

SHC: 6832/6/9/4

Letters describing a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land 1892 by Anna Glyn



[The visit followed an itinerary presented to the family in 1891, when the Revd. Haskett Smith wrote on Christmas Eve to Lady Henrietta Glyn, Anna's mother: 'The Rev. Haskett Smith presents his compliments to Lady Glyn and begs to inform her that he purposes leaving England with his party in the 2nd week of February for Alexandria. The party will not consist of more than 10, or at the outside 12, ladies and gentlemen. The Itinerary will be roughly as follows:- Alexandria, Cairo (6 days), Somalia, Port Said, Jaffa, Jerusalem and environs (8 days), including Bethany, Bethlehem, Hebron, etc. Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea, Bethel, Baalbeck, Lebanon, Beyrout. Here the party will probably divide, some preferring to return direct to England via Port Said, the rest continuing their journey as follows:- Cyprus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Corinth, Patmos, Venice, Milan, Lucerne, etc. The cost of the shorter journey will be £140 each and £20 extra for the longer route via Constantinople and Athens. The shorter route will occupy about 10 weeks, the latter about 12 weeks. The cost will include absolutely everything except wines and spirits and the whole journey will be taken first class. This about £50 cheaper than can be done through ordinary tourist agencies or with native dragomans [interpreters] and guides. Moreover, Mr. Haskett Smith being thoroughly experienced and acquainted with the country is able to point out true and actual sites etc. and this is chiefly the real reason why he has

undertaken this party. He has felt it a great pity and shame that English travellers in Palestine and Syria should be left to the mercy of ignorant and rapacious dragomans and guides who point out all manner of false sites and who trade upon the want of knowledge of native manners, customs, etc. which the ordinary English traveller necessarily displays. Mr. Haskett Smith is in correspondence with the following ladies and gentlemen, the majority of whom will, he hopes, join his party:- Miss Harwood, 5 Royal York Villas, Clifton; Miss Oldham, Guys Hospital; Mrs. Fleming, 3 Manson Place, Queens Gate, and a lady friend of hers; Rev. J.C. Harkness, Hawkley Vicarage, Diss; Dr. Palmer, Deputy Surgeon General, 32 Barrett Road, W.; H.S. Fearon, Esq., Surbiton; Mrs. Hope Huntley, Chillenden Vicarage. The party will be strictly select and Mr. Haskett Smith will spare neither trouble nor expense to ensure the enjoyment and comfort of those who place themselves under his charge. Should Lady Glyn be disposed to entertain the idea a personal interview would be desirable and Mr. Haskett Smith will be happy to call upon her ladyship where and when she may choose. Amongst other friends Mr. Haskett Smith would refer Lady Glyn to the following who are thoroughly acquainted with his capabilities to direct this trip:- Rt. Hon. Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff, President RGS, York House, Twickenham; Rev. Norman Campbell, Warden on Trin: Coll: Camb: Mission, Clergy House, Wells Street, Camberwell, SE; Rev. J. Tettly Rowe, Missioner of Ditto; Coulson Esq. Brauncewell Manor, Sleaford, Lincs. Mr. Haskett Smith conducted the last three named gentlemen through Palestine and Syria last spring']

[Haskett Smith's sales pitch evidently proved successful, for in her diary for 1892 Henrietta Glyn wrote 'January 25. Mr. Haskett Smith came to luncheon. February 11. Anna started in the Shannon from Albert Dock']
[And now to Anna herself...]

S.S. Shannon, off Start Point, Feb 12th 1.15 p.m.

Darling Mother, I thought I was going to collapse this morning, so posted my card, but it was better on deck & I soon felt all right, though it is cold! I live in my fur cloak even in the saloon & am very thankful on deck for my thick jacket and snow boots. By lunch time I had an enormous appetite, & am quite used now to the slight roll, there is a swell but no wind. The food is very good & the steward & stewardess most attentive. We are three in the cabin as the ship is full, but we manage all right. About eleven this morning we passed the Isle of Wight so close we could see all the houses & roads from Bonchurch to Blackgang, & the wreck of the Eider *[S.S. Eider was a German steamer, out of New York bound for Bremen, which ran aground in dense fog on 31st January 1892. All passengers, crew and cargo were rescued by lifeboat crews]*. This afternoon the sun is out & quite warm & not a cloud in the sky. They say we shall not reach Gib. till Tuesday morning, as we have been so delayed, I do hope they won't cut time short at Malta. I am losing a most gorgeous sunset, so must go back on deck & my hands are so frozen I can hardly write. If this weather only goes on, I don't care how long the voyage lasts. One can imagine nothing more delightful – in calm weather! The people are very pleasant, & I like Miss Francis who is about my age or younger, the others are all well over forty but experienced travellers. I have not lost my heart to Miss Oldham, but she is kind & good natured. The

moment we started yesterday Mr. Smith arrayed himself in full yachting costume, so that a girl to whom I was talking when he came to call us to lunch asked if he were the captain! Much love to you all, yr. loving daughter Anna.

The Bay of Biscay! Feb. 13th 10 a.m.

Darling mother, I am proud of myself! I am up & dressed & have taken half an hour's constitutional on deck & eaten an enormous breakfast, & a lot of people are invisible & three of our party are in their berths breakfasting on tea & toast & I have been running about & waiting on them. I do feel proud. We are rolling finely which prevents my keeping a straight line, but I rather like it, it is so regular & even, & there is not a bit of pitching, but it is hard to walk about down below. I got my sea legs splendidly on deck. It is all a question of balance.

We had a most exciting scene at Plymouth yesterday. We anchored in the Sound at eight just as we had finished dinner & were at once boarded by two large steamers with troops on one & marines on the other, & it looked exactly like a scene in a play with the moon & the lights & the men, 250, thronging on board, the sailors carrying enormous white sacks just like clothes bags. We got off again soon after nine, & stayed on deck till ten to see the Edystone Light. It was perfectly calm, but about three this morning I woke & we were rolling. It went on for some time & I was just beginning to feel I could not stand much more when it began to grow less, so I went to sleep & woke at seven feeling perfectly well. It is rolling rather more now again, but I don't mind it a bit, not even down here in the saloon, and on deck it is simply glorious, I could not be ill there; it is only the nights in the stuffy cabin that are trying, but the Captain says we shall be out of the Bay by 8 a.m. tomorrow. It is such an entirely different motion from a Channel boat, rather pleasant than otherwise though I am watching my ink with some anxiety lest it should slide off the table. I wish you could have seen Mr. Smith giving Miss Oldham a lesson in deck walking this morning. She could not get on at all so at last he tucked her under his arm & they trotted up & down looking like Tweedledum & Tweedledee. She is just as broad as she is long. The troops are parading on deck so I must go & see.

Sunday 14th 5.45 p.m.

It was a nice day yesterday, though we had no sun. They hoisted sail which steadied us & it was perceptibly warmer so that we were able to sit on deck even after dinner. Several people were ill but I wasn't & appeared at all the meals & felt quite well but we rolled more & more & the cabin was stuffy at night so soon after I retired to bed I collapsed. Miss Oldham does not approve of Nitrite of Amyl & would not let me take it. She gave me Salvolatile & the Steward brought me dry biscuits which he recommended as an infallible cure & I soon got all right as long as I lay on my back, but I could not sleep much & the ship made such an awful row creaking & groaning as she rolled that we could not hear ourselves speak. She pitched a little as well & it was really rough; seas washed over the deck & one cabin on the port side got a sea right in through the porthole. Luckily ours is starboard. Still it was nothing

to a channel crossing & I was perfectly well as long as I lay flat. I breakfasted in my berth on biscuits & B&S [*brandy & soda?*] & about ten o'clock we got out of the Bay & the sea began to go down at once. I did not feel equal to service so sat on deck. It has been a glorious day, hot sun & blue sea like the Mediterranean. It has got calmer & calmer & is now like a pond. If it goes on we shall be at Gib. Tomorrow night. The wind was right behind us yesterday which kept us steady, we passed a big steamer homeward bound & she was pitching frightfully, it made one ill to look at her. Is it not grand to have come through the Bay & only been ill once & missed one meal? They had the fiddles on this morning [*rails or battens around the edges of tables to prevent items falling off in rough seas*], but nobody ever seems to have known the Bay so calm this time of year. There are some very nice people on board & I do enjoy the life of our party. Mr. Smith is the most good tempered person that ever breathes & entirely equal to his post. Mr. Harkness is very meek & harmless, rather like a cow. He was at school at Dr. Mayo's at Cheam. Miss Bevan comes from Brecon & knows C. de Winton very well, at least she used to live there. She is elderly but dresses well & is quite decent though not interesting. Miss Sharman & Miss Wooleton are friends & have travelled a great deal & are very bright & amusing & well read, I like them. Miss Francis & I are the two juveniles of the party! She is an artist & has studied in Paris & is not at all common place. I must go & dress for dinner.

Monday 2 p.m.

We have just passed Cape St. Vincent. It has been as calm as a lake since yesterday evening & the moon was lovely last night on the water, lots of people stayed on deck till midnight, but I was sleepy after my bad night & went to bed early & slept like a top. About eleven this morning we got near the coast, dreadfully wild & barren, nothing but tremendous cliffs going sheer down into the sea. We passed Cape St. Vincent at one close by, but there are only forts & a lighthouse to be seen on it, & no villages or towns anywhere, I never saw such a coast. Now we are beyond Cape Favres & are going further out to sea, but it looks very pretty with the mountains standing up behind the cliffs. They say we shall get into Gib. at two in the morning & can only stop three or four hours, so we must be content to see the Rock by moonlight. It is lucky we have made such a quick run, as they were actually saying we should miss out Malta altogether & send the Malta passengers back from Brindisi. There is a fine of £500 if a ship fails to be at Brindisi by Sunday & we were so delayed with waiting in the Thames and calling at Plymouth. I am writing on deck so excuse incoherencies as everybody is talking & calling one to look at birds or porpoises. It is so lovely on deck one really can't go below except for meals. My chair does very well & is absolutely necessary, no one on board is without one. They say we have had an extraordinary run, it is quite a miracle to have the bay so calm in February. My neighbour at meals a Mrs. Boyd going out to join her husband in Bombay has only once seen it as calm & that was in June & this is her tenth voyage. She is very nice & pretty & I take walks with her on deck as none of our party are good walkers & I hate strolling. It is to be hoped they will be better at riding. We are to have three weeks of it going by Jericho to Samaria, Nain, Galilee, Nazareth, Mount Carmel & Haifa. We are to stay two days on Galilee & Carmel & four at Haifa to make excursions to Acra etc. Then we take the

steamer to Beyrout & drive to Damascus. Our luggage to go from Jaffa to Haifa, so we shall be only parted from it three weeks. I am going to change my cabin tomorrow as three is a squash. There are twelve people landing at Gib. but some more coming on, so I don't know yet whether I shall get one quite to myself. Miss Harwood is unobjectionable & Miss Oldham would be irritating if she were not so delightfully naïve & confiding; I really can't keep grave sometimes at the things she says. She asked me if they were going to have the hymn 'For those in peril on the sea' at Ewell for me on Sunday, they were going to have it for her at Guy's Chapel & two other churches! She was fearfully alarmed on Saturday night at the creaking & groaning & pitching & the swish of the sea over the decks, and wanted to get up & ask if we were all right. I told her she would rather amuse whoever she applied to for information, which kept her quiet.

