

remained so complete, when only 3 feet of *débris* protected it from the ravages of the Arab.

A study of the surrounding ground above shows that the tombs may have been under a larger building of some sort, situated within a quadrangle, measuring, roughly speaking, about 70 yards square. At the north-east, just on the verge of the descending rock, can be seen two courses of masonry, which might have been the corner of the enclosure. The east wall is also distinctly traceable for some distance, running exactly at right angles to the tombs. The south and west lines of walls are inferred from the ridges of *débris* and fallen stones, there being a distinct rise of ground everywhere inside these lines. No hewn stones are seen above the tombs, or to the north of the enclosure. There is a large rock-cut and plaster cistern within the enclosure to the north-east of the tombs, with a Latin cross modelled on the plaster.

The site is entirely surrounded by deep valleys, except at the south-west, where it is connected by a narrow neck to the adjoining hill. A bright autumn day gave us a splendid view of the surrounding country. The Frank mountain loomed and Bethlehem glittered on the south, while the sparkling Mount of Olives and the interesting but dismal village of Bethany attracted the eye to the north. The hill village of Súr Báhir, ragged and picturesque on the west, linked the circle of view, which on the east was completed by the barren sandy "knowes" leading to the Dead Sea, with the intense blue belt of water beyond, terminating in the clear, soft tones of the indescribable, unpaintable blue mountains of Moab.

A JOURNEY EAST OF THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA, 1895.

By GRAY HILL, Esq.

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WE desired to reach Petra from the north. No European has, so far as I know, visited this most interesting place either from the north or the south for a good many years, and it has hitherto been very difficult of approach from the north. We made an attempt which failed in 1890. It is fully described in my book, "With the Beduins." We tried again in 1891 and in 1893 under the charge of Sheikh Házáh of the Beni Sakhr tribe, keeping on those occasions to the east of the Derb el Haj, but had not got far when we were driven back—in 1891 by the Beni Sakhr fighting with the Keráki, and in 1893 by the Aenezeh attacking the Beni Sakhr. Since 1893, however, the Turkish Government has established military posts at Dhibán, Kerák, and Ma'an, in addition to one at Madeba established in that year, and they were now said to be in process of establishing one at Shobek, so that the road to Petra from the north appeared to be no longer attended with great difficulty or danger.

This then was our fourth attempt, and it succeeded no better than the other three. Our plan was to make a preliminary excursion to the east of the *Derb el Haj* under the care of Sheikh Anad Ibn Madhi of the Beni Sakhr, who was to wait for us at Kalat Zerka, and who undertook to show us Umm el Jemal and the country to the south of that place, and then to proceed to Kerák, Ma'an, and Petra. But we found that an order had been recently issued prohibiting travellers from going to Wády Musa (Petra) without special leave from Constantinople. The British Consul at Jerusalem was kind enough to telegraph at our request to the Embassy at Constantinople asking that leave might be obtained for us, but we waited six days without any answer being received.

Then all preparations having been made for a journey we could wait no longer, and started from our house, near Jerusalem, on the 18th of March, in charge of our old friend and Dragoman, George Mabbedy, in search of Sheikh Anad, having arranged that when an answer should come from the Embassy it should be sent by special messenger to Madeba, where we intended to go after the contemplated expedition to the east of the *Derb el Haj*.

We did not intend to trouble the Adwan Sheikhs to conduct us across their territory, which is the first to be passed after crossing the Jordan, as we had often traversed this part of the country before; but Sheikhs Fallach and Shebeeb, of that tribe, who had accompanied us on previous occasions, were not disposed to lose their baksheesh, and discovering that we were on the move bore down on us at Jericho, and took possession of us. The Adwan Bedawy, called in my book Abu Seyne, who always accompanies us on our journeys in this direction, and who had made the arrangement with Anad, was also with us. Fallach and Shebeeb demanded 12 napoleons for conducting us to Kalat Zerka, and on our objecting gave us the pleasing intelligence that they had sent to inform Sheikh Házáh, of the Beni Sakhr, that we were going to the country of that tribe with Anad instead of with him, and that in consequence Házáh was awaiting the arrival of Anad at Kalat Zerka with the intention of killing him. We knew the ways of the Adwan, however, and did not allow ourselves to be moved by this statement. Ultimately, with the help of the Effendi at Jericho, who manages the boats now afloat on the Dead Sea, we agreed with Fallach and Shebeeb for 6 napoleons. We stayed a day at Jericho in order to make an expedition by the row boat. A good south wind filled its sails, and blew with such force that very little rowing was necessary to enable us to ascend the river, and we went in three hours from its mouth to the Greek pilgrim bathing place—a very interesting and pleasant trip.

The next day passing the Jordan by the wooden bridge recently reconstructed, we came to Tell Nimrin and the tombs of the Adwan Sheikhs, in which there lay one of the sons and the chief wife of 'Ali Diab, the Sheikh of the Adwan, both of whom we had met in former years. Since our return home we hear that the great Ali the Wolf himself, has been put to rest there also. After lunching and resting here, we rode on

over the beautiful country, fresh and flower-bearing after the rains, and entered a winding glen, following which we came in two hours to 'Ain Jériah, where we found our tents pitched near the spring, and some long grass good for the four-footed animals.

The next day brought us through a pretty woodland and rocky country to Esweile, on the top of the high land to the south of the depressed plain called El Bukeia, and we there heard that Anad was encamped within two hours of us. We sent to seek for him, and before long he appeared riding on his dromedary. But we had hardly begun to talk to him when some soldiers came up from El Bukeia with a message from the Kaimakam of Salt, who they said was encamped below, to tell us that he had heard we were going with Anad, but that the latter could not take us safely, that the Beduin were fighting the Druses to the north, and each other to the east, and that the Kaimakam could not be responsible for any misfortune which might befall us if we trusted ourselves to Anad. We rode down to the Kaimakam's camp, where he sat in state with cavalry about him and a crowd of Beduin onlookers, and produced our passport and teskeré. The Kaimakam repeated his warning, adding that Anad was not one of the principal Sheikhs of the Beni Esa, or sons of Esau (a branch of the Beni Sakhr), and was not powerful enough to protect us, that owing to the want of rain that winter the Aenezeh were encamped more to the west than usual, and that Umm el Jemal and the country south of that place which we wanted to visit were the scenes of constant conflicts. These statements were confirmed by the chief Sheikh of the Sardiyeh (another branch of the Beni Sakhr), who was present, who added that neither he nor Sheikh Házáh with 500 horsemen would make us safe from a "Ghazzu" in that part of the country. We returned crestfallen to our camp, and found that Anad had fled upon his dromedary.

