camp, they having lost their way. They had to go a different way from what we were going, they had two guides, but the Bedouins often lead them astray on purpose to extract more money. Soon after Boutros began to be very obstreperous, he did not like the halt while parleying with the camp, etc. He was led for a little while, and then Ibrahim decided to ride him. He was riding Daoud, the delinquent. I rather hesitated, and F. instantly said she would go back to him. I felt great remorse for I would have gone in another minute. I took Robin, the little chesnut F. has been riding. All these changes were effected on the slope of a very steep hill. All went peacefully for a little time, and then we came to the brink of a very steep ravine. Suleiman, the M'Ain man, whom we call Anton Lang, got off and ran to explore the road. He soon came up a different way, very hot, and seized F's bridle, and began to drag her down a most break-neck path. We followed.

At last it got so very bad we all dismounted, and got safely to the bottom without accident. It was wonderful to see how the horses managed going by themselves. Now we had a beautiful path through a valley, oleanders and large trees with reddish leaves, cacouba trees. I caught my head twice in spite of every precaution. Ibrahim never ceases saying, "Mind your heads, ladies." (Ibrahim is a most picturesque figure, with a beautiful red and black kafiyeh). Cuckoos singing incessantly. We came to a halt about noon, about four hours from the start, on a lovely ledge over-looking a green valley. We sat under a large cacouba tree, the tent was not put up. Suleiman would have nothing but bread and an orange, fasting for Lent. I think he had coffee. Off soon after one, a rocky path, we crossed the dry beds of several streams. To-day and yesterday we have seen quantities of a bush we used to see in the desert, and called the desert-flower. Here it is much more luxuriant, and the flowers are white instead of pale lilac. One of these bushes came just in my way, I was pushing it aside when Robin chose to step off the path on a rather steep bank. Commotion, Mohammed and Assad both rushed to the rescue, I should have brought him up quite well myself. A steep, rough but short, descent and ascent, then we saw below us a valley with lovely streams and waterfalls, a small unobtrusive mill among them. Ibrahim called it the valley of Hadan. We wound round and

came down into it, crossed several quite deep branches of the stream, none of the horses objected. We got off and lay down in the shade of a steep rock. It was hot by this time, but I enjoyed it after the cold of last night. Off again, and soon we came to a very steep ascent, very long. We went on some time, at last Suleiman's mule (he had exchanged mounts with the Zaptieh) came down on its knees, and we all got off. I had on many unnecessary clothes, but struggled on, we were able to mount again before the top. When we had got to the top we had been going two hours since luncheon, and heard we had still more than two hours. However the rest was all flat, it was quite curious to emerge from this deep valley upon an immense extent of table-land, a beautiful soft track, we got along briskly, and even had some canters. My little horse, and M's seemed quite fresh. Daoud (now quite a reformed character) and Boutros had had quite enough. We saw a village on some rising ground in front, it was Dibon. We were soon there, and all got off and had a rest under some ruined walls (the modern village is some little way off). It was a hard day for F., not yet recovered from her accident, though much better, and some wine was got out for her. We all partook and felt much the better for it. On again, the same style of country, and soon saw Aroer, our destination, on another little hill. By this time Ibrahim was sure the camp was behind us, he caught a glimpse

of a troop in the distance, coming from a different direction. We mounted a little hill, the site of ancient Aroer (the modern village again a little way off) and all dismounted, our long day, nine hours and forty minutes come at last to an end. It was 5.20. We looked down into a rocky valley, we believe it to be the valley of the Arnon, and the Dead Sea beyond. Soon we saw the sun set most gloriously behind it. Most comfortable seats were arranged for us, and we each had two cups of hot coffee, to do instead of afternoon tea, and it was decided we should only have one dish at dinner. It was nearly an hour before the poor camp arrived, half dead, having been led hopelessly astray. They arranged the tents on the plain below, and we went down. The luncheon tent was arranged for us to take refuge in, and keep out of the way till all was ready. We all went fast asleep. We were roused up by Ibrahim, and hurried to prepare for dinner. F. is now to begin with the single tent for a week. An excellent dinner. Boiled rice with gravy. Irish stew, and raspberry preserve and bread instead of a sweet. We were sure they must have felt finished to take us so completely at our word, and it was ample. We had tea about an hour after dinner, we have it every now and then for a treat. I did not attempt my journal, found Patience very soothing. To-morrow I thought I should have plenty of time. Sunday is to be a complete day of rest for man and beast. We are now in

the heart of the country given to the children of Gad. (Numbers xxxii. 34). A little pink starry flower is all over the ground of this camp.

MARCH 10TH. 3RD SUNDAY IN LENT. Camp at Aroer. A blissful day of complete repose. I did not get up till 8.30. An Arabic sentence is all round this tent, I shall try and make out the letters by Ibrahim's alphabet. A lovely day. Wrote journal up to date. Then I labelled stones. This is a good day to write out the list of the camp, copied from F.'s journal:—

I. S. Gandour Effendi, dragoman; Jussuf, waiter; Assad, lunch waiter; One escort or zaptieh with us; Two with the camp; Mohammed, groom; Jussuf, muleteer; Achmed, muleteer; Khalif, muleteer; Mohammed, muleteer; Six horses, ten mules, three donkeys.

F. took a sketch after tea from the hill where we sat on our first arrival. In the evening she read to the men of the camp. (Numbers xxxii.) All about the region where we now are.

MONDAY, MARCH 11TH. Aroer to Rabbath-Moab. Not quite so cold in the night. Off at 7.15. Almost immediately began the descent into the valley of the Arnon. M. and I got off at once. I followed the zaptieh, who at once handed me my stick. How he happened to have it I do not know,

but I got on very briskly. It was very steep, and great steps of rock in places. F. stuck to her horse for some little time and I hear she was in frightful peril, Daoud hanging over the precipice and refusing to stir. However we all landed safely at the bottom, but the descent took an hour-and-a-half. Then a little flat ground and we came to the river Arnon and splashed through, a flock of little black goats crossing at the same time. Then we all got off, and I went down to the river and found a stone. Masses of oleanders, some in flower, all the horses' heads are decked with bunches gathered by a nice little Arab boy. Now began the ascent out of the valley, not nearly so steep, and broken by little flat places over shoulders. Crossed a delightful green hollow, where all the goats were collected, and a quantity of cows. Near the top we were rather shocked by the sight of telegraph posts and a wire. We were an hour-and-ten-minutes getting up. At the top was a square building which Ibrahim said was for barracks, and two tents for the officials who look after the telegraph. Now a level plain, and after an hour's peaceful riding we halted for luncheon in a grassy hollow, quantities of anemones, blue iris, and a lovely little lilac cistus about. We had a good long rest, waiting for the camp to pass. They had come by the same route we did, and were all safe, but at one place we hear that Khalif, one of the muleteers, actually lifted a mule, with all its load, over a specially bad place.

Off again at two. I had been riding Boutros again all morning, quite amenable, but now wished very much to try Daoud, so I was put upon him, and F. rode Boutros. M. is on Robin, who is a dear little horse. We have a very nice old Sheikh as guide, with a venerable white beard, we call him Abraham. He is a Greek Christian, and will not touch anything but bread and fruit. They even fast on Sundays in Lent. I forgot to say Suleiman, the nice man from M'Ain, went back with his mare early on Sunday. We were very sorry, we should have liked to say good-bye to him. Now we rode for two hours across the plain, a large ruin on the top of a hill in sight, but it never seemed to get any nearer. I did not like Daoud nearly as much as Boutros, not nearly as good a walker, nor as smooth; the track was rather stony. At last we got to the ruin, Beit-el-Kurm, a massive square enclosure, we prowled all over it and could see our tents in the distance, from a high point of the wall. Parts of the walls outside were quite smooth and perfect, inside all confusion, three beautiful Corinthian capitals lying about, an immense size. F. took a hasty outline. Another fifty minutes brought us to the camp, all among the ruins of Rabbath-Moab, a gateway, and several pillars. We had met several troops of donkeys in the afternoon, and close here a camel, quite a rare sight. All about the ruins cows were grazing, and there were several people, who all seemed quite good-natured. After

tea we prowled round to fix on a point for F. to sketch to-morrow morning. Turning round we saw an Arab perched on one of the pillars, evidently for our amusement, how he got there, I cannot think. He stayed some time, flinging his caftan down, and having it flung up to him again; his boots, very nice brown ones, were left at the bottom. Most of them wear sandals, or go barefoot. He scrambled down very lightly, and then some others went up, but it became too cold to watch them any longer. I never saw such cheerful Arabs out of Egypt. Bitterly cold this evening, and the wind is getting up. It has been a delightful day, quite warm, and yet no hot sun. One can quite picture what the poor soldiers undergo in South Africa, hot sun by day, and piercing cold at night. We wonder very much what is happening there. Our latest news are about Feb. 20. Thanks to F.'s blessed sketch we do not start till about ten o'clock to-morrow. We are about three hours from Kerak, where the final arrangements for Petra will be made.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12th. A very cold night. I was leisurely dressing, thinking we were to start at ten, when M. called to me that F. had finished her sketch, and we were to start at once. It was not quite eight. I hurried frantically, and we were off at 8.25. It was so cold that F. had not been able to draw. I scarcely looked at the ruins, I was so

flustered. For an hour-and-a-half it was quite flat and rather stony, plovers flying about and calling. Suddenly we went up a little rising ground, and there was Kerak right before us, a little castellated town, perched on a high hill across a wide ravine, a most striking view. It took us an-hour-and-a-half to get there, down a very steep, rough, stony path into the ravine, and then up the other side, out of it, and right into the town. On the way we were so pleased to be greeted by Suleiman, who, we thought, had gone back to M'Ain. He had come here instead, his parents live here. An old square building at the top, and then a new one, a military school we were told. The Turks have a new fortified post here, which, it is considered, has made all the surrounding country safe, the road we have traversed to-day used to be most unsafe. We rode through the streets of the town, ruined houses, crumbling walls, and old archways. Landed in a stony hollow, where our camp was to be pitched. The luncheon tent was put up at once, and after our meal, while we were having our siesta, Ibrahim went to interview the Governor or Pacha. In a wonderfully short time he came back with a radiant countenance, all was right, no difficulties made, they did not even want to see our passports. Joy unutterable! it really does seem as if we may see Petra.* We consider it is about five days

* We had been warned that it was difficult to be allowed to get to Petra, that many people had been turned back when quite near. (M.L.H.)

journey from here, but our route is not quite decided upon. Now we went out for a stroll through the town. The castle, or citadel, is a little higher up. On the way we had a beautiful view of the Dead Sea, over the battlements. Large new Government offices, and what looked liked barracks, a mosque, and the Castle, an enormous building with a curious little tower with a hole through it at one corner. A Kerak man was with us and said we could go no further. M. was most anxious to see a ruined crusaders' church which Murray says is inside the castle. Ibrahim went to ask some military authority. I thought it a pity to do anything to irritate them. However, they consented, and a very nice soldier took us across a causeway, and we saw a large square full of soldiers. All seemed to have comfortable great coats, it was very cold. The soldiers showed us holes which were skylights to an ancient tunnel, a deep well and the prison, a very deep round hollow, we saw doors at the bottom. The castle walls are stupendous on this side, the soldiers said it was seven stories high. All this time we saw no church, but Ibrahim kept saying we were going to it. We went up a slope, and through a vaulted passage, some very fine arches, and were then shown a bas relief on the wall, evidently a crusader with spear. I had implored F. not to draw while in the precincts, remembering what had happened to Maude and Helen in Corsica, but no sooner did she see this than she began

to sketch it. No objection was made, and I said nothing, but inwardly thought we should most likely get a message from the Pacha in the evening, ordering us off. She also drew part of a lion on a stone outside, and the tower with the hole through it. I am thankful to say nothing happened. We now deposited F. at the tents, and M. and I went on with the native of Kerak, and Assad, one of our staff, to call on Mr. Johnson, a medical missionary, who had already left his card upon us. Dr. Frederick Johnson, Kerak, Moab, printed. It looked so odd. This is the place where the King of Moab offered up his son upon the walls, we wondered very much what part of the wall. We met Dr. Johnson on the way, a very nice looking man, he took us into his house, a square solid building with a very nice drawing room, a piano, and a delightful long-haired dog curled up in the middle. He said he had brought it from Constantinople. Mrs. Johnson and their two children, are just gone to England for fifteen months, and next year he hopes to have a holiday and go to fetch them. He had taken them to Jaffa. They had encamped en route in the valley of the Arnon which must have been most delightful. We had heard of them at Jaffa, the evening we spent at Miss Newton's. Mrs. Walters, the wife of the chaplain, had had them to stay, and had seen them on board the steamer. We asked Dr. Johnson to dine, but he had two friends, who he was going to see off in the morning, and

could not leave them, but said he would come for coffee in the evening. We were quite sorry to leave this comfortable room, and face the furious wind again. Our tents rocked, and my wine was upset as if we were at sea in a gale. We thought Mr. Johnson and his friends were much better off in a solid house. He appeared in the evening and we consulted him about routes. He has been to Petra, but was only there one day. He went by a route to south of the Dead Sea which he does not recommend. The guide whom Ibrahim has chosen, Suleiman's father, does not recommend Murray's route, which goes by Taphileh and Bozrah, but another as follows, arranged in very easy stages to suit F.—

Wednesday, Tomb of Jaffar, 4 hours

Thursday, Elthersey - - 4 ,,

Friday, Tufileh - - 5 ,,

Saturday, Ain - - 4 ,,

Sunday, Rest.

Monday, Shobek - - 4 ,,

Tuesday, Ain - - 4 ,,

Wednesday, Sik - - 4 ,,

The Sik is the Ravine by which to enter Petra. A pink temple appears suddenly at the end of it. Stanley went in by a mistake another way. I cannot vouch for the correctness of the above names, as they were taken down verbally from Ibrahim, no one has seen them written. This route is to avoid crossing so many ravines, which try F. very much.

Dr. Johnson does not see how we can avoid crossing the Wady, which divides Edom from Moab, but we shall see as we go on. We are to start at seven to-morrow. Wind quite awful. Ibrahim advised us not to undress.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13TH. Real start for Petra. Kerak to Ain Felka. None of us undressed, and we were quite warm and comfortable in all our clothes. Off at seven, the wind as bad as ever, but blue sky and sun overhead. (These windy nights the stars are quite glorious.) A rough, stormy descent out of Kerak, some goats and donkeys going down at the same time. Looking back the view of the Castle was quite splendid, on the top of a crag, with several towers. Not much ascent the other side, and across an unbroken plain for two hours-and-a-quarter. Plovers again, and also larks singing, we often hear them in the morning. We came to a very solid looking village, and got off and rested for a quarter-of-an-hour. We saw no inhabitants, but some donkeys with packs on them were grazing about. We went on for another half hour and saw, to our surprise, a large building, with two white domes, a mosque. We got off, and encamped in the enclosure for luncheon. This was the tomb of Jaffar which was to have been our limit, four hours, but we had only been two and three quarters, so it was decided to go on further.

