

JOURNALS OF MR. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

31st March to 6th April, 1890.

I DID not mention that as I went down to Jaffa (or Yafa, as it should be called) the sky became clouded, and a strong east wind that we had had, broke; puffs from the south-west came, and as I neared Ramleh I saw a low light cloud bowling forward from the south-west below the black overcast, and was astonished at the rate it altered (curls of it rolling up as I looked at it), and the rate it went along, 30 or 40 miles an hour apparently. Then came rain—most had passed to the north nearer the sea; we only had the tail of the storm, but such rain I have seldom seen; and the curtains which formed half the side of my conveyance being—one gone and the other without fastenings, I had all my time occupied in holding something as a shutter, while my saddle-bag of clothing I gripped between my knees to keep it out of the water which collected in the carriage.

After I got to Mr. Hall's I heard what a storm had raged there. Wherever shutters were left loose the glass was all smashed, and they referred to it as a sufficient test of the security of their roof, which looks looser than it is, the top storey being smaller than the lower, with a deep verandah all round, leaving an open-air promenade. Everywhere as I have gone over the country I have seen the great effect of this storm: fields high upon the hills are washed over with mud, and paths are constantly cut by the waterfalls of the receding channels.

Wednesday, when I had intended to leave, was so wet in the morning that I could not go out, so I had to postpone, and finished shopping in the afternoon. Then there was an uncertainty about camels. It had been so wet that none had come from the country to be hired, and my man was very desirous of going off home in the evening and getting up a man and camels, whom he wished to employ. So after some bother he hired a horse and rode off that night to Jimzu, beyond Lydd, where he comes from. The camels came duly next morning by 9, and we got loaded from the goods agent and the Hall's, and all off by 12. Thus we just got to Yebna by dark, and pitched by moonlight.

Yebna, Jamnia, or Jabniel, is a dirty cluster of grass-topped mud huts, which rises above the general level of the rolling plain of Philistia. This plain, or wide expanse of slightly wavy ground, is one of the greenest sights I have ever seen. Most of it is in corn, without a trace of break or ditch or hedge from hill to hill. The separation of the different strips can just be traced by the growth; but each plot seems to be about 30 feet wide and over half-a-mile long, as it went on from the road up to the top of the next rise, and where to I know not.

The straightness of the ploughing is striking—seldom could I see six

inches of bend in the line. Some regions are all left in pasture, some in heather or wild plants, some in fallow. Everywhere the west boundary is the mass of sand-dunes, which gradually eat up the land, now covering some four or five miles wide from the sea coast and ending in steep slopes which stand up 20 feet or more above the cultivated plain. Next day we went on past Ashdod, which has been partly swallowed by the sand-dunes, but still bears a mass of green-topped houses on its heap. After looking over some sites on the way, I pushed ahead of the camels to Bureir, and looked out for the best camping. I could get no shade of trees, but found a wide meadow east of the town beyond the well, which was good ground, and sloped down sharply into a little watercourse, so that it is well drained. Here we pitched, with some cactus-hedged gardens a little way off on three sides, and Burier on the west.

During the night I was awake by a dog getting in, and again by a slight noise, and looking up, saw a gap in the tent—in it, a man's head and shoulders, and heard the intruder fumbling over the tool-bag, too heavy to carry off, and awkward to open. I challenged, he ran, and four bullets went over his head to improve his pace. I had noticed the chance of an opening being tried there, and had put all small articles far from the place, which was an ill-secured and needless doorway. Next day I sewed it all up, and generally improved the arrangements. I went to the Sheikh, and he much wanted me to pitch in a dirty courtyard, with beasts and fowls about. I could not, but proposed to have two guards out near the tents, so as to make the village responsible.

The Sheikh is an oldish man, quiet and sensible, and I think there will be no troubles there. It is curious to hear, not only of *El Kud's* (Jerusalem), but *Kudes*, as some say, much near *Kadesh*. The Arabs, in whose region 'Ajlûn is, are not called "Amarin" so often as *El Amar*, exactly the Egyptian name of Amorites. I expect it is the same name, and perhaps more from the locality than from the origin of this tribe. The people here use subterranean corn and fodder bins; and I saw several letting down baskets and pulling them up full of stuff. The places are much like the cisterns, apparently, with a round hole flush with the ground. It suggests that many old cisterns, as we suppose them to be, in the ruins may be granaries. One of my guards was for four years servant to an English doctor in Constantinople, as he says. I explained my object and intention to the folks, but I find trouble in understanding their Syrian with my Egyptian. I went off next day for a round to see the country. *Umm Lakis* (supposed to be Lachish) is nearly all cultivated, and the surface stuff is Roman; so I do not see much to try for. 'Ajlûn is worse. There is very little pottery about; what there is, is Roman, and it is all with barley around, and on the top an onion garden, a hovel, and an old man. Then I went to Sukariyah (where there are also Roman things) to see the head Sheikh of the Bedawîn of the district—the Amarin. I found him a pleasant fellow sitting under an enormous flat tent, with a number of his following. I did a deal of silence, for that is orthodox; and in the

intervals stated my business. Soon after I arrived there was a chorus of dogs, and a man came up bearing a wide wooden bowl on his head, with the midday meal. It was set before us, and we gathered round, about half-a-dozen at once. The mixture was bread in sour curds, and plenty of butter melted amongst it, with a layer of pieces of fat mutton on the top. I smelt the sourness, and judiciously grabbed a good bit of plain meat, which kept me in play as long as the others. It was amusing to see them grasping handfuls of the fearful mixture, and stuffing it into their mouths. When one set had put down enough, they rose and another party squatted round the big bowl, until at last there was little or nothing left. Some favoured folks, not in the first circle, had bones and lumps handed over to them before the second or later circles of squatters came on. Before beginning, the best society rinsed hands, and when done, they went across and rubbed off the grease on a flap of the black goat's-hair tent, and then rinsed again. After coffee, I bid good-bye, slipping a napoleon into the Sheikh's hand as a smoother for future business.

Then I went to Tell Hesya, a striking place. The mound is about 60 or 80 feet high, cut away on one side by an encroaching stream. There was much pottery about, but none of it Roman—all earlier; and I think this is worth a dozen of all the other places put together. But it is mostly cultivated, and is six miles from here. The nearest village, Khurbet Hazzârah, is nothing to notice. Tell abu Shukf has much pottery about, as its name implies; but it is half cultivated. The pottery seems to be mainly pre-Roman. Khurbet Summeily has also some early pottery, but it is not important. The astonishing matter to me is, how closely these Bedawin cultivate the ground. There is but a small proportion of pasture, nearly all being arable, some fallow, but mostly in barley. This will make any thorough work difficult, as we must buy out the crops.

7th to 16th April, 1890.

A curious survival, or revival, is seen here in the pottery. The black pottery found in early Greek sites is considered Phœnician; here all the pottery in common use is black, and is made at Gaza. Moreover, the ancient was painted with red lines, and so is the modern, only with red lead instead of ochre. Around modern tombs they do not build *welis*, as in Egypt, but open courts or enclosures. Around the inside there are niches in the wall, in which fire is burnt on potsherds every Friday. Also stone tables are built against the wall, and within these lamps or stands with fire are placed. These are identical with the curious arrangements all round the inside of the so-called Phœnician temple at Hagiar Kim, in Malta. Then on these tables, and also on graves, are placed old mill-centres or querns, which do not appear to be worn out. These are all found in old sites, and, I hear on inquiry, are not made now. They remind one of the conical black stone worshipped at Emesa, of which Elgabalus was priest.

I have been twice over to Gaza now, and made friends with

Rev. R. Elliott, M.D., medical missionary there, and his wife and her sister. He is a north Irishman, capable and energetic, and as kind and helpful as he possibly can be. He is excellent friends with the Kaimakam (Governor), and will attend to any official matters for me, and I am to stay with them any night that I may want to be in Gaza. His dispenser, moreover, is a most useful fellow, an Arab-Austrian, who writes and speaks Arabic, Turkish, English, &c. I am really more within "humanity's reach" here than in the Fayum with such friends (and a dispensary) only 12 miles off. The present Kaimakam in whose district I am is very favourable. He has been a journalist most of his life, and lived in Berlin, Vienna, &c. He has no fanaticism, and is much Europeanised in ways and feelings. The Effendi never turned up until a note came from Gaza on Thursday, asking me to go there about the business. I went and found him at the Kaimakam's. He began with every sort of objection to coming or doing anything, evidently wishing to spin out the time of all pay and no work. The old Kaimakam quite took my part, and answered "a fool according to his folly" more than once. Afterwards they came to Dr. Elliott's, and we had another talk. Dr. Elliott said very soon to me that he had seen many men object to their work, but he never saw one so set against doing anything.