There is a Miss Croft a friend of Mr. Haskett's who is going to join us from Port Said to Beyrout, but no more gentlemen at all unless any turn up in Cairo! My cabin-box is too large to be convenient, but otherwise I seem to have got exactly what I want. It is already too warm for a fur cloak except at night & for walking on deck. I don't need any jacket with my blue dress on.

The cuisine on board is awfully good, better than any hotel; you should see the menu for breakfast & lunch & we have tea at four with cake & biscuits & the stewardess brings us tea at seven, though I don't have it. Breakfast is at 9, lunch at one. I go in for claret, Medoc at 2/-, which is very good. I do wish you were all here. Everything is so nice, though I do wish dinner were at 7.30 instead of 6.30, that is my only grievance! I will write from Brindisi. We are not due at Malta till Friday.

Much love to everybody, Yr loving daughter Anna L. Glyn.

S.S. Shannon Feb 15th 10 p.m.

Darling Margaret, what do you think! *[Margaret Glyn, Anna's younger sister, was a musician and composer and would later publish works on early music]* I have only an hour ago discovered that Siegfried Wagner is on board. This evening they were dancing on deck and a young man played, and some body said he was Wagner's friend and then Miss Oldham said that a young German I had noticed once or twice was Wagner's son and she had spoken to him as she knew Hubert Parry very well and knew he had known Wagner. I was wild to think I should only have found out this minute when he is landing at Gib at six tomorrow morning, so I went in search of him and then begged Miss Oldham to introduce me, and we have been talking for half an hour, only I wished it was you instead of me. He speaks English very well, he said his sisters had an English Governess, but he had not read your translation *[apparently Margaret's translation of Parsifal, although this was not published until 1902]*. He is short and rather insignificant looking at a first glance, but has a charming face and smile, with a nose something like his father's, very bright eyes, grey I think, but we were talking by moonlight, and a little moustache which he is always pulling, a high broad forehead with brown hair curling over it and a mouth which strikes me as a little weak. (He has come in now and is sitting with his friend at the other end of the saloon so I have completed his portrait by electric light!). Of course I could not talk music but

he was very easy to get on with. He composes a little he says, a few songs, but has no hopes of ever rivalling his father. This is his first visit to England and he has spent a fortnight in London. He and his friend are going to stop at Gibraltar till the next steamer and then are going on to China (I warned him not to go too far up country), but he has to be back for the first rehearsal at Bayreuth on June 15th. He conducts sometimes himself. He is most enthusiastic about his father, and says he has heard Parsifal about 200 times and finds something new in it each time, and he is wild over Tannhauser. Fancy, they have got Materna [*Amalie Materna, the Austrian soprano*] again! He says 'Oh, she is a good creature and she likes to sing. The Americans like her. I do not like the Americans'. This year is to be a kind of wind up apparently, and he says two years after they will start quite fresh again with the Ring and get rid of all the old singers. Vögel he does not like at all, and says they do the Ring very badly at Munich, he thinks the Dresden theatre is much better. His friend is an Englishman, a nice looking young fellow, and plays beautifully. I must really go to bed, we are to be up at six to see Gibraltar, and we leave at 7. He is sitting much nearer now, and he has lovely grey eyes and little tiny hands with broad finger nails, but I don't think he will ever rival his father, he looks too lazy and good tempered. A girl who professes to understand palmistry has just told him he has a very good hand and a long lifeline. I thought I would tell you at once, before I forgot. Yrs. Ever, Anna L. Glyn.

S.S. Shannon, Mediterranean, Feb 16th, 8.45 p.m.

Darling Mother, I am going to begin at once to tell you about Gib before I forget. We got in at four this morning and some people went on deck, but in our cabin we did not get up till 6.30 and were nearly ready when Mr. Smith sent the steward to say the ship would not start till ten and we could go ashore. So we had some breakfast and went on deck, but it was pouring with rain and my first impression of Gib was that it resembled the English lakes, rocks and bright green grass, the trees just coming out and the clouds hopelessly down. The bay is magnificent with mountains all round, a fine place for sailing. The rain came in showers which alarmed some of the ladies but the rest of us started, and had a good hour on shore walking all along the main street to the Market, which was picturesque. The men sellers in wonderful costumes of dark blue and orange, the girls (dark and very pretty) with white silk handkerchiefs on their heads and pink and white striped shawls. Then Mr. Smith and I got into a crockery shop and after long bargaining we carried off an armful of plates! I am very pleased with mine if I can only get them home. He seems to like shopping as much as I do, the others all went on. The town is very Italian looking, with some charming steep narrow streets running off the main street, which is quite broad and level. We got a drenching shower in the boat returning to the ship and my cloak and hood did good service. After that it began to clear, and as of course we did not actually leave before 11.30 it was quite fine and the sun shining. I was very disappointed with the Rock on the bay side, it slopes back and does not look high at all, but when we had passed Europa Point and stood out to sea it was awfully fine just as one sees it in pictures, a tremendous precipice going sheer down into the sea. We had a splendid view too of the Sierra Nevada with snow on the tops and watched them for the rest of the morning, but in the

afternoon we lost sight of land and tomorrow we shall be passing near Algiers. I sat on deck this afternoon with no jacket on, one has to seek shady corners instead of sunny ones and fur cloaks are entirely superfluous, even after dinner. People must have been dreaming to say the Mediterranean was cold. I have changed my cabin for a much larger one almost opposite but nearer the middle of the ship on the port side which I share with Miss Wilson, a nice pleasant girl going out to Bombay with her brother. It is such a comfort to have real elbow room and not have to get up and go to bed in relays. We hear the Arcadia had such a rough time, it is lucky we did not go in her. The Shannon is a thoroughly nice, comfortable ship, only I hope we shan't get a sea in through our port. The soldiers and sailors make it awfully noisy but they keep us alive and sing really beautifully together in the evenings. It is so funny to have bugles sounding, bo'suns' whistles and words of command yelled out in our ears, but I am getting to sleep through everything. I shan't write again till Malta unless there is a storm or anything exciting. One day at sea is exactly like another, but it is just delicious and I feel as well again as ever and more so!

February 18th, 8 p.m.

Fancy, the chief officer says that if we had not made this extraordinarily quick passage we should not have touched at Malta, and that it is not at all uncommon to miss it out if they are late as they are bound to keep the contract for the mails. We could not have made better weather for ourselves if we had tried. The wind was fixed north and blew us straight through the Bay, then changed to the W. and has brought us along at a spanking rate from Gib. We have had two delightful days. Yesterday the sea got up with the wind, but our sails kept us steady, and I never saw anything more splendid, a really rough blue sea with glistening foam and the big waves just as they curled over to break in the sunlight turning the most lovely green, the very colour of the Bader See [*in Bavaria; Margaret had holidayed there between 1886 and 1888*]. I could scarcely take my eyes from it all the afternoon. We had a lot of games on deck in the morning and evening and an egg and spoon race for ladies and a three-legged race for gentlemen, which were the greatest fun. After dinner they got up a concert containing all the musical talent on board, a 'cello, flute, mandoline and piano, none of which were in tune with each other, but some of the songs were very good, and we had one killing recitation. This evening after tea there was an obstacle race all round the deck, the funniest thing I have ever seen, followed by a tug of war for ladies, and tonight at 9 as a crowning triumph a charade is to be acted, composed by Mr. Smith! He is really the soul of everything comic or the reverse from the Sunday service to a handicap sweepstake this morning on the length of our day's run, the umpire in all the races, and he seems most popular with all the young men on board. There are such very nice people on board, nobody nasty at all, and we are so friendly and sociable. I heard a gentleman say today he never remembered a voyage where everyone was so pleasant and jolly. I believe it is a great deal Mr. Smith's influence. You will say I am becoming a worshipper, but he is so full of fun and energy nobody can resist him. It is very sad to think it is our last night all together, a lot of people go off tomorrow and we ourselves on Sunday morning. I shall be sorry to leave the Shannon, and Mrs. Boyd. We are great friends now. She is Irish

and so bright and full of fun. She would like to come with us to Syria only her husband is expecting her back. She says he would give her leave but would never forgive her if she did! I shall miss her. I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much as this voyage. We had a most exciting scene at lunch today. There was a good deal of swell from the wind of yesterday and just before lunch the ship began to roll as if she meant it. We heard crash after crash coming up from the saloon, there was no time for the fiddles to be put on when we went down and it was a lively meal. About every three minutes we had five or six tremendous rolls in succession and then a lull; we all had to snatch up whatever was nearest, wine glass in one hand a plate in the other, but not being idols, as somebody remarked and having but one pair of hands there was always a crash somewhere. All the afternoon we had to have our chairs lashed to rails and progression was difficult. Some people retired, but I don't mind anything now, and enjoy the rocking, unless I want to move about. It is no more like a Channel boat than flying. Nearly 9.30, I must stop. They are clearing the saloon, so I have been writing on my cabin box. I was rather tired to go on deck tonight.

Saturday, Feb 20th

We reached Malta at 2 p.m. yesterday but had such a scare before we arrived. About 12 o'clock we were passing Gozo (a horrid, bare, barren looking place), rumours began to circulate that there was a case of smallpox on board and that we should not be allowed to land and should have 8 days quarantine at Brindisi. It was one of the lascars and the doctors were sure it was smallpox, we have three on board, two naval as well as the P and O. The Malta passengers were in a terrible way as they would have been doomed to the lazaretto [*the quarantine station for maritime passengers*] for 15 days. People were so subdued at lunch, there was hardly a sound instead of the usual buzz of laughing and talking. We anchored in the Quarantine Harbour where the P and O always go behind Valetta. No boat was allowed to board us and the ship's papers were handed out at the end of a long pole. After nearly an hour's delay the Medical Officer came on board and pronounced it chicken pox! There was a cheer from the passengers, a free fight amongst the boatmen hovering round to get near the ship's ladder and in less than 5 minutes we were all in a boat rowing ashore feeling like released prisoners. Of course everybody knew it was not chicken pox and in any other than an English port we should have been quarantined for certain, which by all accounts is the most terrible fate which can befall one. The Shannon was not to start till midnight so we stayed ashore till dark. We went first to St. John's Church which is very magnificent with gilding, the marble inlaid floor and the walls of pale blue, with wonderful sculptured flowers and emblems amongst which the Maltese cross is very conspicuous. Mr. Smith had been so kind as to invite Mrs. Boyd to go with us, so while the others went to the Governor's Palace she and I drove with him to the cemetery, only Miss Oldham would come too. It slopes down the hill at the far end of the Quarantine Harbour and is very pretty, just like a garden with huge rose trees and every kind of flowering shrub and evergreens. Mr. Brincat was standing at the gate and took me straight down the path. Our grave [*of Anna's brother William, who died in Malta of meningitis aged 21*] is at the very bottom in the