After our siesta, we went to explore the tomb, which was behind the mosque, through a vaulted passage, a fine arch at each end. Then up some rocky steps, and there was a large cave with a very large tomb, covered with red and green cloth, the floor in front all over matting. The Arabs took off their shoes, but did not make us do so. Round the base was some very curious carving, which F. thought was Cufic characters. She copied part of the inscription, an Arab held a candle while she drew, and a woman came, very angry, blew it out, and insisted on them coming away. She had fortunately just done. Ibrahim had just gone away to look after the camp, as it had been told to halt here. He explained to her what we were doing, and she apologised. She had thought we were Jews committing some act of desecration. Then we went into the Mosque, which was evidently quite ancient. I had thought from the extreme whiteness of the domes it was modern. Large rounded arches below, and niches above, some broken through, and we saw curious shaped stones through the openings. On again, and soon we had a glimpse of Wady el Hassa, the valley which divides Moab from Edom. We descended a little way into a lovely green valley, and got off for a short halt. I found a pretty new yellow flower. We crossed the valley, went a little way along a very good terrace path, then turned up steeply for a little way and saw the tents on a beautiful ledge

among the rocks. A good rocky path led to them, we passed the drinking place, two stone basins which they filled from a spring quite near, the animals were already beginning to drink. It was a lovely camp with a view into Wady el Hassa where we were to go next day. An enclosure with low stone walls, no doubt for sheep, made an excellent stable for our horses and mules. We went to see them all drinking, it was a very pretty sight, one poor little donkey waiting so patiently, not attempting to push forward. Our tents had to be at rather a sharp angle. M.'s and my washstands both toppled over. Delightful to be sheltered from the wind, much warmer, had an excellent night.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14th. *Ain Felka to Tufileh.* As will be seen from the itinerary we have compressed three days into two. This has been rather a long day, but the two next are to be very short. We started at 7.30 this morning, the wind quite gone down. Descended from our rocky ledge past the drinking place to the valley path again. (I should mention that our guide, the father of Suleiman, is ill, we gave him quinine last night, but he is no better, so he has gone back to Kerak and we are doing with one Zaptieh who knows the way quite well). In about half an hour we came to a very steep descent into the Wady el Hassa. All got off except F. who was transferred to Robin. We walked a

good way, then rode a little, then walked again. The second walk I had not my stick at first, and got on slowly. Assad overtook me with it. After that I kept it myself all the rest of the day, and of course, never wanted it again. At the bottom of the valley I found the others all sitting on the opposite side of a delightful stream. Mahommed carried me across on his back. It looked so tempting I asked Ibrahim if there was time for me to have a foot-bath. He said he would allow a quarter-of-an-hour, so I had a delightful one, sitting under an oleander bush, very refreshing after the stony walk. Off again at 9.50, mounting the opposite side of the valley, not steep, and a good path. We kept getting to a succession of shoulders, sometimes having a delightful bit of undulating terrace-path, looking down into the valley, then crossing green hollows, then mounting again to another shoulder, the crooked telegraph posts showing the way. A solid little house where two Turkish soldiers are stationed, was on the first shoulder. A quantity of odd little stone pyramids in one place, each marking, we were told, where a Bedouin had been killed. There must have been a battle, there were so many of these. We were still not at the top when we halted for the luncheon at 11.25, on a lovely green slope. A delightful rest. Off again at 1.25, F. now on Robin and M. on the little dun. It is really necessary poor F. should have every alleviation possible, and Robin shakes her much less than any

other. She evidently suffers a great deal of pain, and is most heroic. It was a most annoying accident, but we do hope some days thorough rest at Petra will put her right. The afternoon was long but not so tiring, the sun was very hot and I resumed my kafiye, which has not been wanted the last few days. It is terribly in the way, but is an excellent shade from the sun. I thought we should never come in sight of Tufileh, we kept rounding incessant corners, expecting to see it and our camp close to. At last we did see it across a wide ravine. It looked very picturesque but a long way off. We got off, and had a halt of ten minutes. I nearly went to sleep sitting on a wall. Off again, a very steep stony descent, some laden donkeys going down at the same time with the greatest ease. The last part was quite a bed of a torrent. We found a stream at the bottom, the donkeys drinking. We actually passed quite a wood of well-grown, healthy looking olive trees. Up a steep path, not so bad, and through a sort of lane, olive trees on each side. We emerged on open ground and saw our camp, on a stony slope facing the town. A Turkish soldier rushed forward and greeted Ibrahim with great effusion, he was an old Jaffa boatman. We were soon settled, and were thankful for tea. A row of inhabitants of Tufileh sitting on a wall behind, looking at us, but they did not come near us. Ibrahim had quite a *lévée* of old Jaffa friends, and officials of Tufileh. There is a

Turkish garrison here. They are very civil, and we are to have everything we want. We are now to have two very short days, four hours each, to Ain el Terak and Shobah, and halt at the latter for Sunday. It is not impossible we may get to Petra on Monday. To-day has been about six-hours-and-a-half.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15TH. Tufileh to Ain el Terak. This has been a disastrous day, and we expected it to be so easy. The first part was lovely. We did not start till 7.45 that F. might sketch Tufileh, surmounted by a large fort, the Turkish flag flying. Most easy riding all morning, undulating terrace paths, very good. A beautiful peep of the Dead Sea. At the end there is a tract of flat white country, it looks very curious, like salt. Ibrahim says it is sand. In about an hour we had a view of Bozrah. "Indyed garments from Bozrah" F. took a hasty sketch, a little white village on a hill, across a ravine. We had a still better view further on, where we made a short halt by a stream, and I had a hurried foot-bath. Off again at ten, and rounded a splendid gorge, some very fine rocks, and at 11.10 made our regular mid-day halt by a most lovely stream, the first time we have halted by a stream, and I have always longed to do so. The tent was pitched close to it, and after luncheon I had a most delightful leisurely foot-bath in thorough privacy, and sat a long time barefoot. Ibrahim had a

regular bathe. I would have given worlds for one. Now began our disasters. First the camp never passed, it was a mystery what had become of them, for the path was most distinct, and marked by the telegraph posts. (We believe this telegraph goes to Mecca. They are actually making a telegraph from Damascus to Mecca. We have not come across it, but it runs somewhere to our left.) Then, when it was decided to start, Robin, a mule, and the Zaptieh's horse were missing. A long hunt for them. Finally we got off at 2.25, and were told we had only three-quarters-of-an-hour to go. I thought this was too good to be true, but when we passed place after place looking most suitable for camps, and crossed several streams, and had been wandering about for two hours, I began to have my doubts. Nothing was seen of the camp, though they were anxiously looked for from every rising ground. Ibrahim sent one of the guides back on Daoud to look for them. We came to a lovely green hill with a grove of trees at the top. It looked as if there must be water. I felt sure this was the place. A flock of sheep was there, and an Arab shepherd boy. They asked him some questions, and we plodded on. In answer to our anxious enquiries Ibrahim said the water was not far off in front, so on we went, the path beginning to be rather rough. At last Ibrahim made us all get off for a rest, and we all walked a little way. Then, to our horror, we

found we had to turn back, the Zaptieh evidently had not an idea where the spring was, and the Arab boy had evidently directed us wrong. Back to where he was, the mound with trees at the top, Ibrahim gave him some good thumps, which I thought he richly deserved. I myself thought it would have been a good plan to leave us there in the luncheon tent with one of the men, the rest to explore for the camp and water. Instead, however, we all plodded back the way we had come, Ibrahim said as far as one of the little streams we had crossed, the Zaptieh and I were in front. I thought we should never stop. At last we did. We were on a little knoll just above the water, the others were some way behind, Frances was very tired. We all got off. She had some wine, and in an incredibly short time Assad handed us each a cup of scalding hot coffee. This revived us wonderfully. We began to face the prospect of a night in the open, at least with only the protection of the luncheon tent. It was very cold, but I thought huddled up all together we should do very well. I have often slept out on rocks in old mountaineering days. Ibrahim was just reckoning up our provisions, which appeared to consist mainly of bread and raspberry jam, when a rider suddenly appeared, one of the guides from the camp. Ibrahim thumped him, too. I did not exactly know why, for it seemed as if the camp were all right and we were

astray, but it appeared afterwards it was the guide from Kerak who we thought had gone back from the first camp ill. Instead, he had implored Ibrahim to let him come on as he knew all the way, and he had assured him there was only one way from Tufileh to Ain el Terak, and that the camp must pass the place where we halted by the stream at mid-day. It appears there was another and a shorter way, and the camp had gone by it, and been there ever since three o'clock. We had waited for them by the stream till 2.30. Now, he said, the camp was only an hour off. I must say I was very much averse to starting, it was six o'clock, the sun had set, and I thought it was just as likely to be two or three hours as one. However, F. dreaded the cold so much, and felt so much revived by the coffee, she wished decidedly to go on, and we did. Mohammed led Robin, and I followed close behind on Boutros, M. on the little dun with Ibrahim and Assad. At first we went over ground like a ploughed field, quite level, and I did not care; as we went on, and it got darker, it became very rough, and I could do nothing but keep close behind F. and let Boutros do as he liked. Then we came to what seemed a precipice, and F. called to Ibrahim to come and lead my horse. He came, and soon had a tremendous tumble, and I am sure hurt himself very much. I felt certain his left wrist was sprained, and it was. It was indeed joy when we saw lights, and found ourselves in the

camp. Dinner almost immediately, and then Ibrahim's wrist was bound up with a bandage soaked in cold water. This was to have been our easy afternoon of three-quarters-of-an-hour, and we had wandered about for five; eight hours altogether. It was decided we were not to start till after luncheon to-morrow.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16th. Ain el Terak to Shobek. A heavenly night, and it was delightful to dress and do my hair leisurely. Found at breakfast we were to start at eleven and I felt quite ready. The camp was in a lovely green hollow, the spring, very muddy, close by the kitchen tent. No doubt it would recover when left alone for a little time. No sign of the rough way by which we had approached last night, I could not think how we had come. We started at 10.30 across a level ground like a ploughed field. Almost immediately I remarked to F. "That white rock looks exactly like a tent." It was the luncheon tent, only a quarter-of-an-hour off. Luncheon was spread, but of course it was too early to eat anything. We were to wait here till the camp got off, Ibrahim was determined we should not lose each other to-day. We waited nearly an hour, at last they were heard approaching and we mounted, this time M. on Boutros, I on the little dun. I liked him very much, he was very smooth, and with a little struggling kept well up. The camp close behind,

the tinkling of the mules' bells cheered our horses on. One tiny little donkey, a muleteer sitting on its tail, got ahead among us, and walked on quicker than any of the horses, without being urged in the least or appearing to hurry itself. I never saw anything so funny. We got ahead of the camp (except the donkey, which led the way) and went on for an-hour-and-a-half, and found the luncheon tent again erected by a pile of wood for telegraph poles, several loose ones lying about. Quite a new sight to see wood. The camp passed very soon and we did not make a long halt. M. prefers the dun to Boutros, so I resumed him, and was ahead all afternoon with the guide. Mostly level, we were shown Shobek on a hill, a castle of the crusaders. I never can have seen the right hill, for when we were just under the one which I fancied was it, we turned sharply off to the left across a corn field, and entered a green defile, water running through it, and very soon came upon our tents. It was about 4.30, we had had rather more than two hours, a really easy day, and F. seems decidedly better. This is the first time she has managed the afternoon ride without a rest. Tomorrow, Sunday, we stay here. I am rather appalled to find we are to walk off early to see Shobek, about 20 minutes off, Ibrahim says, but one knows what that means. I had expected unlimited licence in the matter of getting up. I own my laziness but cannot help it, and I fervently wish there was no such place

as Shobek ; as there is, of course we must go and see it. Ibrahim has seen the Governor, who is all politeness, and wishes to show us everything. Very cold this evening and rather windy. A delightful camping ground, not stony, and a stream quite near. M. now begins her turn of the single tent, and F. and I are together.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17th. 4th Sunday in Lent. Camp close to Shobek. M. and I started with Ibrahim at 8.40. Good path rather up-hill, and in twenty minutes we came in sight of Shobek, a regular castle on a detached hill, a deep ravine all round it. We had to cross the ravine, which of course involved a long descent and ascent. The view was lovely, a slender arch on one side, the blue sky shining through. The Governor (Kaimakan) was waiting at the gate, very good-looking, long dark blue overcoat, brown trousers, red fez and slippers. Curious carving over the gate, wheels, stars and palm trees. We went all round the walls, tremendously thick and very high, rising straight from the precipice. Some of the outside stones are bevelled in the Hebrew fashion. In one place inside there was a long Arabic inscription enclosed in a square. Down below in one place there are the olive trees near the stream which runs round. We looked into the prison, very dark, also another very deep underground place. The Governor took us to his room, a sort of cave, and gave us coffee ;

he is coming to dine with Ibrahim this evening. We had a most extensive view of all the surrounding country, at one place there is a very curious slope of rock. We saw one road to Petra which is under the Governor of Shobek, I wonder if we shall get there to-morrow. The Governor sent a soldier back with us to the camp who told Ibrahim a great deal about the war six years ago, in which they took this castle from the Bedouins. They were six months trying to take it, and at last they succeeded by getting hold of some Arab children and putting them in front, so that the Bedouins did not like to fire, and eventually surrendered. It would be an excellent plan to adopt with the Boers. Several Arabs were about, apparently quite contented, there are only fifteen Turkish soldiers, mostly Circassians. We were back at the tents by eleven. Quiet the rest of the day, too cold for foot-bath in stream. The Kaimakan came to dinner with Ibrahim, who brought him in to see us afterwards. He was very shy. He is only 24 but looks much more. He has only been six months at Shobek. He is a Circassian and was born in Russian territory. His father brought him to Damascus when quite a child. Now all their relations wish to come to Palestine and the Russian government will not allow them to leave. I gave him our visiting card, and added Surrey, England, to it. He said it was so strange to see ladies able to write. He told Ibrahim he had not had such a good dinner for six

months. It must be rather wretched living in a cave at Shobek after Damascus. A bitterly cold night.

