

April 23. We took a very early start up the valley, parting with Dr. Vail and the ladies, who left at the same moment for Jerusalem. Following the path of the previous afternoon, we passed near the foot of the Quarantania (Jebel Kuruntul), along a rapid stream whose course is fringed with thickets of reeds, and marked with the ruins of an old aqueduct, till we reached 'Ain Duk, where two large and beautiful springs burst from the hill-side. One comes out directly from under a large tree, seemingly from its very roots. The waters of both are very pleasant. They flow off into the stream along which we had ridden, and also into that which takes the course of Wady Nawaineh to the Jordan. Through the valley lying to the west of 'Ain Duk, Wady el Mutyah, is the road to Bethel and the site of ancient Ai. It was through this valley that Joshua, after the capture of Jericho, marched to the assault of Ai, and thence to the subjugation of the whole land. Down it, also, Lot came with his servants and flocks, after his fatal choice of the plain country and his separation from Abraham.

Before coming to the Jordan we crossed a deep, muddy stream, which flows down Wady el Ferah, taking its rise in the mountains north east of Nablous. In this valley, which Van de Velde puts down on his map as "beautiful," somewhere near the point where it debouches upon the great plain, is supposed to have been the site of .Enon, where John baptizd. John iii. 23. A short distance brought us to the ford at Damieh, about fifteen miles, in a direct line from the mouth of the Jordan, and fifty miles as the water flows. On the opposite side our tents were already pitched. We and our horses were ferried over on a scow, which was pulled across by a rope extended from shore to shore, just as many rapid and deep streams in America are passed. It is not improbable that this is the ford by which David crossed when he fled from the face of Absalom to the regions of Mahanaim beyond Gilead. If he returned after Absalom's death by the same route, then it is in connection with it that the phrase ferry-boat occurs for the only time in the Bible. See 2 Sam. xvii. 22; xix. 18.

We rode from Damieh directly across the plain on the east, and in about three hours began the ascent of the mountains of Gilead. These we found to be very steep, and well wooded with oaks and terebinths. We passed on the left a deep cave, which had been used for a tomb by the Bedawin. In the ascent we caught our first glimpses of Mount Hermon, his snowy peak like a white cloud far away in the north. Henceforth, I could not wonder he should have been called by the Hebrews "The Mountain," and by the Arabs "The Sheik;" for seldom did we get away from his luminous summit. He is, indeed, the crown of the Land of Palestine.

On gaining the top of Mount Gilead (Jebel Jilad) we came to Neby Osha, the Tomb of Hosea, who, it is claimed by the Mohammedans, was buried here. There is a small wely, near which is a magnificent terebinth-tree, beneath the dense and ample shade of which we spread our lunch, and meanwhile discussed the old knotty question of Jephthah and his daughter. Around this mountain, Mizpeh of Gilead, it is thought Jephthah rallied the children of Reuben and Gad for his grand and successful assault on the Ammonites, the vast roving bands dwelling to the eastward. Judges xi. From a ledge lying north of the wely is one of the most magnificent views in all Palestine. It commands the whole of central and Upper Palestine. From it we could look into Wady Zerka (river Jabbok) lying directly north. An hour and a half brought us to es Salt, the ancient Ramoth-gilead. The narrow valley leading down the eastern slope of Mount Gilead to es Salt is a continuous vineyard, the sides terraced and the bottom planted, so that every available spot is taken up. It was probably in the valley through which the direct road lies from the Jordan that Ahab, king of Israel, was slain, there being in it room for the movement of chariots. Dismounted in his chariot, he was struck by a chance arrow, and dying at once, his body was borne to Samaria, and the blood from the chariot was washed in the pool of Samaria. 1 Kings xxii. 34, 35. Years afterward, Joram his son, aided by Ahaziah in the attempt to retake the city from the Syrians, was also wounded. 2 Kings viii. 29. Here, too, Jehu, the avenger of the blood of Naboth, was anointed by the prophet Elisha, and issuing from these hills swept across the Jordan, and up the Valley of Jezreel, and fell with swift destruction upon the house of the guilty Ahab. 2 Kings ix. x.