farthest corner of the enclosed part so that you get a splendid view down over the harbour. There are rose bushes growing all round, and the tin cross was filled with mignonette and bougainvilleas. I send you four roses I picked, they grew just behind the stone. I hope they will arrive safely. The stone does not look at all nice, it is very much discoloured and the inscription is scarcely legible. Brincat says that is always the case with the Maltese stone and it ought to be faced with marble and the letters filled in with lead. This has been done with all the other monuments, but Mr. Smith and I thought it would look very patchy to have only the letters cased in ours, as you will see if you look at the photo that the text extends as far as the arm of the cross. There is no doubt the whole top, cross and all, should be done with marble and rest on the stone foundation. I saw another almost the same as ours cased in this way and it looked very nice. I have told Brincat to get an estimate and send it to you. I said for the whole top, but he may send one for only the inscription as well. Still, whatever it costs we ought to have the whole done in marble, it is too forlorn and neglected looking as it is and the letters will soon be quite illegible. The Malta stone is like the Bath and turns a horrid black colour so that you can understand how messy and dirty it looks beside the white marble on the others. It is a good thing I went. We stayed some time there as Mr. Smith had a long hunt to find his friend's grave, and Miss Oldham rambled after him. Mrs. Boyd came on purpose to be with me, and I was so glad to have her, she is so nice. I don't know what I shall do without her. I don't care for any of our party except Mr. Smith and Mr. Harkness who is a mild, harmless old person, they are terribly commonplace and tiresome though most kind and good natured. Miss Oldham got me the box from the Steward and packed the roses for me. However, no doubt there will be nice people on the Hydaspes at Cairo, and I am hoping Miss Croft will be an improvement, she joins us at Port Said. I don't believe I can enjoy anything as much as this voyage. It is horrid to have to leave the Shannon just when I have got to know all the really nice people, and Mr. Smith and I are both lamenting we are not going in her to Ismalia. His charade was most amusing and he did act so well. Tonight there is to [be] another concert and he is to recite. I do wish you had all come on the voyage. I feel just another person and they tell me I look it. I was on my feet the whole of yesterday and scrambling up and down those steep Malta streets and did not feel my back the least. If ever I am ill or done up again I shall start straight off on a P and O. There is nothing so pleasant. I do wish we were coming home by sea, I shall never like land travel again. We get into Brindisi at six tomorrow morning and have the whole day with nothing to do but transfer ourselves to the Hydaspes, as we don't go on till 2 a.m Monday. We are due at Alexandria Wednesday night and go on the next day to Cairo. After March 18 (from England) the next address will be the Hotel Belle Vue, Beyrout, for two weeks, (we go from there to Damascus and back). I will finish this tomorrow after I get your letter. I am afraid it might be better expressed, but Mrs. Boyd is next me and we keep talking! We had a lovely view of Etna this morning, looking like a white cloud up in the sky. It was a good thing we got off the ship so quickly at Malta for we have just heard that after we were gone they sent three policemen to stop the passengers landing to be on the safe side!

Hydaspes, Sunday 21st, 1 p.m.

Just come on board and found your letter. So sorry about M. I wish I were at home to nurse her. I suppose she is better now or you would have telegraphed. It does seem funny to think I could be home in three days from here.

We did not get into port till eleven as there was a fog and we had to lie outside the harbour. We start at 5 this afternoon. It is a nice big ship and beautifully airy cabins. I am with Miss O, and H. again but they say there is plenty of room and I can be changed as soon as we start. I do with M. had come with me, since Gib we have had nothing but blue sea and bright sun, so hot on shore one wants no wraps till sunset, but there is generally a nice breeze at sea. There is the bell for lunch. We are going on shore a bit this afternoon and Mrs. Boyd is coming board to see the last of me.

With very much love to you all! Ever your loving daughter Anna L. Glyn.

S.S. Hydaspes, At sea, Feb. 23rd/92

The Hydaspes is a horrid little boat and last night it blew up a gale and she danced and lurched and pitched and kicked till you never knew what she would be at next, so different to the dear old Shannon's slow dignified roll that just rocked one comfortably to sleep. It has been horribly cold too since we started and there is no fire anywhere, the only comfortable place is bed. I do enjoy my cabin, it is quite palatial and I have it all to myself. It is right aft where I feel the motion a good deal and this horrid ship has engines in the Britannia's style that throb, throb, throb till you would give anything for one moment's peace. Still, it is so delightful to be alone and have your own way with the light and port. I really had quite a good night last night from being in the dark, as I slept all through except when wakened by an extra lurch. Other people's one idea when they are ill is to have the electric light flaring in their faces all night. – Nearly everyone on ship was ill. Of course I was too, and I tried the Nitrate, which only made me worse, but I did not feel at all bad and slept peacefully in between. I was nearly tossed out of my berth though, and finding I could not sleep and hold on at the same time I had to ring for my Steward in the middle of the night to put up the side of the berth which is always turned under in calm weather. The crashes and smashes in the saloon were something awful, and even my heavy cabin box came halfway across the room, while boots and books and everything movable collected in a heap on the floor. My dressing bag upset on the spare berth, but nothing was broken. It is such a comfort to me. Towards morning the sea calmed down and I was able to have my bath and get dressed for breakfast which is more than most people did, but I have been lying down most of the day and had recourse to B. and S. My little flask looked so pretty when I took it in to lunch, there was quite a show of them today, but none so nice as mine. M. Smith says he will stand a bottle of champagne at dinner tonight to pick us up and celebrate my birthday! My neighbour (a very nice man I made friends with yesterday) remarked he thought it no kindness to wish me many happy returns of such a day as this! But he has been very ill poor fellow and made his first appearance at lunch looking like a ghost. They say we shall probably have it calm now till we get into Alexandria tomorrow afternoon which is very comforting to hear. There is the dinner bell, but I shan't dress tonight as I

have not been out of my fur cloak today, the saloon is as draughty as the deck. I enjoyed my day at Brindisi immensely. The Shannon and Hydaspes were both moored alongside the quay, so as soon as lunch was over I went back for Mrs. Boyd and we set off to post the roses. Everything however was shut, being Sunday, the post, and Cook's office and I was quite in despair when we came upon Grindlay's her husband's agents and bankers to whom she gave her name and they undertook at once to send off the box by letter post. I do hope the flowers will arrive fresh. Then I showed some of my Shannon friends over the Hydaspes and we finally set out to explore the town. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, (he is in the Civil Service, a clever, interesting man, and his wife who is a bright, lively little thing), Mrs. Boyd and myself. It is not at all a bad town, and the people in their Sunday best, and the officers in their smart uniforms or picturesque cloaks and the market with its piles of oranges lying in their green leaves all looked so charming under the bright blue sky and hot sunshine. It was almost too hot to walk at 3 o'clock, but we found our way to the station as we wanted to see the Calais train come in. It was like a fiery furnace in front, but we carried off some chairs from the restaurant and sat out in the shade at the back and they brought us a table and our coffee there. The ordering was rather amusing as there was nothing visible but sausages! And we could not muster much Italian amongst us. Mr. N. began grandly and relapsed into German, Mrs. Boyd came to the rescue with Hindustani, I tried French, but Mrs. N. was the best as she made such energetic signs and gesticulations that she succeeded in making them produce a plate of biscuits. We saw the train in with passengers for both ships and then they took me back to the Hydaspes just before she sailed. I was so sorry to leave Mrs. Boyd, but she is pretty certain to be coming back to England next year to see her children, and she has promised to write to me from Aden. It is like breaking off half through a story to leave a ship in the middle of a voyage when you are thoroughly at home with everybody and interested in all the flirtations and little scenes playing themselves out before you. I should have liked to have gone on to Bombay with a lot of pretty girls and 13 naval officers, there was plenty to study! Half the Hydaspes passengers are Americans but some of the English are nice, still it is more of a crossing than a voyage, and one has not much opportunity of knowing people when so many were laid up today.

Alexandria, We. Feb. 24th

Had a calm night and a lovely day, came in sight of Alexandria just after lunch and reached the entrance of the harbour about three. It is magnificent and so bright and gay with English gunboats and Italian men of war and lots of passenger vessels and little sailing boats flying about. We drew right up alongside the quay and it was a scene with all the Arab dresses and the native policemen armed with short canes with which they kept the rabble at bay, who were waiting to rush on the ship, taking them by the shoulders and shoving them back from the gangways as if the men were only bales of goods. Mr Smith had Cook's landing tickets and there were a whole row of porters with 'Cook' in enormous letters across their tunics, so our luggage was soon carried down to the Cook's bus which was waiting and in which we drove off, stopped at the Custom house in order to say we had nothing to declare (they did not open a thing) and went straight on to the Khedivial Hotel.

Inside it is very European except for some picturesque divans, but my balcony overhangs a garden all huge palms towering up above and which we have to cross to reach the dining room (the garden, not the palms) excuse incoherencies it is past 10 o'clock and we are off by the 9 a.m. train to Cairo, but I must tell you about this evening before my impressions are obliterated by new ones. It certainly is a new world, and a most charming world. The streets are one succession of picturesque groups with absolutely nothing to mar the effect but an occasional European dress. As to the veiled women, they are hideous and give you a sort of creepy feel, but they are few and far between, and the men and the boys and little children are too delightful. I had no notion Arabs were so wonderfully artistic. I have not seen a single dress that was not perfect in colour and combination. It is better than any number of picture galleries. One gentleman on the quay wore an upper dress and divided skirt of pale blue cloth opening over an embroidered cream waistcoat, a gold sash round his waist, and a dark reddish cloak lined with cream slung over one shoulder and a red fez on his head and tan leather shoes. The common people's dress is usually a long robe, to the heels, of white or pale blue, opening in a V over a vest of some dark colour, often embroidered, but you see every art shade in robes, orange, maise, crushed strawberry etc. The drivers wear long white tunics with loose dark robes over them and every man and boy has the fez. One simply revels in colour and effect. I have never seen anything at the Lyceum to equal our drive through the streets this evening. We had some tea and then set off in three carriages for our drive, going first to Pompey's Pillar [*so-called, in fact erected in honour of Diocletian at the end of the 4th century*], from which we had a fine view over the town and watched the sun setting like a ball of fire. Then we went into a Mohamedan cemetery close by where nearly all the graves were adorned with a painted fez. No loyal subject [*of Abbas II, the last Khedive, although Egypt was under British control at the time*] is permitted to appear in public without his fez, so they put it also over their graves! We drove on by the fresh water canal and saw family groups sitting outside the little houses, and splendid gardens belonging to the big ones and Nile dahabeeyahs (which might have been houseboats with a sail) and buffaloes used as beasts of burden, and here and there a Nubian looking like a gutta percha [*dark brown rubber*] doll amongst the handsome bronze Arabs, and banana trees and palms, palms everywhere standing out exactly like a picture against the red sunset sky. Then we drove back through the lighted town and had fresh green peas for table d'hôte dinner! Mr. Smith is perfectly splendid, he jabbars Arabic as if it were English and makes everybody mind him, and settles everything, even our rooms (I have one to myself tonight), and is better than any number of guide books. It is so satisfactory to feel you are making the most of every minute and seeing just what you want to see. I do so wish you were all here in this fascinating East. It is not a bit too hot at present, just comfortable without a jacket walking and with one driving, and I know Emmie [*Emily Catherine Glyn, Anna's older half sister*] and Margaret would revel even more than I do in the picturesqueness and colouring, to say nothing of the peas!