MONDAY, MARCH 18th. Shobek to Ayoun el Hazzael (Wells of Hazzael). F. not very well, so we did not start till nine. Very easy riding, a succession of green billows, and at 10.45 we halted by a well in a stony hole. The delightful sun warmed us all up. The ride in the sunshine and beautiful fresh air did F. good. She cannot sleep at nights, but gets some sleep at these mid-day halts. The camp passed us all right, and we started again at 1.30. Much the same sort of ground at first, then it became more stony. We passed some cattle, and have seen two or three men ploughing. In a stony hollow we came upon quite a wood of thorny trees, a very sharp thorn peculiar to the desert. They are sometimes bushes and sometimes quite large trees. Rounded a hill and came suddenly upon the camp, after an hour and forty minutes ride. A good deal of wind this afternoon, and I had tried the experiment of a straw hat, which was very troublesome. At last we had to stop and I tied it on with a handkerchief. A very pretty camp in a green hollow, rather stony. An intensely cold evening. Ibrahim put a stove in our tent (the double one) which was most comfortable. We are actually now only an hour-and-a-half from the Sik. What will to-morrow bring forth?

ARRIVAL IN PETRA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19TH, 1901.

This is indeed a memorable day! We are all very thankful to have achieved success so far, and to be lodged in a lovely camp in the very heart of Petra, the sun shining brilliantly hot, most delightful after the intense cold of last night, and not a breath of wind. We are to rest here several days, which will give poor F. time to recuperate, she has been very far from well, and I really think nervousness and anxiety about getting here have had a great deal to do with her ailments. She has behaved with the greatest heroism and now, I do trust, will soon recover.

We were off this morning at eight, our last camp was called Ayoun el Hazzael. Wells of Hazzael. A lovely morning, quite warm, and no wind. Undulating path, rather stony, Roman road. In three-quarters-of-an-hour Mount Hor appeared in sight, a conical rocky peak, first alone, and then in the middle of a ridge. F. took a hasty outline of the first view, all alone. Across a green valley, Wady Moussa, some patches of corn. We had now been going nearly two hours, and Ibrahim advised a halt for F. to rest, but she was so anxious to get to the Sik, the defile leading into Petra, that she preferred going on. I was beginning to feel great misgivings, for all the accounts of Petra I have read have given me the

impression that Mount Hor was on the side of Petra quite away from the Sik, and here we were going right up to it. However it was all right, we crossed some streams, went down a very stony descent, and along the side of the main stream, saw a tomb high up in the rocks to our right, and at 10.20 came at last to the entrance of the Sik. We had begun to think we should never get there. We turned round a corner of rock, and in an instant found ourselves in a narrow defile, the stream running through masses of oleanders. We began on the wrong side of the stream, and had great work to turn back to get to the other. Soon the path became very rough (we hear it has been lately damaged by an earthquake) and we had to get off and walk, the horses stumbling along as they could. The two mules which carry the luncheon apparatus, and Assad and Mohammed were also with us, and the guide and Zaptieh, the rest of the camp went round another way. The rocks rose a tremendous height, nothing that has been said about their colour has been exaggerated, perfectly splendid shades of red, and the morning sun full upon them, we were going through just at the right time. Very narrow, sometimes the rocks quite joined over our heads. Very rough walking, sometimes the stream filled the whole breadth, twice Mohammed seized me in his arms and carried me through a wide place like a baby, and he did the same to M. Ibrahim and Assad occasionally carried

F. on their hands locked together to make an arm-chair, as she was not up to much walking. Tombs cut in the rock in places, one had steps leading up to it. With stopping to rest and look about us we were an hour-and-a-half getting through. Close to the end the great Temple, the Khuzneh, burst upon us, apparently hewn out of the rock, the brightest pink. Six beautiful pillars (one of them fallen) supporting a portico with a pediment above it, covered with mouldings and carvings, all quite perfect. Above, six more slender pillars in couples, the two outside couples each surmounted by half a pediment, the two middle ones by a dome with an urn at the top, in which the Arabs believe priceless treasures are concealed, the name, *El Khuzneh*, means "the treasure." Every corner covered with mouldings and bas relief, and all quite perfect except the one fallen pillar, which is lying embedded in the grass. We went up steps into the temple, nothing inside, but on each side of the portico a niche, with a beautiful carved canopy. It was lovely, and too extraordinary to see such a perfect piece of workmanship in this lonely place, which has been unknown for centuries. From the 6th century A.D., till 1807, it was never heard of, and now is very rarely visited. No one but wandering Arabs has been here, they tell us, for six or seven years. We had ample time to study the surroundings as we lunched here, and had our siesta, while Ibrahim went to see after the camp.

He was ages away, F. had time to make a sketch of the rocks, the intricacies of the temple are to be tried another day, and it had become very cold, when he re-appeared, having had to move the tents from the place where they had first pitched them, which was in a hollow, and would have been very damp and cold, I was thankful to hear it, for I was rather dreading being camped under high walls of rock, and never getting any sun. He brought the muleteers and mules back with him, and they set off back through the Sik to get barley for forage. Our horses were also gone to be watered in the Sik, so we set off walking towards the camp, still following the stream. They soon overtook us and we mounted. Wonders on all sides, the theatre to our left, temples and tombs everywhere. We found the camp on a beautiful grassy hill, bathed in sunshine, rocks covered with wonders near us on all sides. A row of the most famous tombs, as far as we can identify them from Murray, are quite close, the Corinthian tomb, the Tomb with the Arched Terraces, etc., we are going to examine them closely tomorrow. A most delightful evening, such a change after the intense cold of the last few nights. M. read to the men this evening, Numbers xx., about the death of Aaron on Mount Hor. They are all delighted and astonished with this place, and have expressed their gratitude to us for bringing them here. We all pine for Maude. I should mention

that we all looked in vain for a high arch, which all writers about Petra describe as spanning the valley near the entrance to the Sik, and now Ibrahim has heard from an Arab of the neighbourhood, that it was destroyed some time within the last few years by an earthquake.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20th. Second day in Petra. Delightful warm night. Both at dinner yesterday, and in bed, I had on about half the clothes I have worn lately. At 8.20 M. and I started with Ibrahim, and Abdurrahman our Zaptieh, on an exploring expedition. A. is a soldier from Shobek, and a very nice man, and most interested in everything. He is a Kurd, a race who one associates in one's mind with massacres of Armenians, but he seems most good-natured. We began with the theatre quite near here, we passed it yesterday. We mounted to the tops of the rows of seats in wonderful preservation. At the top a wall of rock, and square chambers in it too high to be got at. A most effective view of the tombs opposite, the same that we see from our tents, and also a beautiful distant view of the country beyond. According to Murray, Laborde and Bartlett have both taken the view from the theatre, and put in a fictitious background, why, one cannot imagine as the real one is so beautiful. I hope F. will be able to do it correctly. We walked all along the top of the rows of seats, looking at the

wonderful colours of the rocks, then came down, crossed the valley, and scrambled up to the tombs. At the end there were a few regular steps. This was the Tomb of the Arched Terraces (the terraces were below us). Pillars and an urn above the door in the middle, windows high up. We went in, very large, more like a temple than a tomb, a large arch in the middle of the back wall, and a recess on each side. This tomb, or temple, is believed to have been used as a Christian church, and Murray says there are traces of an inscription, but we saw none. Here we found Jussuf, and Assad, and some of our mule-teers roaming about, evidently enjoying themselves very much, and much interested. We went on past the Corinthian tomb, which also has an urn, to the tomb with three stories, which has eighteen perfect columns on the second story, but only seven left on the story above. It is impossible for me to remember about these tombs exactly, they all had beautiful mouldings and carvings, but nothing so perfect as El Khuzneh, the temple we saw yesterday. Besides the tombs we went into endless caves, to look at the colours of the rocks, striped like a leopard's skin in places. Many of these caves had evidently been dwelling-houses, one had eleven niches. That one, of course, was a burial-place. Those supposed to be dwellings have two or three deep recesses. There were some most picturesque natural arches, the rock pillars twisted, and quite thin in places, like stalactite

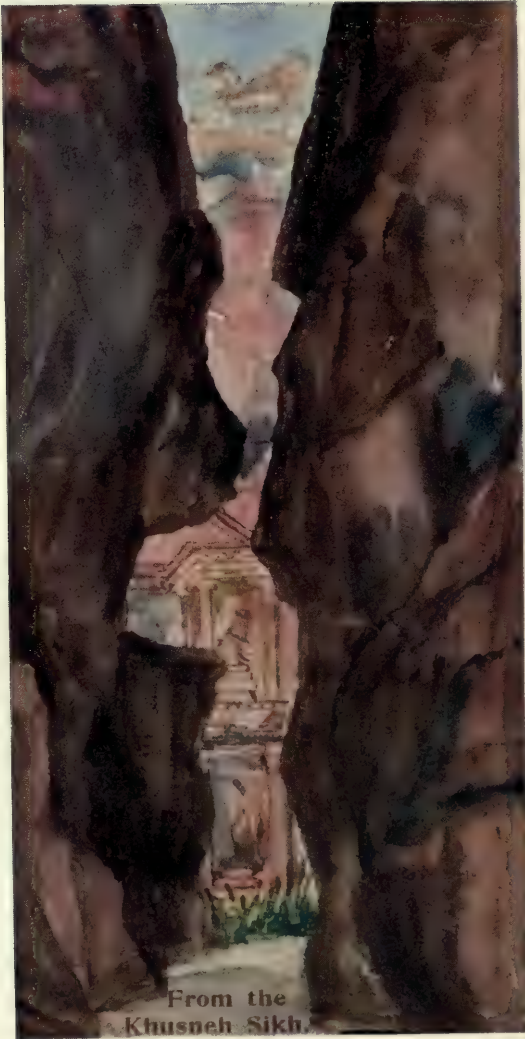


pillars. Good view of the theatre from this side, also of some tombs with what is called the step-ornament, little steps like battlements one above another, not in any position where they could be used as steps. One doorway had a double flight over it, meeting at the top. I forgot to mention the Tomb of the Arched Terraces has a colonnade of five Corinthian columns on one side, very effective, when seen from across the valley. According to Murray it had five on the other side, but in that case four have disappeared, there is only one now. In one of the caves we had rather a disastrous experience. It had evidently been used as a Bedouin encampment, and when we came out, Ibrahim and Abdurrahman discovered that we were all a mass of fleas. All our clothes were violently shaken, and Abdurrahman spent every spare moment for the rest of the morning picking fleas off himself or us. We went some way further, to try to find a tomb with a Latin inscription, but could not find it, and as it was getting very hot, we returned to the tents across the valley, crossing the stream, where I determined to have a bath in the afternoon, as there was good cover from the oleanders. We were told to drop our outer garments outside the tents, and I considered that was enough, but when M. came in to luncheon she said she had taken everything off, and her clothes were a mass of fleas. I felt I was polluting the whole place, and F. was frantic. I

could not think where I was to have my siesta before bathing, but Ibrahim, full of resource, arranged a couch for me by the river-side, and after a short nap I had a most delightful bathe. I dropped everything into the stream. I could not have credited the sight if I had not seen it, the whole garments seemed skipping about. I spent the rest of the day in sedentary pursuits, but M. went another walk with Ibrahim after tea in search of some tombs, and they came back much elated with their discoveries. F. has taken two lovely sketches, one of some tombs in sight of the camp, which show three specimens of the very characteristic step-ornament, and another of the tombs where we have been, the Arched Terraces, etc. To-morrow she is going to try El Khuzneh.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21ST. Third day in Petra. We started riding at eight this morning for the El Khuzneh Temple at the entrance of the Sik. Frances then settled herself just inside the Sik to draw the Temple. M. was quite bent on walking through the Sik again to look at some tombs in the valley at the other end, so she set off, attended by Jussuf the waiter, who had not seen it yet. I went a little way, just to notice the point where you first see a glimpse of El Khuzneh. You see two pillars through a hole in the rock. Then I went inside the building again. On each side of the portico there is





From the
Ktusneh Sikh.

a large chamber, one has some channels, evidently made for drains, in one corner, the other nothing. The main temple has three small chambers, one at the back and one at each side. A round hole on the threshold, no doubt for the blood of sacrifices. People have actually scribbled their names on the walls, it was too horrid to see. Charlotte Rowley, H. Ker Seymour, etc., and we saw dates as late as 1898. Then I went back the way we had come, to look at some tombs near the theatre, with different kinds of step-ornament, some little pyramids at the top, some bas reliefs. On my way back I encountered Ibrahim, coming to look after me, he is always uneasy if one of us strays out of his sight. Then I saw Abdurrahman in a cave some way up. He beckoned furiously to me to come up, which I did, up a staircase of rock. A very large clean cave. After this I lay on the couch prepared for F. (having first asked permission) till luncheon was ready. M. came back, pleased with her expedition, and we all returned to the tents by two o'clock. It was very hot the rest of the afternoon, and F. and I did not leave the camp. M. wandered off by herself, and was also fetched back by Ibrahim. Ibrahim is expecting the Mullah who looks after the Mosque on Mount Hor to settle which day we shall go. Tomorrow we are to start at six, on account of the heat, to the tombs with the Sinaitic inscription. I have begun to read "the great Boer War," which