At last, Monday, 14th, I began at Umm Lakis (called Laggis), and it turned out much as I expected, all Roman or Cufic. I made trench pits in many different parts, and everywhere the result is 4 to 8 feet of earth and burnt dust, &c., with Roman and Arab pottery. Beneath that is clean, untouched, red earth, veined with white infiltration, evidently undisturbed soil.

The latest date of surface pottery is probably about Omayyid or Tulunid, but pre-Crusading. I doubt if the place was much occupied before the second or third century, A.D. It is tolerably certain that therefore, in spite of the name, this cannot be Lachish; nor does the distance from Beit Jibrin accord with what Eusebius states. Tell Hesi is nearer the right distance, and is certainly a great city and early, agreeing better to Lachish being one of the fenced cities of Judah, and being besieged by both Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar.

What with too much tea, and men talking, and dogs and donkeys, and my man being inside my tent because the Effendi had the other, I only got two hours' sleep last night, and this morning there was a steady misty rain, which makes it wretched for standing about in wet grass, and which did not clear for two or three hours.

So far nothing appears which is probably pre-Roman, and we found a worn coin of Maximin just about where I should have expected, 2-3 feet above the native soil.

16th to 21st April, 1890.

The third day's work at Umm Lakis only confirmed what I had already noticed. Within a couple of feet of the bottom of the made

ground a very worn coin of Maximin Hercules was found. And on a rise near the town I noticed pieces of walls, which proved to be part of a Roman villa with a bath, as far as we cleared the place. It being then pretty evident that Umm Lakis is not Lachish, and that there was nothing pre-Roman there, I moved over to Tell Hesy, which is 6 miles from Bureir, and therefore too far to go every day (to those without a detailed map I may say that Tell Hesy is 17 miles east of Gaza). This is entirely in the Arab country, and though those gentry do not pay any land taxes to the Government yet they are considered to have a certain right to the ground, simply because no Turkish Governor is strong enough to reduce them to obedience. There is not a house in sight all round the country, only straggling groups of low, brown tents.

I had intended to go to the principal sheikh of the district, make friends with him, and offer to pay liberally for Arab guards as appointed by him, as a means of giving cash, slice by slice, according to time; but the Effendi would not hear of my saying anything to the Arabs, because of their rapacious expectations, but he would attend to all that by asserting his official authority. In fact, it was just a question who was to get the *pickings*, the Arabs as *de facto* masters of the situation, or the authorities as *de jure* masters. And the Effendi guessed that if I paid one party I should cold-shoulder the other. So as he took all the responsibility I left the matter entirely to him, and he had to attend to it with a vengeance. For two whole days he was in constant parley with interminable sheikhs of all the neighbourhood. Some decent and friendly, some demanding money, some threatening, and all feeling their way. He had once to begin a letter to the Kaimakam at Gaza, asking for some soldiers to be sent before one fellow would knuckle under, for the one thing these Arabs dread is a party of even pacific soldiers, as their horses would be turned loose into the standing barley and wheat to feed.

The final situation is that the Arabs will not get backshesh, and our guards consist of two from Bureir (the Constantinople doctor's servant and one who knows all the Arabs here very well), one Arab from the nearest settlement, and one appointed by the big sheikh. So everybody is responsible for us. All this is needful as the whole country is very unsettled, though not unusually so. Only the other day a big Effendi of Gaza and some others were stopped within a few miles of the town and stripped of everything. The work is overrun all day by lounging Arabs from the neighbourhood, whom I get on with very well as they are pleasant and civil enough, when not out for plunder. A few small jokes, and especially a little mimicry of any peculiar manner or ways, will set them all laughing, and make us good friends for the time, and probably less touchy afterwards. So far there is no difficulty in getting people over from Bureir to work, as I have increased their wages to 1s. a day for a man and woman or girl. But they are poor workers after the Egyptians, not doing more than one-half or two-thirds of what my old hands in Egypt would have done. I am getting them better fixed to the work

now, but at first they were all over the place, talking and smoking—anything but work. How we shall get on in Ramadan is doubtful. I want them to begin work directly after their last meal before sunrise, and (with a short pause) go on till 3 P.M., after which they can sleep on their hunger till sunset, when the feasting begins. They and the Effendi all highly approve of such a plan, so I hope to get some work out of them. Now for the place and results.

The place roughly is a high mound, cut away on the east by the stream, and a circuit of natural ridges around a slight valley on the south of it. All of this area has pottery scattered over it, and the mound itself is artificial, consisting of about 60 feet of successive town levels piled one on the other, and the river-worn stones laid down for floors to the rooms, showing all over the sides of the mound as lines of blocks. All my digging in the mound is on some given floor, which we clear. The top of the mound is all cultivated, and, if needful, I shall buy up the crops; but the man wants £4, which is rather much for it, so I wait to see what we can do around the wide sloping sides of the mound and on the river face.

This is an excellent place to work, as the storm floods have kept up so much scour as to leave the face a clean section from top to bottom of the mound, so I can work at any period I wish. I have three parties (six men) at the top level and as many at the bottom level, besides others at the sides, we have already found plenty of potsherds, and some walls of rough stones which we are following. Outside of the town circuit on the south-west, is a sand hill with much pottery buried in it, the purpose of which is not clear. The pots are intentionally buried, generally jars with a basin or cup on the top; often there is a smaller vase inside; they are altogether filled with clean white sand, like what they rest on, but cleaner than the brown humus sand around them. In one or two some small bones were found, and some bones in the sand without jars.

It reminds me much of a great burial of jars at Zuwelen near Tanis, of about 1000 B.C., which contained animal bones; and probably this is a cemetery of the sacred animals of the Amorite age. Perhaps where no bones can be found they buried the sacred flies of Baal-zebub!

Now, as to chronology. This cemetery pottery is mainly of little brown flasks, which I have this season precisely dated by finding them in a tomb about 1100 B.C. at Illahun. So that pretty well dates the cemetery to the time of the Judges. Then certain peculiar handles in this pottery are also found in the lowest part of the town which is, therefore, probably quite as old.

Then in the top of the town is peculiar pottery, which I know at Naukratis, to be about 600 B.C., and two bits of black Greek ware have been found about the same age. I conclude, therefore, that the place is as old or older than the Judges, and was destroyed at Nebuchadrezzar's invasion. This tallies very well with what we know of Lachish. Certainly out of thousands of sherds that I have looked at here, I have seen only one stray piece of Roman age, lying on the surface. As we

have only worked for two days yet, too much must not be expected of me as to preciseness or detail of history. We are badly off for water, our three sources being : (1) springs here, clear but too brackish to drink comfortably ; (2) surface ponds of rain-water, contaminated, at Bureir, to be brought 6 miles on a donkey ; and (3) deep well at Bureir, stagnant and very green, and rather salt, but probably not contaminated. The last is what we trust to, and though I boil it well, yet the colour and taste of it are almost too much for me. When boiled, it is three courses in one—soup, fish, and greens.

It is very curious how akin the pottery on the top of the *tell* here is to the Naukratite ; and, strangely, not so much like the Daphniote, which is so much nearer. There are the same large jars with *sliced* surface around the lower end and massive loop handles, the same drab dishes of thick stuff, and the same pinched up saucer lamps, and some purely Greek pottery of black glaze and red face. So far as these give a date, I should say between 600 and 550 B.C., and being like Naukratis and *not like* Defneh, it appears like a Greek settlement, and not a geographical link across from Egypt. I have suspected that the Jews may have employed Greek mercenaries like the Egyptians.

22nd to 29th April, 1890.

At last I got down here another tent from Jerusalem, to supply the place of the one I had to give up to the Effendi. For more than two weeks I had never had an uninterrupted night's sleep, and generally had to go out to silence the guards and men about. Having to be about all day as well, I was becoming rather helpless in consequence ; and so I pitched the fresh tent about 100 yards off, with a slight rise between it and our present camp. There was a great talk about the insecurity of my sleeping there, and the Effendi said he would go rather than assent to it ; but I calmed him by agreeing to two of the four guards extending their region out to there, under promise of strict silence at night, and so now I have necessary sleep. The constant noise, and impossibility of shutting it out, is the great trouble of tents, instead of walled dwellings. The town is developing. On the north side, at the base, I have found the wall of the first (Amorite ?) town, thirty feet thick, of brickwork ; and we are now clearing along the inside of it. There, at the top of the same side, I have the wall of the last town, possibly Rehoboam's fortification, but most likely rather later ; and there is the gap of a gateway, and outside, a platform of stones and probably steps leading down the mounds. Then on the east (river) face I found a part of this same wall remaining, though most of it has fallen away by the scour of the watercourse. On the south I find the first town wall, I believe, again ; and I am tracing other walls on that side also. I have begun a plan of the place, but it is not much time I can take from looking after the men.

