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Syria, and the Syrians;
Or,
Turkey in the Dependencies,
By **Gregory M. Wortabet,**
of Bayroot, Syria
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(p. 134) ...

We now descended into a small valley, from which we again ascended to the table-land, leaving, on our right, the mountainous boundary which runs between the countries of Manasseh and Issachar, from the top of which a fine view of the sea can be obtained. About half-past eight we were under the village of Sennoor, a fortified village, situated on the top of a hill, and which forms the residence of the Jerrar family, one of the four great factions of this part of the country, from whom the mutsellim, or governor of Nabloos, is generally appointed. It is said that this village sustained, in 1831, a siege from Abdalla Pasha, who was then Viceroy of Syria, and resided in Acre.

To understand the nature of this siege, I must first initiate the traveller into some of the mysteries of the Turkish government. I have said that the Jerrar family was one of four factions who were promoted by the (p. 135) Pashas to the governorship of Nabloos. " When, after any offence, a governor, from his inability to satisfy the rapacity of the effendis of council, and other followers of the Pasha, at head-quarters, is put out of office, some member of the rival faction immediately repairs thither, and with large sums of money ingratiates himself into the favour of the effendis, secretaries, etc.; who speak well of him to the Pasha, and he is then installed as succeeding governor. He then uses all means in his power, foul or fair, to reimburse himself for his great outlay in obtaining the official title. He, with impunity, levies impositions upon all who have too little influence to be able to complain. It devolves upon him to appoint the sheiks or chiefs of the villages: those who were already in office, under his predecessor, are allowed to remain if they make suitable and sufficient presents at the time of his accession; otherwise the offices are given to those who make larger offers." — E. L. ROGERS, in "Notices on the Samaritans," p. 14.

Herein is the secret; it is not the taxes of the Turkish government that are burdensome, but the rapacity of the understrappers in office. The pasha is handsomely bribed by the effendis of the council, who in turn are bribed by the governors they appoint, and who also are bribed by the chiefs of the village under them; and this all, and more, must be made out of the peasant. A history of the Samaritans, lately published by Mr. Rogers, British Vice-Consul at Haifa (a small sea-port at the foot of Carmel), and formerly Chancellor to the British Consulate at Jerusalem, exhibits a curious system of extortion

and oppression carried on by those petty governors. The cruel spoliation to which the Samaritans have been subjected has lately roused the ire of the British government, and Lord Clarendon nobly interposed to protect this hitherto friendless tribe from similar oppression. Long live the British Lion! May he ever remain the champion of the oppressed of every nation and clime! On the petition of the Samaritan community to the British government for protection, Lord Clarendon not only favourably responded to it, but sent instructions to the consuls resident in Palestine, expressing the interest which Her Britannic Majesty's government take in the Samaritans of Nabloos, and directing them to afford, in case of need, such protection as may be proper towards subjects of the Porte. His lordship, at the same time, instructed his excellency Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to use his good offices with the Porte in favour of the Samaritan community.

But to return to the siege of Sennoor. One of the factions, of the name of *Abd-ul-Hady*, inflamed by jealousy against the Jerrar family, determined to work their ruin; and on Abdalla Pasha being, in 1831, appointed Pasha of Acre, he repaired to that city; and under cover of paying his respectful visit of ceremony, he laid plots with the Pasha for the overthrow of his formidable rivals—the Jerrar family. The Pasha lent a willing ear to these statements, and then summoned the heads of all the rival families. Some of them went; but others, among whom were the Jerrar family, did not venture to obey the summons; on which, Abd-ul-Hady represented them to Abdalla Pasha as a set of rebellious robbers; who set all superiors at defiance, and who deserved to be punished. Abdalla Pasha was somewhat piqued at their not presenting themselves according to his summons; so he wrote again "that, unless the elders of the family immediately repaired to Acre, he would himself ride with his army, (p. 137) and take the village by storm." They sent back a very insolent answer; to the effect, that their defence was powder and shot; but that, in case His Excellency had not enough, they would lend him some, to be returned at the end of the fight.