F. has in Tauchnitz. The cuckoo sang loudly this morning.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22ND. Fourth day in Petra. Started on horses this morning at 6.15 on account of the heat, for the tomb with the Sinaitic inscription. We went down by the castle which we see from our tents, and then turned in the direction we had gone to look for the tomb with the Latin inscription, which we have never found. We arrived at our destination in about half-an-hour. Walked the last bit. The bottom part of the tomb is quite gone. The top part consists of four pillars and a cornice (one of the pillars has fallen) and the space between is quite smooth and white; and the inscription very clearly to be seen, five lines, the step-ornament above. M. at once took two kodaks of it, and F. set to work to draw it. Most beautiful picturesque rocks all about, but very few tombs, one is close to the one with the inscription. F. took another sketch afterwards of some rocks and a very conspicuous high tomb. We had luncheon here and were very much tormented by flies, we got large branches of what we call the desert flower, which grows most luxuriantly about here, and they did a little good. We brush through thickets of the desert flower as we are riding and it smells like orange blossom. This Sinaitic inscription, according to Murray, has not been seen since 1818, so F's drawing and the photos

may really be of use. I regret to say, however, it was discovered in the evening that the kodak had been conducted on a totally wrong principle, so they will have to be taken again if there is time. We got back to our tents soon after two, and had afternoon tea at once. We are reckless about hours here. At night we were told not to be uneasy if we heard firing, as it was thought there was a tiger about. We did not like the idea at all, but nothing more was heard of it. We sit outside in the evening now it is so hot, some Bedouins from the neighbourhood are constantly in the kitchen-tent, talking incessantly. Ibrahim says they are telling stories, he always listens with intense interest. They come stalking across the valley, always wrapped in the brown and white caftan, with long, brown, lean legs. We get most excellent fresh milk from them every day. This afternoon, when we got back from our expedition, I was looking forward to a bathe in the stream, and then discovered it was dry, the Bedouins have a plan of diverting the water to water their fields.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23RD. Fifth day in Petra. Again we were off, riding this morning soon after six, to visit the Deir, next to the Khuzneh the most famous monument in Petra. We rode across the valley, passing close by the castle to our left. In twenty minutes we had to get off. We had a very nice young Arab called Issa with us as guide. There

was some dispute whether the luncheon tent should be carried up, Ibrahim was very anxious to have it, M. was determined not and eventually conquered. F. and I remained neutral. It turned out M. was quite right, we did not want the tent at all. We followed Issa through a thick tangle of oleanders, and found ourselves in a narrow rocky defile, like Sik, only quite dry, and up-hill. It was a most beautiful and interesting walk, the path sometimes over broad blocks of rock, sometimes up steps, sometimes across flat sandy tracts. At one place we had quite to crawl through a crevice, but it was not always narrow. We had views up other rocky ravines, and sometimes the path was along the brink of deep chasms. Perfectly straight walls of rock looking as if they had been polished. They seemed to me like porphyry in many places, and a great many fragments like porphyry were lying about. In about three-quarters of an hour we caught sight of the Deir temple, high up in front, F. took a hasty sketch of the first view. We were there in an hour and ten minutes, and I am bound to say, the first view was a disappointment. We had expected from the descriptions that we should find the Deir on the very brink of a precipice, Mount Hor full in view. A grassy basin was in front, high rocks with caves opposite, in two or three detached blocks, but no sign of Mount Hor. However a staircase was found which took us up the rocks by the side of the temple to a rocky platform, where we had a splendid

view of Mount Hor. Here we settled ourselves for a time, and F. made a really lovely sketch. M. and I and Ibrahim went on further, and got to the very top of the Deir, and walked round the urn. A high point of rock is just behind, and I felt a craving to get to the top, but it looked very smooth and rounded, though there were large holes at intervals, so we did not attempt it. It was very interesting up here, one saw how the temple was hollowed out of the rock. Ibrahim did not rest till he afterwards brought F. up to the same point. Then we went down and thoroughly inspected the Deir itself. Very like the Khuzneh, but very inferior. No detached pillars in either story, only pilasters. The top parts is just like the Khuzneh. Half a pediment on the two outside pilasters on each side, and a dome with a large urn at the top in the middle. The cornice has large rounds on it at intervals. The inside quite plain, a large arched recess at the back slightly raised, and two or three little steps up to it on each side. Vandals have scribbled their names here as they have in the Khuzneh. Then we established ourselves in a cave in the rocks just opposite the Deir and had a most delightful time. No flies and quite cool. Luncheon and siesta and then F. drew the Deir itself. Walking about here was delightful, very few stones. M. explored enormously, and I to a moderate degree. Going up a gentle slope we had a beautiful view of Mount Hor, which stands up beautifully craggy by

itself, the Mosque on the top quite plain. Also right down into the rocky ravines which surround its base. Looking back we had quite a different view of the Deir embedded as it were in between three peaks. I saw now that what seemed like the top of the one behind when we were by the urn, was nothing like the top, and another, still higher, was behind. F. took a hasty outline of this view with the three peaks after she had finished her elaborate sketch. Ibrahim found some lovely blue gladioli, I have found them wild before, pink, but never blue. There were quantities of the little blue iris on the way up. I found a new very pretty little purple flower. Neither here, nor anywhere about Petra, have I been able to find a single shell for Maude. We began to go down about 2.30, quite sorry to tear ourselves away. On the walls of rock going down were several niches, looking like shrines, one was quite finished, with a little border round it. We were about an hour getting down, taking plenty of time to look about us. We found the horses safe at the bottom, and were back at the tents about four, quite legitimate time for tea. Much cooler this evening, and in the night a high wind got up. F. is much better to-day. We hear the jackals every night, screaming round the camp. They generally begin about dinner time, and sound close to, but I do not hear that anybody has seen one.



The Deir.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24TH. Fifth Sunday in Ler Sixth day in Petra. High wind in the night, it went down about eight o'clock this morning. We rather indulged after all this early work, breakfast at 8.15. Flies abominable. M. and F. are gone with Ibrahim to the Sik for some sketches. I wrote my journal and read the Boer War. At luncheon the table was adorned by an enormous bunch of what we call the desert flower, fastened to the pole of the tent (which passes through the middle of the table) by a Union Jack. It was Ibrahim's own arrangement and most effective. Very hot, and flies most troublesome. About four, when it was rather cooler, M. and I started with Ibrahim and Issa (our young Bedouin guide) in search of some tombs mentioned by Murray. He led us straight to them, up a lovely gorge, with a high white peak at the end of it. M. all the time quite certain we were going in the wrong direction. The first had an imposing entrance with pillars, an urn in the centre of the pediment, and a smaller one at each corner. Over the doorway some ornaments like those on the Deir, alternate rounds and vertical lines. Opposite this tomb was another, nothing particular about the entrance, which was small, but inside, all round the walls, were beautiful fluted columns, quite pink, fourteen of them. The whole space, which was very large, was full of débris. This is the only tomb, or temple, in which there has been anything inside, they have all been perfectly bare and

empty. A little further on, round a corner, was another tomb with a very fine entrance, a rocky platform in front. Near it were the remains of a staircase, very much broken away. Ibrahim scrambled up, and said higher up it was good, so hauled us up, and we went on to the top, where there was a deep reservoir, no water, but large cacouba trees growing in it, the only trees we have seen in Petra. Quite a good staircase down into it, we went down. On the way back we looked into several other tombs, one in particular, with niches, divided by short pillars, most beautifully striped. We were away about two hours. F. read to the men this evening, 1 Kings xvii. about Elijah. Ibrahim thought it would be suitable. Elijah must have been exactly like a Bedouin.

MONDAY, MARCH 25TH. Seventh day in Petra. Mount Hor. This has been a most delightful day. We started riding at six o'clock for Mount Hor. Quite a new direction, we passed close by the "solitary pillar," which M. has been talking about ever since we arrived, but which F. and I had not seen before. Most curious, a tall column without either base or capital, standing quite by itself among heaps of débris, quite away from any rock. The castle was below us to our right. I hope before we leave, to walk to the castle, as I cannot look at it properly while riding, and it would be treason to ask

to stop. A most lovely ride, a rocky pathway on the edge of chasms, and round masses of brilliantly coloured rocks. We expected at each corner to see Mount Hor, at last it did appear to our right. A tremendous crag, a smaller one near it, and a ridge leading up to them. We crossed the ravine in front, mounted the ridge by a zig-zag path, very steep and rough, sometimes regular steps. Boutros surpassed himself on this occasion. I never saw anything so wonderful as the way he went, I was next the guide and he never hesitated for an instant. All the horses did uncommonly well. M. had changed to the little black donkey, which is a perfectly wonderful walker. The one she generally rides is rather slow, and on this momentous occasion Ibrahim did not like having one of his Sitts far behind. At last I saw a smooth slope of rock in front, which was not alluring on a steep hill-side, so I suggested getting off, which we all did, and walked for about ten minutes. Then the path became quite easy and we mounted again. Soon we came to a grassy hollow, round the base of the final peak, which looked quite inaccessible. At last we came to a corner and here the horses were to be finally left. We started up a sandy chimney, I, in my own mind, prepared for at least an hour's stiff work. We soon came to rocky steps, and what was my amazement to see the Mosque close above my head. We were actually at the top in less than a quarter-of-an-hour. We had not walked half-an-hour

altogether. Murray calls it an hour's walking. I do not believe anybody ever rode so far before, and it certainly was rather risky. It was just 8.45, exactly two hours and three-quarters from the time we had left the tents. There are steps up to the top of the Mosque and a flat platform round the dome. We went up; the view wild and beautiful, ranges and ranges of rocks and ravines on one side, and on the other the wild plain we traversed coming here, and over which we are to retrace our steps as far as Tufileh. I had fondly hoped to go straight from here to Hebron. On the rocky side we succeeded in discovering the Deir, nestling among the rocks. When we had once located it, it seemed impossible we should ever have missed it. The Mullah who has charge of the Mosque had never turned up, so we could not go inside. Through a hole in the door, however, we could see Aaron's tomb quite well, covered with red cloth, and a red fez in the middle, two ostrich eggs hanging over it. We stayed a long time at the top, it was delightful, quite warm, no wind and no flies. We had luncheon, our usual coffee and siesta, and then had a variety in the form of three Syrian pilgrims, from some place near Bethlehem. We had not expected another party on the top of Mount Hor. They were fine tall men, in long cotton dressing gowns, and red slippers over bare feet, a sort of petticoat under the dressing gowns, so comfortable to require no other luggage.

They had been twelve days walking from Bethlehem the same route we had come. They were immensely interested looking through my opera-glass. We poked about the slopes a good deal, finding bits of marble and pottery, but again no shells. About one o'clock we tore ourselves away and went down to the place where we had left the horses. Here we had tea, quite excellent. I do not believe anyone ever had tea on Mount Hor before. We had our own tea-pots brought up, and the tea was scalding hot. A kodak was taken of Assad, when he was crouched over a little fire boiling the water, some of the others came into it. We wandered about here, finding new points of view, and at 2.30 started on our return journey. We rode at first and then had to walk a good piece, it would have been too perilous riding down the top part of the ridge. The colours of the rocks looked even more splendid as we rode back. We were back at the camp by five, all very thankful to have had this delightful day without a hitch. Jussuf has ridden over the Maan near here with Abdurrahman, and did not return to-night. A lovely crescent moon.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26TH. Eighth day in Petra. The Sik and valley beyond. In spite of her hard day yesterday F. started at seven this morning with Ibrahim, to draw the camp from the tombs across the valley. M. went too. I rather indulged, but was

ready by 8.30 to meet them on the way to the Sik, which we were going through again in order to examine some tombs in the valley beyond. Jussuf being away I was left with only Arabic-speaking attendants, and it was rather difficult when Ibrahim was calling across the valley to make out what they wanted me to do. However we met all right, and rode right through the Sik, dreadfully rough, but we only got off once for a very short way. It seemed to me to take ages, but F. said we were only twenty-five minutes. The first day we were an hour-and-a-half. I was very glad we walked through the first time, one saw it so much more thoroughly. It is impossible, for me at least, to attend to details when one is stumbling along on a horse. It certainly is a wonderful defile, the immense height of the rocks, their splendid colours, the sudden turns. Sometimes there is quite an open sunny space and one thinks one is coming to the end, and then you plunge into narrowness and darkness again. At last we were in the open valley, and rode along a thick border of oleanders about half a mile, and stopped at a beautiful tomb. Two stories of columns, and at the top four pyramids carved out of the rock. A platform of rock before each story. We went up to the top one. Opposite, on the other side of the valley, which is very narrow here, are three detached tombs, square blocks of rock. We now went on, farther up the valley, to find a tomb M. was very anxious to see, with lions in front of it.

Murray describes the position exactly with reference to these tombs which we had already found, so it seemed as if we could not miss it, but we saw nothing of it, and having got to a part of the valley where the sides were no longer rock, we turned back, much disappointed, and had luncheon on the lower platform of the pyramid tomb. We stayed a long while here. An elderly Arab appeared, and had a long conference with Ibrahim, who told us afterwards he was the Sheikh of the place, and a descendant of the old Abu Zeitin who used to annoy travellers so much. Doubtless he would have liked to hamper us, but it was now too late, we had done nearly everything we wanted. He was quite civil to us, and drew his scimeter to show us, a formidable curved weapon. He had also a pistol. After this Frances took a sketch, sitting under some oleanders near the stream, and I had a rather unsatisfactory foot-bath. The horses were brought to us here, and Ibrahim told us before returning we were to go a little further up the valley. We did, on rather a higher level than we had been before, among some white rocks, and there was the tomb we had searched for so long, Ibrahim had unearthed it in the interval. It was most imposing, a large quadrangle, the two sides colonnades, four columns each side, and the front a low wall, with a gateway flanked by two great masses of rock which a lively imagination might suppose to be lions. We were delighted. Now we retraced our steps through

the Sik, and this time contrived to do it without once getting off. All the accounts say the morning is the best time for going through, but we thought the afternoon light (it was about two o'clock) was still better, the rocks positively glowed, and the colour of the Khuzneh, first seen round a sharp corner of rock, so that it looks as through a crevice, was quite lovely, the very brightest pink. We looked at all its beautiful details for a long time before taking a final leave of it. On the way home we stopped for me to go into a tomb which the others had seen in the morning, with bas reliefs of pyramids on the walls, with a fleur-de-lis at the top of each. Underneath an inscription, quite clear, and traces of others. All about here are tombs with the step-ornament. We were back at the tents about 2.30. A high wind towards evening, and it was rather cold.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27TH. Ninth day in Petra. This morning F. went off again with Ibrahim to draw some particularly fine coloured rocks, M. with her. I again had a little law, which I enjoyed. They were back before nine, and we all started riding in a new direction to explore a rocky staircase about which we have heard a great deal. It was barely ten minutes ride, and then we had a most lovely walk. The staircase was irregular, sometimes quite good steps, and then broken away, and every now and then we came to delightful green platforms with beautiful

views. Nothing particular in the way of tombs, but the rocks twisted in most extraordinary forms. A large opening at one place, through which you had a view of the valley beyond. The rocks here often remind me of Montpellier le Vieux, in les Causses, in France, where I went with Maude in 1892. Of course M. le V. is on a much smaller scale, and the rocks are white, but nothing could be more extraordinary than their shapes. We went up to the top and looked right down upon the theatre. Back to the tents by about eleven. Very hot in the middle of the day and the flies were very troublesome, they prevented one resting with any comfort. We are to leave Petra to-morrow, and the flies and the fleas and above all, the earwigs, soften our regrets. The latter are what I mind most, one was on my pillow last night, two in my bed this morning, and two on my kafiyeh. The fleas do not affect me in the least, but M. and F. spend half their time searching for them. When it was cooler M. and F. started riding with Ibrahim for the gorge where we went on Sunday, with the tomb of fourteen columns inside, etc. Soon afterwards I started with Assad walking, for the castle, which I have already wished to see closely. There was a very nice path at first, and then a little stony descent. I went all round the castle and inside, a square full of débris. A cornice at one corner, and the round ornament (Solomon's seal), in several places. A broken arch at one corner.