The Kaimakam presently mounted the hill with a troop of soldiers, and offered to follow Anad and arrest him until he should return the 10 napoleons, but we knowing that these must have been spent, and having no wish to put so wild looking a creature into durance vile, declined the offer. Then the Kaimakam and the soldiers having departed we sent Abu Seyne to look for Anad, who returned and told us he had but his wife and children and dromedary left, and could pay back nothing, so we bade him go in peace. The weather was cold and windy on these heights, and we cut down a large branch off an old dead tree, and made a bonfire to rejoice our men and ourselves withal.

The day following was one of the most delightful we have ever spent east of the Jordan. An hour's ride brought us to the head of the beautiful well-wooded Wâdy Sir, which descends in many a curve to the pretty village of Sir, where are houses and mills recently built by Circassian settlers. The Syrian oaks were putting forth their first green; and on the branches of one some goats were walking, having evidently jumped on to it from the high bank close by. A stream appeared after we had been about an hour in the Wâdy, and grew stronger as we descended. After three hours' riding in this most charming valley we

halted to lunch in a delightful nook, under high rocks which protected us from the wind and sun, and enjoyed a sweet open-air siesta on our travelling carpet. The Sheikh of the Sardiyeh, who had ridden part of the way with us, left us here. George wanted to buy his mare, which had, he said, a written genealogy of 58 generations. She was said to have been taken in war from Ibn Raschid, the great Sheikh of the Rowallah, but whether the genealogical tree was captured also did not appear. The Sheikh, however, declined all offers, saying that she was beyond price.

At the village of Sir there is a remarkable Syrian oak. It sits upon the bare rock at the top of a precipitous cliff 20 or 25 feet high. Some of its roots no doubt strike into the sloping hillside behind it, but others run right down the rocky face of the cliff to the soil in the valley below. Probably the moisture which enabled the roots to grow downwards came from the drippings down the rock. There are many caves in the Wâdy Sir artificially cut or enlarged, two or three of several storeys—one built up with walls and windowed like a house. An hour more and we were in sight of the caves and ruins of 'Arak el Emir, at the foot of which the Sir runs. Both caves and ruins are too well known to need description here. After revisiting them we crossed the Sir and encamped on the hillside to the east of it. In the evening I walked up the glen, keeping as near to the stream as I could get. It is lined with magnificent oleanders and Syrian oaks. I noticed one splendid castor-oil tree, and the ground was carpeted with lovely wild flowers, amongst which were cyclamens, red anemones, tulips, daisies, yellow marguerites, pink linum rubrum, and wild peas of all colours. At night we had a glorious bonfire of Jericho thorns and "dancing and delight" of the Beduin.

We had sent to a camp of the Beni Sakhr, which was within an hour or two, to invite the sons of the late Sheikh Zottam el Faiz to come to visit us, hoping to make with them an arrangement for safe conduct somewhere in their country, near to which we now were; and to our joy some of the head men responded to the invitation, and undertook to take us to a place we had heard of before, and indeed once seen afar off by the light of sunset—the ruined castle of Khauranee, which we afterwards found to be about 21 miles east of the Derb el Haj.

The next day we ascended the shoulder of a hill to the southward of the place where we had encamped the night before, and entered on the splendid gorge of Wâdy Naâûr, keeping several hundred feet above the stream on the north side of it. We passed above a waterfall, which we could hear but not see, descended to a brook bordered by very large oleanders whose waters fell into the stream below, ascended the opposite slope which was beautifully wooded and crowded with wild flowers, and entered on an open moorland with craggy limestone heights rising out of it. Here we met great herds of the cattle and camels of the Beni Sakhr, and a son of Zottam joined us. We passed an old cistern with a well-built stone arch, and after lunching under a rock which sheltered us from the wind, we reached, in half an hour's further ride, the encampment of our

newest friend, where we had to sit a long time while a dish of rice and sugar was prepared, and coffee was roasted, ground, and served. Heavy showers of rain pierced through the worn-out old tent and wet us somewhat; their best tents they told us had been taken from them by the Aenezeh in the recent war.

When the rain slackened we rode on to Yâdufdeh, which was near at hand on higher land, and where we found our camp. At this place there is a solitary house with outbuilding, belonging to a native of Western Palestine, who has bought land and cultivates it, but we were told under great difficulties, owing to the free and easy notions about the property of others entertained by the Beni Sakhr. Furious squalls of rain tore round our tent, and it seemed strange to be informed, as we were, that there was no water east of this place, and that the cisterns of Umm Moghr were dry. We hoped, however, that the rain now falling after a long drought would give some supply, and that we might be able to encamp at that place, and from it to reach Khauranee. The Beni Sakhr told us of other places of interest in their territory, but said, owing to the lateness of the season and the absence of rain, it would be almost impossible to get beyond Khauranee, and that there would be considerable danger even in getting there, but that if we would come to visit them early in February they could take us as far as Jôf. Some day I hope we may be able to act on this suggestion.

We had a fearful storm of wind and rain in the night, but blue sky appeared in the morning, and the heavy downpour made us still more hopeful about the water supply to the eastward. The Sheikhs could not say whether they could take us to any place except Khauranee if water was found, until they consulted our old friend, their brother Hâzâh, who they said was not far off, but with whom they had had a serious quarrel. This, as we were told, had arisen from the fact that Hâzâh had persuaded some of his young nephews to go with him on a raid against the Aenezeh, without consulting their father, and several of the young men had been killed in the affair. The Sheikhs sent a horseman to Umm Moghr to see if there was any water there, and we had to wait another day for his return.

The weather being now fine, we could walk about and look at the ruins, for there are on this hilltop masses of the same kind of shapeless ruins as are found at Hesban, el 'Âll, and many other places in the uplands of Moab. In addition, there are here arched recesses cut out of the rock, the purpose of which we could not guess, and part of a tower tomb, like several which exist near the Haj road—smaller and inferior editions of the fine one near Amman; also many rock cisterns, some water, a pool or reservoir, caves—some built in with arches—and sarcophagi, and some small circular basins cut in the rock, of a kind often met with east of the Jordan.

This day, greatly to our astonishment, there arrived at our camp Arar Ibn Jésy, the Sheikh of Petra. How long and greatly we had wished to meet this man! He recollected the letter which we had sent

him in 1890: his dispatching in reply a messenger with a paper bearing an impression of his seal, as testimony of his authority, to warn us against the danger of proceeding further towards Petra, owing to the fighting of the tribes in front of us, and his commissioning his relative to assist us out of the difficulty into which we had got with the Ghawârineh. Could we induce him to conduct us now? But it appeared that he had come out of Petra with all his tribe on account of some quarrel or dispute, and he said he could not go back for the present. He offered to send his negro slave in charge of us, but we thought that Arar's authority being withdrawn from the Valley of Moses, the protection of the dark gentleman in question would scarcely be sufficient, and seeing that special leave, which we still hoped to receive, was absolutely necessary, we declined this offer. Arar said that a party



UMM MOGHR, GATEWAY.

of Europeans had been to Petra about ten years ago (this would, no doubt, be Professor Hull's party), and another about two years after that; but that since then no Europeans had been there.