It is an unpromising place for a temple or sculptures. During the Jewish period it is not likely that there was any shrine here, and to

reach the temple of the Amorite time we should need to remove all the Jewish stuff, many months' work and heavy cost, before baring the Amorite level. The only reason that I can work in all periods at once is by the denudation of the river face; but that only touches one side of the town, and there may likely be no important buildings just there.

I examine all the potsherds (and from 500 to 1,000 a day we turn out) for marks, but as yet only three have been found, all of the later period, in and by the last wall. This cannot be later than the reoccupation after Sennacherib's attack, 713 B.C. (2 K. xviii, 13, 14, xix, 8), and may be possibly Rehoboam's wall, 960 B.C. (2 Chron. xi, 9). In it was a pot marked with the potter's marks, and not owner's. Unfortunately I know nothing in detail of Egyptian pottery between 1000 and 650 B.C. So the difference can hardly be settled, but I incline to the earlier date. Our further work has suggested that there is a series of walls, one over the other, which I can trace by cleaning down the east face, from the thirty feet Amorite wall to a thinnish wall at the top, probably about 700 B.C.

I find that there is another great and important town near here, Tell Nejileh, which, like this, was never occupied since Nebuchadrezzar, or more probably Sennacherib. Unluckily the whole of it is covered with an Arab cemetery, so that only just the edge of the slopes could be dug into, until the day when these useless Arabs are cleared out, and a reasonable people settled here. I dined with the biggest sheikhs the other night, and could not but feel what total barbarians they were; manners and customs I set aside, as they depend on taste; but the utter ignorance, and lack of all ideas outside of their daily life, and impossibility of talking on any matter but what they had already talked of hundreds of times, was crushing. I urged on the sheikh that if they would only dam the deep watercourses and hold up the winter rains (which all run down to the sea at present), they would have good water, and could cultivate as they like with it, instead of being dependent on showers. He only said that no one had a head to do that, and they did not care to cultivate (beyond the interminable barley), as they might go anywhere, at any time; so the sooner they are moved off the better. They pay 5,000*l.* a year to the Government for what might bring in five millions in proper hands.

30th April to 7th May, 1890.

The post brought in not only its regular allowance, but a lot of arrears—letters from home, and newspapers. Probably these had been detained for the Turkish censor to examine, for there is a long list of proscribed papers and books in this enlightened rule, and prohibited journals have to be sought for.

On the Tell we have been tracing the fortifications on the north and west sides, where walling 10 or 12 feet high remains, buried in rubbish.

Also I found a wall to the great outline of the inclosure, about 1,000 feet across, which I must trace out. On the Tell one or two dated things have turned up: a Greek vase with pattern, which looks as late as the Vth cent. B.C., and a chip of early red figured vase, about 450 B.C., or 400 probably; showing that the Tell was reoccupied after the Captivity, though only very slightly. Also a small coin, Persian or of Tarsos? bearded head, Rev. king attacking a ramping lion. But as yet no sculpture, inscription, or metal work, has been found. I see from Perrot and Chipiez, however, how very little is known about Syrian pottery, and how much the work here will help to put that on a firm basis. On the river face of the Tell I have had the surface all cleared down at the north end, and have spent hours there tracing out the sections of the various brick-wall fortifications of the town. These are far the best source for its history, when combined with the notices in the O. T. of Lachish. I can find 9 successive wallings: a huge Amorite wall, 28 feet thick, two Amorite rebuildings on that; then is a period of no walls, but ruined habitations of rough stone, overthrown and spread about, probably of the Judges' period. Then a fairly stout wall, 13 feet thick, which must be Rehoboam's, then four small walls, rebuilt on the ruins of that by different kings; and, lastly, a thin and hasty wall on the top of all, which must, I think, be due to Josiah, when he tried to keep out Hophra, in 610 B.C. No one later than that would fortify down here probably, and the Persian coin was just above the bottom of this wall. The artificial mound is altogether 75 feet high, and the hill under it 45 feet, making 120 feet altogether, in one slope down to the stream.

The weather has been very tolerable till to-day, when it is 104° in the shade; and, as you may see, I cannot touch my writing without smudging the ink, I am so moist. I have finished a plan of the place, with 20-foot contours all over, which I have sent to the P. E. F.

There are some stirrings here; for when I came there were 150 soldiers down in the Gaza district after some unruly Arabs, and they seized and carried off 13 sheikhs in irons to Jerusalem. Now, the other day there was a skirmish between the Terabin and the Azizin down at Nejileh, where I went last Sunday, with the result of eight killed—5 of one and 3 of the other—only leaving happily a blood balance of 2 to be wiped out in future. The Effendi is, no doubt, of considerable use here, as he is well known to be a Pasha's man at Jerusalem, and they would think twice before getting into a scrape by interfering with him. So far we are on very good terms with the sheikhs here, though the underlings do continually steal our men's donkeys, and try to screw a ransom for them when discovered: the four donkeys taken have all been recovered. The country will never be worth anything until all these savages are thrust back into the deserts they came from, and kept there by a border garrison. Then, with proper water storage, which would cost next to nothing, this might be a thickly populated land, and very profitable. As it is, most of its profit goes into the hands of corn dealers

of Gaza, who buy up the Bedawin crops, and export them to France, &c. Oh! joy! here is a cool wind down to 98°, and I am feeling quite lively. Next day is better, a pleasant west wind, only about 95°. It is miserable work driving these wretchedly lazy Syrians this hot weather in Ramadan. They are desperately thirsty, and I constantly find a man lying down asleep. Sometimes a fellow who is out of the way does absolutely nothing for hours, between one visit to him and another; and dismissals seem to have no effect on the survivors, for I clear off about one-quarter to one-third of the men every week, and have fresh ones, who prove even lazier. It is most untoward that I should have been cast on a hot Ramadan to work such people.

We have had a fine pair of snakes dug out in the work, 7 feet long each, bright and steely grey. Though hot, it is very dry, as may be imagined when the wet bulb is 28° below dry, 96° and 68°.

I have said nothing yet about the awful subject of coinage here. It stands thus: every place has its own valuation of all the coins in an arbitrary standard which does not exist. Thus the sovereign is 137 piastres at Jerusalem, 154 at Jaffa, 274 here. And every other coin varied in proportion. That there is no such thing as the nominal piastre in existence is a fearful puzzle to the beginner. Why the rate varies thus in each place no one can tell; it is supposed to somehow be a device of the Jewish changers for securing profits, but no one knows why or how. Then the small coins are all odd fractions of the nominal piastre—

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|---------------------------|------------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 6 | 3 | $1\frac{1}{5}$ | $\frac{3}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{3}$ | $\frac{1}{6}$ | $\frac{1}{12}$ |
| worth respectively about— | | | | | | |
| 5d. | $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ | 1d. | $\frac{1}{2}d.$ | $\frac{1}{4}d.$ | $\frac{1}{8}d.$ | $\frac{1}{16}d.$ |

though I always think of them in Egyptian piastres or francs.

(2.) *From a Letter.*

I went over to dine at the biggest sheikh's the other night. A blessed simplicity in going out to dinner without collar or socks, and kicking off your boots and sitting squat, barefoot. The notion that Ramadan fasting mortifies the body is a monstrous fallacy; true, great discomfort and incapacity result from it, but as it is made up by gorging at night with extra delicacies, and thinking of nothing but the perfect gorge all the weary day, it is hard to devise a more perfect way of making the question of the stomach *all in all*. We all sat round the mutton and messes put in the dingy copper-tinned dishes, waiting for the Gaza gun, which announces the lawful moment for feeding. Once or twice it was thought to be heard, at last every one grabbed snatches of flesh off the sheep, and pinches of rice and sundry odd dainties. To get any conversation out of them was impossible. I tried to make talk to the sheikh, but in vain. They seem incapable of connected ideas or thoughts; at first I thought I misunderstood them, but it was too true. The Arab has a vast balance of romance put to his credit very needlessly. He is as

disgustingly incapable as most other half savages, and no more worth romancing about than Red Indians or Maories. I shall be glad to return to the comparatively sensible and shrewd Egyptians.

6th to 12th May, 1890.

Around the walls of the north-west we have done a good deal. The whole of the main wall of fortification (Rehoboam's) is now found at that part and planned; we have also found the thickness of it at several parts, and I am clearing out the north-west tower, which is a good piece of ground to work, as it is clear of crops, with a steep fall around it to carry away the stuff, and some large stones already uncovered there in our work. Outside and below that I am tracking along the outside of the first Amorite wall, mainly for the sake of the chance of early pottery in the black ash earth. It would be too heavy a business to work it all along, as the earth is about 20 feet deep outside it.