A little way off there is an arch, and I believe there are traces of a road between the two. I am sorry I did not go up to the arch, but Assad led the way up the slope again behind the castle, and I did not think of it at the time. These are the only two ruins left to be called buildings, not carved out of the rock. This valley is considered to have been the site of the city proper, it is full of débris. Coming back we passed close by the solitary column. I was glad to go close up to it, and by it is lying another column, just the same, broken into five pieces, you might say divided, not mutilated at all, but cleanly broken. Several other fragments of columns are lying about. Back at the tents before five, the others were not long after me. A lovely evening, beautiful moon. We had tea out of doors, we have had it so two or three evenings. Very sorry to leave Petra, in spite of minor trials, but we really have seen a very great deal. Of course one might go on for weeks making new discoveries. I have always forgotten to mention there are quantities of grape hyacinths here, no anemones. (I found a small purple anemone at the Deir and one other place). I suppose they are over. The great floral feature is the desert flower, there are large bushes of it, quite lovely. Oleanders in masses in places, but not in flower.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28TH. Departure from Petra. Very sorry to leave Petra, but finding three earwigs



from Bideb's
March 28

in my bed last night caused one's feelings to be mixed. It was quite a new sensation to be struggling with one's hold-all again. We started at 7.45. Wind rather high. We passed close by the castle, leaving it to our left, and made first for the tomb with the Sinaitic inscription, approaching it a different way to what we had done before, I rather think we left it by this route. Here Ibrahim took another photo, the last film had been reserved for this. He has already been there by himself, and taken two since the first failures, so it is to be hoped some may be successful. * I had not noticed before that the step-ornament is above this tomb. A very high tomb quite at the top of the rocks was very conspicuous as we approached. Now we were on completely new ground, winding up and down some very rough ascents and descents. The rocks now were beginning to be white, but still there was a wall of red rock to our left, cut up in extraordinary forms. Before us at one time, was a high rock with three holes in it that one saw the sky through, most curious. Though of course not unique like the Sik, this must be a very fine approach to Petra. Soon Mount Hor burst upon us, and when we halted in about two hours and a half, we had a most lovely view of it. Before halting we passed most curious white rounded rocks. It was a most delightful halt-

* (They were enlarged later on, but the inscription was illegible. M.L.H.)

ing-place by a pool, a spring bubbling into it, gigantic maiden-hair growing in it. The afternoon ride began with a succession of hollows, a very good path, and then we got upon the Roman road near the point where we first caught sight of Mount Hor on our way to Petra, and here we took leave of it. We also took leave of Issa, our nice Bedouin boy, who has acted as our guide all about Petra. He was most intelligent and knew where everything was. A testimonial was written for him at the halting place, that he might show it to any future travellers. We now diverged from our former route, and came to a beautiful green valley full of flocks and herds—cows—donkeys—sheep—goats. About here we met a Turkish official, and Ibrahim told us afterwards he was driving the goats away to tax them, I cannot think where he could be driving them to, as he was going in the direction of Petra. Ibrahim says the Bedouins are very badly treated by the Government, they seem completely cowed. Now we came to a large Bedouin encampment, black tents, very low, they made me rather shudder to think of the inside. Women and children, lambs and kids, gathered together outside, I should have liked to stop and look. Our own tents were just round the corner of the hill, a lovely camp, smooth green grass sloping down to the stream, quite level where the tents are. F. instantly went to draw the encampment, M. soon followed her, and I thought of doing so, but having tidied and put on other shoes,

was too lazy. I could see some of the tents by going only a little way. It was very hot. This evening we discussed our return route. We have often done so, and it always resolves itself into any variation being pronounced impossible, because there is no water. Of course we have no means of proving the contrary, so must submit. I must say I should have liked a variety. The Haj route, which is the way all the pilgrims go from Damascus to Mecca, the direct route from Petra to Hebron, have been pronounced impossible, also the route by Engedi and the Dead Sea. It is certain however we must go the same way back as far as Tufileh, so we had resolved not to think of it till then. This evening however, Ibrahim propounded a new route from Tufileh to Hebron. The first day will be rather rough, and we may have to walk about an hour, which we should not mind at all. We all, I especially, caught at the idea, but we are not to build upon it too much, Ibrahim will make more enquires when we get to Tufileh. Nothing can exceed his carefulness, and the beautiful way he manages everything, and sees after everything. It must all be a tremendous weight on his mind, and he will be thankful when he has landed us all safely in Jerusalem. When I said above "no water" I meant only at very long distances apart. We like short days, not only for the fatigue, but we all, especially F., have such a very great deal to do when we get to the camp, and like to have a good long

afternoon. F.'s labour with her drawings is unceasing, and they involve a good deal of arranging and preparation. Also it is now beginning to be really hot, and long days would be very trying. The place where our camp is this evening is called Beir Ellayathneh.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29TH. Beir Ellayathneh to Shobek. Off this morning about seven; rather hot. Left the Bedouin encampment behind us, and began by passing a succession of small hollows, a very good path. Then we came to a valley full of thorn trees, which I remembered very well passing through, the day we left Shobek, March 18th. A great deal has happened since then. We were then in a state of feverish anxiety, now I shall describe our condition as one of dogged apathy. The trees were then quite bare, now they have a tinge of green, the leaf is something like hawthorn. Also the corn, of which we passed several patches, seemed to me to have made some progress, though there has been no rain. We had an intermediate halt of ten minutes, and halted for luncheon at the end of two-hours-and-a-half. I think we had finished by ten o'clock, very early work, but we were quite ready for it. We slept soundly, it was so hot. We never heard the camp pass. We were off again at 12.30, and went at a good pace all the way, the path was so good, and to our amusement, came upon the tents in little more than half-an-hour, pitched on almost exactly the

same ground as when we were at Shobek before (March 16-18), only rather nearer the stream. After tea, which we had almost immediately, soon after one o'clock, M. and F. started with Ibrahim for the castle, which F. had not seen when she was here before. They were actually going to walk in the hottest part of the day, but I, who had a lively recollection of the pull-up when it was quite cool, suggested they should ride, which they did, and I think F. was truly thankful. I had a very pleasant afternoon reading, writing, and Patience, and quite meant to go and meet them about five, when it was cooler, but they appeared before I could have believed it possible, having seen everything, and F. had taken a sketch on the return journey. Ibrahim now told me he had seen a very good place for a foot-bath in the stream, so I went, attended by Assad, with a camp-stool and a towel. The stool was put in the middle of the stream, and I had a truly heavenly bath. There was not a scrap of cover or I might have bathed altogether. It was very unfortunate the stream being turned off at Petra, or I could have bathed almost every day. A lovely moon to-night. We are now beginning to turn our minds to home affairs. It is so extraordinary that we have no idea what has happened, public or private, since February 20th. The last card I had from Maude was dated Ash Wednesday, and the last English Newspaper we saw was also February 20th. I trust no great disaster has happened.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30TH. Shobek to Ayoun Sheladat. Off at 6.45, very hot. Very good path, almost flat. Valley with hills beyond to our left. Looking back a fine view of the castle of Shobek on a hill. When we first started we went along a green defile, a stream through the middle, which I remember very well, then we crossed some patches of corn. Then level plain for miles, and we had some delightful canters. We came upon the telegraph again. We saw in the distance what looked like a pyramid on the level plain, it was a heap of telegraph poles arranged like a tent. We had luncheon there on our way to Petra, March 16th. We cantered up to it, and halted for ten minutes, then went on another hour before halting for luncheon. We were not to have a long halt to-day, but to follow close upon the camp. Tomorrow, being Sunday, we rest, so that we shall have two nights in this next camp. Ibrahim wished to be sure it was pitched in a good place. As soon as the camp had passed accordingly, we packed up and soon overtook them. It is very interesting watching the camp. There have been disputes lately between Jussuf the waiter, and Selim the cook, which should ride Nathan, the horse M. began with. They have been put an end to by F. riding Nathan the last two days. She likes him very much and intends to keep to him. M. rides Robin the chestnut, and the poor little dun has returned to the camp. I forget who was riding him to-day, but he had to carry luggage

as well. We were now crossing some of the same ground we traversed the day we lost our way, March 15th. All went right to-day. We had suddenly on coming to a rising ground, a lovely and extensive view, a distant valley and mountains beyond. It must have been the country at the southern end of the Dead Sea. A terrace path above a valley with some fine rocks. Then we came to our camping-ground in an-hour-and-a-half, a green plain with a stream, a gently rising ground all round. Some Bedouins were drumming loudly, we thought they must be soldiers, but Ibrahim said it was because the Bairam feast began to-day. It was—

Last night set Ramayani's Sun,
To-day the Bairam feast begun.

Just one o'clock and very hot. I sat watching the tent put up, which seem to me to be accomplished wonderfully quickly. Ibrahim said they were slow. Ibrahim employed himself vigorously with a pickaxe, grubbing up little thorny bushes in the area of the tents, and picking up the stones so as to make a smooth path for us, there really never was anything like his consideration. After tea, which we had about two, F. had a review of her sketches, in which Ibrahim and I were allowed to take part. I am of course a partial judge, but they seem to me lovely. We were afterwards very comfortable, she drawing and I playing Patience, too hot to write, when we heard drumming close to, the Bedouins,

some women among them, were going through a sort of performance, singing and playing on a sort of castanets and pipes as weird as the drums, and then one of the women began to dance, hopping slowly from one foot to the other, waving a red handkerchief in each hand. She had on a very long striped reddish garment. Then a man danced too, rather more vigorously, bounding occasionally into the air, a sort of depressed tarantella. The woman, when she had done, swathed herself in a most effective scarlet cloak. F. began to draw them, but they wanted to go before she had finished. Ibrahim said afterwards they were not regular Bedouins, but gypsies. About four I went to bathe in the stream, I had looked at it myself and thought there was not enough water, but Ibrahim had contrived to deepen it in one place, and arranged the luncheon tent and a stool inside. It was rather difficult to find a coign of vantage to lay my clothes on, and my stockings rolled into the water. I had a most refreshing bath though not equal to my others. It was a square basin between large stones, not space to lie down, also too sandy. After being so very hot all day the evening was quite cold. I began with the single tent this evening, a great luxury.

PALM SUNDAY, MARCH 31ST. Camp at Ayoun Sheladat. A day of thorough rest and no sight incumbent on us to go and see. I indulged freely this morning

in my own tent and was not dressed till nearly nine. All the tents were decked with bushes in honour of Palm Sunday. Glasses of flowers on the table, principally red ranunculi, forget-me-not and a sort of buttercup. Also our little writing table outside with a white cloth, a glass of flowers, and green sprays about, it looked like an altar. Two piles were in the middle of the area, large bushes tied on them with white handkerchiefs, one surmounted by the Union Jack, the other by the Turkish flag. The Union Jack with the Queen in the middle always flies over the dining tent. I enjoyed the day very much. We prowled about, but though the slopes looked tempting it was not pleasant walking, covered with little prickly bushes. M. found some forget-me-not under a large stone. I never saw it in these parts before. Yesterday there were masses of pink cistus. I also forgot to mention yesterday that Ibrahim found some shells for Maude. After tea F. read aloud to Ibrahim the first volume of this journal, she began it yesterday. I feel quite flattered. In the evening she read to the men parts of St. Luke xviii. and xix., the arrival at Jericho and entry into Jerusalem, suitable for Palm Sunday. By a most curious coincidence we pass Bozrah to-morrow, when the Epistle for the day will be Isaiah lxiii. Later on in the evening a hyena was seen near the stream, and caused great excitement. One of the escort thought it was a Ghoul, and came back very frightened.

Ibrahim saw it, and said it looked like a bull. Several of the men went after it but nothing more was seen of it. It had not been hot all day, and the evening was so very cold we had the stove brought into the dining tent, and later on into my tent.

MONDAY, APRIL 1ST. MONDAY IN PASSION WEEK. Ayoun Sheladat to Tufileh. A bitterly cold night, I never was warm in spite of the stove, it is very odd these sudden changes. We started at 6.45 quite thankful for the hot sun. Long descent, but not steep, into a succession of pretty green valleys. View to the left of country beyond the Dead Sea. In fifty minutes came to the stream where we lost our way. Our camp, that evening, was very near the one we left this morning, but instead of 50 minutes, we were five hours getting there. That was March 15th. In another half-hour we came to a building with a heap of wood near it, and F. had an impression of having seen from here a very good view of the Dead Sea, and wished to draw it. The view was not as good to-day, rather hazy, still she made a very pretty sketch. I found the building was a waly, or tomb. I had thought it was a house. I went in, and found the usual shaped tomb, with a fez at each end, and these were tied by a green ribbon, showing the deceased had been to Mecca. Then we went on, and soon came in sight of Bozrah, on a hill across a ravine. M. had hankered dreadfully after going to

it, I should have liked too very much, but it would have involved a long *détour*, and we were anxious to get early to Tufileh, that Ibrahim might arrange with the Governor about the return route by Hebron. We went on some way further, Ibrahim, F. and I were in front, we had just got to a point where there was a still better view of Bozrah, when we heard a commotion behind. Ibrahim went back, then returned to us and told us M. was, after all, going to Bozrah with the escort. I must say I longed to go too, it really did seem almost incumbent on me, the very day, the Monday before Easter. However, I did not, and I daresay I shall regret it all my life, such a combination can never come again. We had a lovely view of it from where we were, we knew there were no ruins, and I thought it was perhaps more interesting at a distance. Poor Ibrahim was quite distracted, he said she would be quite four hours away, and he was very doubtful whether he ought not to have gone with her himself. We discussed what had best be done, it was finally decided that Ibrahim should ride on at once to Tufileh, from which we were about an hour distant, and that F. and I should remain where we were with Assad, and Mohammed, and the luncheon tent, to wait for M. The camp came up just then, and he made Abdurrahman, one of the escort, stay with us as well, so that we were thoroughly protected. We rather enjoyed ourselves. F. was very glad to have time to sketch

Bozrah, she had been longing to do it, but did not like to suggest stopping. About 11.30 we had luncheon, we could not wait any longer for M. We went up various little hills to have views of the road, we thought it possible she might come back another way, by a valley that seemed to lead direct from Bozrah, and strike the road nearer Tufileh than where we were. At last, after one o'clock, very nearly four hours as Ibrahim had said, M. was descried walking along the road we had come, the escort riding behind her, and leading Robin. We wondered what had happened. She appeared at last, and we plied her with food and drink before asking any questions. Her saddle had twisted which was the reason she was walking. They had actually had to go back as far as the stream where they lunched the day we were lost. Then they rounded the gorge, and got to Bozrah in about two hours. It seems to have been a picturesque little village with a fort, and quantities of camels about. We have only seen one camel since we crossed the Jordan. I think it was at Rabbath Moab, it is too hilly for them about here. They came back the same way. M. had been walking for about an hour, she thought, and felt the heat a good deal. We had not been at all hot doing nothing. However she was quite ready to start about two o'clock, and we arrived safely at Tufileh about 3.30. I did not in the least remember this last part of the road. A long defile through white rocks,

and then a very steep, rough descent. At the bottom some fruit-trees, I think peach and fig, not olives. From our camp, on a very nice piece of open ground this side of the town, it does not look as picturesque as it did from the other, but there was a lovely view of the Dead Sea, and mountains beyond, from a little way above our camp. Ibrahim was all ready to receive us, he said he should have made us walk the descent if he had been there. I am sorry to say his interview with the Governor was not satisfactory, the road to Hebron is pronounced unsafe, so as it would be ridiculous to run any risk we are to return by the same route. Rather disheartening, but I am now quite resigned, I have expected it from the beginning. My one consolation is that I hope we shall camp in the valley of the Arnon, that I may bathe in it. A lovely sunset to-night, the first we have seen for ages. At Petra the sun disappeared behind rocks early in the afternoons, and we never knew where it set. After dinner Ibrahim brought the Governor in to see us, he had had him to dine with him. The Governor was a very nice man, older than the one at Shobek, and quite at his ease. He talked away and Ibrahim translated. Two hundred soldiers are going by Hebron to Jerusalem to keep order at Easter, and they are rather afraid of going that route. We did not dispute the point. He had been quite uneasy about us, could not think what we were doing so long in Petra, and if anything

had happened to us he would have been responsible. We are known all over the neighbourhood as three English spinsters gone to Petra. He comes from Roumelia. He had had coffee with Ibrahim, so we offered him tea, which he liked very much, and said he had tea every day, he has a samovar. He wrote his name in Arabic characters in M.'s journal, also in mine. He found it very difficult to write with our pens, it appears Arabic is always written with a reed pen. Very cold again to-night, but not as bad as yesterday.