Cairo, Feb. 25th

This is a delightful place. It is 6.45 and I am sitting with my French window wide open overlooking (across the street) some gardens in which the band is

playing. Not a very wise proceeding I believe it is calculated to attract mosquitoes but it is most pleasant. We all got off comfortably by the express at 9 this morning and reached Cairo at 12.30, a very dusty journey, (and hot the last part of the way), all across flat green plains of wheat and beans, dotted with Arab mud villages and intersected with streams from the Nile. It was very queer to see buffaloes plowing and the long strings of laden camels were decidedly Eastern, otherwise there was nothing particularly striking in the view. The Continental Hotel was full but they had kept us rooms in the Angleterre which is under the same management and is the one Nellie recommended to me. We have very nice rooms, and it seems a comfortable hotel. The ladies paired off as before, so I have a room to myself again, rather to the others' envy I am afraid, but I shall have to share with Miss Croft when she joins us at Port Said. We leave here on the 4th I believe and shall be in Jerusalem on the following Tuesday. We started at 3 this afternoon, and drove to the Sultan Hassan Mosque, where we all had to go through the ceremony of having huge yellow slippers tied over our boots before we were allowed to enter. Imagine the effect! It was a great bare place rather grand and impressive, but terribly out of repair. We drove on to the Citadel and Mosque of Mohamed Ali, the highest point of Cairo, from which we had a fine birdseye view of the town, such a large one, fairly bristling with mosques, and saw right away to the Pyramids and over the sandhills of the desert. We could not get into the Mosque as it was being prepared for a grand function tonight at which the Khedive is to be present, and which we are going off to the minute after dinner. We went next to the Tombs of the Mamelukes where all the Khedives (except the last one) have been buried. They are all in domed buildings with marble and gilded walls and gorgeous hangings, the floors covered with the richest, softest rugs I have ever seen. The priests who keep the tombs and say prayers for the dead were most friendly and pleasant, and brought us delicious coffee in the tiniest little eggshell cups without handles. It does make such a difference Mr. Smith being able to speak to the people in Arabic, for they only understand a few words of French. We drove straight home from there getting back soon after 6. I think it is very nice of Mr. Smith to take us driving so much. It is a most comfortable way of seeing things, for the sun is very hot though there is a nice cool air, and walking through the native quarters one would get mixed up with camels and donkeys and things and not have much chance of enjoying the sights.

Friday, 26th, 11 a.m.

It is hot today, an August sun, though there is a nice cool air when you meet it, so it is not quite Constance over again. I have been out since breakfast exploring with Miss Francis who is beginning to wake up a little. She is rather younger than I am and I find she remembers Annie and Miss Gutheres at the Slade, and knows Miss Sargant very well. We had a most amusing discussion on ages the other day as they have all to be stated on landing at Jaffa. We range from Mr. Harkness 56 to Miss Harwood 40, then it jumps to me and Miss F at the tail. We found our way across the gardens to Shepherds [*the Shepherd Hotel*] a little way off on the other side, and met some of the Shannon people who only arrived last night as something went wrong with the steering (sic) gear and they had to lie to for 12 hours off Port Said, but they hardly felt the storm at all, only rolled as usual! The gardens

are most lovely, but I must get Mr. Smith to tell me the names of the trees as I hardly know any of them. We recognised the Banyan tree from pictures, it is curious the branches all coming down into roots. I cannot believe it is February and that you are still in winter in England, the Riviera is nothing to it. It was really too hot to sit out of doors in the gardens but it is delicious. We leave here on the 4th, reach Port Said in the evening and embark on a Messageries [*Messageries Maritime, a French line*] boat for Jaffa on Sunday afternoon. There is an Austrian Lloyd [*an Austrian shipping company based in Trieste*] sails on the 5th by which we shall send our heavy luggage to Haifa, but Mr. S. says she is a horrid dirty boat and is to carry a party of personally conducted Cook's, so we had much better wait till the 6th. The plans are to go by sea from Haifa to Beyrout as we shall see Tyre and Sidon from the boat and avoid 300 miles of uninteresting desert. I wonder when I shall get another letter, they are to be forwarded here from Port Said. I am so anxious to know how M. is, but of course you would telegraph here if there were any need. Now I must tell you about last night, we really are having an uncommonly jolly time, and as Mr. Smith has only been twice in Cairo before he has engaged a splendid dragoman who knows everything that is going on and the best way to see it. His name is Nicholas and he speaks French and a little English. Last night was the grand night of the Mohamedan Carnival, and the Great Mosque was illuminated outside and in. We drove off the minute after dinner and were just toiling up the steep hill to the Great Mosque when there was a cry 'the Khedive was coming' and we had to pull up at the side of the road. It was an awkward place to stop and the horses in the carriage behind us did not like it at all, but ours behaved very well. There was a fair amount of light from the illuminations so we saw very well. First came some soldiers in splendid uniforms, then the outrunners with gold embroidery on their short white tunics, (it is wonderful how they can keep up with the horses) and then came a Victoria with the Khedive and his brother, wearing European dress with the inevitable fez. He saluted us as Mr. Smith and some Englishmen in the carriage behind raised a cheer. He looks very fat and more like 37 than 17. They passed at a quick trot going down the hill followed by endless carriages containing the officers of the suite. We persued (sic) our way 'en queue', no one being allowed to enter the Mosque until the Khedive had gone. We drew up at last before the great lighted gateway and then followed the funniest scene. The supply of slippers had run short and pieces of rag were produced by the crowd of Arab boys as substitutes. I had one foot tied up in a bag but the boy could not find a second piece so I had to produce my handkerchief and have it tied on my other foot, all in this huge crowd of English and Arabs with everyone standing like storks on one leg and making frantic grabs as they over-balanced at everyone else, for the pillars were few and far between. However, after all our trouble the guard declared that rags were inadmissible, so there was nothing for it but to take off our shoes and walk in our stockings! The whole floor was covered with rugs and carpets as soft as moss, so it was rather pleasant than otherwise. I never saw such a sight as the huge building, dome upon dome, all ringed with lamps which circled the walls and showed up the sculpture and gilding. The whole Mosque is formed of alabaster and the carved pillars were wonderful. There were groups of worshippers prostrating themselves before a doorway or some equally interesting object of adoration, but the sight of all was the howling

Dervishes. They formed a large circle and swayed their bodies backwards and forwards till it made one quite giddy to look at them, going faster and faster to the clash of cymbals and tambourines and making a most horrible noise in their throats which sounded more like the growling of wild beasts than any human noise. There was nothing peculiar in their dress, but some of them took off their turbans and let down a mat of long hair that fell over their faces as they swayed, and gave them a most appalling appearance. One man at last fell down and rolled over in a kind of fit, when the circle was broken up and another formed on the other side of the Mosque. We stayed about half an hour and after struggling back into our shoes in the crowd outside found our carriages and drove to a fair in the native quarter. It was the 27th of the month of Ramadan, the anniversary of the day when the Koran came down from heaven to Mohomet, so of course it is kept as a great feast. The fair was the most extraordinary sight. We drove at a foot pace through street after street only just wide enough for the carriage to pass, lined on each side with stalls of sweetmeats, sugar cane and cotton handkerchiefs, illuminated by huge glass chandeliers, and covered in overhead by red canopies and strings of red flags suspended between the overhanging houses. They were thronged with Arabs and every now and then we had to stop altogether, simply wedged in by the crowd, and once we had to wait for quite ten minutes while a long procession filed past carrying huge wax candles about 3 feet long and flaring torches. It was like London the night after the [1887] Jubilee and I really don't know how we managed to get through without running over somebody. The crowd was most pleasant and good tempered, we had very few scowls and it was intensely interesting watching the different faces and dresses. There were no women visible except some fearfully painted dancing girls tricked out in brilliant silk and loaded with coin necklaces and earrings (sic), standing at the doors of the theatres and places, to induce people to go in. Altogether it was the queerest sight I have ever seen, and one I would not have missed for a good deal. We must have been nearly an hour driving through from beginning to end.

Saturday, 27th

We went yesterday afternoon to see the howling Dervishes perform again at 2 o'clock in a hall belonging to them, as Friday is their sacred day. It appeared to be done chiefly for the delectation of the European visitors, as there were more than 100 English to a dozen natives. It was much the same as the night before, only of course we saw it better sitting comfortably round on chairs instead of standing in the crowd. It is simply grotesque and childish done in broad daylight in cold blood without the accessories of the lighted mosque, carpets and alabaster, and we were not sorry when it was over. The dancing Dervishes are not performing now as their chief is dead. We drove on to the old part of Cairo, and went to the oldest mosque, which contains two pillars on a pedestal with a narrow space between. If you can squeeze through this you are safe for heaven and only those can do it who are devout believers in the Prophet and the Koran. Miss Francis and I were the only ones of our party who got through. Rather rough on the fat people as Mr. Smith remarked, the other ladies tried it and got stuck! We saw the two Coptic churches, one being remarkable for a lovely screen of inlaid ivory, ebony, cedar and lemon wood, the other for containing the crypt in which the Holy Family took refuge

on their arrival in Egypt. Nicholas showed us Joseph's seat and a hollow in which the Virgin had washed the baby's clothes. Sancta Simplicitas! As a variety we went next to see the Nilometer for measuring the rise of the Nile which is low at present and then drove home. This morning we have been to see the Bulak museum where all the mummies are in glass cases. It was very queer to see the actual father of Pharaoh's daughter in the flesh, the king 'who knew not Joseph'. He has an awfully fine face with an aquiline nose and must have been a very good looking man. The skin is quite black, but the features and even the finger and toe nails are quite perfect. They had the most peculiar shaped heads those old kings, they stuck out so much at the back, and very long slender fingers. There are a lot of them in the room but unluckily not Rameses' successor, the Pharaoh of the plagues. I should have liked to have seen him. This afternoon we are going to the Bazaars starting at 3, and every day next week is filled up already, the Pyramids one day, Memphis another, and a voyage up the Nile in a steamer. I am so well now, my back only began to ache at the very end of the Museum this morning, and we were there two hours without seats, and it is quite right again now though I have been sitting up writing ever since we came in. (What a pity it was such a bad day for the voting, I suppose Mr. Thornton and co. are very exultant. When is the performance to begin? I wonder how the Carlisles are left. It is very sad for Mary. Please give a message from me when you see them, I really have no time to write to Florence).