That night, while Abu Seyne and several of our men were feasting at the Beduin camp, a thief got into our sleeping tent and carried off a box, but my wife waking and raising an alarm, and George running after him promptly with a sword, he dropped his prize, and was lost in the darkness.

The next morning we hired four camels from the Beni Sakhr to carry water from Yâduîdeh (as the messenger reported but little water at Umm Moghr, and none to the east of that place), and we started in the beautiful fresh air and sunshine. We steered first south-east to Rufeisah and then a little north of east to Umm Moghr. We passed between two hills, each covered with ruins, which appeared to answer to the places marked on the Palestine Exploration Map as Hawar and El

Khumân, both of which the Beni Sakhr called Looban. An hour and a half's more riding brought us to the Haj road, near, as far as I could judge, to the spot marked on the map as "Khan es Zeit," but this name was unknown to the Beni Sakhr, nor did we pass or see any building here. Neither did they know the name "Kusr el Ahla," as to the north of where we were, although so marked on the map, but they say there is a "Kasr el Ahl" near to Umm Rasas, and that this is the only "Kasr" of that name in this part of the country. They told us that there was no Khan or ruin on the Haj road north of the place where we crossed it, until one comes to Kalat Zerka, which we had visited in 1893.

On the road we bought a sheep for a majidie. After passing vast swarms of young locusts crawling and jumping on the ground, we came



UMM MOGHR, HIGHEST POINT.

in 1 hour 25 minutes from the Haj road to Umm Moghr, first visited by us in 1891, which stands on a range of hills about 300 feet high, running north and south. As I could not on this occasion see in the Palestine Exploration Map any spot of which I was sure, from Umm Moghr I went to a hill rather higher, about 300 yards to the west of it, and there took the following bearings by prismatic compass:—Umm Shetta (Mashita), 225°; Es Samik, 270°; Jebel Shehan, 218°; Umm el Amad, 265°; Khauranee, 105°. I estimated that Umm Moghr is about four miles east of the Haj road.

There are ruins of considerable extent at this place, remains of walls, and of a tower on the highest part, no doubt the citadel, very numerous cisterns, and arched subterranean vaults. Base Corinthian capitals, and stones ornamented in the Byzantine style, are lying about. In the walls

of what I call the citadel I noticed very large flint stones roughly squared, which I had not seen elsewhere in the ruins of the land of Moab.

South-east from the citadel 800 paces is a large open reservoir for water, the cement adhering in many places to the stone walls, but the whole is in a ruinous state. There are two flights of steps descending into it. It is 33 paces square and about 20 feet deep; 110 paces further, or 910 south-east from the citadel, is a ruined triple stone gateway or covered passage. But between Umm Moghr and this reservoir and gateway I did not see any signs of building. There were, however, numerous rock-cut cisterns. At Umm Moghr we found a little clean water in a cistern, which was very welcome, as the water in our skins was very muddy.

The night of that day (26th March) ended Ramadan, and four sheep were killed for a great feast. In the evening who should ride up but Sheikh Házáh! It was like a play: one important character turning up after another upon the stage. Dismounting, he looked haughtily at his brethren and nephew, and then kissed George and me on both cheeks, and saluting my wife in a most friendly manner, entered our tent. Then slowly came in one brother Jeruah ("Wounds," a warlike name, and so considered honourable), then another, Mohammed, and last of all, still more slowly, the nephew, Euhár. Házáh offered to take us to see not only Khauranee but several other ruins unknown to Europeans, and we set ourselves to work to bring about a reconciliation between him and the rest.

A fire was made on the ground between three large stones, on which a great cauldron containing the flesh of two sheep seethed in leben was placed, a man with a large wooden ladle keeping the savoury mess stirring. Our friends were happy that Ramadan was over, and that they might eat, drink, and smoke when they felt inclined. Abu Seyne did not feel so cheerful, however. He had recently killed one of the Beni Sakhr (the man he said in some long-previous conflict had killed his father), and stolen camels and camp furniture from the tribe, so that he doubted of his reception; but the Sheikhs all promised, out of regard for us, that he should be safe in their hands while he was with us in our service, and this promise they faithfully kept, and they welcomed him to the feast, reserving their rights of vengeance for another time. The chief nominally amongst those present was Fowwaz, the eldest son of Zottam and nephew of Házáh, but Házáh, by age, force of character, and ability, took the lead. George urged all to peaceable feelings and forgiveness, and at last they sat down together, saying, in reference to the poor dead nephews, "The living are better than the dead," "God grant you other ones," and as they uttered these and such-like Beduin philosophical remarks it seemed as if all ill-blood were forgotten.

The next morning at 7 we started for Khauranee, intending to visit it and return to Umm Moghr the same day. We had seen it clearly the evening before by the light of the setting sun in the distance to the

eastward. We left our camp standing at Umm Moghr, taking with us George, the Beni Sakhr Sheikhs, and two of our strongest and most trustworthy men. The day was grey and gloomy, with a cold west wind. We steered a little to the south of east. In 20 minutes we came to the remains of a large shallow, square reservoir surrounded by hillocks, which looked as if they concealed ruins. About 20 minutes further on we passed a similar place. After that all signs of former habitation ceased, nor did we notice any old cisterns to the east of the last-mentioned place. We several times crossed a winding dry watercourse. We put up a hare which the Beni Sakhr on their fleet mares ran down, and caught sight of a wolf, and some jackals and gazelles. In about 3 hours the scanty grass had disappeared, and dark flint gravel became plentiful. In 4 hours 30 minutes of fast riding we had got within about 2 miles of Khanraanee, which we saw to be a large square building standing on a platform of flint raised about 50 feet from the plain.

Several of our Sheikhs rode up the hill in advance to reconnoitre, and having reached the top and disappeared from view, suddenly reappeared galloping down it and waving us to go back with all speed, which we hastened to do. Soon one (Mohammed) overtook us and reported that they had seen forty horsemen in the castle and about it, and that these were pursuing us, and if they overtook would rob and perhaps shoot us. So on we fled for our lives, our horses sharing the fear, and tearing over ground full of holes, where we were afraid of their coming down. It seemed as if the great plain could never shelter us, and we knew that good as our horses were, the pursuers would be better mounted, and far better riders than we. But there was no time for speech, only for silent, impetuous, unhesitating flight. After about an hour (for so it seemed, though perhaps not really so long) of this tearing work Sheikh Mohammed called a halt, and thankfully we got off our dripping beasts and prepared to rest. But Mohammed made us mount again, although he allowed us to proceed more slowly. So on we went again, wondering what next. But a little later our other Sheikhs came up riding fast, and told us it was a false alarm, as the horsemen in question turned out to belong to the camp of Sheikha, the widow of Zottam el Faiz, who had her camp behind Khauranee. Would we go back? Not to-day. Only let us rest a bit in peace.