April 26. I slept none all night. We broke camp and were in the saddle by half-past five o'clock a.m. The air was very cool. We rode around the eastern mountain to see some

large fountains, and then, turning back to the main road, ascended a higher mountain farther to the east, at the summit of which we found we had gained the great plateau of the country. Toward the north we could see the heights about Jerash, the deep Wady Zurka, and the brook Jabbok. We were now on the very hills which Esau crossed, and our escort was his untamed descendants, whose chief implement of defence and warfare is the spear.

"JACK KETCH'S WARREN."

HAVING heard much about the special features of the notorious neighbourhood of Clerkenwell green, we were desirous of testing some conflicting reports; and the shortest as well as the easiest method of arriving at truth, seemed to be that of visiting the spot to judge of its peculiarities for ourselves, the time chosen for the excursion being a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the early part of October.

Starting with a companion from the west-end of the town, the streets, as we draw near to Clerkenwell, assume a lower and dirtier appearance, till we emerge on to the "Green" itself, and stand under the shadow of the Sessions' House, which, amid a cluster of rookeries, occupies a position for the punishment of crime, as though by a stately presence it would warn transgressors of the majesty of the law.

We may for a moment look around almost regretfully on Clerkenwell-green, standing as we do on classical ground. Times were when Clerkenwell green was famous for its spring of clear water, the delight of those martial monks who lodged in the priory of St. John—heroes who, wearing a black habit, were sworn to defend the Church against pagan aggressors. These zealots evincing much bravery in warring against Turks and heathens, their services were acknowledged on the disbanding of the Knights Templars, when the monks of St. John of Jerusalem inherited their lands. Their great priory was founded in the year 1100 by Jordan Briset and Muriel his wife, whose beneficence also extended to establishing a nunnery at Clerks' Well. In the midst of a dense assemblage of courts and alleys, and close, unhealthy streets, two relics survive of those bygone times—a well and a gate; the one being the modern representative of Clerks' Well, the other claiming attention, not only on account of ancient associations, but because Dr. Johnson looked on it with reverence, and because there Edward Cave worked as a pioneer of periodical literature. The monastery, a costly and curious building, at the time of the Dissolution became "Impleyed as a storehouse for the King's toys and tents." The bell tower, destroyed in the reign of Edward the Sixth, is described by Stowe as "a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt and inlaid to the great beautifying of the City, and passing all other that I have seen." The sanctuary of Saint James, once forming a part of this nunnery, became a parish church at the Reformation. In 1623 the ancient steeple tumbled down with a terrific crash, and on being rebuilt it fell again, and with its heavy bells destroyed the greater part of the building.

But dropping archæology, we proceed to view life as it is to day in Lamb-and-Flag Court and its famous neighbours, Bit-alley, Fryngpan-alley, and Broad-yard—the veritable "Little hell." On some accounts Sunday afternoon is not the most favourable time for visitation in "Jack Ketch's Warren." Fatigued by the toils of the week, the people are occasionally found lying down, when it is not advisable to intrude into the rooms, though a less number than might be supposed thus yield to an indulgence excusable enough under the circumstances. . . . One room we entered was occupied by a costermonger and his family. Cleanliness reigns here: the room is crammed with furniture, and it appears that the people make the best of their humble home. Though no scholars, the exaggerated notions of the outside world on these alley homes have reached their ears to excite their indignation. Here then is a costermonger—and as it would seem a type of many others in Clerkenwell—who, practising cleanliness and sobriety, knows that the self-respect prescribed by Christianity consists not only in presenting a becoming personal appearance, but in well looking after the comfort of dependants. Such, to be properly understood, require to be seen at home on Sunday afternoon. They are then at ease, and ready for any conversation you choose to desire. In the chamber we are now inspecting there exists something more than order and cleanliness; for the furniture