What do you think? We have actually picked up another man. Is he not plucky? I have not seen him yet as he is at the Continental, but Mr. Smith says he is a nice young fellow. He had heard of the party and came over last night to see Mr. Smith, and this morning has settled to join. Poor man, he has not seen us yet! I said we must really make our appearance by degrees and not burst en masse upon his horrified view. His name is Laidlay, and he always winters abroad, so I suppose he is delicate, but we know no more. There is quite a flutter of excitement in the dovecote! We really are the funniest party that ever was. If you could only see the costumes and get up of them. I am thankful I know no one in Cairo, but oh I do wish I could sketch. If you could only see Miss Sharman in her tourist get up, a full long skirt for riding, looped very high over conspicuous tan boots, the looping making it bulge out behind in a gigantic bustle. A drab felt wideawake [*a hat with a low crown and wide brim*] trimmed with a yellow gauze veil which floats in graceful festoons behind, rather resembling the Dervishes' hair when she is in a hurry, a cotton umbrella, dark spectacles (which are quite unnecessary) and a Baedeker! It is nearly three and the mail goes this evening. Give my love to Miss Frä..., I hope her brother is better. With very much love to you all, Yr. loving daughter Anna L. Glyn.

Hotel Angleterre, Cairo, Feb. 28th/92

Dearest Margaret, Many happy returns of today though you will get this a little late. Don't buy a tea gown till I come back as I shall bring you some embroidery for the front. They are most lovely the embroidered waistcoats here, but quite too smart for anything but a tea gown. We had a delightful time in the bazaars yesterday, the things are fascinating, and it is so funny to be invited in to a little recess and served with coffee and pistachio nuts before

you even begin to talk of buying. One feels so mean beating down a man when you have just been partaking of his coffee, but they expect it, and laugh and joke over the process instead of groaning like the Venetians. It is most distracting to know what to choose amongst such temptations, but I must not spend all my money here and have none for Damascus and Constantinople. I wonder whether you and Ger [*their brother Gervas*] would care for specimens of Egyptian musical instruments, they are awfully queer things and only cost a few shillings. It is so tiresome being so far away that I can't get answers from you for so long. I don't know when I shall have another letter, I suppose the mail only reaches Brindisi today. I do hope you are all right by this time. I wish you were here, though I don't believe you would ever have survived the Hydaspes' engines and the noises on the Shannon. No one subject to headaches should ever go to sea. My room here is noisy as it looks to the front but the hotel is very comfortable. An Arab in a white gown and fez brings my hot water in the mornings and empties the slops and a waiter makes the bed and dusts! What does dear Nin think of that? It has not been so hot the last two days and the weather is just perfect, except in church this morning, which was stifling and so crowded. Mr. Smith preached, he is a little too oratorical, but clear and to the point and certainly interesting for I thought when he ended he had preached 15 minutes and it was 25! I wish we had him at Ewell. I never met a parson with so much fun and common sense. Another man is nibbling at the Palestine bait, an Indian chaplain, rather a nice looking fellow. If we go on at this rate we shall be evenly balanced before we start which will be decidedly pleasanter, though really I ought not to grumble at 'the flock' for no one could be less aggressive and harmless than the six. I have beguiled three of them into driving with me to Gesireh this afternoon. It is the Cairo 'Bois' and the elite, natives and Europeans, drive there on Sunday from 4 to 6. We are to go under Nicholas' chaperonage, he was so amusing about it this morning when he escorted us home from church, he never lets us stir without him. I said I must ask Mr. Smith about it first. 'Ah', he said in French, in a tone of disgust, 'Monsieur is a priest, he will stay at home all day to pray, but you, you are not a priest, you should go and see the world!' Mr. Smith did laugh when I told him, and said he thought he had done his duty in that line in church, but he had some calls to pay this afternoon, so I was to take Nicholas and order as many carriages as I wanted. Only three of the flock are frivolous enough to go, so we shall only require one.

March 1st, Tuesday

We had a very nice drive on Sunday and saw the Gesireh Palace where the Empress Eugenie and all the Royalties stayed for the [*1869*] opening of the Suez Canal. It is a huge place, marble halls with a vengeance, the ball room was as big as a church, and the whole thing seemed on a gigantic scale after those squeezey Bavarian Palaces. There were some lovely brocades, but the funniest things were the bathrooms, quite as large as our diningroom, with curtains, and walls and couches draped with white bath towelling! It really looked very well. We did not see the Khedive, but there were heaps of carriages in the park and a lot of people dressed up for the Carnival. The great event of the day was the procession. When we started at four we found the streets thronged and chairs all along the pavement already occupied. It was expected at five; but when we returned at six it was just passing, and

consisted of some twenty mounted men dressed up in white and blue to represent Roman soldiers blaring away on brass instruments the March of the Men of Harlech, and followed by a car filled with what Nicholas told us were 'ancient Egyptians'. (I much prefer the modern ones.) There was nothing more. Imagine the patience of the people to sit 2 hours for that. Boredom must be an unknown word in Cairo.

Yesterday we had a delightful day. I shopped the whole morning with Miss Bevan and Mr. Harkness (one wastes an awful lot of time going out en masse to shop) and am very pleased with my acquisitions. Money really goes a long way here, I got two musical instruments and a reed pipe in for 8/-. One is quite pretty, I think I shall play it myself! It is something between a harp and a zither, and has only 4 strings which you play with your fingers, and it is really melodious. I don't see why I should not set up an instrument! I hope I shall get them safely home. We lunched at 12.30 and started at 1.30 in carriages to the Pyramids. It was a delightful drive under an avenue of accasia (how do you spell that word?) trees the whole way, but not a bit like ours except the leaves. They grow quite differently, very branching and have large yellow pods. We were about an hour getting there and were at once surrounded by charming handsome Bedowins. However, Mr. Smith and Nicholas soon settled them, and while he and some of the ladies went inside, Miss Francis and I with 3 Arabs each started for the top. The Pyramid looks gigantic from below, but is not at all hard to climb. I could have got on much better without the Arabs. It is just like going up a huge staircase and there was only one place about the middle where the blocks were too big for me to step to the top of them. An Arab held me by each hand and the third came behind to push, so we advanced in a succession of bounds. I had on my riding trousers and my skirt tucked up and my thinnest blouse, but it was hot work having to step up so high, I am rather stiff today. I suppose we were about 20 minutes getting to the top which is a fair sized plateau covered with people's names. They showed us the Prince of Wales. Was he ever up there? He must have wanted six Arabs to take him! Coming down is very easy provided you have a good head as you see straight below you to the bottom the whole time. The view from the top was lovely, Cairo in the distance standing out against the sandhills across the green plateau; the course of the Nile marked by lateen sails and the wide wheatfields on either side; and to the south and west the great brown desert stretching away in hills and hollows without a touch of green or sign of life, out to the horizon. And to think that it stretches on and on without a break to the Atlantic ocean. It is a strange world this Africa! We found the others below who had not enjoyed grovelling inside (I was glad I had taken Mrs. Malan's warning) and then we started, some on camels, some on foot, to visit the Sphinx. I enjoyed my ride, as I got my boy to make the beast trot and soon got into the swing, though the stirrup was too short, and there is a horrid peg to hold on by! Which sticks in one's back behind, and it was a very, very slow trot, it would be much easier to rise to a quick one. The dismounting is the only part that is not pleasant, the beast lurches violently forward on it's knees, and then flops as violently backwards on its hind legs; getting up is quite easy. My boy remarked 'You can ride horse, Ah, I know! When ride horse no fear camel!' Miss Oldham 'feared camel' so much, that after screaming for five minutes and making vain attempts to cling to Nicholas'

neck (he is a tall man, but a good way below a camel), she insisted on getting off again. The Sphinx is very disappointing, more like the broken figurehead of a ship than anything else and looks such a miserable little thing beside the Pyramids which grow upon you the more you see them. We were awfully thirsty and hot on our return, so we adjourned to the hotel and had tea on the terrace outside. It is a comfort being in English hotels and getting good tea and toast and butter. After tea some of us went under Nicholas' escort to the top of the nearest hill in the desert above the hotel to see the sunset. It was glorious, dipping right down behind the low hills on the far horizon, and the colour of the sky was marvellous. When the others went back, I persuaded Nicholas with great difficulty to let me remain behind for a few minutes. He told me the Bedowins would come and take me! But I got rid of him at last, and it was perfect, the stillness after those women's jabber. There is a marvellous fascination in the desert if you can only be alone to feel it. It is like nothing else except being up in the high mountains amongst the snows, the absolute peace and silence, and the wonderful sky overhead; the Bedowins ought to be poets all of them. The next time I come I must go to Sinai. I had no idea the desert threw that sort of spell over you. I keep thinking of it and longing to get back. We had a glorious drive home with the Pyramids standing out against a flaming sky and reflected in the pools we passed, and the dark trees arching overhead and the crescent moon (so bright with the old one in its arms). And then the stars! Venus looked just like another moon. By the way, I forgot to say that I overtook the others before they got back to the hotel!

This morning the others went to the Coptic service but I did not feel inclined to get up early, and was mindful of Nellie's warning against the fleas which they have corroborated on their return. It is just 12, so I must stop as we are to lunch now, and drive off to see something. I am tired of driving, I shall be glad when the riding begins. I only feel my back very little today, even after the Pyramid and camel, so I am sure it will be all right on horse back.

9 p.m. We have had a lovely afternoon, though rather a stew. Out at the back of Cairo are sandhills which are entirely given up to burying grounds and we drove there first to see the Tombs of the Caliphs. The late Khedive is there in a rough plaster shed just daubed with paint, a hoarding over the coffin draped with some common looking stuff and two exquisite inlaid tables at the head and feet supporting magnificent silver candelabra. Of course in time they will erect a proper sarcophagus, but at present the contrast between the massive silver and rough plaster walls and bare rafters overhead is grotesque, to say the least of it, the ensemble being completed by an Arab priest wrapped in his cloak and so sound asleep in a corner that it was some minutes before he woke and blinked at us with dazed sleepy eyes. We went into one or two mosques all given up to monuments. It is a veritable city of the dead, you drive through street after street with nothing but graveyards and mausoleums and no one is visible but a stray Arab who is supposed to tend the tombs. Instead, he sweetly slumbers and everything falls into decay. It is a shame to see lovely carving, sculpture and mosaic simply crumbling for want of care. The heat from the white walls was intense and the sand was worse than any beach. How the horses dragged the carriages through I can't think. Luckily

we were in Victorias not landaus, and the heavy people got out and walked when the jolting grew very bad. Of course it was the hottest part of the day, just 2 o'clock, but there was some air as usual and I was quite comfortable in my cotton blouse and shady hat. It is so delicious waking morning after morning to a bright sun and the bluest of cloudless skies, but the change in the temperature is enormous. Today when we were sitting out in a garden for tea at 5 o'clock I could not bear my serge bodice over my blouse, and at 6 I was not only in the serge but buttoned up in my winter jacket for driving home! We soon had enough of the tombs, regained a decent road and drove on past groves of orange trees loaded with red-gold fruit to Heliopolis, a huge column splendidly sculptured and dating from 3,000 B.C. Oh! I forgot, we stopped on the way at a garden to see an old sycamore tree under which the Holy Family are said to have sheltered! The sycamores are quite different to ours, they have rough stems and branch out in all directions close to the ground. Then we drove on to an ostrich farm, but stopped at a restaurant place near to have tea. The farm was interesting, 800 ostriches of all ages from sweet little things the size of fowls, 10 days old, to perfect giants of 18 years who towered up about 10 feet high and were so fierce we could only peep at them through holes in the door. Some were most affected, mincing about and waving their wings like fans in the most fetching way and others so vicious that they pecked if we went near the bars. The feathers were cheap but not made up or curled, so I did not bother to get any. Mr. Smith gives us plenty of variety in our sight seeing at any rate. Tomorrow, (Ash Wednesday) they are all going to church except Miss Bevan and me who are going off with Nicholas at 9 o'clock to have a lovely long morning in the bazaars. The whole of Thursday we are going up the Nile and our luggage has to go on Friday, so we must finish our shopping. We ourselves stay on here till Saturday which is nice. I must go to bed or I shan't be up in time. The last man is not coming, Mr. Smith did not think him a gentleman, and informed him our party was made up. By the way, please keep my letters, for my journal has stuck altogether on the wrong side of Malta and it is hopeless to try to write it up, there is never a minute for anything.