On the south side, just at the edge of the cliff washed away by the wady, we lit on some masonry; and by the level I should say it could not be later than Rehoboam, and might probably be earlier. There is but little left, about two courses of small stones on each side of an entrance 5 feet wide; unhappily most of the building it led into has been washed away. But this masonry is very valuable, as it is drafted work with rough central lump, but there is no trace of comb-pick dressing, it is all the hammer-work, which I already believe to be Phœnician. At last we have some positive datum as to stone dressing, which is absolutely clear of the suspicion of Herodian origin. I have photographed the stones. There are two steps at one side of this masonry, which we are clearing and following. Then at a rather higher level, but well within the mound in level strata, and about half way up, or not later than the early Kings, we found more masonry, some fine white limestone paving, broken blocks, and a slab of wall facing. On this block is a precious example of architectural decoration, about 4 feet high. In low relief, about an inch forward, is half of a pilaster with volute top. The edge of the block is slightly projecting: perhaps a corner ornament of a room, with a similar half on the other wall. I had a paper mould on it within a couple of hours, and so I shall be able to make a plaster slab cast in London. The block itself is broken in two, and happily the Effendi and the Kaimakam are not impressed with it, and will probably not want it removed. If it could go straight to any safe museum, it would be well, but probably it would never reach Stambul, and if it did, it would be used for old stone in building. So I contemned it to the authorities, and probably shall be able to leave it buried here for some future opportunity. It is too large and heavy for me to wish to do anything with it at present. But it is a very interesting find, as we have no such complete piece of Jewish decoration before.

It is most like the pilaster in the chamber by the Haram at Jerusalem, but the main value is its completeness, showing the base and the volute

entire. I cannot photograph it until the work hole is larger, so I have turned it face down for the present to avoid injury.

The chamber fallen in, as I thought it to be, now proves to be a well, but I am not certain about clearing it out, as it will be 60 feet deep to



INSCRIBED FRAGMENT OF POTTERY FROM TELL HESI.

water, and I have no rope ladders, as they were borrowed long ago by Schumacher. Moreover, I see the side of it still extends up to the level of about 700 B.C. ; and may have been higher still, so that we should not get any early things from it.

To my surprise, Dr. Cobern (whom I met in Cairo waiting to go to M. Naville) turned up on Thursday, and has stayed on with me for five days, a very pleasant change of society from the continual Effendi. Then Count D'Hulst and Dr. Goddard came on Friday and stayed a day on their way to Jerusalem.

And then the Kaimakam and officer in command at Gaza came over to stay a day or two with the Effendi. Happily the Kaimakam quite agrees with the Effendi that the broken pottery is quite useless and insignificant.

12th to 19th May, 1890.

There is very little to report, as we have been mainly clearing away stuff from large spaces. The general state of things is that I have cut into about every space available without working in crops. To dig the crop land would be fully double cost, as not only must we buy the crops, but the Arabs insist that we must level the ground again. All the trenching, sometimes over 20 feet deep, and all the clearing of the section on the east side, on the valley cliff, has only produced two stone buildings. Both are, happily, in regions which I can clear out, so that, having traced the walls as far as I can, I have now put nearly all the men on to these buildings.

One is masonry, in the north-west tower, or bastion ; it is very rough, but built of squared blocks from an older wall. So we are clearing the whole space of that bastion, as there might be bits of sculpture or inscription used up in this later wall. The other building is by the east face and under the bare south slope of the tell ; it is where we found the pilaster slab last week and some drafted masonry. On clearing about it, I see that the pilaster slab belongs to a much earlier date than the drafted masonry, perhaps 900 and 600 B.C. respectively ; and the drafted stone gateway and a flight of steps by the side of it were built in the later wall, being the entrance to the town on this side, contemporary with the wall.

To go far in this clearing would be serious. I am already cutting away 10 to 20 feet deep of earth to reach it, and to clear it from the crop land on the top of the mound would be 30 feet deep. For the same reason I have ceased to clear along the Amorite wall on the north ; we had to cut out 20 feet deep, and never found anything but broken pottery. Some way further on I tried a trench to reach it, but not finding it when about 20 feet deep I then tunnelled, and had to go a dozen feet in before I reached it.

By trenching and undermining I brought down about 50 tons of earth in a lump, and so saved a deal of cutting, as it was a hard wall.

18th to 26th May, 1890.

As I was quite out of money, and Dr. Elliott had kindly drawn for me at Jerusalem, I had to go to Gaza to get cash. I found Dr. Elliott and Dr. Bailey, who has been *loc. ten.* at the dispensary while Dr. E. was up at Jerusalem. This dispensary is a very serious affair, as they have it three times a week, and out-patients as well, at the rate of 12,000 a year. To get to Gaza is a long day there and back. I rode a donkey for 13 miles ; then left it with Muhammed, and walked on five miles to Gaza, a matter of six hours altogether, and six hours back again. The last hour was dark, and we lost the road and had to track across fields by star guidance. I was walking ; as Muhammed was so fagged by Ramadan, I let him ride. In all, it was 20 miles donkey and 16 of walking for me. After about eight days' work we have cut back the face of the cliff, a thick slice of 5 or 6 feet, and can reach more of the stonework. We find more pavement with charcoal and burnt earth on it, evidently from the burning of a building ; and another slab with pilaster on it, like the first one, so if we could have duplicates I could have brought one away. However, I have taken a good paper mould of it and photograph. The form of the volute at the top is just the same, and also the slight swell out in the shaft at the base.

With regard to the date, more details have appeared, and I do not think it could be later than Uziah (800 B.C.), and more likely of Asa or Rehoboam (970).

I find on that side of the town a thick brick wall high up, some 25 feet through ; this can hardly be later than Manasseh, who garrisoned the fenced cities (650 B.C.), and is the last king recorded as attending to the defences. This was built over the *glacis* of a previous defence, formed of blocks of stone, bedded in the slope of earth, and plastered over smoothly, at about 40° slope. This *glacis* may very likely be a hasty work before Sennacherib's siege in 713 ; at least, it is not likely to be later. But this has been made after some 10 feet of earth had accumulated by the side of a large brick building, 86 feet long, divided in chambers. This depth would probably take a century to accumulate, placing the long building back to Uzziah's buildings in 800. And the long building is 10 feet over the pavement, and remains of the stone building, which would go back therefore to about 900 B.C., or to Jehosaphat, who did much in garrisoning and building. I have taken the shortest intervals that are at all likely for these successive stages ; and, looking at it in the broadest way, the pavement is about half-way between the top (500 B.C.) and the bottom of the Amorite town, which I concluded to be 1500 B.C., roughly, so thus we should get 1000 B.C. for the building, or rather later, allowing for the slack time of construction under the Judges, bringing on to about 950 B.C. So it seems fairly likely that this stonework must date to about 950 or 900 B.C. of Rehoboam, Asa, or Jehoshaphat. The drafted stone gateway and steps which I mentioned before seem as if belonging to the *glacis* period, about 700 B.C., as the steps lead up to the line of *glacis*, in which the staircase was probably continued, though now all lost in the valley. Certainly the great 25-foot brick wall was built *over* both the steps and the *glacis*. The curious volute on the pilaster is evidently the Asiatic type, which later became the Ionic capital. As such it is of value in the history of Greek motives, as well as of unique importance for Jewish art. It seems evidently designed from a ram's horn, and such a decoration of wooden pillars would be not unlikely (compare the Greek decoration of *boukrania*). But the immediate idea before the sculptor seems to have been a horn of metal work, to judge by the uniform calibre of the volute. We can hardly refuse to see here the form of the "horns of the altar," and not standing up, as usually supposed. There is nothing to prove whether they were rams' or bulls' horns, and the binding the sacrifice with cords to the horns, and Adonijah and Joab catching hold of the horns of the altar, do not prove the shape either way. I do not remember any other mention of the horns. The pavement remaining of this building is laid on a bed of about 4 inches of yellow sand, which yet remains where the stone has been removed. One slab of stone stands upright, but has only been so placed by some re-builders, as on it is a graffito of a lion (?), but upside down. I need hardly say that I carefully clean and examine every surface of smooth stone in search of graffiti or inscriptions. At last the misery of Ramadan is over and people venture to use salt again, which they dare not, when they must not drink all the day. As a negro guard remarked the happy evening it was over, "By my God, Ramadan was beastly !" and howls and shouts of "Rauadan goes !

Ramadan goes! go to your father, oh son of a dog!" greeted the last sunset.

