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The Holy Places,
a Narrative of Two Years' Residence in Jerusalem and Palestine
By Hanmer Lewis Dupuis,
With Notes on the Dispersed Canaanite Tribes
by Joseph Dupuis
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(p. 89) CHAPTER VI.

Yacob est Shelaby—His Journey to England and its Results—El Mukataa—El Naaman—Sanguinary Battles Fought in its Neighbourhood—Capabilities of Improvement possessed by this Region—Western and Oriental Civilization—The Features of the Country about Acre—Effects of the Bombardment of Acre still Visible—The French Army in Egypt—The Musical Consular Attache—The Bishop of Sour—Wars between the Maronites and Druses—Peculiar Ornament worn by the Women at Yerka.

FROM Caifa I resumed my journey coastward, circumventing the bay, which, like the town, bears the name of Acre. Its position opposite the promontory of this bay has a uniform appearance, the whole being encompassed by an amphitheatre of hills. The road was agreeable enough to one who, like myself, had but recently hailed the agreeable sight of the sea, after a (p. 90) long absence from it; still the eye roved for relief on the land side, which, however, afforded but little to claim attention besides the hills, whose intersection parts the little plain off, as it were, from the main-land. I had now fallen in with my old friend of Jerusalem, Yacob esh Shelaby, the Samaritan, who, having since visited England, it is presumed, is no stranger to many of my readers, accredited by the surviving remnant of his nation to receive what bounty might be bestowed on the residue of his people, who now scarcely amount to two hundred souls. By his own admission he had set out on this journey with a fair hope of success from the charitable feelings of the English people. With this resolution he had left Nablous, (Samaria) his native city, and as I fell in with Yacob esh Shelaby again in England, on my arrival, and tried to promote his views by some feeble efforts, I can speak of the grateful impressions left on his mind, by the kind attention and services rendered him, verifying the confidence he felt regarding the hospitality and compassion of the English, our most gracious Sovereign having (p. 91) set a benevolent example, which was followed by many feeling persons, who contributed to the subscription. But this is a digression. I am still on the beach, on my way to Acre, skirting a thick plantation of the palm, with Shelaby by my side. This plantation borders our path on one side, while the other is occasionally intercepted by the rippling waters left by the receding waves.

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