We found a large dirty puddle in which our horses were glad to drink, and then we had to plod on slowly for four hours more to rejoin our camp—a hard and trying day for my wife. But determined not to be beaten we resolved to set out again next day, taking our camp with us, sleep in the castle of Khauranee, and if we found Sheikha's camp at hand, to make a fresh start from thence, and get two days further to the east until we should reach a place of perennial water supply called Azrak, which Házáh described as existing there, from whence we could, going south, see another ruin of great importance of which we had heard.

So the next morning (28th March) we rose early, sleepy as we were,

emptied the remains of the water in the cistern of Umm Moghr into our skins, and started with our tents for Khauranee. It was again a cold grey windy day, but we feasted in the thought of what we were to see. As to danger no one in this country can tell when it comes, or when it is passed. After 5 hours' ride we got a good supply of milk from a camel which we met, and which our Beduin milked, and we enjoyed a delicious drink, for the water in our skins, being the dregs of the cistern, was too horrible to swallow. We saw a herd of gazelles, and one was shot. We halted again below the plateau, and again our Sheikhs ascended to see if all was safe, for on the way we had met a man who told us that Sheikha's camp had just moved northward. At the end of 6 hours we reached Khauranee. Our mules and camels carrying the water were longer on the journey, and from the time they took I estimate the distance as 21 miles east of Umm Moghr, which would make it about 27 east of the Haj road. This estimate, however, can be checked by the bearings which I have given above. On reaching this place all feelings of fatigue left us for joy at having succeeded at last.



CASTLE OF KHAURANEE.

Khauranee is a square castle, 40 paces each way, with half towers at the corners, and quarter towers on each side of the gateway, which is in the middle of the east wall. The castle is built to the cardinal points of the compass, the outer walls (which are in an almost perfect state) being about 28 feet high, and pierced for arrows. In the centre is a courtyard 16 paces square. Opening from this on the ground floor are several large chambers, apparently once used as stables, and above are many smaller rooms, amongst them chapels with little Norman arches in the upper part of the rooms, and Christian devices. The upper storey is approached by a flight of stairs in the outer wall. We noticed 2 deep cisterns in the building, but they were empty, and no doubt had long been out of repair. The castle is roughly constructed of irregularly-shaped blocks of yellow stone laid with mortar, somewhat darkened by weather, and seemed to have been originally coated over with cement. The roof had fallen in in many places, but the arches covering the ground floor rooms

and the floor of the upper storey carried on them are sound. The stables would accommodate several hundred horses. There are holes under the turrets by which men can enter or escape, and the mark of many a bullet shot is on the walls. We supposed the building to be a Crusaders' castle, and to be intended as a stronghold and water store between Umm Moghr and Azrak.

The situation is stern and gloomy—a large dark flint plateau, low hills to the north, the descent to the south bounded by some hills perhaps 20 miles distant, and to the east a low wādy leading, our Sheikhs said, to "Amr," which they described as a ruin with pictures on the wall (perhaps a church), and beyond to Azrak; and all around the desert,



CASTLE OF KHAURANEE, GATEWAY.

not a human being or even a camel to be seen. A few vultures were the only tenants of the castle, and they flew out as we approached. Near the south-east corner of the building was a little Beduin burial ground, more than one grave of which the hyenas had rifled, and the smell of the dead was about it. A native abiyeh and shirt lay by the heap of stones which covered the place of the last burial. Owing to the evening light coming from the west we could not see Umm Moghr, nor could we make out any other known object from which to take a bearing.

We entered the gateway, and pitched one tent in the courtyard for our private accommodation, and our men settled themselves comfortably in the stables, whilst the Beduin placed themselves as sentinels upon the roof to watch for an enemy. The Beni Sakhr told us that the castle

was built by a certain Shebeeb for his wife Khauranee, and Házáh declared that he and his tribe presented the castle as a gift to my wife! On the walls was the tribal mark of the Faiz family of the Beni Sakhr, also to be seen on the walls of Umm Shetta (Mashita), but we could not see any old inscription, although we searched carefully for one. There were, however, some pathetic scribblings in Arabic, such as "God be merciful to thy slave, Hassan." Házáh said that the castle had been the scene of conflicts and bloodshed ever since he could remember, and that these inscriptions were by men in fear of death, some, indeed, condemned to die by their enemies. I added our names as a record of our visit. This evening the largest of our water skins burst, and its precious contents were lost.



OUTER WALL OF CASTLE OF KHAURANEE.

We learned that the camp of Házáh's sister had that day been moved to the northward, she being apprehensive of an attack from the Aenezeh, and that there were no Beni Sakhr near us. It was necessary then to surrender for this year the idea of getting further east. Házáh told us that in the rainy season the water runs right down the dry watercourse which we had crossed to Azrak, the place of waters already mentioned.

We passed a strange night in this weird and lonesome place. The wind tore and howled round the walls in fierce gusts which rose higher and higher, and rocked our tent to and fro in the courtyard, so that notwithstanding the protection which the high walls afforded we thought it must come down. The charcoal fire in one of the lower chambers

brightened up and showed us our wild guides, and their wonderful eyes seemed alight with it, and we could see their dark curls over their beards loosened under their kefiyehs ; then it sank down, and left them unseen in the dark corners. We lay down in our clothes in order to be ready for any event which might occur, and listened in the intervals of the awful shrieking of the wind, the screeching of the owls, the crying of the jackals, and the stamping of the horses and mules, and watched the vultures flying over the upper chambers of the building.

All night Házáh and George sat at the gateway watching. At about 1.30 a.m. they heard the sound of a horse's hoof and saw a man on horseback—one solitary rider—crossing the edge of the plateau to the east of the gateway. George fired his gun across the man's course and stopped him, the horseman falling on the ground with terror at being assailed so unexpectedly. George and Házáh rushed at him and secured him and seized his gun, but finding him to be the bearer of a letter which he stated to be a declaration of war from Ibn Shalam, the great Sheikh of the Aenezeh, to Talál, the head of the Beni Sakhr tribe, returned his gun and let him proceed on his journey, after making him swear to his assertion that no Beduin were following him. All he carried with him in addition to his gun were a few cartridges, a small quantity of figs, and a half emptied girby.