Probably people who have not seen the place will cry out aghast at the idea of leaving any chance of a building of the Jewish kings not being utterly cleared out; but I have done all that was under the lower part of the cliff, and now it is a matter of cutting 30 feet depth of stuff to reach any more of that level, and, moreover, cutting into the crop land, which will need some rowing with the Arabs about compensation. When one has to remove the height of a three-storey house before reaching the ground wanted, it needs a good prospect to make it worth while. I shall take another slice off the face, four or five feet, and mine into it, leaving buttresses, and then inform the Pasha that work is suspended here for four months, as he agreed for the hot season. If then this is preferred to any other place for work, it can again be attacked in October, but I think some less encumbered sites would be better; and, at least, this could be taken up in future years if there is nothing better. There is no chance of anyone interfering with such a tough place, and all the weathering and falls of the cliff, which are sure to happen, will be in favour of later work.

I have got some improvement in the men at last, and most of them work at least just passably, so long as they are watched. At first the only difference between watching them and not seemed to be that, in one case you always saw them doing nothing, and in the other you never saw them doing anything. But I have weeded and weeded almost daily, until of the first 26 there are but 4 left, of next week's 10 only 4 left, of the next 8 only 2 left; and of 12 only 4; of 8 only 3, and this residue is the pick of the place, and they do moderately. I had a row at the end of Ramadan, as, instead of half-hour's rest at 10 a.m. and leaving off at 4, I gave $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours at $10\frac{1}{2}$, so that they should be recruited for the afternoon work, and required them to go on till 6. While I was at the other side, all of one-half the men broke off at their own fancy about 5, and went down to their evening wash at the stream. I sighted them and pitched into them, and one or two were impudent. I paid off four at once, and only ceased discharging on all the rest promising to keep to my hours in future. Next afternoon I hung about that part making measurements, and, well supplied with change in my pocket, and ready to pay off instantly anyone who proposed to stop. But the effect of the four going (and not being taken back after most urgent entreaty of everyone up to the Effendi) had completely settled them, and not one slacked in his work till I whistled them off. But I doubt if I could ever get them up to Egyptian obedience; at Naukratis I have known them go on working after sunset, because I was delayed at some special point and could not whistle off.

I now see that our building is not of stone, but only of mud brick, like the rest of the town, though it had stone doorways, and these pilaster slabs facing some part about the doors. There are also pieces of

cavetto-moulding like that of the rock-shrine at Siloam, and of a rib moulding which runs under the cavetto.

The whole place was burnt, and plundered for stone, and then re-used with a rough re-setting of some slabs. I doubt if we shall get any more stone by cutting further, unless we were to clear away a great distance in, and so reach some other doorways of the same building. I have a slight third dose of influenza, sore throat, very sleepy and lazy, developing into a sort of causeless cold in head and chest. Happily the returns are slighter and will wear away; but it is astonishing what a virulent and persistent infection it is. A third pilaster slab has been found, set upside down in its re-use.

27th May to 1st June, 1890.

This wretched influenza still plagues me, and I made it much worse by dining with the Effendi and the Bimbasha out of doors one night. As I had refused the Effendi's invitation the night before, on the ground of business, even when he announced that he would not eat unless I came, I felt it would be uncivil not to go, even at the cost of a cold on the chest. Happily his socialities are over; he has gone again to Gaza, and will only return here on his way to Jerusalem, on Saturday, end of the month.

A grand riddance has been the harvesting here, leaving the ground clear to get about. Hitherto I have had to go about five times the direct distance round the crops, to get at the work, up and down hill too. I tried buying out the crop on the tell, and a path to it, by offering fully the value of the grain, when reaped and threshed, five weeks before it was got in; and the fool of an Arab thought to get more, and would not take it. Then, about a week before harvest, he came round to my terms, but too late, for I did not then want the ground or paths, and I had bought fodder all the time for the donkey, and did not want the crop for feeding. He was paid out for his troublesomeness, for the Arabs, who came constantly to stare about the work, trampled his crops mercilessly. He comes for eye lotion in the meekest way now, and he has learned some lessons by this time; among others, that what is said will be done; and instead of futile rows, such as we had daily at first, he is now quite content with my assurance that I will level the crop ground again before I leave. So soon as the reapers were over the ground within a few hours I had the men sinking pits all about the crop land, to test the depth of the earth. I find that the ground close to the tell is just like that all over the enclosure; only a few feet of made soil with Amorite pottery and a little later stuff, and then native clay. The town had no suburb, but was strictly limited by its walls.

A question of manners. Query, when a man greets you in a narrow path by drawing his sword, flourishing it about, and seizing you by the arm, what should you do? I had no precedents, so I fell back on intui-

tive perceptions, and *tickled him under the chin*—a light and sufficiently deprecatory way of meeting such advances, as I presume. I have made the fresh cut down the face, but found no more stone, “and never expected I should.” I have cleared the fourth doorway, and found the fourth pilaster slab, and we should have to go a long way into the 30-foot land to reach to the west end. I am doing a little tunnelling along the insides of the north and south walls, but the whole cliff is not worth clearing, I think. There is some puzzle about these pilaster slabs, as the later two I found were upside down (lining the side of the doorway), according to our notions. That the stone in the building was re-used is proved by the lion graffito upside down in one of the door-posts, and I can only suppose that the pilaster slabs were inverted in order to get the thickest part of the stone, to cut the hole for the door lock or fastening. But it is strange that all the half pilasters are left-handed. Another point that shows they did not belong to this position originally, is that they are not nearly high enough for a whole doorway, being 3 feet 9 and 4 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ high, so they must have been eked out by brickwork above, as their top edges are not dressed flat. The stone lintels were only facing slabs. I found one full height (though broken) shewing both the top and the under edge duly photographed (stereoscopically), measured, and buried, also a second duly recorded. I have got some notion now as to the *classes* of pottery and their range.

The Amorite pottery extends from about 1500–900 B.C., and the Phœnician and Cypriote begins about 1000 and goes to 700 B.C. Then the Greek influence begins at 700, and continues to the top of the town. I get the approximate dates, by the age of the walls, from historical presumption. This is just what might be expected from quite other considerations. The Jews were under Amorite (Canaanite) influences entirely until Solomon. Then the Phœnician trade set in 1000 B.C. with Hiram, and soon the Phœnician drowned out the native style by 900 B.C. That the Greek influence should come in by 700 is not surprising, when we know that by 670 the Greeks were stronger than the native Egyptian troops in Egypt.

I had a good illustration of how hopeless it is to excavate without constant watching. The morning my cold was worst I did not get out till 6.30, instead of 5, as usual. I found that the men had in two places been carrying off earthbanks, which I had specially made to cover over buried blocks of stone; result, labour wasted. I sat a long time watching them, feeling too bad to stand, and at last, urged by my man, I gave full directions, and went back to my tent for two hours. When I came out again I found that a man had cut right across a buttress which I had left to support the earth-face, and so not only made the buttress useless but dangerous as well. The result was that for a whole day he was occupied in getting at the almost inaccessible top of the buttress and cutting it away. The face being then 20 or 25 feet high, any undercutting below was most troublesome to remedy. All this high cliff cutting is worked into bays with buttresses between as the strongest way to leave such

earth ; and now we are tunnelling in at the bottom of the bays. The result of the tunnelling has been to find another doorway on the south side of the building, which I have marked in as "door found later" on the preceding plan. But there is only a threshold pavement, and no side posts, or pilaster slab at the side of the doorway, as in the four other doorways. It is most difficult to get these fellows to go as you tell them. I found a bit of brick face in a man's hole, showing where the wall came, and specially told him to leave it, and deepen the hole elsewhere ; in five minutes he had hacked away the very brick I wanted kept. Another man's work I marked out expressly to follow the line of a wall, and explained to him. When I came round again he was cutting away the wall, according to a whim of his own that it ran in a totally different way. I have been racing the work as hard as I can the last three days to track the great wall through the crop land, and I have just about done it. But the face twists and turns, with bends and buttresses, so that it is very difficult, and the bricks are all but the same as their washed down *débris* against them. I only get on by laying out feeler pits in advance, so that wherever it turns we are sure to get at it. This saves time, though it does not save labour.

I have now finished up, and shall pack in the next few days, and then travel round the country for a week to Jaffa, as I hope, my cold being much better, and the weather fairly bearable—80°–90°. So no more letters need be expected till I arrive, which will, I suppose, be a fortnight later than this letter.

1st to 27th June, 1890.

I was reckoning on sending one of my village guards with the baggage to Jaffa, and taking the other with me as a walking companion, leaving my man to go with my camel man. But all my plans dissolved mercifully. First one guard and then the other said they must go off to harvesting. Then the Arab guards did not stay by day, and when my man went off (as he was fond of doing) I was left entirely alone to look after three tents, some way apart, and to do my packing.