Abdalla Pasha was now extremely enraged; and collecting his forces, he dispatched his vizier to storm the village of Sennoor; but from the sturdy hardihood and bravery of the peasantry of the Jerrar family, and the extreme difficulty of access to the village, the vizier besieged it for thirty days, without any result other than the loss of his ammunition and provisions. The Pasha, now more determined than ever to reduce it, went in person, taking with him much heavy artillery, and claiming the assistance of the Emir Bsheer and the Druzes from Mount Lebanon. He built a small tower on an adjacent hill-side; but after the loss of several months, was obliged to raise the siege, and make a truce with the family of Jerrar, through the mediation of other sheiks. Peace was thus effected, on terms very humiliating to the Viceroy; who, upon returning to Acre, was greatly enraged with Abd-ul-Hady, and accused him of having by his intrigues caused disgrace to the government—the loss of many lives, and much ammunition and provisions. Abd-ul-Hady, fearing that his life was in danger, made his escape to his village, Arabeh; a walled-village with iron-gates, situated about twenty miles northwest of Nabloos, which was the stronghold of the Abd-ul-Hady family. Arabeh is equally as well fortified as Sennoor; but not so well situated. Some horsemen were sent after him, but he was safely lodged before they arrived. Abdalla Pasha, after his defeat, was not willing to measure arms with another rebel; so he wisely let the matter drop. (p. 138)

Such is the history of the village topping yonder peak; immediately beneath it is a rich plain, where we saw some of the peasantry at work tilling the soil.

An hour afterwards brought us to a fountain, where the caravan halted, for the purpose of taking their breakfasts, and of giving rest to their animals. Here we remained till twelve o'clock. But I will not detain the reader on the manner we spent the time. The pilgrims spread themselves on the green sward, taking their morning-meal; whilst the animals were allowed to graze at liberty.

At twelve o'clock the bugle was sounded, and we were once again on the move; in five minutes, we were at the village of Djebaa. Hence our road lay on a succession of hills. Here I parted company with the caravan; intending to visit Sebastia, the capital of Samaria, on my way to Nabloos. Hassan and I pushed on; but we lost our road; and instead of finding ourselves at Sebastia, as we anticipated, we found that we were at Sareea, a small village on a hill, this side of Ebal. It is true, that I was vexed at this mishap; but the pleasant situation of the village, and the view from it quite repaid me for my disappointment. Nor was I greatly disappointed; for I had been at Sebastia before; my object in now visiting it was to connect it in the link of my narrative. As I felt too tired to go to it, I pushed on towards Nabloos.

Sebastia, however, lies to the left of the road on the brow of a hill, from which the Mediterranean is visible. The village consists of a few poor houses; and the only claim which the former capital of Samaria lays to the attention of the traveller, are a few ruins dedicated to St. John the Baptist, which tradition marks (p. 139) as the place of his burial; a few standing columns are also to be seen in a garden on the top of the hill.

As we gained the heights of Ebal we once more caught up with the caravan. The landscape that now broke on our view was really enchanting. Never did I look on a picture of such lovely luxuriance—on the opposite side lay the mountain Gerizim, between us and which ran a deep and beautiful valley. Lord Nugent said, whilst writing of this valley in his excellent work, entitled, "Lands Classical and Sacred," "The richness of the whole valley is hardly to be described. Between the gardens and the road, the margin is lined with a natural and abundant growth of aromatic bay trees of great size, and pomegranates and medlars in full bloom thus early in the year (this was in the early part of March). In many places, they overreach the road for some distance. Bright streams and fountains gush forth on all sides, to join in a wild and rapid stream that flows westward in the opposite direction from those on the other side of the heights we had just left. This is the vale of many waters, and we had passed the boundary which divides their course."

Almost at the end of the valley, covered with a luxuriant growth of green leaves, were to be seen the minarets and houses of the town of Nabloos. We rode slowly down towards it, and about two o'clock I was wending my way through its streets towards the only hotel—if so it may be called—kept by one Aude" Azzam, an excellent man, who is the head of the Protestant community here.

My plans now were to remain in Nabloos a couple of days, and then proceed to Jerusalem, by way of Jaffa, I therefore bade farewell to many of the members of (p.140) the caravan with whom I had scraped a decent acquaintance. They left early next morning for Jerusalem, by the regular route.

I have on more than one occasion traversed that road, and as the traveller will, in all likelihood, wish to take it, in preference to the route I now intended to take, I will therefore conclude this chapter by conducting him thither.