APRIL 2ND. TUESDAY IN PASSION WEEK. We started at 6.15 this morning. Ibrahim's friend from Jaffa was there to take leave of him. He is one of the 200 soldiers going to Jerusalem to keep order among the different Christian churches (it is rather disgraceful), at Easter. We passed through the town, and then by the site of our former camp. Past the olive-trees, down to the stream, up the other side of the ravine, the same way by which we approached Tufileh on March 14th. I remembered every step of the way, and yet I could not recollect the way by which we approached Tufileh yesterday. Afterwards undulating plain, patches of corn, in one part masses of red ranunculus and pink cistus, they looked so pretty together. Saw the Wady el Hessay (the valley between Edom and Moab) before us, and in two hours began the descent into it. Steep pieces

of descent were very bad, alternating with flat bits across hollows, or round shoulders, several times. Some very fine rocks at one place, full of caves and holes, reminded us of Petra. At the top of the last descent is a Turkish hut, solidly built of stone, for the Turkish employés. A very smart soldier had ridden the same way with us, Ibrahim said he was the postman. He stopped here. All below are quantities of little pyramids of stone, very like the Bedouin cemeteries in the desert, I believe it is a cemetery. We had now only half-an-hour's further descent into the valley, quite a broad stream through it, quantities of oleanders in flower, they looked lovely. We crossed the stream, and camped for luncheon on the other side. It was just eleven and we halted till two, and had a most delightful time. It was so interesting seeing the animals drinking, we all had foot-baths. I sat on a camp-stool in a deep part, it was delightful. Then we had quite a new amusement, looking for fish. Ibrahim had great work at first to make us see them, but at last a deep pool was found where it was impossible to miss them, quite large ones rushing about, coming from under the rushes and the stones. Beautiful dragon-flies hovering about. The camp passed us, and all the mules and donkeys had a drink. When they had had a good start we proceeded to mount the other side. I had an impression of such a very difficult descent, March 14th. M. and I walked nearly all

the way. It seemed nothing at all to-day. The first part was certainly rather steep and rough, but nothing to mind about, and then we had a long piece of undulating ground, an excellent path. I felt quite sure we must be going a different way, but Ibrahim said not. Then we had to mount again, and just at rather a critical part encountered quite a cavalcade coming down. I just had a glimpse of a very nice little child behind the first person, and then had to turn hurriedly up a steep bank after the escort, and stand with my back to them till they had passed. Ibrahim said it was a soldier and his harem, I should have liked to have seen them. When we got to the top we had just half-an-hour further to our camp, perched on the same ledge of rock where we were March 13th. This time there were some additional visitors, innumerable young locusts, the stones were covered with them hopping about. As the tents were not ready I went to look at the well. An Arab was giving his cows drink in one of the stone basins. I watched him lower his skin into the well, then carefully twist up its neck like a bag, and carry it to the stone basin. It seemed rather hopeless work, one cow sucked it up directly. I wished he could have had a good bucket. Our men have square tins like petroleum jars which get on rather more quickly. (I remember one driver from Cattaro to Cettigne last year had one just the same). When I got back to the tents the locusts had all disappeared. Jussuf

said they did not like Christians. I was very glad, and wished moths, flies and earwigs, had the same antipathy. Not quite so cold to-night. Moon nearly full. Beautiful view into Wady el Hesely.

APRIL 3RD. WEDNESDAY IN PASSION WEEK. Ain Ferkal to Kerak. Last night I wrote a note to Dr. Johnson, at Kerak, inviting him to dine with us to-day, something was said about it when we were there before. The camp is to deliver it, as they will be there before we shall. We started at seven, descended from our perch into the valley, and in half-an-hour were on the level plain leading to Kerak. We did not pass the Mosque and Jaffar's tomb this time, we kept more to the right, and saw it in the distance. Larks and plovers again, I remembered them before. We had some good gallops, delightful. We halted for ten minutes by a ruin with an arch, Ibrahim said it was a ruined khan. After that we had some broken ground, and soon saw Kerak in the distance. We entered the ravine leading to it, and soon saw it in full view before us. When we got to a point which F. considered suitable we halted for her to draw it. It was a lovely view, the castle at one end. Higher up the hill one saw more, some separated bastions and a round tower, but F. thought the view from the path better. The luncheon tent was put up, and we had a very comfortable halt, it was 10.15. When the camp passed, Ibrahim went

on with it, to be sure they pitched it in a good place. He came back about one, bringing with him a note from Dr. Johnson, accepting our invitation to dinner. We at once invited Ibrahim to join us, we thought another man would be an improvement. It was about half-an-hour's ride to the camp across the ravine, and up the steep stony path. They are taking the opportunity to have all the horses and mules shod at Kerak, we saw some of them standing at the smithy as we passed. Boutros had already been done. We found the camp in a beautiful situation, just outside the town, close to one of the bastions we had seen from below. A beautiful view of the Dead Sea, we could see it from the dining tent. The wind had rather got up, it seems always windy at Kerak, but nothing like last time. We were greeted by Suleiman's father, who had gone with us for a few days as guide, when we first left Kerak, and by another inhabitant of Kerak, who, I think, had gone about with us. It was quite odd to see them so orderly and civil, and in former times travellers seem to have had such difficulties here. I forgot to say, as we were approaching Kerak we overtook two Bedouins, with spears, very picturesque, riding behind a Turkish officer. We had gone to a lower path to get out of their way, and I was so occupied looking at the spears I quite forgot about mares, till Boutros began frantically to scramble up the bank. Mohammed rushed to the rescue, and he was soon

reduced to order. In the afternoon, we had a visit from a Syrian clergyman and his daughter, a very nice girl, looking quite English. I asked her if she could speak Arabic, and her father said it was her native language. She had been at an English school near Jerusalem, and could speak English quite well. M. Dronischky was formerly chaplain at Lydda. M. and F. had seen him there some years ago, he is a clergyman of the Church of England, but though quite elderly, he had only just been ordained priest by Bishop Blythe, of Jerusalem. He was away at Haifa for the purpose when we were here before. He has a daughter married there, and four grandchildren, whom he then saw for the first time. He has only been here nine months, and knows very little of the neighbourhood, he asked M. a good many questions about Bozrah, he is anxious to go there. We received them in the dining tent, the table laid for dinner, and beautifully decorated with oleanders, procured for Dr. Johnson. We felt very guilty, but it was manifestly impossible to invite them, they had coffee. We thought they would never go, and when they at last did, and we had retired to our tents to get ready, we still heard him talking outside, and found afterwards he had come upon F. drawing, and Ibrahim had exhibited her sketches of Petra to him and some Turkish officers. Dr. Johnson arrived punctually at 6.30, accompanied by a very nice dog called Lulu, not the Constantinople one. It soon

went home of its own accord. He told us many interesting things about his work. He takes a tent when he goes about with Mrs. Johnson and the children, but always sleeps out in a sheepskin coat when alone. He thinks a wife and children a great help to a missionary, brings them more in sympathy with the people, I could quite fancy they did. The Petra drawings were exhibited. Dr. Johnson is going to Tufileh next week on a medical missionary round, and the Syrian chaplain is going with him. Salem, our cook, has suffered a great deal from toothache this journey, and this afternoon he went to Dr. Johnson, and had the tooth taken out. He was still feeling a good deal of pain, and Dr. Johnson went to see him before leaving, and recommended some hot brandy and water to make him sleep. If he is not better to-morrow we may have to stay here. He had given us an excellent dinner in the midst of it all. We have rather a long day before us to get to the valley of the Arnon to camp there for Good Friday, and are to start at six as at present arranged.

APRIL 4TH. THURSDAY IN PASSION WEEK.
Kerak to Rabbath Moab and Arnon Valley. I was called at five, but then heard M. colloquing with Ibrahim, arranging only to have a short day, as far as Rabbath Moab, stay there for Good Friday, and then get to the Arnon Valley for Easter Sunday. I

also heard something about 7.30, so thought there was no hurry and indulged a little. This was for the sake of Salem. After all we got off at 6.45. We met Dr. Johnson on our way, looking very spruce, with his two dogs. He gave F. some newspapers and a stone from Petra. I forgot to say he told us last night he had seen a paper of March 9th, and that Lord Kitchener was negotiating with Botha. I trust it is true. Rough descent into the ravine and ascent out of it, a most picturesque view of Kerak, looking back. I like it better than the one from the other side. A level plain all the rest of the way to Rabbath Moab, larks singing the whole time. We were there in two-hours-and-a-half. We soon heard we could not stay here over Good Friday, there is not water enough. There is nothing for it but to go on to the Arnon. However we had to wait for the camp, and as they considered this was to be their limit, they were likely to be rather late. The tent was put up on the summit of a little hill, and F. made a sketch of the ruins, taking in the hill of Sihon, a pointed blue hill which appeared on the verge of the plain, in the direction where we were going. Luncheon, and we were routed up from our sleep very early, to be ready when the camp appeared. Numerous false alarms; Assad mounted upon the pillars to look out for them, just as nimbly as the Arabs did when we were here before, March 11th. At twelve o'clock the camp

appeared, poor Salem was rather scolded for being late. It must have been a great blow to him to find he had still a long afternoon before him. However he seemed much better, he was on the little dun, and rode on cheerfully ahead with us, and got a cigarette from Ibrahim. Very soon we came upon a party of Bedouins with spears, looking most picturesque. I should have liked to stop to look at them, but the horses began to make a rumpus, and we were hurried on, the escort stopping to confer with them. We have since heard from Ibrahim that, but for the escort, they would undoubtedly have stopped us, and robbed us or done some injury. We were so thoroughly unsuspecting, it would have been quite like the tragedy of the Korosko. In three-quarters-of-an-hour we were at Beit-y-Kroum, the large castellated ruin with beautiful pillars lying about which we passed March 11th. We went thoroughly over it then, so did not stop now. We now had a long stretch of plain, much longer than I had fancied it would be, before we got to the brink of the valley of the Arnon. We left the hill of Sihon to our left, passing close by it. We had one good gallop, but the greater part of the way was stony. Towards the end there were several undulations, at the end of each I expected to be at the end of the valley, then I saw just the same expanse stretching before us. We had a halt of ten minutes, and drank a little wine. It was rather hot; the morning

had been quite cold. There was a straight wall of rock before us, the other side of the valley, but it never seemed to get any nearer. At last, to my joy, I saw a stone hut, and remembered we had emerged from the valley close by it. Here we all dismounted, sat in the shade of the hut and had coffee; it was most reviving. The camp came up, and we watched them begin the descent of the zig-zag path. One bit looked quite perpendicular, and I resolved to walk a good piece at first. M. and I started walking, and got over a good piece before F. and Ibrahim and the horses overtook us. It was very stony and rough, but not as steep as I expected. We soon mounted again, and went stumbling down for an hour-and-a-half. It is very odd, but I had an impression of this having been such an easy ascent, I could not believe we had come up all these stony zig-zags. I suppose it was coming after the very rough descent on the other side made it seem comparatively easy. The last part was new; we came down into the valley at quite a different point from where we had started to go up. The river was close up to the rocks; we had to cross at once, the tents being put up at the other side. When we were nearly down, the valley looked quite pink with the masses of oleanders; it was really lovely. It was 5.30, really a very long day. Of course as a rule we get much more done in the morning, but it could not be helped to-day. We

were thankful for tea; we had not expected it after the coffee. The river looked beautiful, rushing along among the oleanders; I am looking forward to a bathe to-morrow. I begged Ibrahim to exhort them to look well after the animals, especially the donkeys, it is so likely that hyenas and leopards will come to drink. Dr. Johnson told us hyenas always attack donkeys, and they never resist; the hyena gnaws them to pieces; horses and mules resist vigorously. Full moon, as light as day.

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 5TH. Valley of the Arnon. Delightfully warm night, never awoke till past seven. The tents are decorated with oleanders and tamarisk, and the flags half mast high. Ibrahim says he always has them half mast high on Good Friday, very nice of him. Soon after ten M. and I bathed in the river. Ibrahim had chosen us a beautiful place, entirely veiled by the oleanders, so that we did not require the tent. It was too delightful, flat stones to walk on, and large blocks that one could lie and lean against. I stayed in quite a long time. F. would not come, she was afraid of frogs, they had croaked loudly all night, but we saw none. The rest of the day was spent in delightful repose, often sitting by the river and watching the fish. F. took a very pretty sketch in the afternoon of the bend of the river where we had bathed. M. and I each had an additional foot-bath.