The next morning very early Házáh told us we could not possibly proceed further to the east, that the messenger had stated there were 80 to 90 tents of a hostile tribe at Azrak, and that the Beni Sakhr, lately in the neighbourhood of Klauranee, having all moved northward, and our water being nearly exhausted, we must get to a safer place. We could not swallow the dregs of our water skins even after boiling and in the shape of tea, and washing was out of the question for want of water, but fortunately we had a little camel's milk left, and the weather was cold—indeed, we could hardly sit on our horses for the terrible blasting wind. We hoped to have got a bearing of Umm Moghr before leaving, but the sky was too cloudy for us to see it, and there was a little rain, which soon ceased, however, while the wind continued to blow in great gusts across the desolate plain.

There was nothing for it but to pack up and beat a retreat to the westward, hoping for better luck next time. After several hours' fighting against the wind we were fortunate in getting a long and welcome rest in the dry watercourse, sheltered by the bank from the blast ; and here we made a good fire of scrub, boiled some muddy water which we found in a little hollow, drank the precious coffee, and made merry with great joy over the thought of our castle. Fighting again against the bitter wind we resumed our journey, and went in search of Házáh's encampment, which we found somewhat to the south of Umm Moghr, and where we enjoyed a good dinner of gazelle and pigeon (the birds with beautiful speckled feathers, shot on the way), camel's milk, and fresh bread baked by Házáh's wife. In this encampment were about 40 tents, and great flocks of sheep and herds of camels, but water was very scarce.

We had to stay two nights here in order to rest our animals, and took advantage of the delay to send camels to Ammán for a supply of good drinking water from the source of the Zerka (Jabbok). At night nearly every tent had a fire before it, and the flocks brought in to lie amongst the tents gave a sweet pastoral look to the scene. There was much talk of the coming war with the Aenezeh, and a despatching of messengers to gather the Beni Sakhr together; we were told of atrocities committed by the Aenezeh in the last conflict, of the killing of old men blind and infirm, and little children, and the outraging of women, deeds which the Beni Sakhr said were never done by *them*; and of the treachery of the Adwân, who, they said, had promised to take care of the cattle of the Beni Sakhr during the conflict, and had stolen them.

Many of the people in the camp were Hagii—the greatest thieves of all the Beduin in this part of the country. One head man amongst them became very friendly with us, and offered to take us next year to the country to the east of Petra. But the reputation of this tribe is so bad that we should perhaps feel some hesitation about trusting ourselves to them.

Here was a tent occupied by a native merchant, who passes his time with the Hagii, and also his assistant. A similar merchant is to be found with the Beni Sakhr. The merchant came to see us, and told us he had travelled all over this country. He had a good deal to say about the ruins which we wanted to visit, and especially recommended some in the territory of the Hagii. He supplies the tribe with necessaries, taking sheep, &c., in exchange. No money passes. The Sheikh has to deliver the sheep at a place where the merchant's agent or principal receives them, and if any are missing the Sheikh is responsible. He said the Hagii could go a very long time without food. In their forced marches in search of plunder this power would be very useful, and has no doubt become an hereditary possession with them.

Here came to us a poor woman of the same tribe. She said she had buried 10 sons and was left with one girl, and wanted an ornament to hang on her to keep off the evil eye, which had slain her sons. This we supplied, having provided ourselves with cheap showy trifles as gifts, which came in useful on many occasions. Some of the Hagii had the most sinister countenances, and we felt that without the protection of Hâzâh and his brethren our stay here might not be agreeable. Hâzâh was inclined to take us to another ruin, but his brethren and Abu Seyne refused to go, saying it was too dangerous.

One habitation we noticed here which was a miracle of simplicity. A tattered piece of camel's hair cloth stretched on a few wretched sticks afforded the covering to this family residence. The one bed was formed of stones ranged in an oval, which was filled with dry scrub for a mattress, and the wooden camel saddle served for a pillow. Diogenes could not have improved on this. The horses looked thirstily at the fresh water brought from Ammán, but with their usual carelessness one of the muleteers threw down the largest skin from the mule's back and

broke it, so that we had to husband the rest. Our friend of the Hagii promised to bring to our house at Jerusalem a "white cow," from the country to the east of Petra. At night we gave a supper of mutton and rice, and had bonfires and dancing in the usual style, and much merriment, illuminated by the light of the beautiful young moon shining in a clear sky of darkest blue.

Amongst the Beni Sakhr was a servant of the Zottam family who possessed much skill as an actor, and for "tragedy, comedy, and scene indivisible" was not easily to be surpassed, laughing and crying with equal facility as he told his stories and sang his verses. Here we parted with Házáh, and in the sweet light of the next morning set out with his brethren, Jeruah and Mohammed, and his nephew Enhár for Umm Shetta (Mashita).

This place we now visited for the fourth time, but it has been so fully and often described, that I will say nothing here about it, only mentioning that half-way up the hill near to it are many caves, one of which is unusually large, with four apertures cut in the rock roof. From here we went across the Haj road, and through the green cornland to Madeba, where we hoped to find our permission for visiting Petra.

But no messenger had come, and we were puzzled how to act. We called on the Mudír—there is a small military post of the Turkish Government recently established here—to talk matters over. He received us very politely, told us the road to Kerák was now quite safe, and thought it was probable that the Kaimakam of that place would be able to allow us to proceed to Petra without the special permission, as it had been applied for, and we had good reason to suppose it would come.

On leaving Madeba, going south, one enters upon the country of the Hameideh, a tribe which harassed and tried to stop us in 1890, as narrated in my book, and here Abu Seyne declined to go any further, as he had serious blood feuds with that tribe. This was a great loss to us, as he was a capital guard at night, and could always be relied on in an emergency. We parted from him, therefore, very regretfully, but we felt that he had already run so much risk with the Beni Sakhr that we could not expect him to incur further risk with another tribe over which we had no control.

The next day we travelled to Dhiban in the beautiful spring weather over a country, for the earlier part of the way, green with young corn. About 4 hours brought us to Wady Waleh and the "Waters of Dimou," which flow in a sweet little stream amongst oleanders, and then in a rushing little water-fall down a very narrow gully formed by the stream in a bed of pure white rock.