The traveller is now one day's ride from the Holy City; the road lies by Jacob's Well, then it passes through a succession of vales. At the distance of three hours from Nabloos

is another famous robber village; Howara is its name, and I have occasion to remember it. Whilst making a tour of the Holy Land in 1842, with Sir Archibald Macdonald, we were waylaid here, and should have been robbed, had we not proved more than a match for the scoundrels. Passing this, you see on your right a white building topping a high hill, called, Nebi Samweel—it is a Moslem wely, dedicated to the Prophet Samuel; and said to be, by some, the ancient Shiloh or Silo, where Joshua assembled the people to make a second distribution of the Land of Promise, and where the Tabernacle of the Lord was set up when they were settled in the country. The ark and the tabernacle remained at Shiloh upwards of three hundred years, when it was taken by the Philistines, under the administration of the high priest Eli. Samuel began to prophesy at Shiloh, and it was there that the prophet Abijah dwelt.

Far on his right the hills of Gibeon appear, behind which lie the villages of Beit ur El Fowka and Beit ur El Tahta, the Upper and Lower Beth Horons; to the East of which lay the village of Ajloon, where Joshua (p. 141) charged the moon to stand, whilst the sun stood still upon Gibeon, the present "Djeeb," until he smote the five kings of the Amorites.

Further on, the traveller reaches the village of El Brieh, the ancient Beer, unto which Jotham, the son of Gideon, retired to avoid falling into the hands of Abimelech, his brother (Judges ix. 21); some travellers have supposed it to be the Beeroth of the Gibeonites. There is a wely here, and near to it a fine gushing spring, of which a legend is told among Moslems and Christians, that it was, whilst refreshing themselves at this fountain, that Joseph and the Mother of Jesus began to be anxious about Him; and it was from here they turned back, sorrowing, to Jerusalem, seeking the lost one, and found Him reasoning with the doctors in the Temple. At this village, the traveller generally stops for the night; but others, more anxious to reach the Holy City, push on.

The next place of interest the traveller reaches, is the village of Jifna, the ancient Gophna or Gophnith, the principal place of one of the ten Toparchies of Judea. The country hereabouts abounds in vineyards.

Two hours of gradual ascent bring the traveller to the heights of Shafat, from which the valley of Jehoshaphat breaks down, dividing the Holy City from the Mount of Olives.

And now the weary pilgrim looks on a scene of deepest interest. Beneath him is the City of Jerusalem. He has reached the goal of his travels. Half an hour longer, and he threads his way through the streets of the earthly Jerusalem. May it be his lot also to be accepted in the *Heavenly one!*

(p. 142) CHAPTER XVII.

NABLOOS TO JERUSALEM, VIA JAFFA.

Mahomedau Fanaticism—Treatment of Samaritans—Nabloos and its Associations—The Woman of Samaria and the Samaritans —The Pentateuch—Mr. B— ; his Labours—School—Departure —Hospitality of Azzoom—A Letter from a Soldier in the War —Refusal of Backsheesh—The French Soldier—Jaljulia—The River Auja—Gardens—Arrival at Jaffa—Its Harbour and a History—The Armenians—The expected Arrival of the Duke of Brabant—Departure for Jerusalem—Beit Dajan—Bamla— Lydda—A Weary Bide—Abo Gosh—Arrival at Jerusalem.

NABLOOS is a small town, of about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Mahomedans of a most fierce and fanatic disposition. Eothen calls Nabloos "the very furnace of Mahomedan bigotry"; and so it is. Before the time of Mohamed Ali, a European dared not show himself in the streets in a Frank costume. These things have improved of late; but the manners of the Mahomedans of Nabloos, though it does not exhibit itself in more than curses when they see a hat, are, nevertheless, intolerable to the

other denominations who inhabit the same town with them. It is not long since their virulence broke out with unrestrained fury upon the poor Samaritans, the only remnant of an old race. A Samaritan widow having embraced Islamism, it was declared by the Mahomedans that her son and daughter (p. 143) must follow the religion of their mother. Mahmoud Abd-el-Hady, who was shortly afterwards made Governor of Nabloos, entered into the spirit of the Ulemas, and sought to make the children submit. The boy was about fourteen years old; and after a fortnight's imprisonment, with threats and frequent lashes, he embraced the Mahomedan religion; but the girl died from fright of the dreadful torture about to be inflicted on her. The boy's name was Isaac, but he is now known under the newly adopted Mahomedan name of Asaad. After the submission of this youth, the Ulemas assembled and conspired to murder the whole Samaritan people, unless they would embrace the Moslem faith. One Samaritan, named M'Barak, alarmed at the threats held out, confessed faith in Mahomed. He was carried in triumph through the city on horseback, whilst his former coreligionists were being sought for. These, however, had obtained information of the scheme on foot, and some of them fled, whilst others concealed themselves. Nor was the fury of the fanatics appeased until the poor Samaritans gave them immense pecuniary presents, consisting of money, jewellery, and plate, to a very large amount.