There are the piers of an old bridge quite near. We went to look at them. F. read aloud to Ibrahim the second volume of this journal. In the evening M. read aloud to the men parts of St. Luke xxiii. and St. John xix. They seem to like it very much. Even the Mahometans come to listen. Before dinner we had an inspection of the animals. All (with the exception of the poor little white donkey, which is lame) are in perfect health. Not one of the mules has a sore back, which we consider most creditable to all concerned. The horses have spent most of the day standing in the river.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6TH. EASTER EVE. Arnon Valley, etc. Started at 6.15. A lovely morning. Before this F. had taken a sketch of the remains of the old bridge. We passed piles of wood lying about, evidently for telegraph poles. We had not seen the telegraph on our onward way till we were nearly at the top on the other side, but now we followed its course, evidently this was the main route out of the Arnon valley. We began to mount almost at once, by a very different sort of path to the breakneck one by which we had come down. This was stony and rough in places but never very bad, and in parts, when we rounded shoulders, it was almost like a driving road. It was most interesting winding about in the recesses of the hills. We were an hour-and-twenty minutes getting to the top. There we all

dismounted for a short halt. There was a lovely little peep of the Dead Sea looking like a little blue tarn, F. took a hasty sketch. While we were there a party of Arabs came up, women and children with them, and a large flock of sheep. We had some talk, of course by signs, we admired the babies, really very nice little things. One man was carrying a child, he put it down, and then proceeded to pull out of the folds of his caftan a little lamb, I should think just born, which he also set down. He was literally carrying it in his bosom. They did not linger long, one woman packed her baby into a bag and slung it on her back. The man packed the lamb into his robe again (it looked so cosy, its little head peeping out), resumed the child, and they started, some riding donkeys, some walking. The sheep were all white with brown heads, in other parts they have been black. Now we had a level plain before us. We soon saw the ruins of Dibon, where the Moabite stone was found, F. took a hasty outline. We went on for about two hours, and had a good long gallop. Boutros was rather lazy to-day, required urging on (not in the gallop, when walking). Now we came to a steep descent into the Wady Waleh where we are to halt. After some little time we had to get off, steep rocky steps, we walked to a level platform, and there halted for luncheon, we had been going about three hours-and-a-half. Poor Ibrahim was quite overcome by sleep, he

owned he had not been to bed for two nights, he had thought the Arnon valley so lonely and unsafe that we might be attacked by Bedouins. I do hope the anxiety of this journey will not make him quite ill. I don't think I have ever mentioned that one of his numerous avocations is stretching the paper on a board for F.'s drawings, it is a most mysterious process, beginning by soaking the paper in water, which sounds odd, but I do not pretend to understand it. A good long halt, and sleep, and luncheon, set him up. We let the camp have a good start, and when we started ourselves heard we should have a very short afternoon. We were not, however, prepared for its extreme shortness, in a quarter-of-an-hour we were at the tents, pitched close to another lovely river. It was not quite one o'clock. Tea, of course, at once. In about an hour we had the luncheon tent put up, and all three had a delightful bathe. Not equal to the Arnon, not so deep, and no large rocks, but most refreshing. I took my stick with me into the water, and then forgot it, and it was washed away by the stream, but Ibrahim fished it up for me, lower down. There is a Turkish fort a little way off, but we have seen no one about.

APRIL 9TH. EASTER DAY. Camp in Wady Waleh. Quite cold yesterday evening, and thunder and rain in the night. This morning it is dull and cloudy, quite a change. About ten o'clock, a very

unexpected event. Dr. Johnson was seen riding down the hill. He came up to our tents, and we invited him to luncheon, but he was in a hurry to get on his way to Salt, near Medeba, having been summoned by telegraph, to see a native doctor who is ill. However, he had some coffee and an egg. He was mounted on a very nice mare, a servant following him on foot. He had slept under some rocks in the Arnon, or, as they call it here, the Mosip valley, last night. He looked at the little white donkey before leaving, and thinks when it gets to Jerusalem, with rest it will come all right. The lameness is from its shoulder. In the meantime, we are arriving two days later at Jerusalem than we might have done, to give it short days. I am forgetting to say the tent decorations were more elaborate than ever this morning, all the tent ropes, as well as the doors, dressed with oleander boughs and flowers. The oleanders here are not nearly so well in flower as those by the Arnon. Our camp is pitched in what was once a cornfield, but is now nothing but trodden powdered straw. It is very odd, so close to the river, when we have passed quantities of corn quite away from the water, looking quite healthy. Even higher up the hill, where there is a little cemetery, there is a patch quite green. It was much too cold to think of bathing to-day. In the afternoon we strolled along the river to a water mill. We walked over a tract of white rocks, quite a little

Steinerne Meer. There were some other very curious rocks, like low walls. A little way up the hill, the opposite side of the river to where we are we saw some tents, we were rather amused to hear they were shops. Their wares seem to be mainly provisions. We have bought rice and eggs from them. F. sketched them. While she was doing it an Arab woman came and sat near us with a baby nearly a year old, really rather a nice one. She put it sitting on her back, its feet hanging in front of her neck. I just touched one of its feet, and it instantly began to howl. I am really quite justified in disliking babies, they all detest me. A very nice little boy came up dressed in red, very smart boots instead of bare feet. He was the baby's brother (it was a girl), and tried very nicely to console it, but it would not be pacified, so I went away. I forgot to mention that this river is full of little black shells like those at Callirhoe (March 8th). I got a quantity for Maude yesterday. Later on I had a foot-bath sitting on a chair by the stream. Assad brought me a cup of coffee there. In the evening M. read to the men St. John xx.

MONDAY, APRIL 8TH. Wady Waleh to Medeba. Started at eight, crossed the river, and began to mount at once round shoulders. Got up to the Roman road which I forgot to mention we traversed the greater part of Saturday. We have

gone along it at intervals the whole way to Petra. Traces of pavement are plainly to be seen at places. I rode Nathan to-day; Frances, Daoud; and Ibrahim Boutros. I liked Nathan very much. He is an excellent walker, and requires no urging on, but when it came to a gallop I found him very inferior to Boutros, who gallops most smoothly, and one does not think about his leg. Nathan canters and shakes one awfully, always with the wrong leg. Daoud is always doing something odd, and neither M. nor I can bear to see F. riding him; he was the horse who caused the accident. We met two camels to-day, quite a rare sight. Passed a great deal of corn, looking very healthy. Just as we halted for luncheon we saw two or three large birds looking like herons among the corn. We heard afterwards they were cranes, and that they eat quantities of beasts. We had about three hours' ride before luncheon. Medeba was then well in sight. F. employed the time of rest in drawing a portrait of Abd-el-Rahman, our escort, who belongs to Medeba, and has been with us ever since we left it, March 7th. It is considered a great success. His brown mare is standing by him, and its head and fore part of its body came into the picture. Only half-an-hour's ride on to Medeba. Our camp was in quite a different place from what it was before, quite outside the town, and in a sheltered hollow, which was fortunate, for the wind had now got up, and it was

very cold; indeed it had been cold all day. Not however such a gale as it was the last time we were here. M. at once wrote a note to the Italian priest asking him to dine. He would not come the last time because it was Lent. This time he accepted. Ibrahim joined us, and we had a very pleasant dinner. The conversation was carried on, on our part, in very halting Italian, varied by intervals of Arabic between the priest and Ibrahim. The priest is such a very nice man. He admires the Arabic Bible so much. He says all the Eastern imagery sounds so different in an Eastern language, and all the maledictions in the Psalms seem quite natural. He was most interested in our adventures, the drawings and coins were all exhibited, and he was quite appreciative. We really do seem to have been most fortunate. The priest was very full of a story of a German savant, who was in Petra last year with an escort. His escort was set upon and maltreated by Bedouins, and they had all to take to flight. Ibrahim has seen the Governor here, who is horror-stricken to hear we have been up Mount Hor, and very angry with Abd-el-Rahman for having allowed it. He will not allow him to go any further with us. We are very sorry, we all like him very much, and had hoped to have him till Jerusalem. As it happens, he did not go up Mount Hor with us; he had gone that day with Jussuf to Maan. We none of us see what business it is of the Governor of

Medeba, as the Governors of Kerak and Tufleah make no objection. We think, however, it is most lucky we did not persevere in trying to get into the Mosque, or difficulties might have been made. We are sure the reason we have done so well is Ibrahim's wonderful management of the Bedouins. He is very firm with them, and yet friendly and conciliatory, and he feeds those who act as guides very well. We certainly are very much indebted to him. The priest says the want of water at Medeba now is dreadful; they have not enough to drink. There has been no rain since we were here last, March 6th. There was a little that night. He is very anxious to have an Artesian well made. To-morrow he expects a party of ten young students from Ratisbon. I suppose they are intended for the priesthood. A very cold night.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9TH. Medeba to El Mashra. Very cold and windy this morning, looked very like rain. It would be very inconvenient to us, but for the sake of the poor people here one would not regret it. We took leave of poor Abd-el-Rahman. I hope they will not take all his earnings from him. Ibrahim was guide and escort this morning, and in addition to us, he had under his care a flock of sheep, which are to keep with us till the Jordan is passed. We went by the Greek Church, and for the first half-hour the road was quite level. After that it was a

succession of ascents and descents, very stony and rough. It is very odd, I had quite a different impression of this road, I thought it was nearly all level, and that we should have some good canters, we had not one. We passed a Waly, or tomb, of which I had no recollection. Ibrahim says we halted there some little time. I was glad to see Nebo again, the views of the Dead Sea were rather cloudy. We halted for ten minutes, and in a quarter-of-an-hour after, to our astonishment, made our regular halt for luncheon, which seemed rather odd, but I think Ibrahim was tempted by the unwonted sight of a tree. We found several new flowers about here, among others a yellow thistle, quite small, which I never saw before. Anemones and ranunculuses are long over, poppies often brighten the scene. While we were here, the ten students from Ratisbon passed on their way to Medeba, some riding donkeys, some walking, all swathed in white meshliks (those long white cloaks which Ibrahim wanted us to buy at Jaffa. The other two resisted, but I got one, which has been very much in my way ever since). I should think they must have been very inconvenient for walking. They had started from Jericho this morning. We are making two days of it, but could easily have done it in one. The afternoon ride was only an hour-and-a-half, but all very rough, a steep descent, and at the end the little stony pass by which we left our first camp this side Jordan, and by which

I went to Nebo and returned from it, so that this was the fourth time I crossed it. Our camp was in exactly the same spot as when we were here before, then all was fresh and green, now it is a burnt up waste. All the flock of sheep we were protecting were lying about, they would not get much to eat, poor things, but there was plenty of water. After tea, I went to bathe. I walked through all the sheep which looked so pretty and comfortable, lying in heaps one upon the other. I had not nearly as nice a bathe as I had before, the shepherds, etc. being about, it was not so private, though Assad did remove them, and it was sandy instead of clean stones, and a large black spider walked over my leg. When I lay down my hair caught in some thorns, and I thought I should have to call Assad to the rescue, but managed to extricate myself. When I went back, I found Assad had removed, not only the shepherds, but the poor sheep, who might have been allowed to look at me, I was so sorry they had been disturbed. This camping place is called El Mashra.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10TH. El Mashra to Elisha's Fountain. A great hurry this morning. I could not think why. They began pulling the tent down while I was still packing, and in my hurry I packed up the jacket I wear by mistake in my hold-all, when I wanted it it could not be found, and had to be hunted for. Quite an illustration of more haste

makes worse speed. Ibrahim was very much offended with me, but I did not mind. After all we were off at seven. We crossed the stream, all very stony and burnt up. The sheep had started before us, in an hour we came upon them, as there was corn (barley, quite in the ear) on both sides we could not get past them, so we got off for ten minutes to give them a start. Off again, and soon we had a gallop in the course of which we passed *our* sheep and some others besides. We passed the scene of the disaster, how different all would have been if that had not happened, it took all the spirit out of the first part. As we approached the Jordan verdure began to appear, and round white hills to our right, like those at the other side. Quite large trees at the end. I remembered them very well. We were at the bridge at 9.30. It had been settled we were to camp at the bridge, go from there to the Dead Sea to-morrow, and from there to camp at Elisha's fountain. We had looked so repeatedly down on the Dead Sea, and all the time been within four hours of it, that it seemed futile not to have been right up to it, especially for me, the others had been up to it some years ago. There had been a few drops of rain, and, in consequence, Ibrahim thought it better to alter the programme and go on to the Dead Sea to-day, and camp at Elisha's fountain, close to Jericho, to-night. I thought it a very good plan, it got us to Jerusalem a day sooner, and 9.30 seemed very early to settle down

for the day. M. was not so pleased with the change, but was resigned. F. decided to go on with the camp at once to Elisha's fountain, and not make the *détour* by the Dead Sea, involving about two hours extra riding. I proceeded at once to bathe in the Jordan, my ardent wish. The banks were very steep here, but at one place there was a little ledge. I improvised a bathing dress, and Ibrahim had brought me an empty St. Galmier bottle, which I filled myself and shall take home. It was deep close to the bank, and the current very strong. I discovered some shells, quite a new kind, while I was dressing, and collected them with difficulty. Then I scrambled up, and found luncheon ready. By eleven o'clock we were ready to start, and M. and I set out with Ibrahim, (followed by Mohammed on the little dun), for the Dead Sea, a two hours' ride. F. was left in charge of Salem, the cook, and Assad, the lunch-waiter, they were to follow the camp at their own time. F. had taken a very pretty sketch of the wooden bridge. It is a covered bridge with lattice work sides. We crossed it, there is a gate at the other end which is kept locked. All the sheep and goats have to be paid for, as well as human beings, and horses, it must be expensive with a large flock. Our sheep had been camped near us, and some goats as well, I forget whether they had crossed. Our way at first lay among white rocks, very curiously shaped, some like buildings. Then came some open ground where we

had a good gallop. Then we got into quite a thicket of low shrubs, and had some difficulty in forcing our way through, I had not expected that sort of thing near the Dead Sea. We saw a large building, which Ibrahim said was a Greek monastery. Some of the shrubs had a large black berry, and others a lilac flower. In places the ground was quite red with a sort of *semper-vivum*. At last we emerged on the open shore, and here, almost immediately, Ibrahim leading the way, got into a sort of quicksand, and it really was dreadful to see his horse's struggles before they got out. Boutros got his hind legs in, and was extricated by Mohammed with some difficulty. We got another way round, and very soon came upon the regular track from Jericho, and had a famous gallop up to the very brink on good hard sands. The shores were shingle, and to my great astonishment great waves were dashing upon them, I had somehow pictured the Dead Sea perfectly smooth. A sort of framework of a pavilion was on the shore. Ibrahim charged us to make haste, and he and Mohammed, and the horses withdrew. M. and I undressed as expeditiously as we could, the wind, very high, blowing everything about. I went in, and got about up to my knees, and was knocked down by a wave. I could not have believed anything so strong. Then I knelt down, and the waves dashed all over me, carrying me to the shore. As to making experiments of floating, etc., it was out of the