Thursday Evening.

We have had a jolly day. We started at 9 and went up the river in a large Cook steamer, took our own lunch which we ate on board before landing and then went off on donkeys, a cavalcade of about 50 and we all cantered like anything. It was the greatest fun, and all our old ladies acquitted themselves nobly except Miss Oldham who began to scream whenever her donkey went out of a walk, and arrived at the tombs half an hour late, when we had all seen them, and was very injured because Mr. Smith had not stayed behind with her! I enjoyed myself awfully as some Shannon people were there who are staying at the New Hotel and I raced on in front with them and came in first of all going, and second coming back. It was astonishing the amount of go in the little beasts, mine absolutely pulled, and coming back we cantered 3 miles on end without pulling in once. The first part of the way lay through palm groves and wheat fields and then we got out into the great magnificent desert which makes the best riding ground you can possibly imagine. We saw gigantic statues of the two first Rameses, the Pharoahs of Exodus (one of which belongs to the British Museum, only it can't afford to cart it away), and

further on, right in the midst of the desert were the Tombs of the Bulls, great vaults through which we filed, each with a wax candle, a most effective procession, only one got all over grease! We walked up a staircase 3,000 B.C. and saw the gigantic marble sarcophagi enclosing the sacred Bulls and another tomb of Tighe (I think was the name) with sculpture and frescoes almost as good as if it had been done yesterday. Then we came out from the stew underground into the fresh bracing air of the desert which reminds me more and more of the snows, and we had the jolliest ride back to the boat arriving (at least the first of us) about 3 and had a second lunch and some delicious claret cup Mr. Smith made. One of the Shannon people is a Mrs. Gardiner, such an awfully pretty girl, she is only five and twenty and is a widow and going to be married again in August. She and her friend would have joined our party only she can't stand the old women. She always has a lot of men round her and I thought she was fast at first, but she is not really when you come to know her. She is a step-daughter of Ford the R.A. She has asked Mr. Smith and me to dine with them at the New tomorrow and go to the theatre afterwards. I do wish I had brought an evening gown, it is so inconvenient not having one, for everyone dresses here. Mr. Smith is awfully good and tries to give me all the change he can, for really all the others are too absurdly alike in their appearance, tastes and ideas. Mrs. Gardiner told me he said he wished they were all like me! However, I have one consolation, Mr. Laidlay seems really nice. He dined with us last night and I had a long talk with him afterwards, he has been travelling for two years as he has no home, and has been to Japan. He is about 30 I should think. It was quite a treat to have someone young to talk to, as even Miss Francis, though she is younger than I, is older in her ways and ideas than some of the old ones. He will be a decided acquisition I think. The Army Chaplain is clamouring to join us, but Mr. Smith won't have him as he is certainly not a gentleman and he has been privately warned against him. Yesterday I shopped and packed the whole day. I have got you a waistcoat, straight collar, and cuffs in white and gold as I thought you might have it made up with your white silk if you don't want a teagown. I have a black and gold waistcoat and Medici collar (without cuffs) *[this style stood up behind the neck and fanned out to a V in the front]* for Emmie and the same in blue and gold for myself. They say these sets are better here than anywhere else. I shall have to set up a museum for my curios when I get home, for I don't think I shall want to part with any of them. We start for Port Said at 7.50 a.m. Saturday, 4 hours train and 7 hours steamer down the Canal, sail on Sunday evening and reach Jaffa early Monday morning, sleep that night at Ramleh and the next at Jerusalem. Oh dear, I dread to think how the 'flock' will demean themselves in the Holy Land. They are so fearfully sentimental, and so shocked sometimes at Mr. Smith's jokes. It is awfully boring for him. There is nothing in the whole world so delightful as travelling, even without a congenial party. I do feel ashamed of the figures they cut when we enter a new hotel, but after all it makes me feel quite juvenile to be the youngest of the party and Mr. Smith always sees that I am not too herded with the rest; he really introduced me to Mrs. Gardiner, for as you know I am shy at making my own way, and he and dear old Mr. Harkness are very good to me (he is so like a mild gentle cow). I am always given the outside seat at table d'hôte etc. so that I have a chance of speaking to someone else occasionally, but there are a very slow

set in this hotel, the only ones I liked went off up the Nile on Tuesday. Oh by the way, it was Sakhara we went to today, I forgot to say the name. I hope you won't be tired of wading through these long letters. I must write everything down when I have none of you here to talk to. – Such a disappointment! A letter was just brought up to me, and the English mail comes in tonight so I seized upon it, but it was only a note from Mr. Laidlay to tell me he has found a shop where one can get a bag to hang on one's saddle, we were talking of it last night, and I am going to get a spur too by his recommendation. He does write a good hand, it was nice of him to let me know. I must dress for dinner. I wish he were coming tonight, it is so slow in the evenings, for Mr. Smith is always dining out.

Port Said, Sunday March 6th

We left Cairo yesterday morning at 7.50, reached Ismalia 12.20, had lunch at the hotel and started 1.30 on the post boat (a large steam launch) for Port Said. It was very pleasant going down the Canal, though a trifle monotonous as, being on a small boat, the view was chiefly bounded by the sand banks on either side and we only met a few ships. We got into Port Said at 6.30, just at dusk and there was a perfect pandemonium on the quay. The luggage was all seized and carried off in different directions and how in the course of half an hour Mr. Smith succeeded in rescuing and marshalling it all to the hotel is more than I can imagine. I never expected to see my Gladstone again, which was missing at first. This, The Continental, is such a nice hotel overlooking the harbour with balconies all round, and I have a charming room (to myself again). I really could not go to bed last night for watching the harbour. Ships were passing every moment with full electric light on those coming in or out of the Canal (of which I can see the entrance), just opposite was a P. and O. coaling, with flaring torches, and a vessel with three monstrous white sails kept gliding in and out amongst them like a ghost. This moment a troop ship has passed within a stone's throw of the balcony going into the Canal. I could not read her name. Up from the quay runs a broad street with good shops into which our hotel opens so that one could not wish a pleasanter situation. I don't know why poor Port Said has such a bad name, I should not at all mind staying here another day. Exactly under my window is the Messagerie boat which came in last night and on which we leave at 4 this afternoon. Such a beauty nearly as big as the Shannon and far better than the Hydaspes. It is perfectly calm and the wind is in the right quarter so they say we shall have a good voyage. We land at Jaffa early tomorrow morning. Miss Croft joined us here, she is another of the 'old ladies' as Mr. Smith calls them in private, but is better dressed and has nice manners, so I think I shall be lucky to have her as my tent companion. I had a jolly day on Friday for our last at Cairo, finished up shopping and packing and had tea and dined with Mrs. Gardiner at the New Hotel. The theatre company never turned up but it was very amusing sitting on the balcony outside the hotel, and there is always fun where Mrs. Gardiner is. She is one of the prettiest women I have ever seen, and men go simply mad about her. She had an offer before she was a week in Cairo, I don't think she is a flirt but she is very simple and natural in her manner and says out all she thinks. She was so nice to me, her admirers were quite jealous, she carried me off several times for private talks and they were very injured when we came back! – She has asked me to go and see her in town

when I get home. It really is almost worth while travelling with this kind of party, for as soon as I get to know other people they pity me so much that I have a really good time. I was always being asked out to tea and supper on the Shannon, just to get me away from 'the flock'. People are wonderfully kind in that sort of way. I am glad I took trouble over my clothes, though at first I felt swamped in the flock, it does make a difference, more than I should have thought when you are thrown with a lot of new people. Birds of a feather etc.! Mr. Laidlay joined us yesterday. He reminds me very much of Alec Ross though he is not so nice looking. I fancy he is younger than I thought at first, but he is very pleasant and well mannered and we get on capitally. The flock appear to take for granted that he and I should pair off, but he is really too young for me, I like talking to Mr. Smith better. I told him all about my book last night and we were talking on the balcony for an hour after the flock had gone to bed. I felt I must have somebody's congratulations after reading Ger's letter [*this brought the news that her novel Fifty Pounds for a Wife had been accepted for publication*], and I did not want to confide in Mr. Laidlay or the flock! Please thank him very much for it, it was delightful to find it waiting here, for our letters were not sent on to Cairo after all. I am so glad M. is mending. It is nice to have good news for the last, for as you have not got the Jerusalem address (Howards Hotel) I can't hear from you again till we get to Haifa a month hence. It is dreadful to think of. I shall write from Jerusalem where we are to stay just a week and then you can't hear again till we reach Haifa 3 weeks later, so tell dear Nin not to fuss! I never was better in my life and was not a bit stiff or tired after the donkey ride. The Pyramids prepared me for anything, it was agony to go downstairs for two days afterwards!

I am very pleased about Arrowsmith [*her publisher*]. Will you send him the 'Mesmerism' M/S, the Family Herald would not have 'Saint or Hypocrite'. It is amongst the MSS in the cupboard under my desk and I believe the last sheet is off, but I am sure Rat will find it and put it to rights if you are busy. The hero's name must be altered too if Arrowsmith takes it. Sir Ramon is too absurdly like Sir Rawdon [*Rawdon Crawley in Vanity Fair*], but that can wait. Perhaps he may not care for the plot either; mesmerism is about played out nowadays. I could alter it to hypnotism if that would be better. I think the story itself is not bad and it is just the right length. I suppose Arrowsmith is going to allow me some copies of '£50'; I want at least half a dozen. It is a pity about the cover. – Here comes the 'oriental' P & O that is to take my letter this afternoon. It is rather distracting trying to write with so much to look at. I am glad Ger has put the church matter [*enlargements to St. Mary's church, proposed by John Henry Bridges, had been vetoed by the Glyns*] into Mr. Bolton's hands [*their solicitor*], I can't think what can possess Mr Bridges for he at least ought to be a gentleman. Please write to me every week, though I shall get the letters altogether. You will be sure to forget things if you wait a fortnight to tell me about them. Mr. Smith says he did give you the Jerusalem address, so that is all right. Much love to you all, Yrs. Anna L. Glyn.