A little before we reached this spot, as we rested under the shadow of an overhanging rock, a native boy ran up to us, crying out, "How do you do, Mrs. Hill? How do you do, Mr. Hill?" It was little Oudy Ibn Gazooze, one of the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby, formerly of Kerák, the English missionaries mentioned in my book, who recognised us, one

of those boys who had brought us eggs and bread hidden under their clothes when the Kerâki refused to supply us with food in 1890. The boy was now twelve, but not so much changed in five years as we might have expected. He had a sweet face and gentle manner. His brother, Mousa, who had, as the elder, helped us most, had been murdered by one of the Kerâki two or three years ago while guarding his father's corn. We had kept up a little communication with these boys, sending and receiving an occasional letter through the missionaries, and sending them little presents of books, &c. Oudy was travelling with his uncle, a shepherd from Main (Baal Meon) to Kerâk, and told us he had not been on this road for over a year, so that it was a strange coincidence (and a very fortunate one for us, as it turned out) that we should meet him. We invited uncle and nephew to join our camp, and they gladly came along with us.

In the waters of Dimon our cook caught many fish by throwing something into the water which, when swallowed by the fish, made them insensible for a brief period, during which they were picked out of the stream. The evening brought us to Dhiban, where we had to wait long for our camp, the muleteers having lost the way and not turning up till long after sunset. Indeed we had settled ourselves comfortably on our travelling carpet upon the ground, for a night *al fresco* in the lovely moonlight, after a drink of good goat's milk procured for us by Oudy from his female goat, when the mules appeared tired out with their long march, and the tents were set up. At Dhiban was a military encampment, and we called on the Bey in command. He gave us information similar to that given by the Mudir of Madeba.

The next morning the Sheikh of the Hameideh, who had troubled us in 1890, came to see us, and was very obsequious, fearing, no doubt, that we might complain of his former conduct to the Bey, which, however, we had no intention of doing. To propitiate us the Sheikh told us he knew of an inscription which he would show us. We thought of the Moabite stone, and I walked a long way in the hot sun with the old man up a winding valley, until, with many mysterious looks, he turned up a flat stone on which three or four Greek (?) letters appeared.

In our journey of the previous day we had seen the splendid purple cliffs of the south side of the great gorge of Mojib (Arnon) in the distance, and this morning we soon reached it, and in 4½ hours of hot work had crossed the gorge and reached the summits of the southern cliffs. On the way we thought much of the anxiety with which, in charge of the Kerâki, we had crossed the same gulf in the other direction five years ago, and we had little idea that we were now approaching a still more dangerous experience.

As we journeyed on we saw the tents of the Mujëlli in the distance—one camp, that of Sheikh Khalil, where we had been kept a week in 1890—the other, of Sheikh Saleh, who had bolted with the money given by us for both of them and left us to the mercies of his brother Khalil, and we began to wonder whether we were prudent in venturing amongst the Kerâki again. We overtook a soldier on horseback going to Kerâk, and

invited him to stay the night in our camp, an invitation which, with the prospect of dinner before him, he gladly accepted. We pitched our tents a little way west of the "Kasr" at Beit el Kurn, and sent the soldier to Khalil's camp, about an hour off, to buy some milk, with which he returned later.

After revisiting the interesting ruin of the "Kasr," where we found some shepherds and their cattle, we had our dinner, and soon after went tired to bed. Later in the night we were awakened with an altercation going on round the tents, strange voices shouting angrily. George told us in answer to our enquiries that the shepherds of the ruin accused us of stealing their cows, and were trying to pick a quarrel with us. He answered them that we had taken nothing; let them see if we had any cows with us. They replied that this would be our last night, and went back to the "Kasr."

We went to sleep again, thinking that it was nothing but talk. About midnight I woke up with a shivering fit, and asked my wife for something by way of medicine. She advised a little whisky and quinine, and went to a box in which she kept a small flask ready for emergencies. Just after she had given it to me the box was moved with a whiz and a ball went through it (cutting a hole in her clothing which lay in the box), and lodged itself in a bundle of rugs which lay between our two beds, and then rapid firing began. In the morning we found another ball had pierced both sides of the tent just above our beds—a little higher or lower and she or I would have been hit, if not killed. It was a wonderful escape.

On hearing the shots I seized my revolver and went outside the tent, and could see the flashes of the rifles from the "Kasr," but the men firing were hidden behind its walls. We could do nothing; our assailants were protected by the ruin, and George wisely advised us to be quiet, or we should probably have a more determined and overwhelming attack made on us. Some of the shots passed close to me as I stood in front of the tent door, and I suppose were aimed at me. The men had fired about twenty shots, when Oudy's uncle, seeing one of them looking over the wall, recognised him in the moonlight, and called on him by name to stop firing. After this it ceased, no doubt because our assailants, finding that one of them was known, feared consequences. If the good uncle had not been with us we might have left our bones at the "Kasr."

We do not know whether the intention was to kill or only to frighten us and drive us from our camp, so that our assailants might plunder it; but as we learned afterwards that the Mujëlli Sheikhs were aware beforehand that we were coming and were much concerned at our approach, I feel little doubt that the attack was planned by them with a view of preventing, or, at any rate, deterring us from making claims against them before the Governor of Kerâk for compensation for their robbery and detention of us in 1890.

The next day we proceeded to Kerâk, passing through the interesting ruins of Rabba of Moab on the way. After two and a quarter hours fast riding we reached the north side of the deep ravine that surrounds

Kerák. While we rested here one of the Mujëlli overtook us, and by a clever ruse George managed to obtain from him the names of four of the shepherds who were at the "Kasr," and the information which he obtained confirmed that of Oudy's uncle that they were some of Sheikh Saleh Mujëlli's men.

We then descended the ravine (recalling vividly to mind the very unpleasant and anxious time five years before when we crossed the reverse way in charge of Saleh and his followers), and rode up the steep ascent to Kerák. We lost no time in calling at the new Serayah, and laid our complaint before the Governor, together with the pierced box, and the bundle of rugs with bullet embedded in it as our evidence. He made full enquiries into the matter, summoning before him our men and all who appeared likely to be able to throw light upon the case, and despatched some soldiers with our chief muleteer to the "Kasr" and the Mujëlli camps to seek for the offenders. Of course no one of them was to be found, and of course the Mujëlli Sheikhs denied all knowledge of the matter, but the Governor, having the names of the four, promised to do his utmost to bring them to justice.

We now urged him, as some compensation for the risk which we had just run and the loss which we had suffered from the Mujëlli in 1890, when attempting to get to Petra, to allow us to go on to that place, furnishing us with a guard of soldiers. But he said he must adhere to his orders, and that without the production of a special permission we could not proceed. We stayed a day longer, partly hoping to shake his resolution, and partly for the pleasure of a talk with our old friend Miss Arnold, and our new friend Mr. Forder, the good English missionaries, who have replaced Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby (now stationed near Aden), but it was useless, and we resolved to descend to the Ghôr, pass round the south end of the Dead Sea, and return to Jerusalem by way of its western shores.