Not a man could I get out of all my workers to come and fill in the holes in the crop-land, everybody went to harvest. Then the difficulty came to get anyone responsible to send with my baggage to Jaffa. At last I agreed to send 30 miles to Jimzu for the first camel-man I had. But no one would go ; so I had to send one of my Arab guards. When the camel-man came he was alone, for no one would come with the second camel.

So he had to be sent to Jaffa with the baggage, in which there was a large sum in gold, surplus funds, which I thought that the best way to get back safely ; I put it in the bottom of a tin box full of photographic plates, the weight of which would prevent thieves suspecting anything

below them, and of course no one had a notion about it. Then my Arab guards refused to go with me to the next village eastwards—Dawaimeh—as they had a feud there and dare not show themselves. So I had to give up my zigzag exploring, and stick by the camel with my man, Muhammed, only. In fact, not a single one of the villagers or of the Arabs could I get to go a mile with me, one because of harvest, the others because of their squabbles. The other day I saw dozens of sheikhs all riding past to go and see the Pasha at Gaza. They fell out by the way, and at a village, Beit Hanun, two were killed.

We slowly wound our way up from 300 to 900 feet into the hills, and the only sites I could visit were er Resûm, where there are large ruins of stones, but Roman age by a tablet, and a bit of moulding. Then close to Dawaimeh I saw Mejdeleh, where a building of largish stones, five courses in part, remains. Stones are drafted, and probably Herodian; Roman pottery lay about.

On the way I was astonished at the hills being covered with an emerald crop of young durra (maize), which grows here without any rain in dryish ground.

The Dawaimeh folk are a decent lot, but their water supply is tea ready made; when poured out in a thin stream from a kettle it is dark brown, strong tea colour. The guards were most troublesome, however, about talking at night; they had talked all their lives, and the pernicious habit clung to them. I only got stray dozes, until about 3, in despair, I rolled up some blankets and walked off down the valley, and found a cave where I settled; there was a hole at the end suggestive of jackals or wolves, but I got some sleep there. I was not astir till the sun was high, and so lost my time for looking over the ruins about there.

I went to Mejdeleh again, and looked at the tombs there. Then after breakfast we packed up, and moved on to Edh Dhâheriyeh. After starting Muhammed went back and asked a man to come as guide, as the road was of a very slight and rough kind over the hills. After some time we reached Deir el 'Asl, and a huge well, Bir el 'Asl, now all but dry. I went up the hill to look about it, but, as might be expected from the name, it is all Roman. Muhammed and the guide stayed by the well, and some of the men harvesting there from Dura were inquisitive as to my baggage. We went on up the hills, a rugged trace of a path, where the camel and donkey could hardly get footing. At the top the guide said he would not go further, as he had objected at first to going all the way, and Muhammed tried to persuade him to come on, yet strange to say he did not clamour for his pay. We went a little farther on the top of the hills, the camel straggling on in advance, I next, and Muhammed riding the donkey behind.

Suddenly I saw a man, with his face tied across up to the eyes, pass from one bush to another over the road, and I guessed mischief. Then two, three, and at last four, showed themselves, all with faces tied across.

They seized the camel and threatened to fire; I also threatened, being about 30 yards behind, and two of them tried to close behind me, but I backed up a slope to one side, revolver in hand. I then reckoned that there was nothing worth much on the camel, but as I had eight or ten pounds in my pocket, I had better get rid of it. Meanwhile Muhammed had run back to fetch up the guide (whom he found quietly sitting down), and it was no use for me alone to tackle four, as there was a pistol and four swords among them, and stones all about handy and continually doing duty. So I backed away towards cover, and when Muhammed and the guide appeared they and the camel load completely occupied the four men, and I dropped my purse and bag of change into two bushes; leaving by accident, rather fortunately, a roll of $\frac{1}{4}$ -mejjûis in my pocket, about 8s. or 10s. worth, and there was nothing worth the risks of bloodshed on either side. The men were Fellahin and not Arabs, and not at all bent on stripping us, but only on some small loqt. They did not attempt to search all the baggage, but grabbed out a new suit and a couple of flannel shirts from my portmanteau, and got hold of a waistcoat of Muhammed's, which had about 30s. of his and, unluckily, about 50s. which the camel man had entrusted to him for safety, and which I did not know of. My revolver was the main attraction, and all four made a rush for me; as the money was safe I took it quietly, and let them find that it was quite needless to grab me by the throat. They were immensely disgusted that I had hardly any money (the $\frac{1}{4}$ -mejjûis were enough for a show), and they turned my pockets inside out, felt me all over, and searched for a money-belt, but in vain. The elder man particularly returned to me my note-book, measure, and handkerchief.

Altogether I think the business was conducted quite as pleasantly as such affairs ever are. They then made off down the road we had come, to Deir el 'Asl. I had some difficulty in making Muhammed collect his mind to the needful business of roping up the camel again, tying the 'cut ropes, &c. I sat down to make notes of what was gone, by where my money lay, so that if the robbers were watching to see if I picked up anything they should not detect it. I then pocketed it, and we went on. I had forgotten to take off my watch, and one of the robbers was much disposed to have it, but I immediately reminded him that it was numbered, and that decided them to leave it. The whole affair was much of a scuffle and there was not time to be too precise in one's arrangements. Happily all my note books and papers are safe. We soon found our guide-man gone on ahead. What share had he in it? He could not have conspired at Dawaimeh, as he was only picked up suddenly at Muhammed's choice at the last moment. He cannot have conspired at Deir el 'Asl, as he was with Muhammed all the time. But I think he saw the men go off before us at Deir el 'Asl, and suspected mischief, and hence his reluctance to go on. That he went on afterwards all the way looks, on the one hand, as if he was not really anxious to return, on the other hand, as if he had no thought of being charged with complicity. On the whole I should not

accuse him. The thieves were almost certainly not from Dawaimah, as I had there said to everyone that I was going by a different road to that which the guide took.

We reached Dhâheriyeh about an hour before sunset, owing to the delays, and pitched in a high north wind. The cold wind, after being heated in the valleys, gave me a sore throat. Really the result of the robber's grip, as I had it for weeks after. I wrote a full account and inventory of stolen goods to the acting Consul, W. H. Kayat, a Syrian, at Jerusalem, Mr. Moore being gone to England; and a line to the Halls, as I thought they would hear some exaggerated report of it, and also asking them to order a new suit for me at Jaffa. These I send off by a horseman as soon as the moon rose, and expect now to hear of soldiers, &c., in the next few days. The messenger was to be paid at the Consulate; he is a wild maundering-looking *sherif* with long locks.

It is a very hot day with east wind and burning sun, so I shall do very little until the evening. Everything feels hot to the touch, showing that it is well over 98°, and here I am, 2,000 feet above the sea, so what it is in the plain, I cannot guess. After, a cool west breeze sprang up and blew hard, it was still 97° by the clinical thermometer. This is well named Dhâheriyeh, as it is at the back of the world in both senses, being on the high ridge between the Dead Sea and Philistia, and being at the end of all things without any settled habitation south of this, away, away, right down to Arabia.

Three coins were brought to me, none worth buying as they had been much ground down by the finders, and as I could see at a glance what they were. Two were *potin* of Antioch under Trajan, and the other a *denarius* of Trajan. They are good historically, as, being all of one time, they point strongly to the buildings about here being of that reign, when there was a great consolidation in the East, as witness the only coins of Nineveh, under Trajan. There is a fine stone building just by my tent, and a very civil man asked me to go round into a courtyard to see more of it: arched passages, two great chambers and a staircase.

The people here are far from agreeable, quite a different manner to the Dawaimah folks. There is only one pleasant and intelligent man I have yet seen, who showed me the coins and the building. The others are always prowling and peering about as if trying to see if they could steal. When I went only a mile from the village, among the harvesters of the place, I was cursed and threatened with a big stone, and now the night guards began to refuse to come, although well paid. This is all so nasty that I have buried what gold I have, and packed all my irreplaceable note books and papers together, clear of my other baggage, and ready to save them if nothing else. I can't expect every thief to return my note books. The Sheikh is away harvesting, and every man seems to do what is right in his own eyes. Happily, I can always get up to Hebron on foot in four hours from here, in case of a row, and there is the German inn to fall back on there. The people here refuse us water, except for payment. I went all over the hills about this village, and though there

are plenty of natural cave dwellings, &c., yet there is not a bit of Amorite or even Jewish pottery ; what little there is, is Greek or Roman. Then I went on a round walk with a native, but he did not know much of the country. However, he got great faith in the map, from my predictions, and was willing to go as I wanted. We went to Shuweikeh (Socoh) but all the buildings are late, and the main one is a mosque. Then on to Deir es Shems, but, as the name shows, it is Roman, late pottery and tesserae abound. Then on to Es Semua (Eshtemoah), which is still inhabited ; but Roman work all over the place, and a large castle which they attribute to Mamun, and probably is Arabic. Then to Ra-fat, but again a mosque and late buildings. Then to Attir (Jattir), where the buildings seem again late. Then to Zânûta (Zanoah), where again there is a ruined mosque. In short, none of these Jewish sites show a trace of remains older than the Roman rule of the district, and the active civilization which seems to have remained here into early Arabic times. I suspect that the Jews here were a skin-and-wood-using people, and did not make pottery any more than the modern people. Though there was a good breeze all day, it was hot wind ; and I only took one bottle of water, and was fearfully thirsty. At Zânûta I lay flat on my back for half an hour, done for ; the thirst made my heart so troublesome up the hills ; for though the actual distance was only about 16 miles, the hills were certainly equal to half as much again.