Howards Hotel, Jerusalem, March 8th Tuesday

Dear Ger, I don't know that it makes much difference to whom I address my letters, but I might as well write to you in return for yours. Here we are, actually in Jerusalem which sentiment apart, certainly is an interesting old place. I never saw such walls, they beat any ruin in massiveness and moreover are in good repair. Our hotel is a brand new one, only opened ten days ago, it has moved here from the original building and is very spacious and comfortable. It is just outside the walls and we have a lovely view from our windows over the hills to the south west. I have only got half my shutters shut to enjoy it, so I am rather grilled for it is a baking day. Yesterday was cooler but today is quite as hot as Cairo in spite of Jerusalem being 2,500 feet above sea level. I suppose I must go on with my letter where I left off – Sunday afternoon at Port Said. Our boat, the 'Niger' did not sail till 6, so having arranged our cabins, I went for a stroll with Mr. Harkness and Mr. Laidlay, but there was not much to see, and it was blazingly hot, so we subsided on the sands under shadow of a shed and watched the sea which looked hot too for there was not a ripple on it. Then we returned to the hotel for tea, found Mr. Smith there and did a little shopping afterwards. I always like shopping with him, he is such fun at bargaining. Port Said is said to be the most cosmopolitan place in the world, all the shopkeepers talk about ten languages and they will take any money, English, French, Egyptian etc. We were off a few minutes before 6, and when we came on deck after dinner we were slipping along under the moonlit sky so noiselessly we could hardly believe we were moving at all. It was delightful to be on board ship again after the horrid dusty trains, and the Niger was a first class boat, not quite so large and comfortable as the Shannon (I shall never like anything better I am sure than my dear Shannon) but a perfect Paradise of peace and comfort after the Hydaspes. The cabins were very nice and clean and the food excellent. We dined at 6 and had tea and cakes at 9. On the Shannon they gave us nothing after 6.30 dinner, so one had to order one's own supper if one wanted any. I shared a three berth cabin with Miss Croft, and as we were told the passage was from 13 to 15 hours, we were both sleeping so peacefully the next morning that we never woke when the Niger anchored off Jaffa at 5.45 a.m. being such a good boat and a calm sea she had made the passage under time. The first thing we heard was Mr. Smith's voice about an hour later enquiring if we were ready, for the men wanted to take the luggage! We flew up and stuffed our things into the bags, and as I had my fitted bag, and he did not mind waiting for us, we finished our dressing and drank our coffee in comparative peace. The landing was a terrible disappointment. I was looking forward to some fun from the behaviour of the nervous members of the flock, for you know what one has always heard about a Jaffa landing, but the boat was hardly bobbing any more than the Philomel's tender when we landed at Westminster Bridge. A man seized you by each arm and dropped you into the boat, a highly unnecessary performance as one could quite well have stepped in alone, and then we danced about in a fashion I should not have liked for very long, but in ten minutes or so we passed through the reef and landed in calm water inside. Mr. Smith says he has never know so quiet a landing. Just my luck! I should so have enjoyed seeing a stormy one. I certainly have a soothing effect upon the sea. Miss Croft, who came out by the P. & O. the week after us had an awful time in the Bay, and so did all the ships before us as we heard from people in Cairo.

Jaffa looks rather like Ventimiglia [*in Liguria*] from the sea, far more European than Eastern as the large German colony have built their houses with high red roofs, but the cactus hedges and the people in their striped robes, (even more picturesque than the Egyptian dress), scarcely suggested the Riviera. We were met on landing by Saleh and another of Mr. Smith's servants and two Druses, such fine, handsome looking men in their flowing Kufias, swords and revolvers. He had ordered them to meet him here next Saturday, but they were so impatient to see him they could not wait, so we go about everywhere with this armed escort and Mr. Smith begs us to find employment for them as he has nothing for them to do in the hotel. Saleh assisted me after lunch in buying some things in the hotel and went out to get me something from the market which he has just brought in. He only speaks a few words of English, but is very quick at understanding, and one of them knows English very well. It was about 8 o'clock when we got to the hotel and found we had after all to go straight on to Jerusalem. Those bothering Victoria August people (the big ship we were thinking of going in, you know) get in our way everywhere. They came swarming into Cairo 400 strong the day after we arrived there, apparently all Germans, from the contingent quartered on our hotel. They had gone on to Jerusalem and were returning on Tuesday, so all Cooks carriages had to go up to bring them back, and we should have had nothing to come on by that day. We saw her lying near the Niger and she did not look so very much bigger, though she had three funnels. There was nothing for it therefore but to come right on; but with one delay after another we did not get away till 10.30, and Mr. Laidlay (who Mr. Smith had sent on with some strangers in an earlier carriage promising to overtake him at Ramleh) reached Jerusalem hours before we did and had nothing to eat all day, poor man, till we got there. Mr. Smith had to engage our berths going to Constantinople which took some time and it is really most provoking. All the boats have been upset by the quarantine which has only just been taken off, and instead of running alternate weeks as usual they all run together so that there is nothing between the 4th and 18th of April. We ought to have left on the 11th. The 4th is quite too early so we must stay till the 18th, reaching Constantinople on the 25th. Mr. Smith first said we could not be home till the middle of May and he would have to charge us a little more, but I want to be home by the first week as we settled, and I don't care particularly about Venice again, so he has promised to arrange it somehow. Perhaps we may come from Brindisi as nearly everybody has been to Venice and wishes to get on. You can write to Beyrout therefore, Hotel Belle Vue, up to April 8th and up to the 22nd to Constantinople, Hotel de Londres. Well, we started at last in two landaus with a hooded box and three horses, so that five could go in each. We were to get fresh horses at Ramleh and had awful screws at first so that we were two hours getting there instead of 1½ hours. We drove through flat country, with fields of wheat divided only by large stones for landmarks, or waste land covered with red anemones and far away in the distance the blue hills of Judea. It was the plain of Sharon as far as Ramleh, and we found the rose, a large white flower like an anemone, a cistus I believe. At Ramleh there was a nice little German inn, so like those in Bavaria, and we had our lunch, and regretted we could not stay to sleep. Then we drove on towards the hills for another two hours, and oh! It was hot, and we got very thirsty, when between 3 and 4 we passed an encampment prepared for a personally conducted

Cook party not yet arrived, and were hailed by Cook's agent in Jerusalem, Mr. Clarke, a very nice fellow who had already cantered past us on the road and knew Mr. Smith very well. He said the kettles were boiling and offered us tea for which we were grateful and we were glad to see the tents as our own will be just like them. They were most luxurious particularly the dining tent with the long table set out for dinner, all carpeted and lined inside with blue and red flag stuff which is always used here and in Egypt for curtains etc. After driving on for another twenty minutes we came to Bab el Wad (the gate of the pass) just at the foot of the hills and as the horses had to rest for an hour, we got out and walked up the pass until they overtook us. The flowers were something wonderful at the sides of the road and up the hills, carpets of red anemonies, little blue iris, cyclamen, marigolds, blue pimpernel, asodel etc. The hills are very bare and rocky, rather like the bit of the Arlberg [*in Austria*] which Arthur [*their younger brother*] admired, but they looked very fine in the sunset light and have a certain grandeur of their own. We were fairly amongst them when we reached the head of the pass, and the road is a fine bit of engineering, winding sometimes in tremendous zigzags. It was a bit jolty between Jaffa and Ramleh, but first rate after that, and we had good horses on. We got a good deal of light from the moon and Venus, the latter was really as bright as a second moon, and I have nodoubt the hills looked far grander and more impressive than in the full light of day. At eight o'clock we reached Colonia where we ate our supper which we had brought from Jaffa, in a little balcony outside the inn. They supplied us with coffee, but you can get nothing to eat the whole way from Ramleh to Jerusalem. Then we went on for our last hour, up hill the whole way so it was almost at a walking pace. Our escort which had careered wildly round us all day now kept soberly alongside and Saleh beguiled the way with something between a song and a chant (the others joining at times), which the one who speaks English interpreted to mean 'You may all go to sleep, I keep awake to watch for you'. However, instead of going to sleep, Mr. Smith and I got out and walked on in front of the carriage. It was perfectly lovely out in the moonlight amongst the hills and seemed an ideal time to approach Jerusalem. We had no view of it though, and only drove through modern suburbs to our hotel just outside the Jaffa Gate, where we arrived at 9.30. The mules with our baggage had not turned up, so after settling our rooms and having some supper we went out and strolled a little way round the walls which are enormously high and massive. The luggage had come by the time we got back, and we were not sorry to retire. Miss Croft and I have a very nice large room, with a curtain across it. I like her very much, she is quite a lady and has plenty of fun and go, and we two and Mr. Laidlay get on capitally together and make a little head against the sentimental flock, and Mr. Smith always joins us when he can consistently with his duties as shepherd! There is a delightful plan that we four are to ride the whole way from Haifa to Beyrout and perhaps on to Damascus, the others going by sea and diligence [*French stagecoach*]. Miss Croft has been already to Jerusalem and Damascus and only came on purpose to ride through the country. I am lucky to have been put with her. Tuesday we had a most interesting morning. We went down outside the walls to the Damascus Gate, but just before we reached it Mr. Smith discovered a little door in the wall was open which led to Solomon's quarries. It is very hard indeed as a rule to get permission to see them, but

the soldier at the door was of course won over by a little backsheesh and Saleh was sent flying back to the hotel for candles. The quarries were discovered some time ago and the exploration people say there is absolutely no doubt that they have remained untouched since Solomon's workmen quarried the stones for the Temple. They stretch right under the City from the Damascus Gate to the Temple and it takes four hours to explore them thoroughly. I never saw anything so curious when we all filed in with our candles; the entrance is a natural cave which was broken into from the quarry, where you can see the marks of the files and the very places from which the great stones have been cut. It is not a bit squeezey like a mine, but looks like a series of enormous caverns branching out in all directions, so that you would get lost in no time without a guide. We stayed in about half an hour, and then went up on to Calvary, a green hill with red anemonies growing over it just outside the Damascus Gate. There can be no doubt I think that it is the real site, and also the Tomb of Christ, which is down a little way below. I have got the whole description in a monograph Mr. Smith has written on the subject. We saw also some early Christian tombs and the Church of the Witness of the Resurrection which was hidden under a Temple to Venus built by one of the Emperors and which has been much more excavated since Mr. Smith was here last year. In the afternoon, or rather after tea, (for it is too blazing hot to do anything before 4) we went to see the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the traditional site where you can see Calvary, the Tomb, Pilate's Judgement Seat, the Tomb of Melchisedeck, the place where Abraham offered up Isaac, and the tree in which the ram was caught, with a few other interesting sites, all conveniently situated under the same roof. The church itself is magnificent with its silver, gold and marbles but the most curious sight was the guard of Turkish [*i.e. Ottoman; Palestine was still part of the Ottoman Empire*] soldiers at the door who have to be stationed there to prevent the Christians from cutting each other's throats, the church being equally shared between the Roman Catholics, Greeks, Armenians and Coptics, so that a free fight is a most common occurrence.