Not so bad, however, is the town of Nabloos; it is beautifully located in a valley, between Ebal and Gerizim, well hemmed in with olive-groves, and abounding in murmuring springs. As the traveller descends towards it from the hills, it appears luxuriantly embosomed in the most delightful and fragrant bowers, half concealed by rich gardens, and by stately trees collected into groves, all around the beautiful valley in which it stands: a furnace it is within, but without, it is green and smiling. It is the Neapolis of the Romans, and the Shechem of the Scriptures, where Abraham sojourned, and where (p. 144) Jacob bought the parcel of land from Hamor, the father of Shechem, which he gave to Joseph.

Its associations, also, are interesting, and the localities shown out are, perhaps, the most accurate in the land. No traditional aid is necessary to point to us Gerizim, where Israel was commanded to build an altar to the Lord, and where the blessing of the law was pronounced in a loud voice to the people; or show us Ebal, the mount of curses: there they stand, on each side of Nabloos, of the former of which it was said by the woman of Samaria, as she discoursed with our Saviour at the well of Jacob—"Our fathers worshipped in this mountain."

But we are now on Samaritan ground, and we think of the race of her who once reminded our Saviour that she was a woman of Samaria: "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Jacob's Well is still shown, about half an hour's ride from Nabloos; and a deeply interesting spot it is, situated at the entrance of the valley of Nabloos, overlooking the plain of More, where Abraham first pitched his tent in the Land of Promise, and where God appeared unto him and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." Near it are the foundations of a church. The well is deep, and is now covered up. When I visited it on former occasions it was open, and I descended into a small chamber which was above the well. At this well our Saviour arrives, once tired, weary, and thirsty, and sits down, waiting for some one to come and draw water, since the well was deep, and He had nothing to draw water with. A Samaritan woman comes, and He asks her for a drink. She indignantly replies—"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?"

(p. 145) The last remnant of the Samaritan race still exist in Nabloos; and, notwithstanding all the persecution they endured in the time of Justinian, or the oppression under which they groan from Mahomedan misrule, they still cling with pertinacity to the place where their fathers worshipped. Mount Gerizim is still as sacred to them as ever. To it in the days of unleavened bread the Samaritans repair, and live in tents near the site of their ancient temple. On the fifteenth day of the month, the congregation being assembled, the priest stands forth on a mound, and reads, in a most solemn and impressive voice, the animated description of the Exodus. The labourers having previously prepared a trench often feet long, by ten feet deep, and two feet wide, on which two cauldrons of water are placed, fire being kindled in the trench, and a round pit dug in the form of a well for a bake-oven, in which fire is kindled, lambs are brought in sufficiency for the whole community: seven is now the usual [number. Seven men in white dresses take each a lamb before him, and at the utterance by the priest of a particular word in the service appointed for the day, all the seven lambs are slain at one instant* Every member of the congregation then dips his hand in the blood of the dying victim, and besmears his forehead with it. The boiling water from the cauldrons being poured over the fleece, causes the wool to leave the skin without much difficulty: it is plucked off with great nicety. The bodies of the lambs are examined, lest there be any blemish; the right shoulder and the hamstrings are cut off and thrown on the heap of offal to be burnt with the wool. The seven bodies are then spitted and forced into the hot bake-oven. A trelliswork is then placed over the top of the oven, which is (p. 146) covered with grass and mud to keep in all the heat. A few hours after sunset they are withdrawn, and the Samaritans, each with his loins girt and a staff in his hand, eats most heartily and greedily of the food thus prepared. The scraps of meat, wool, and bone are carefully sought for, and burnt on the heap, that not a morsel remain.

The Samaritans, who are chiefly interesting to us on account of the discourse of the woman of Samaria with our Saviour, which renders the fourth chapter of St. John an exceedingly interesting one, by reason of the numerous internal evidences of truth which crowd upon the mind in its perusal, are now a small body of one hundred and ninety-five souls in all. They call themselves Beni Israel (children of Israel), and trace their origin chiefly to Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph. They have among them the sepulchre of "Joseph the Just," the son of Jacob, who rests in peace according to that saying, "the bones also of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up with them out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem." Besides Joseph's tomb, they show the sepulchres of Phineas and his father Eleazar in Mount Ephraim, and of Caleb and Joshua in Kipher Hares.