In the country round Kerák there was a dearth, owing to want of rain, although there had been abundance to the north-west of that place. Barley was very dear, and sheep, goats, and cattle were thin and half-starved looking. The castle of Kerák has been so fully described recently that I will say nothing about that very interesting place, which is now full of Turkish troops. On the morning of the third day we took leave of our good friends the missionaries, and departed under the escort of four mounted soldiers, whom the Governor sent with us for protection. We descended the Wady Kerák under much happier circumstances than those under which we had ascended it, in charge of Saleh and his men, in 1890, and after six hours' delightful ride in hot, but very pleasant, weather, pitched our camp at El Mezraa, near to the stream which courses down the Wady el Deraah, and in full view of the now sapphire-coloured Dead Sea. Here the corn was ripe (6th April), and George, following the pleasant custom of the country, brought us a bunch of barley ears—the "first fruits" of the harvest—as a salutation. Strange and fantastic here are the cliffs of crumbling half-formed rock, and

pleasant the thick growths of bamboo, wild sugar-cane, and jungle along the banks of the stream meandering through the sandy waste. Some of the Ghawárineh tribe (for we were now in their territory), thinking us to be the Pasha and his retinue, came to our tents with their tax money in their hands, but we quickly undeceived them, and they retired to sit in a circle and talk us and our appearance over amongst themselves.

A wondrous moonlight night succeeded, and we had much leisure to observe it (for notwithstanding a great fire of brushwood which George had made to drive away mosquitoes and flies they were too abundant, and the weather was too hot for sleep), until fatigue overcame us and sweet oblivion came. Oh, those glorious Syrian nights! Who that has once seen can ever forget them?

Early the next morning we started off in the splendid sunlight, as the faint mists were clearing away from the silver lake and the long shadows of the eastern mountains still lingered upon it. We crossed the Lisan—the tongue of land which here projects itself so far into the Dead Sea, and descended to the water's edge. We sat and rested on branches of trees overhanging the lake, and taking off my shoes and stockings like a child, I greatly enjoyed a pleasant dabble in the water. Then we rode past Nimeirah, through the well-remembered and most picturesque scrub and jungle, and through the main camp of the Ghawárineh, and pitched our camp near to the stream which flows down the Wady es Safieh. On the way we met the villainous-looking old Sheikh of this tribe who had harassed us five years before, accompanied by his headmen, and by his cattle, sheep, and goats. He told us that he was going to complain to the Governor of Kerák of the exactions of the Mujélli, and to have the flocks and herds of himself and his people numbered for the Government tax. The Governor of Kerák has an excellent reputation for honesty, and we were glad to be able to assure him that he would get justice.

Round our camp was a vast quantity of brushwood and trees containing many pigeons, some of which were shot for food. Another great bonfire was made to scare the flies, and this night I took my bed outside the tent, and slept most happily under the glorious sky, thus enjoying to the full, in the watches of the night, the sight not only of the host of heaven, and the flickering of the flames and shadows, and the refreshing night breeze, but the splendid light of dawn, and the invigorating sip of the fresh-boiled coffee which always accompanies dawn in Palestine. What a happy life this of gipsy wanderings! Why return to foggy England and squabbling politicians?

We had a long journey before us as we knew, and we started "very betimes," taking with us three of the Ghawárineh guides to pilot us though the swampy portions of the route. Notwithstanding their local knowledge we nearly lost one of our heavily-laden mules in a marshy bit amongst the jungle south-east of the Dead Sea. On getting to the south-west corner of the lake, after fording the stream which flows down the Wady Fikreh, our guides told us that owing to a landslip or the water

being unusually high, we should not be able to pass on the water side of *Jebel Usdum*, and should be obliged to make a *détour* to the west. As we had previously passed along the east side of this remarkable hill, we were glad of an opportunity of seeing a new route, nor were we disappointed in it.

Our path led us through a most curious and interesting part of the country, consisting of deep gulleys, cliffs with precipitous sides, and hills and valleys, some of yellow dried mud, and others of dazzlingly white chalk. Through the chalk is an extraordinary winding passage of several miles in length, and in most parts of only the width of a very narrow lane. It is sometimes only 6 to 10 feet across, and the sides stand up on either hand as precipitous as the walls of a castle, varying from 50 to 150 feet in height. It had to us the appearance which I suppose a passage cut in a white cheese with a knife would have to a maggot travelling through it. Through this gully it is said that the *Hagii* take a short cut on their way to the *Jordan* valley and the *Jericho* road to rob the "*Kofes*" going to *Jerusalem*. I have not read any account of this pass. It is south of the southern limit of the *Survey of the Palestine Exploration Fund*, which stops short at *Sebbeh (Massada)*.

Mr. Forder told us afterwards that he had once travelled alone at night through this passage, and described the effect of the moonlight on the chalk as most ghastly and extraordinary. He is a man of a remarkably sturdy and courageous character, or would never be where he is. Once he had to journey over the hills to *Hebron* in wintry weather with nothing on but a shirt, the *Beduins* having robbed him of all else, and often has he been threatened with death by the *Mujëlli*.

Not a drop of water is to be found here, and a poor sheep which we had bought in *Keräk*, and which had slept at night affectionately huddled close to one of our men at our last two stopping places, anticipated its fate unhappily by losing itself in the windings of this arid gully. After six hours' heavy work since our start we reached the shore of the *Dead Sea*. Our guides knew of water not far off, and soon turning again to the westward up a wild valley of reddish brown rock we came to a spring about a mile up the *Wady*, from whence flowed a little stream in which the thirsty men and animals drank their fill in happiness. Having taken lunch and a rest we set off again, and after that there could be no stopping until we should reach the foot of the cliffs near *'Ain Jidy*, as there was no water on the way.

It proved a longer journey than we had counted upon. As we wound in and out of the little bays on the shore, it seemed as if we should never get past the *Lisan* on the opposite side. The weather became very hot, a *khamseen* wind set in, and the road became most difficult, passing sometimes amongst great rocks high up on the steep slopes of the hill-side overhanging the water, sometimes amongst great boulders on the shore. The sun set and the last glimmer of day died out; the moon had not risen, the hot, heavy air exhausted us, and we were still picking our way along amongst the stones, crossing one little gully after another,

scarcely able to see our way. At last the moon arose, and after a while pierced to some extent the heavy clouds, and by her light we urged on our weary horses through a road rockier than ever but close to the water's edge. Here a donkey, getting its leg jammed between two stones, stopped the whole procession for long until George, with his strong arms, managed to extricate the poor beast, which fell over exhausted into the water, but presently revived and scrambled out. At this point a sulphur spring must have emptied itself into the lake, as there was a smell just like that of the old sulphur spring at Harrogate. It was 10 p.m. before we reached the stream of the Kid after eleven hours in the saddle, and lay down tired out, to sleep till some food could be cooked for us to eat.