The harvesting of the ants is everywhere to be seen ; and how anyone can have doubted that the ants (either grubs or mature) do use grain, seems impossible. Not only are the tracks leading out of the cornfields converging all on to the mouths of the ant holes, but every ant hole has about it a fringe of husks and chips carried out as waste material. The *débris* is proof positive that the useful material has been consumed. At the present moment there is a line of ants, each struggling with a grain of barley which they are carrying off from what is spilt from the donkey's food

At last, after nearly three days, my messenger returns from Jerusalem, with a reply from Mr. Kayat that he will make a strong representation to the local authorities on the subject.

I want the soldiers to appear about here before I move to Hebron, for otherwise I expect to be robbed again. My camel man (who has safely delivered my boxes at Jaffa) was stopped between Hebron and here, and searched for valuables, on his way down this morning. I hear also that the Arabs are busy, and have carried off sundry cattle, horses, donkeys, &c., in a raid.

I went on a short day's round with a man again, feeling rather lazy in the morning after yesterday. I went first to Somerah (Shamir), where there are many ruins, but all late apparently, with Roman pottery about, and some very debased moulding. On two slabs I saw curious basin hollows, with grooves, altogether too small for collecting rain-water ; perhaps for clothes-washing, where water was scarce. Thence to some wide-spread ruins called, altogether, 'Anab. A mosque remains there

entire; but there is a puzzling point in the lintel having ornamental crosses on it. Is it possible for Muslims to have not objected to putting them up prominently thus? Yet the kibla niche is certainly the same age as the building. A short way off are the foundations of a church, with a regular apse, and two pillars remaining. If Tiberias is the palace of the king of the fleas, assuredly 'Anab is a "hunting box" of his. While I was just measuring the mosque I welcomed a large population, insomuch that I afterwards picked off 20 from the outside of my clothes; and how many more were inside, I will not venture to guess. From 'Anab, I went to 'Aseilah and Resm el Muketat, where are very similar ruins, but the latter probably Herodian by the bossing of the stones.

Then to Umm Deimnah (Madmanneh) where there are many more ruins, with two lintels bearing crosses, which prove the late date.

At Umm Kusab there were again similar ruins. Nowhere to-day did I see a fragment of Amorite or Jewish pottery. The old Sheikh of the village has turned up at last, very civil and pleasant, and will keep folks in order, I hope. All my country of to-day is sown with *durra*, and we did not meet a single person or see any one on the hills, from leaving to returning to Dhâheriyeh; the corn harvest in the other valleys occupies every one.

Next day I made another round to Dômeh (Dumah), where there are Roman building and pottery and another early mosque. Then to Kûrza, where there are some more Roman buildings and a spring half way up the hill, far above the level of innumerable caverns lower down. The water is reached by a well about 20 feet deep, very narrow, lined with rough blocks, and my guide went down and drank and washed and refreshed himself for some time. Then on to Râbûd (? a Rab bath); the west part Roman, but the main hill is the first pre-Roman place I have seen about here; the pottery is mostly about 600 B.C. and some perhaps 800 B.C.; but nothing Greek or Roman. Rabfyeh near it is nearly all Roman. Here my guide—whom really I guide—stuck behind, praying, *he* says, sleeping, I think, and didn't follow me up to Es Simia, and I saw nothing more of him until long after I had got back to my tent. Es Simia is a large place—streets of buildings of drafted stones. Tesseræ and Roman pottery show the late date of it. This morning a lad came and said he heard I was packing up; if not, when was I going? This evening a man lounges up, puts his head in, and cross-questions me persistently as to when I am going, is it to-morrow, or in two days? or in four days? All this looks as if some one was intending to overhaul our baggage on the way. There is no sign of soldiers, nor any result of the "strong representation" from the acting Consul, though it is three days since, and this is only 9 hours' ride from Jerusalem. I rather think of quietly going off to Hebron and telling the Kaimakam that he must send a soldier to escort the camel and baggage.

Next day I determined to go up to Hebron with an escort of villagers. So after packing the things all ready quietly in the tent, I suddenly sent

for the Sheikh, who came, very reasonable and polite as before, and appointed three men to go with us. Another man, a pedlar with a donkey, was also going, so with the camel driver, Muhammed, and myself we were seven. I got off as quickly as possible after letting out that we were going, so as to leave less time for any party to waylay us. What with the crops, and not going far from the party, I could see but little of the ruins on the way. The two springs at Ain Dilbeh and Ain Hejeri make a beautiful green patch of cultivation, and it seems to me almost certain that they are the "upper and the nether springs" which Caleb gave to his daughter. From the account they must have lain between Hebron and Dhâheriyeh, and nearer to Hebron probably, and one being much higher up than the other exactly agrees to the upper and nether. Khurbet Kan'ân I went over, but it is Roman.

As soon as I had pitched tent at Hebron, by the spring on the Jerusalem road, I went off to see the Kaimakam as to my robbery, since Dura is all in his district. He was not in the office so late in the afternoon, but no letter whatever had come about the business. Here is Thursday, and Mr. Kayat's "strong representation" was to be made on Monday. If I had disregarded the consulate altogether and sent to the Kaimakam direct, I should probably have had all my things by this time. As it is nothing has been done. The suspicious guide had told his niece (who lives at Dhâheriyeh) that if I would give a little I could have all my things again; this proves that he does know the thieves, and, moreover, that it only needs a touch of Government force to make them restore the clothes, &c.

Next morning I went over to the Beit Khûlîl, the early ruin which I saw with Dr. Chaplin. There I caught sight of an inscription, and then remembered how we had hunted for one said to exist by the well. This is

ΔΟΜΝΑΙ

ΔΗΜΕΤΡ

but very weathered. I presume it records one Domna, daughter of Demetrius. The slip of *Δημετρι* for *Δημητρι* being a provincialism. This lady must have been born about 210 A.D. (being named after Julia Domna) and the inscription cut about 240 A.D. as a medium date. Moreover, it was cut in its present place, as the inscription is on the edge of the block which runs deep into the wall, and cannot therefore be a re-used tomb-stone, as I at first supposed. This shows that the building, &c., and the relining (in which this is) existed before the time of Constantine, and cannot be his basilica. So far satisfactory; as my impression was and is that the building is Amorite or early Jewish, and the relining is Herodian. I found the dressing marks on the stones, and they are pre-Herodian being cut with a small pick (*long stroke dressing* I should call it) and not a comb pick. There

are traces of a second inscription on a block by the side of Domna's: this is **BY IC**.¹

I then went off after breakfast to look for the Kaimakam, but found, contrary to what I had been told, that he would not come, being Friday. So I made up my mind to stop a day and see him to-morrow. I let off Muhammed and the camel man to go to the Haram, and wished that I could have changed places with one of them, but it would be much as one's life is worth to be caught inside.

Muhammed tells me that the masonry of the wall inside is like the outside, but much finer. Some day, when the French or Russians come, the Hebronites will have their claws cut, and we shall be able to go all over the place.

I then went off in the afternoon to see some other sites, but they all proved Roman. I heard a new variant on the regular Syrian curse. *Ikra beitak*, "May your house be ruined;" this was *Ikra beit abuk ala netfit*, "May the house of your father be ruined to bits." The Egyptian *ibn el kelb*, "Son of a dog," is here amplified to *ibn sitash kaleb*, "Son of sixteen dogs," i.e., back to the great-great-grandfather, all were dogs. I wonder if any one will write a comparative history of *Curses*; this is a fine subject to let, properly studied with reference to countries and habits of the people. I can imagine comparative tables, showing the racial proportion of (1) personal, (2) ancestral, (3) possessional, (4) actional, (5) extra mundane, &c. Of course the blessings must be treated with them as their nature is similarly direct or indirect. "The comparative study of reflective wishes," is a neglected branch of Anthropology.