They date their separation from the Jews as far back as the time of Eli, the high-priest in Shiloh, who is an object of their special execration, as having first introduced division into the inheritance of the Lord, which had been before united in one federal bond by their common worship in Mount Gerizim, the place divinely appointed according to their reading of Deuteronomy as that which God had chosen to place his name there—the only legitimate seat of the worship of Jehovah, and the (p. 147) only actual seat, as they maintain, from the time of Joshua to the days of Eli.

Now this Eli, they allege, not being of the family of Phineas, the son of Eleazar, to whom the covenant of an everlasting *priesthood* was made, but of the collateral branch of Ithamar, the brother of Eleazar, having usurped the office of high-priest, their ancestors continued steadfast in their allegiance to their legitimate priesthood, and maintained the

true worship in Mount Gerizim. They believe themselves to possess a copy of the Pentateuch written by Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest.

Thursday, 15th March, 1855.

Accompanied by the Rev. Mr. B---- I called on Amran, the Samaritan Levite, and desired to see the Pentateuch. He led me into an inner chamber covered with old carpets, in one of the recesses of which are their religious books. He showed me three copies written on rolls of vellum. One was very old, and the handwriting was very small, the other two were written in a large and a more legible hand—the former they say is the copy written by Phineas, the son of Eleazar.

Mr. B---- is the self-devoted missionary of Nabloos. He has a living in England, but having a leave of absence for a year, came hither to labour. An interesting Protestant community of about thirty members has risen about him, who have a native preacher over them. He is not ordained. He simply expounds the *word* to them. Mr. B takes charge of the services.

He has also a school in Nabloos, and in the afternoon, previous to going out on a ride to Jacob's well, he took (p. 148) me there. I forget now the exact number of boys I saw in the school, but one class I remember were reciting their lesson in geography. A chart was before them, and they were pointing out the spots which the teacher asked for. I asked one boy—

"What is the shape of the earth?" . "Round;" he answered.

"What proof have you got that the world is round?" said I.

" Because," said he, "a ship continually sailing to the eastward will finally come back to its starting ground." *t*

"Have you got any other proof?" I asked.

" Yes," said he; " when I go down to Jaffa, and take the first view of the harbour, the first thing of a ship that I see is its mast, and last of all its hull."

I was satisfied with what I saw of the progress of the scholars; a more spiritual feeling exists in Nabloos than I found at Nazareth. We had prayer-meetings on the two evenings I was in Nabloos, and I was pleased with the earnest and simple Christianity, which, I thought, pervaded this community.

But Mr. B--- , not content with his scriptural work among the people, or his school, addresses himself also to the agricultural interest of the country. When I was there he bought a piece of ground, in order to show the people (I believe that is the reason) how the English cultivate their land. He had also imported an oil press into the country, and which he set up under his house, but how that was going on, I could not tell. He is indeed a good man, and the people love him. I have heard them speak of him with the deepest affection and respect. May many more of his spirit and stamp bless (p. 149) Syria with their presence! He lives not in high style, nor keeps aloof from the people, as some others do who consider themselves above the natives, whom they call " *Common Arabs*," but he lives in a very plain way, and mixes freely with the people receiving them in his own house, and going out with them. By this way he has won their affection and esteem, and hence it was that in a short time he smoothed down their prejudices. Even the Mahomedans now love him.

It was on account of the work of the Gospel in this place, and Nazareth, that some of the clergy of the Church of England protested against the course of Bishop Gobat. The anti-Gobat movement, as it was called, is still in the remembrance of all the readers of this work, — I am happy, however, to add that the course pursued by Bishop Gobat was

sympathized with by the four Archbishops of the united kingdom, who frowned on the hostile movement, and acknowledged not the clergy who made the protest, representing in any way the Church of England.

Friday, 16th March, 1855.