It was necessary to give the animals a good rest here, for as long as the sun was on the cliff of 'Ain Jidy we were afraid to ascend the pass because of the great heat which prevailed, so it was not until late in the afternoon of the following day that we resumed our journey. The ascent was extremely difficult for the laden mules, and, of course, we had to walk most of the way. It was almost dark when we reached the top, and ate and rested, while the mules came very slowly and carefully up the last part.

We waited to see the beautiful sight of the moonrise over the Dead Sea, and when it was high in the heavens and the clouds having all cleared away illumined the whole of the desolate country at the top of the pass, we set off again, and stopping once or twice on the way to rest, and even to sleep, for a few minutes very contentedly on the bare dry ground, we reached a little before midnight a place where is a large cistern of water, and here we pitched our camp and went to bed.

At 'Ain Jidy one of the soldiers got a baby gazelle, which he placed in his saddle-bag, where the little creature sat content, with its head only visible, like someone looking out of a window. We poured a little milk down its throat, and on the way had it taken to a female goat which suckled it, and with the assistance of a similar foster-mother we afterwards kept it alive for some days at our house; but it caught cold and died when the bitter wind came back.

The next day brought us to Bethlehem and home, and so ended one of the most interesting and delightful expeditions we have ever taken. We trotted in great state past the Jaffa Gate, and down the outside of the north wall and up to our eyrie on Scopus, with our guard of four soldiers, very greatly to the satisfaction of our men, one of whom whispered to me, "This is very fine Howadja," as we passed along.

We grieved to hear soon after our return to Jerusalem that our friend Házáh had been stabbed in a family quarrel by his nephew, who had been of our party, and was dead, and slept with his fathers at Unm el Amad. Our efforts at peacemaking had been in vain. Arar, too, the Sheikh of Petra, is said to have exchanged the Temple Tombs of Wady Musa for a solitary grave of his own. Few and evil, alas, too often are the lives of the sons of Esau!

I take this opportunity of mentioning a few places near the Haj Road south of El Kahf visited by us in 1891, and some of which we have revisited since. A few of these places are marked on the map, but none of them are described in the survey of Eastern Palestine, which did not include their sites.

West of Haj Road.

Rujm Abbasia.—On a plateau.—Ruins of small Roman tomb tower. Outside west wall, nearly complete, with cornice near ground and at top. Pilasters with coarse Corinthian capitals at corners. About a quarter of a mile east of this on same plateau ruins of ill-shaped stones. Many caves and old cisterns between and around both ruins. One still holds water.

El Rejeeb.—Top of hill.—Heap of roughly-faced stones. Numerous old cisterns.

Ramadan.—At or near to spot marked Khan es Zeit, which name the Beni Sakhr Sheikhs say they do not know. I could not get bearing of any known spot. There is a hill due north about four miles off, with pile of stones on top, and trees close to top on west side of it. Here is a square tower or fort built of huge stones roughly faced and laid without mortar, in character like those in the depressed plain near Es Salt, called El Bukeia. Many well-hewn stones around. Cisterns inside and others with caves around. Found some small loose pieces of tessellated pavement. One cornice stone of base Corinthian still standing.

Zobeir Adwân.—The Beni Sakhr Sheikhs say there are three places of this name. One only marked on map.

Sahab es Sabrood.—Top of hill.—Two smaller square ruins similar to Ramadan. Many caves and cisterns. Below Sahab es Sabrood, a quarter of a mile west, is a very large cistern, with four mouths, and good water.

Pârazay.—About 250 yards south-east of Bôrazin.—A few drafted stones, some faced, very large caves and cisterns, the whole covering a few acres.

Umm el Amad.—Many cisterns. Unimportant ruins covering a considerable extent of ground. Tombs of the Beni Sakhr Sheikhs here.

Kâstâl.—In addition to ruins mentioned by Tristram ("Land of Moab"), observed the following in two visits:—

Remarkable cistern, into which I descended accompanied by George, and one of the Beni Sakhr Sheikhs. Slid down on steeply sloping and very narrow passage, feet first, for a depth of about 40 feet. Probably it was a flight of steps, but so covered with stones and *débris* that I could not tell, and it was very difficult to get down it, and in several places a tight squeeze. About 10 feet from the top a well-carved scallop shell over the doorway or aperture to the passage. The cistern, about 50 feet deep—the round shaft about 10 feet in diameter. At the bottom, four chambers, each opening by an arch from the shaft, each about 20 feet square and 15 feet high, and disposed so as to form a cross, divided by thick pillars

of rock left in excavating; the whole very clearly and carefully cut out of the solid rock; cement still adhering in many places; would hold a very great quantity of water if re-cemented. A very large number of cisterns in and about Kústúl; some so covered by brushwood, &c., as to be dangerous to travellers not on the alert.

North-west of Kústúl is a large quarry which looks suitable for a reservoir, but saw no signs of cement. Perhaps it was never finished. Lower side and slopes of ends raised by courses of large stones, so as to be equal in height to upper side; the quarry, 40 paces long by 25 wide. The old irrigation works in the valley just below Kústúl are described by Tristram.

Some of the stones in what Tristram describes as the main castle are very large. Generally they are about the size of the stones of the Haram at Jerusalem. I measured one 13 feet 6 inches long. I could not ascertain its full depth or its thickness as it was embedded in earth, but its thickness above ground was 3 feet 6 inches.

Toneib.—Called in map "Hodbat el Toneib." The Beni Sakhr knew not "Hodbat." Small ruins on hill. Numerous cisterns, one holding water; numerous caves.

Looban.—I think identical with Howar and el Khuman—names unknown to our guides. Considerable ruins, partly inhabited, covering two eminences, and a hollow between them. Also a well-built oblong pool of good masonry, holding water. Ziza, 190°.

East of Haj Road.

Zoumlet el 'Alia.—A small cairn of stones on the top of a hill—a few hewn stones, and one portion of a column, graves, caves, and cisterns. Jebel Shihan, 215°; Es Samik, 260°; Umm Moghr, 166°; Kulat Ziza, 217°.

Cistern in plain west of Umm Moghr.—About 6 miles east of Toneib, and 2 or 3 west of the range of hills on which Umm Moghr stands (which is called Umm Shatterah), there is a cistern holding good water which is said to contain the last water supply to the east for several days.

Umm Moghr, and Khauranee.—Described in above account of journey.

Baths of Callirrhoe.—We did not visit these, but brought to England a bottle of the water given to us by a Turkish Effendi, who had just returned from the baths, and was much interested in them. At his request, I had the water analysed by Mr. Edward Davies, the eminent analytical chemist of Liverpool, and subjoin a copy of his report.