I had another look over Beit Khülil, but did not see anything fresh. I measured the old lintels and door sills built in *on edge* in the relining; the door was bivalve, each half $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, 9 feet in all, and each half was fastened by two bolts on the sill.

From the lintel being slightly shorter between the pivots than the sill is, I suspect the doors swung to by their own weight, rising slightly when pushed open. Next morning, at ten, I went again to the Governorate, but neither Kaimakam, nor any other officials were there, nor would be there till some time after noon. I could not stay indefinitely in Hebron in this way, so I had to leave the matter to the "strong representation" of H.B.M. Consular Agent.

We then went off to Beit Jibrin, over no sort of a road in some part of the hills. I looked up one or two Khurbahs on the road. Beit Jibrin is essentially Roman, with mediæval rebuilding, and all the places around, so far as I have seen, are Roman also, with one great exception. Tell Sandahannah (mediæval name Sant' Yohanna) is a high commanding mound, all the surface of which is Seleucidan, so far as can be seen, with only single scraps of Roman pottery. But at the north-west side, where

¹ A copy of this inscription, forwarded by Rev. J. E. Hanauer, was published in the *Quarterly Statement* for October, 1889.

it joins to the ridge of Khurbet Merash, there is a large tract of Jewish pottery back to the earlier kings, I should say.

My belief is that this is only an outcrop of the Jewish pottery not buried by the Seleucidan town, and that the whole mound is Jewish beneath. It is too high to have been all the accumulation of Greek times. Now this joining Merash (which was evidently a great place, as the battle (2 Chron. xiv, 9-12) was named after it), I take it that this Sandahannah is the original Marasheh, the name of which has only clung to a spur of the hills. This seems to have been a great fort commanding one of the main roads into the hill country and Jerusalem; and the tactics of Asa seem to have been to let the Egyptians enter a valley past the fort, and then attack them with the army in front, and the garrison in the rear, thus taking them so that their numbers were useless.

I think it would be well to cut into Sandahannah and see what there is under the Seleucidan. There are plenty of Greek buildings to clear, the walls of which show all over the surface, and they might give some inscriptions. It is a good point finding the early date of at least a part of this great mound, especially as it links on to history.

It is curious how very short the Syrians are as to thirst. In Egypt I do not remember any difference between the natives and myself. Here they are wanting water every hour or half-hour; not that they take much at a time, only half a pint or so. On the contrary, I go quite happily for four or five hours, by which time I am a quart in arrear and begin to be thirsty. Two quarts in arrear, I feel bad, and three quarts gone, I can hardly stir. But these fellows are utterly miserable before they need a quart. One would have thought that Ramadan would have trained them.

From Beit Jibrin we went on to Akir (Ekron). I looked over Tell Bornât, which seems to be later Jewish on the surface, certainly not Roman.

Next at Dhikerin, though there are pieces of Roman and Arab pottery about, I found some Amorite pottery on the top, showing that it is nearly all early. I then came to Tell es Sâfi (supposed to be Gath), which is a large mound on the top of a ridge of chalky limestone; a village now covers one side of it. Here I found Amorite, or early Jewish pottery, up to nearly the top, and no Greek or Roman. A polite inhabitant showed me a place where they have uncovered an ancient wall of drafted blocks, which they were gradually quarrying away for stone. From the method of the stone dressing I should suppose it to be Jewish.

Hence I went to Mekennâ (Meconna), where the slight mound appears to be of the later Jewish and Persian period, but there was no Roman nor later Greek pottery. At Umm Kelkah there is another of those strange bottle-shaped caves, which I have not yet mentioned. They are common all over the district of Beit Jibrin, and in fact wherever the rock is of the firm, yet soft, white limestone. The usual form is thus about 25 feet deep, and 20 to 25 feet across. They are probably early, but were certainly used, and made down to Roman times, as some have rows of columbarium

niches. Some, I presume the later ones, have a winding staircase down the side, entering by a side cut apart from the top hole. There is very little pottery at Umm Kelkhah, probably both Jewish and Roman.

'Akir is entirely modern, apparently; there is no mound, the village lying in a slight hollow by the well, and it cannot have been a city of much size. I rather think that it had its reputation and importance from the oracle of Baal-zebul, and was not a political or commercial place. The only ancient thing I saw was a large mortar of black trachyte, with handles pierced so as to turn it over on pivots to empty it. On one side is a design, apparently the Egyptian *tat*, with the sun and moon on each side, and palm branches above. The well at 'Akir is a pretty spot; a large wide spreading tree stands over it, a waterwheel with a band of rope, with jars fastened on to it, is worked by a mule, and raises a constant stream of water; this flows into a tank, from which the cattle are watered, and all the women and girls of the village bring their jars to fill at the stream.

I have had a constant difficulty all this trip in getting sufficient sleep at night; what with guards, dogs, donkeys, and villagers, I have been cut down sometimes to four hours, and I have been all day nearly falling asleep on my donkey, and with a miserable headache. This is a disadvantage in going about in the summer, the nights are only ten hours, and there is not much time left out of that if you are disturbed.

At Dejan the ground is being dug into for quarrying, and I could see by a clean section that there is only 3 or 4 feet of stuff, and that is Roman.

I then reached Jaffa and found Mr. Hall at home and most kind in every way. I turned over the baggage, put together what should go into store, and sent it off by the camel-man to Dr. Wheeler at Jerusalem.

I saw a very interesting sight at Jaffa. On a piece of waste ground, almost out of the town, were five miserable tents, and in them, or rather under their shadow, were some of the wandering iron-workers, the descendants of the primitive smiths, who went from place to place.

They were not at all of the Arab or Syrian types. Most of the men were away, looking for jobs, but I noticed one with a close thick short beard. The women varied much in type, one was of sallow complexion, with very rounded features, another was of a European type, with fairish skin, and a handsome intelligent face, with an enormous luxuriant head of black hair. She was blowing double bellows of goat skins. They reminded me more of gipsies than of any Semitic people.

I arranged with Mr. Hall about the sets of photographs of Syrian types, of which he had sent out some already for me. They will go to Dr. Elliott, at Gaza; Revs. C. T. Wilson, Jerusalem; H. Sykes, at Salt; T. F. Wolters, at Nazareth; Dr. Torrance, at Tiberias, all of whom are photographers, and one set remains at Jaffa for any one else to see.

I drew up suggestions to these gentlemen for selecting and photographing groups of natives, classified according to the ancient race types in such a way as to get statistical percentages of the different types in each place, and made six copies of the paper to go with the photographs. If this succeeds we may learn a great deal as to the distribution of the Amorite, Hittite, Hyksos, and other races in Palestine.

HERR SCHICK'S REPORTS FROM JERUSALEM.

I.

THE NEW ROAD NORTH OF THE CITY.

In one of my reports made during last year, I spoke of some discoveries made when the new carriage road along the northern wall of the City of Jerusalem was constructed. This report was published in the *Quarterly Statement*, 1889, page 63. It comprised the *western* part, and now I have to report on the *eastern* part—namely, from Damascus Gate to the north-east corner of the city.

The sill of the Damascus Gate is 2,471 feet above the Mediterranean, and 200 feet north of it the ground on the Ordnance Survey Map, scale $\frac{1}{25000}$, is 2,481 feet, giving a slope of 5 per cent. This slope is now greater, as the crossing-point of the new road is made about 5 feet higher, or 2,486 feet above the Mediterranean. It was made higher in order that the new carriage road coming from the west should not descend so much and ascend so much again. On both sides the hills of rubbish were cut through, so that the carriage road is much more level than the former road. South of Jeremiah's Grotto it was raised about 6 feet by filling up the depression, and at the south-eastern foot of the Jeremiah's Grotto Hill, where there is a little "tomb" building, lowered and cut through the rubbish, so that at the crossing-point, where the road comes out from Herod's Gate, or Bab ez Zahiré, and goes northwards on the eastern slope of Jeremiah's Grotto Hill, the level of the new road is about 6 feet deeper than that of the old one. By this it was seen that there is no "Roman road," as Dr. Merrill supposes in his little pamphlet, "The Site of Calvary." If such had been here, it would have been cut through; but no traces of such a road were met with. Further east, in the depression of the ground, the new road was elevated by filling up, forming a dam or causeway, with a small bridge for the water to go through under it. Then, further east, in the fosse, it was lowered, by which means it was shown that there is much earth in the trench, which originally was much deeper. The real bottom was not seen in any place, so the exact depth cannot be stated. By this lowering of the road, the wall, and especially the rock scarp, was laid more bare, and it was