

grims who humbly bowed on the floor, at the Jews who wept on the ruins of their defiled sanctuary. I could not restrain myself from severely rebuking him at the last mentioned place. But he declared that he must swear at the ignorance, the hypocrisy and humbug of the representatives and followers of religion. A few days later I met this same gentleman in Jaffa. I learned that, in order to save hotel expenses, he had crept into a Latin "hospitium," where he had to go through all the ceremonies at which he a few days before had been swearing like a madman! What a pity that there was not somebody to swear over his hypocrisy.

He was very pleased to have made my acquaintance. He flattered himself that I would not forget him in my letter to the News; and as to this, he ought not now to feel disappointed. The person to whom I have referred is Mr. Hallgren, from Karlskrona. He is a provisor and an infidel, entitled to all the honors that can be derived from hypocrisy and humbug. I hope this will be satisfactory enough!

Among the difficulties to be overcome by a traveler in the Orient is, as everybody knows, the inquisitiveness of those officials who want to examine the passports. The following incident is illustrative of the business. I copy from my diary:

"Saturday, Nov. 9.—Left Jerusalem at 7 o'clock p. m., in one of the many stage-coaches that are daily running from Jerusalem to Jaffa. There were two passengers besides Brother Locander and myself. On our arrival at the place where the passports are usually examined, a soldier and a policeman stepped up to the coach and asked the driver who his passengers were. "Two Englishmen, a German and a gentleman from Jerusalem," was the answer. The soldier then demanded our passports. I handed over my Turkish one. With the trophies thus gathered, the soldier retired into the watchroom. A few minutes later we were all ordered to descend from our seats in the coach and to appear before the judgment seat of the august representative of Turkish law. This rooster tried to look as if there was something awfully wrong somewhere. He held my passport in his hand, unopened, and glanced around as if to find somebody to sit down on.

"Whose is this passport?" he finally asked.

"It is mine, sir," I replied with a little more emphasis, perhaps, than was actually necessary. "It is mine. What is the matter?"

"There is no *visa* on it," he said. "O, yes, there is. Can you not read?"

"What is your name?"

I gave it.

"That name," he said, "is not in your passport."

"Indeed! Look again."

He looked.

"The name here is Yane."

"Well, my full name is Janne Mattson Sjö Dahl. Will that suit you?"

"What is your father's name?"

I gave it. A pause followed, after which I insisted upon having my paper returned, and to be allowed to proceed on my journey.

"Oh!" the officer said, "that would not do. You will have to leave your passport here or with the Consul to have it fixed."

"I will do no such thing," I answered. "I want my paper right away. It belongs to me, and there is nothing wrong in it."

Now the policeman turned to the driver. "Are you willing to be responsible for this man?" (pointing to me.)

The driver seemed frightened at the idea. "I do not know him," he said.

I hastened to the relief of the driver, declaring: "I do not want either this driver or anybody else to be responsible for me. I am no criminal. My papers are in order. I want to be allowed to pass on."

A lengthy and noisy consultation now ensued between the policeman, the soldier and the driver. It grew monotonous, although quite interesting for a little while. I interrupted the conference with: "What do you want me to do?"

"Well," said the driver, "give the soldier a *beschlik*." I did so, and the whole difficulty was settled, all parties concerned feeling happy and smiling.

A *beschlik* represents 15 cents. Just think of it! All this fuss for such a trifle! As my papers were in good shape in every particular, I can think of no other reason for the fuss than the 15 cents. Yet it was a terrible fuss, although quite harmless. It was a furious storm in a wash tub, such as independent Oriental tourists are likely to meet with where government officials have a word to say.

I have spent some time among the Jews lately, and it has afforded me much pleasure to listen to what they have to talk about. A few of their anecdotes, or traditions, I have preserved, in outline at least. Here are two or three of them:

#### I.—THE MYSTERIOUS MONEY-BAG.

The Jews in Hebron were formerly subjected to various kinds of persecutions from Mohammedans. During that time almost any cruelty could be committed against the Jews unchecked. At one period the Pasha had a notion to demand from the Jews in Hebron the sum of \$200,000 as an extra tribute. The Pasha knew very well that the poor people could not raise that sum among them, even if they exerted themselves to the uttermost. Yet his conditions were that they should pay the required amount in three days, with the alternative of being expelled or killed. These were cruel persecutions, indeed. The Rabbi remonstrated with the Pasha in behalf of the Jews, but in vain. The Pasha was immovable. In this distress the Jews plead to God with fasting and prayer. And, behold! in the last night the angel of the Lord appeared to the Rabbi and told him to rise and go into the synagogue. The Rabbi followed this injunction, and when he came into the synagogue

he found on the floor a bag, apparently containing money. He counted the contents and found it to be exactly \$200,000, not one cent more nor less. Full of wonder and of joy, he carried the money home, and early in the morning he appeared before the Pasha with the mysterious bag. The Pasha was astonished when he saw the money so unexpectedly presented to him from the oppressed people. He demanded to know where the money had come from. The Rabbi told the story truthfully. The Pasha on hearing the story became so frightened that he told the Rabbi to remove the money as soon as possible. He would not keep such money in his house. The Rabbi consequently carried the money home, intending to distribute it among his people as a direct gift from God. But the next day it was gone. Nobody could say where it had gone or how it had disappeared. Its disappearance was as mysterious as its appearance.

#### II.—MIRACULOUS INTERPOSITION.

When the Jews first commenced to congregate at the "Wailing Place," it very often happened that the Mohammedans drove them away with rocks and sticks. Many of the poor Jews were severely beaten and sustained injuries of various kinds. They were not even allowed the poor privilege of weeping at the ruins of their once glorious temple. On one particular occasion, quite a number of Mohammedans had banded together in order to drive some Jews away from the place of weeping. Among the latter was a venerable Rabbi. The people were engaged in their devotions. The tears flowed freely as passages were read relating to the ancient structure and its desolation. Suddenly the Mohammedans came upon them with their usual violence. But as the old Rabbi lifted up his voice and cried unto the Lord, it happened that the arms of the enemy became withered. Not one of them could move his arm from his side, and those who had lifted their arms to strike were unable to let them fall. This was an unmistakable Divine interposition. The Mohammedans humbly asked the Jews to pray for them. These did so, and the paralyzed limbs became sound as before.

#### III.—PRAYING FOR RAIN.

One year there had come no rain at the wanted season. The sufferings were great, particularly in Hebron. In their distress, the Mohammedans asked the Jews to pray to God for rain. "We have been praying," they said, "but God does not hear us. Now you try to pray to your God." The Jews promised to comply with the request, provided they were allowed to enter the cave of Macpelah and hold their prayer meeting there, at the tomb of father Abraham. After some negotiations, this was granted. Next day, some of the most prominent Jews, having performed their ablutions and put on their best clothes—fine, white linen robes—entered the sacred precinct and commenced to pray.