At mid-day we left Nabloos for Jaffa. Hassan had left me here, and in his stead the Governor had sent me another, his name was Abaid. "We now ascended the heights of Gerizim, from which we had a last view of the vale of Nabloos. Our road now lay over a succession of ridges and valleys; it was a cold and windy day, and very much reminded me of the one in which our party made its entry into Damascus—that unfortunate day which will ever live in my memory. At five o'clock we reached the Moslem village of Azzoon. Here I found lodgings in the abode of the only Christian (p. 150) family in the village; who, on my alighting at their house, received me cordially. Never shall I forget their unostentatious hospitality. I had hardly dismounted from my horse when the females of the house were set apart to prepare a supper for myself and party. Our horses were cared for in like manner. A pleasant evening was that which I spent at the house of the Christian Abdalla Abu Shtara of Azzoon.

Immediately after supper, the Sheikh of the village and others came to see me. Even here the excitement of the war is not without its due influence. A man from an adjoining village had gone as a soldier, and was then on the banks of the Danube; he wrote home to say that he had been in so many engagements, and had been wounded, and for which he was allowed to return home, and would soon be with them. He told them of the war and its progress. Now this letter made as much excitement in these villages here, as I have seen in England, when a letter from an absent one would reach his home. This letter had not only been read by the parents and family of the soldier, but to all the inhabitants of the village where he resided. Every man, woman, and child heard it, and looked upon it with interest, as if its news were common property. But this was not all, the letter had been read in his village, and now was going the round of other villages, and this evening it had reached Azzoon, and as I was about the only person able to read in that place, the letter was brought to me to decipher—its calligraphy was not the most legible, nevertheless, I managed to get through it to the extreme pleasure of the score or more who heard me. I had hardly finished when they announced their intention to go down to Jaffa on the day the steamer would arrive, and conduct (p. 151) him home with drums. I was amused at the interest they took in him, and, I do believe, had he been among them now, I should have been forgotten, and he would have been received rejoicingly, and feasted—in fact, his reception would equal, if not surpass that of any European political agitator on landing on the shores of the United States.

The Sheikh told me, that many years ago, when he was a child, the French army came here, on its way to besiege Nabloos.

"There," said he, pointing to a cliff visible by moonlight, "they encamped. On the morrow, they moved into the valley beneath, and here we fell upon them and routed them. We took possession of their ammunition and other things of value; but the most curious thing," continued he, "was the sole prisoner we took. He was a beardless boy, and very sweet-looking; and though dressed up as a soldier, turned out to be at last *a woman*."

"What became of her?" says I, interested in her fate.

"O," said the Sheikh, "she became a Mahomedan, and married a man in (or near) Nabloos."

"Is she still alive?" I inquired.

" I do not know," was the answer.

Here they began to argue about her being alive or dead, and the result was, as is often the case when half a dozen talk at once, that I could not arrive at any satisfactory clue to her.

The next morning (Saturday, 17th March, 1855) they pointed out to me the spot of the action, and where she was taken. The French army were hemmed-in in the valley, and my surprise was how they ever escaped. It had been raining during the night, and even now (seven- (p. 152) o'clock' in the morning) it was still pouring down a thin shower.

At eight it cleared up, on which I bade farewell to my kind host, who had entertained me so hospitably and so unostentatiously. His son was holding my horse, and as I vaulted into the saddle, I put something into the boy's hand; on which the old man cried out, " La ya Kawaja (No, Sir)," and taking the money from the boy, he tried to force it back upon me. I parleyed with him for about five minutes before I could get him to allow his boy to take it. Who, reading this, will not confess that true nobility is not limited in its universal sovereignty by the restraint of rank? The duke may possess little of true nobility in his title, while a peasant reposing in yonder lowly hut may make good a title to the name.

But we pass on. A couple of hours' tedious ride in a craggy path brought us to a small meadow where the village of Jaljulia is situated. This I apprehend to be the Gilgal placed by Moses near to Gerizim and Ebal (Deut. xi. 30), and should not be confounded with the Gilgal of Joshua, which was about six miles west of the Jordan and of Jericho, and where the Israelites first encamped after the passage of that river. Jaljulia is a small village with nothing remarkable about it.

Emerging from this meadow, we came upon a small village, after which the road to Jaffa was in the beautiful plain of Sharon. Here again, as in the plain of Es[^] draelon, we were overtaken by a shower, which made us put our horses to the gallop; it did not last long.

Two hours further on we crossed the river Auja, perhaps the ancient Kanah, mentioned in Joshua as dividing the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. On the banks of this river we saw some small mills in operation.

Note from this Editor of the SamaritanUpdate.com

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