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TRAVELS.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

From Madden's Travels.

I set out from Nazareth to visit the Jordan, a journey of twelve hours across the wild country, as usual accompanied by a single attendant, and so attired as to avoid exciting the cupidity of the Bedouins. About seven miles from Nazareth, we halted at the foot of Mount Tabor; the heat was insupportable; the thermometer in the shade stood at 102, and even my Bedouin guide complained of the excessive warmth.

Mount Tabor is a small isolated mountain, of a conical form, commanding a splendid view of the plain of Esdraelon, which extends above four and twenty miles in length; its breadth is from ten to twelve. In the Scriptures this magnificent plain is sometimes called the valley of Jezreel. It was here "the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host with the edge of the sword, before Barak;" and in latter times, it was here that Kleber, with one thousand five hundred men, sustained the attack of twenty five thousand Syrians; and where Napoleon, with a reinforcement of six hundred men, routed the whole Syrian army.

The next place worthy of note where we stopped, was "Cana of Galilee," where the miracle of changing the water into wine was performed at the marriage feast; there is a small chapel here, in which they show a large stone water vase, which they assured me was the identical one in which the miraculous change took place.

I saw in this neighbourhood the Persian manna plant, which Dr. Clarke calls Hedys-

rum Alhagi; it is a thorny plant, but altogether different from the tarfa¹¹³ or tamarisk manna plant, which I saw on the shores of the Red Sea. Leaving Tiberias and the Mount of Beatitude on our left, we proceeded for five hours along a country in some parts cultivated. In others mountainous and barren. In the evening we arrived at the head of Jordan, or about two hours' journey below that part of the lake where Jordan rises. When we came down on the river, there were the ruined buttresses of an old Roman bridge, and close to them a bridge of comparatively modern date, probably of Saracen construction, which goes by the name of Jacob's Bridge.

While I was bathing in the Jordan, I was not well pleased to observe a party of Bedouins approach the river, and still less content to see one of these marauders very tranquilly take possession of my carpet, which was spread on the beach. I judged it best to let my Arab manage with the fellows, and shortly after I saw him drag the carpet from the robber, and on coming nearer, heard him swearing by his beard that I was a Moslem, and a servant of Abdallah, pacha of Acre. If there were any of them acquainted with Turkish, I should probably have got knocked in the head; but luckily not one of them knew a word of any language but Arabic, and in this I gave them the Salaam Aleikoum with great confidence, and had the gratification to see them walk off. The klan on the bridge of Jacob separates the pachaliks of Acre and Damascus. The Jordan, or El Gor, is in this place about sixty feet wide; where I bathed, mid channel, there was scarcely five feet water: properly speaking it is but a stream, and I presume the Hebrew term is like the Arabic balr, applicable to a river or an ocean, as the word gebel signifies