question. We had soon had enough, but felt much refreshed by it. Dressing was most difficult, everything blowing about. It was about a quarter to two when we started on our return ride. The ride there had taken two hours and ten minutes, we were at Elisha's fountain in an hour and forty minutes, galloping most of the way. There is quite a good driving road all the way from Jericho. First, a piece across the sands, then by some white rocks, then a good level road. Towards the end we left it for some short cuts, and finally scrambled up a little precipice which landed us just behind the house of Zaccheus, and we emerged on the plain where our first camp was. Then through the town past the Jordan Hotel, quantities of carriages about, quite a novel sight. At the corner of the road leading to Elisha's fountain Ibrahim stopped, and had some oleanders and begonias gathered to decorate our horses' heads. Two other sets of tents were in view besides our own, so now Ibrahim calling out "Hader," and waving his gun, we galloped up in style. F. was busy sketching the camp, it was just 3.30 when we arrived. Very soon five or six large carriages drove up to Elisha's fountain, laden with visitors. We heard them singing, but only saw one or two straying about. We saw nothing of the people in the other tents. We are very sorry that this is our last evening in camp. After dinner, the muleteers gave us a little entertainment, very much in the style

of Good Friday mummers in former times, tumbling about and knocking each other down.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11TH. Elisha's fountain to Jerusalem. I strolled off to look at the fountain before we started. Last night it seemed touching us, but the tents having been taken down I was desorientée, and started in the wrong direction. I soon discovered I was wrong, and came back, but in the meantime I had dropped my kafiyeh, which I was carrying in my hand, and though Ibrahim and all the camp hunted for it, it was never found. Of course someone belonging to one of the other sets of tents had picked it up. We all went and had a look at Elisha's fountain; it was looking beautifully clear. We started at seven for our last ride. We were to go through the gorge of the brook Cherith, emerge in the Jerusalem road, and be met by a carriage at the Khan of the Good Samaritan, as we thought the whole ride on a hard high road would be dreary. We rode across the stony plain, right up to the range of rocks of which the Quarantana mountain is one peak, saw the house of Rahab perched on the top of a hill, got among the rocks, and very soon all had to get off and scramble up a very steep path. At the top were some cows. We had previously seen some grazing, apparently quite contentedly, among the stones below, not a blade of anything green to be seen. Here there was a little

herbage. I hoped the other poor cows were coming up. Now we mounted again, and wound round a most splendid gorge on an excellent terrace path. The brook Cherith was at a tremendous depth below fringed with green. I could not see the water, but heard it quite rushing. The rocks were as fine as any in Petra, except in the matter of colour, and full of caves and fissures. In two places little chapels were built in the rock. At the end of the gorge we came suddenly upon a monastery built close up to the rock, quite a little Sinai, little patches of cultivated ground and trees attached to it. There were a good many cypresses. F. sketched it, and then we went up to it. We were shown the church, with frescoes of the nativity, crucifixion, etc., and the four Evangelists, and then we went up some flights of steps to see Elijah's cave. There was a balcony with a good view of the gorge. I had been told we should see tame red and yellow birds, but none appeared. We saw a bucket of water drawn up from the brook Cherith by a wheel with a windlass, and drank some. Then the monks offered us some refreshment, glasses of a sort of liqueur, and a sweet-meat like rahatlacoum, very good. Now we took leave, found our horses at the bridge across the gorge, went up the other side, not nearly so long, and soon emerged on the high road. It was rather more than an hour's ride to the Good Samaritan inn. Just before getting there the ruins of the old Khan appear

on a hill. This was the end of our delightful tour. We were indeed sorry to take leave of Boutros, Robin, and them all. We had had some good gallops. They did not seem to mind the hard road, and we met two sets of about half-a-dozen large carriages, three horses to each, which unaccustomed sight did not disturb them in the least. We lunched at the Good Samaritan, and at twelve o'clock started in the carriage for Jerusalem. We halted at the inn of the Apostles' fountain (Enrogel) and had some coffee which refreshed us, it was very hot. We got out and walked round the fountain, a little building, a pool on one side, water dropping from a pipe under a recess into a trough. We passed Bethany, most picturesque and interesting, and almost immediately came in sight of Jerusalem, the Mosque of Omar (where the Temple was) and the Golden Gate full in view. Some suppose this to be the place where our Lord wept over Jerusalem, but I infinitely prefer the point on the Mount of Olives. Now the road passes close round the walls where they turn a sharp corner, Jerusalem here really does look like a city compact together, no suburbs of any kind. We passed the first new gate and the beautiful Damascus gate, and then suburbs begin, quantities of new houses, and the Jaffa road is really terrible. We were at the Grand New Hotel by two o'clock. Very kindly received by all the hotel authorities, Dr. and Mrs. Merrill and another lady, who I afterwards discovered

to be Miss Arnott of Jaffa. I felt to remember her quite well, but could not recall at the moment who it was. We found quite a budget of letters, and the rest of the afternoon was entirely taken up with reading them. I was rather disappointed that my latest from Maude was dated March 18th. Rather glad to get the luggage left behind, and to put on some different clothes. We were given the same rooms we had here before starting.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12TH. Jerusalem. I took my time this morning, and did not have breakfast till past nine. M. and F. were both gone to church, not back for some time. Later on F. and I went to Boulos, a shop quite near, and made some purchases. I got a large rug and some other things of a soft nature, no wood. In the afternoon we all went to the photographer, who is developing M's kodaks, and then we had a carriage and drove over Scopas, the hill by which the crusaders approached Jerusalem, and from which they get their first view.

Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede.

Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,

Ecco da mille voci unitamente

Gerusalemme salutar si sente.

It is separated by a narrow valley from the Mount of Olives; the view is not nearly as good as the one approaching from Bethany or from Hebron, but it is satisfactory to think that, except for the tower on

the Mount of Olives, it must be very much as when the Crusaders saw it, the Mosque of Omar must have been there, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Tower of David; and, I suppose, the walls. We have never been able to ascertain the date of the walls. The road goes on to the Mount of Olives. We got out there, went into the Church of the Ascension, and walked down by the path past the place where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem. I was always sure this was the place, but did not know till to-day there was a Latin inscription on the wall to that effect. We mean to come again on Sunday. The carriage met us at the bottom. The road over Scopas was made for the German Emperor in 1898. It turns off from the main road to Jericho near the Damascus gate.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13TH. GREEK EASTER.
HOLY FIRE. To-day being the Greek Easter, Ibrahim has got us tickets for places in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to see the Holy Fire. We started at 7.30, a kavass also in attendance. Along streets, all steps, to the Holy Sepulchre church, and by a sort of inner way and up steps to a wide stone platform just below the dome, outside. Here, Ibrahim brought us stools, and we sat for some time, till ten o'clock. Mr. Domian, one of the partners of Jamal's firm was introduced to us by Ibrahim, also two cousins of his own, nice looking Syrian girls,

one of them could speak English quite well. Some English ladies too were near us. Crowds gradually collected. About ten, all put in motion, we struggled to a flight of steps, awful squeeze, the kavass grasped my hand occasionally, then had to let go. At last we got on the steps and struggled up. A pilgrim in front of me kept bending back and pushing me back. At last I got to the top and through a door into the gallery, alternate pillars and open places. I had to go on some way, then I came on Mr. Domian, who advised me to stop where I was, one native lady was there. The others came up, and three other English ladies. We were very high up, and looked right down on the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre. Soldiers were keeping an empty space all round. In consequence, it did not look nearly so crowded as I expected. We were in the Greek gallery, below us was the Latin gallery full of men, ours had only women. Ibrahim had laden us with parcels of food, we gave an egg and some figs to the native lady, who quite enjoyed them. About 12.30 there was a stir, and a procession with banners, and about a dozen priests appeared, and marched round about four times, chanting in a way more like the howling of dervishes than any Christian melody. One had a glittering head-piece, not pointed like a mitre, he was the Archbishop. Then they disappeared inside the shrine, and very soon the first spark of fire came out. F. saw it (I did not), and

a man rushed off with the light through the open passage which had been kept free all the time. I believe messengers at once tear off with it to Moscow, Damascus, and Constantinople. In one second the whole place was a blaze of light, everybody having a candle ready to light. It really was a wonderful sight. I thought there would have been something in the nature of a service, but there was not; it was all over. We made our way out, nearly set on fire by pilgrims with sheaves of lighted candles. Ibrahim was waiting for us outside, and conveyed us through crowds back to the hotel, a lady missionary with us. She had lost her friends, but found them waiting for her at the hotel. We were back by two o'clock. Tea was very grateful; having been out so long we did not feel inclined for any more exertion, and it was very hot. We also expected two visitors at five, and when they came we had another tea. They are starting with a party for Damascus on Monday. Domian himself is going to conduct it. They consulted us in a great many minor points, and are perhaps going to try our horses. I recommended Boutros strongly.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14TH. St. George's Church. Holy Communion at 8 at St. George's, the new English church outside the walls near the Damascus gate. Walked there with M. and F. and Ibrahim. We were there early, and F. had some talk with an

official about a window she means to give to the church. After the service the Bishop sent for her into the vestry, and they had a long conference. We then went to the Damascus gate, and sat there till it was time for the ten o'clock service. F. began a sketch which she will finish to-morrow. The service was very short; no sermon. We drove back to the hotel. On the way we stopped to look at a mosaic Mrs. Merrill had told us about, lately discovered, but it was covered up, and we could not see it. At three o'clock we had a carriage, and drove to the foot of the path up the Mount of Olives, and walked up (very hot) to the little chapel with the inscription:—

“Locus in quo Dominus videns civitatem flevit super illam.” Luc. xix. 41.

The chapel itself blocks out the view from the path just at that point, but from the garden it is lovely. The whole city and the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar just below, of course then it was the Temple. The chapel has a very pretty garden attached to it, the guardian gave us some flowers, also water from his well. F. took a sketch of the distant view of Mizpeh (on a hill) from the path outside. A woman and her daughter, and two men, all came up exhausted with the heat, and sat there too. The girl got her mother some water from the chapel well, and she then revived, and became quite cheerful, and with one touch arranged her head-gear, which

had been rather dishevelled, in the most picturesque way. Ibrahim said they were natives of Bethany. We then went down into the Garden of Gethsemane. It is always rather disheartening to see it railed in, a stiff enclosure, but still, if the olive trees had not been railed in they would have disappeared by this time, pilgrims would have ravaged them, and they do look very old. A monk gave us some sprays of olive. We were glad to have been here again on Sunday. Much discussion these last few days how we are to go home. Finally, we decided for the Messageries steamer "Portugal," next Tuesday, the 16th.

MONDAY, APRIL 15TH. Mosque of Omar and Anathoth. M. and I started at eight, with Ibrahim and a kavass, for the Mosque of Omar. F. had gone much earlier to the Damascus gate to finish her sketch, a young son of Jamal's with her as guardian. We had a very interesting walk, passed the front of the Holy Sepulchre, descending to it by steps at the top of which is a pillar with a basket capital, interlaced carving. We also passed the new Lutheran church, which the German Emperor came to open. Two years ago, we went over the Mosque of Omar and the whole enclosure in pouring rain, that was the only time I had been, and now everything did indeed look different, in brilliant sunshine. Besides the two Mosques, Omar and Achsa, there are several lovely little bits scattered

about the enclosure, which is very large. About half-a-dozen marble porticoes, three or four arches in each, and beautiful carvings. Two years ago, they had painted them light blue for the Emperor, quite ruining them, the colour is less aggressive now. There is also what they call the minbar or pulpit, beautiful pillars of different patterns, supporting a kind of staircase. We went into the Mosque of Omar and saw the Dome of the Rock, you go down under it. In each corner there is a beautiful little marble altar, believed to be old Jewish work, really part of the old Temple. The windows are beautiful, they glitter in the sunlight like gems, but let in very little light. The other Mosque, Achsa, was originally a Christian church, built by Justinian. It is the only place in Jerusalem where Moslem women are allowed to worship. The pillars are ruined by plaster. There are most lovely carpets all over it, and several wooden troughs. I asked what they were, and heard they were spittoons! Then we walked down to the Golden Gate, which is built up. It is further protected by a bastion on this inner side. They firmly believe the Christians will enter by it some day (Ezekiel xlv. 2, 3). On the outside it has two arches. It is really very curious. We left the enclosure close to St. Stephen's Gate, and then walked across to the Damascus gate, passing the House of Pilate, and part of the Via Dolorosa. We turned to the right

opposite the house of the rich man. I remembered that corner quite well. I wish we could have had a few more days at Jerusalem. We found F. and her escort at the Damascus gate. She had done what seemed to me a lovely sketch. Here donkeys were waiting to take us to Anathoth. (Jeremiah i. 1, Joshua xxi. 18.) We mounted, and started again by the road over Scopas, which turns off close here. Then we struck off across country; it was quite nice to be riding again, and not on hard roads. The donkeys went capitally, a boy running by each, Jamal's son was mounted on a very superior white donkey. A view of the Dead Sea. We get to Anathoth in an hour. It is a village on a hill, some quite solid-looking houses. We camped under olive trees below. A good luncheon; young Jamal and Ibrahim with us. There was a cemetery on a hill near. Ibrahim pointed out two gazelles. I could not see them. We rode back the same way. It was interesting crossing Scopas in the right direction, and seeing the Dome of the Mosque of Omar gradually emerge from behind the Mount of Olives. The Crusaders must have seen it the same way. We were back at the hotel about three, and had to devote ourselves to packing. I am very sorry to have such a short time at Jerusalem, but if we had stayed longer we must have waited a whole fortnight.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16TH. Train in for Jaffa at eight. Very sorry to leave in such an ignominious way, but it gave us an extra day at Jerusalem. I am glad to say the station is quite out of the way, and does not spoil anything. We drove there quite unencumbered. The luggage was all spirited off, and we found all our small things safely settled in a saloon carriage. A howling crowd at the station. Dr. Merrill's sisters were leaving by the same train, he came to see them off. A Greek family was in the carriage with us. Two or three stations, Lydda one of them. An interesting line, all among hills. Reached Jaffa about 11.30. Drove to the Hotel du Parc. We had invited Ibrahim and Mrs. Gandour to luncheon, he went to fetch her. We had luncheon in a separate room, there were crowds of people. We went on board at 2.30, the Gandours with us. The Portugal, Messageries Maritimes is a large steamer, but not nearly so large as the König Albert. The voyage to Marseilles lasts a week. It was quite smooth, we embarked without any difficulty. Took leave of Ibrahim and Madame Gandour. We started at six o'clock.



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