

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH, 1890.

[Vol. 2., No. 3.]

ROUND THE WORLD,

A Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employés of the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. MASSEY, Esq.)

PALESTINE.

Eleventh Letter, dated Atlantic, R.M.S. Iberia, bound for London, May 7th, 1888.

A small Russian steamship, manned by Russians throughout, took us from Alexandria to Jaffa. We were two days and two nights on board, calling at Port Said en route. On board in the steerage were a lot of Russian peasants, who had come from a remote part of Russia and were making the pilgrimage to Palestine via Alexandria. I had often read and seen pictures of the poor Russian peasantry, but the reality was worse than I could have imagined; poor, ignorant, superstitious, miserably clad, and filthy in the extreme. The men wear their hair long and trimmed off square at the ends; their clothing was dirty, the outer coat a sort of long frock coat heavily padded, or of greasy skin, the wool still on. Their foot gear was exceedingly heavy, the boots being either of felt or thick leather. The women were hard-looking and dressed very

much like the men. The stuff they ate was something awful—musty dark sago bread or sloppy concoctions of horrible appearance. They were dirty and filthy to a repulsive degree. They were, however, very devout and thoroughly in earnest, too. They might frequently be seen crossing themselves and praying. According to my way of thinking, though, a few less prayers and a little soap and water instead, would have shown more piety.

We anchored off Jaffa in the early morning, and fortunately it was calm, for landing in rough weather is not possible, and is quite bad enough in smooth water.

Though Jaffa (ancient Joppa) has through all ages been the port of Jerusalem, it possesses no harbor, and one has to be rowed ashore through the dangerous rocks in a small boat. Sometimes there is something approaching an adventure in landing or embarking. When we came away it was rough, and we only ventured out after considerable deliberation, and fortunately we escaped both accident and a wetting, though the boat-load ahead of us barely escaped the former and got a good deal of the latter. We had scarcely set foot on land when an insolent Turkish official stepped up and demanded a passport in a haughty manner. Passport we had none, being told it was unnecessary, though we had its equivalent and more than should have been re-

quired, as we were afterwards informed. But no, he must have a *Turkish* passport. I tried to explain matters through my dragoman (interpreter and guide, whom I had brought from Egypt) and get him to allow us to go to the hotel and get breakfast till he could see the British Consul—a claim I had a perfect right to make, since he could not leave his post to go to the consul at once. However he would scarcely listen to me and threatened to send me back to the boat. To be so insolently treated by a petty Turk put my control over my temper to its fullest test. Finally he consented to allow our dragoman to go to the British Consul while we were kept in the guard-house for over an hour, an armed Turkish soldier sitting by our side! The first time we have ever been incarcerated! In due time our dragoman returned with the British Consul, who came to the rescue with his whole retinue of servants. The manner in which the consul opened up his batteries of Arabic upon the Turkish official was very pleasing to my ears, and we were released very shortly. The Turks are becoming more and more insulting to tourists—my experience being nothing unusual—and it is high time something was done. A British passport alone is not sufficient, but it must have a *Turkish* passport attached, and must be presented at every port or town of any considerable size one enters.



JAFFA, AS APPROACHED FROM THE SEA.