Wednesday we went to the Church of the Armenian Convent on Mount Sion which is splendidly decorated, then to the Tomb of David (probably genuine) and the 'Upper Chamber' (which is certainly not) and then down outside the walls to look at the huge stones under the Mosque of Omar which were the original foundations of the Temple. Then the others went on down into the valley to see the Virgin's fountain, but it was just 11 o'clock and the treeless valleys were like a furnace, so Mr. Laidlay and I deserted and went home chaperoned by one of the Druses, Miss Croft having wisely stayed in the hotel. We are going for a ride this afternoon, the flock being tired out, Miss Croft, Mr. Smith, Mr. Laidlay and I. It is 3.30 now and we start at 4, so I must dress.

Thursday, March 10th

We did have a lovely ride yesterday. Jerusalem does stand splendidly girdled with its hills and the distant view of the blue Mountains of Moab across the Dead Sea is most beautiful. They are such a delicate transparent blue, I have never seen hills such a colour. We started along the Jaffa Road but soon struck off into a track which wound amongst the hills which are one mass of

rocks and stones with green grass springing up between. You can ride nowhere but on a path, and even the paths would be counted water courses in any other country. My horse was an awful old crock. I broke my spur straight off trying to make him go. It was level road most of the way so we cantered a good deal, the horses are not educated to trot. We rode to Ain Karim the supposed birthplace of John the Baptist which lies down in a valley, and we had lovely effects from the afternoon sun as we descended into it. We went to a Franciscan monastery in the town where they gave us some very good coffee, and would not take anything in payment. It was such a picturesque little place and so clean. We started home about 6 and I changed horses with Saleh who was riding a bay belonging to Theophil, (the man who speaks English) and I liked it much better. We returned by a new 'water course' and I was astounded at the way the horses scrambled over the rocks without a single stumble. One really needed a seat, for it felt exactly sometimes like rising to a leap, and the drops were something tremendous. We were all saying what would Miss Oldham do, for Mr. Smith said it was a fair specimen of what we should find in the country. The twilight came on but the moon was so bright we could see our way perfectly, but we missed the path Mr. Smith meant to have taken and made a considerable detour. He and Saleh did not quite know where we were, but they said by the stars we were going in the right direction and must strike a road to Jerusalem somewhere. We were in no hurry, it was perfectly delicious riding through the hills in the moonlight, and quite warm, although there was a nice fresh feeling after the hot day. We finally came out on one of the hills overlooking Jerusalem, and reached our hotel a little before eight, quite ready for our dinner.

Thursday morning we were off at 9 under escort of a Turkish soldier and our own men to see the Mosque of Omar. The Mosque itself is about the most magnificent building in the world, and the Temple area was very interesting, (I have bought a Murray [*the guidebook*], so I won't inflict descriptions on you), but it was very hot and tiring and my back did ache by the time we came back to lunch at 12.30. However an hour's rest in the afternoon cured it entirely and at 3.30 we went out into the balcony to see the flock start on a trial ride. 'We' you must remember, apart from the flock, means always Miss Croft, Mr. Laidlay and myself. I like them both immensely and we make a most jolly trio. She is a little like B. Echalay only full of fun and not a bit gushing or sentimental, we get on splendidly in our room, and he is very amusing and most good natured and obliging. He is nearly 40 I think, but so boyish in his looks and manners that you would take him for five and twenty. He is awfully sharp and sarcastic and does say the most killing things, especially about the flock. I am rather glad to have Miss Croft to do buffer, and besides the old maids can't accuse us of flirtations as there are always the two of us! It just makes all the difference to one's enjoyment having really nice people. I can't think what I should have done if they had not joined. I am lucky to be paired off with Miss Croft. Well, to return to the start. You never did see anything so killing. We had to retire into the room for fear they should hear us laughing. Miss Oldham was at last hoisted by the combined efforts of three men into her saddle when the horse proceeded to back and otherwise intimate his disgust at 'the thing he on his back had got', for she was screaming all the time, and clutching at Theophil who is her special man, and she is enormously stout and

just like a tub, as broad as she is long. After two minutes of it off she came, and to the relief of the whole party has vowed never to mount a horse again. She will make the journey in a mule palanquin to Mr. Smith's intense relief for she is his *bête noire* always at his side, he comes to us for protection sometimes and says he really can't stand her any longer! She has elevated him into a second Mr. Rose I fancy, but he is not the kind of man to appreciate the adoration especially as she is older than himself, and such a sight! The others having once been got under weigh acquitted themselves very creditably we heard. When they were off we had our tea, took a stroll in the town, and interviewed some horses as Mr. Laidlay and I were not at all pleased with our mounts.

Friday 11th.

The others started at 8 a.m., we at 8.30 for Bethlehem. We soon caught them up on the road, and went round by the Pools of Solomon which used to supply Jerusalem with water. They were great tanks with wonderfully massive masonry. Then we went on over the most awful path and Miss Oldham walked, as her palanquin had to be taken round some other way, luckily she is a good walker and kept up nobly, though it was grilling and the way we climbed and descended over sheer rock was very alarming to nervous people. We passed Urtas down in the valley beneath us, the place Mr. Smith believes to have been the bible Emaeus, and after climbing a sheer precipice of rock reached Bethlehem, a picturesque town on a hill and dismounted at the Church of the Nativity. It was nice and quiet and not too ornamental like the Holy Sepulchre, and the crypt, or rather cave, down below is no doubt the real stable of the Bethlehem Khan [*inn built around a central courtyard*]. Half belongs to the Greek Church and half to the Roman, and here also were Turkish soldiers, as only last Easter there was a furious fight in the Cave between the opposing priests and worshippers, and they would have killed each other with crucifixes and banner staves if the soldiers had not interfered. Saleh found us accommodation meanwhile in a room behind one of the shops, and our lunch which we had brought with us was all spread on the table and he and the other men waited on us. They are so delightfully picturesque, and Saleh is very handsome. He has adopted me altogether, as from the first day at Jaffa my one desire has been to ride his horse, a most lovely grey about 15.3 [*15 hands 3 inches*] one of the prettiest horses I have seen. He and Theophil both declared I should break my neck, and all the way to Solomon's Pools Saleh made it dance and dash about to try and frighten me, but when we stopped there I got him to change the saddles [*i.e. to a sidesaddle*], and it behaved like a lamb. It has a perfect mouth and moved beautifully, but of course it is lively, kicks about a bit and wants to go off full gallop the minute it is out of a walk. Just the sort of horse I like. I did enjoy my ride home, and I have settled with Mr. Smith that I shall ride it all the way and give Saleh 10/- or so for backsheesh when the tour is over. It will make all the difference to my back riding a horse that wants no whip, and has such easy paces. Mr. Smith told me Saleh said he had never seen a lady ride like me, and he had made sure I should be off at the first pickup on the road! It is quite amusing the respect with which the men now hold me. Theophil confessed that he had thought we all rode like Miss Oldham, and yesterday when he was assisting the flock over some loose rocky ground he said to me

'Ah! You want no help, you good walker and good rider too, you are right to come to our country!' We got home from Bethlehem about 4, and after tea went out to the Jews Wailing Place under the Temple Walls where they wail every Friday from 4 to 6. All the men have long beards and long black coats to their heels and velvet caps with bands of yellow fur all round. Then we walked on to the Pool of Bethesda which was disappointing as it was quite dry and all the arches but one had fallen in. The flock went home from there and we went up to the roof of the American Mission House above the Damascus Gate from which we had a lovely sunset and a fine view over the city. The flat house roofs are so nice, we go up very often after dinner in the moonlight and sit on ours.

Saturday we had a terrible day, I have not got rested yet. Mr. Smith settled we were to do Hebron in one day so as to save the trouble of sleeping there. We started at 5.30 a.m. driving and reached Hebron at 10, a most monotonous drive, we only passed one village the whole way and scarcely met a camel and we could see the road winding on for miles before us over the bare rocky hills with here and there a leafless vineyard or a stunted olive grove. Our only excitement was a free fight between two of our drivers when we stopped to water the horses. Saleh rushed up and belaboured them with Mr. Smith's umbrella, and Mr. Smith went for them with the driving whip which soon parted them like a couple of dogs, but one had made the other's nose bleed, and there was a great deal of swearing and scowling. Saleh, (Mr. Smith told us), addressed the aggressor with 'Oh thou son of sin by thy beard may thy religion be cursed!' There is a little hotel at Hebron, well outside the city, the inhabitants of which emulate the Chinese in hating Europeans and boasting that no 'Christian dog' has ever slept within their walls. We had to walk through vineyards for about a mile to reach Abraham's oak, a fine old tree which Mr. Smith says may possibly be a descendant of the original! It was worth seeing though the Plain of Mamri is not interesting and was extremely hot. The flowers as usual were wonderful, I got a great bunch of golden asphodel. We had lunch on our return, and drove on about 1.30 to the town which we entered under a Turkish guard and were warned all to keep together. They won't let you into the cave of Machpelah, we were marched all round it outside and then through the bazaars, so narrow and dark and dirty, to see the manufacture of glass bangles which the natives wear and which was very interesting. We were scrambled out of the town at last as a fracas threatened between our guard and the inhabitants, and drove off in safety with a shower of stones thudding on our carriage behind. We got home at seven, a very cold drive as the sun went in and a grey mist came up over the hills and after the heat one felt the change of temperature. However, we had all taken warm wraps, but still it was not pleasant. It looked like rain but not a drop fell.

Sunday, March 13th

I rested all the morning, and in the afternoon 'we' rode all round Jerusalem, through the Valley of Hinnon and Jehoshaphat which was most picturesque and then went to afternoon service in the Bishop's Chapel where Mr. Smith preached. Our horses waited outside, and then we rode up the Mount of Olives and had a most glorious view, though the sunset was rather spoilt by a

bank of clouds in the west behind the city, and we think of going up again this evening. Jerusalem looks magnificent from there, I wonder Mr. Smith did not take us up the first day.

Monday

I have been to see some hospitals this morning with a very nice German doctor, a friend of Mr. Smith's who dined with us on Saturday and who Mr. Smith turned over to me to entertain after dinner, as he was called away, though I was so sleepy I nearly yawned in his face. They were very interesting. Tomorrow we go to Jericho, camp two nights and return here Thursday, when we shall camp outside the Damascus gate. The steamer has been altered so all our plans are upset, but I think our present route will be much nicer. We go through Samaria to Haifa arriving on the 26th, so I shall be able to write from there, then on to Galilee, and by Mount Hermon to Damascus, where we are due on April 6th. We stay there five days and then the flock go by diligence to Beyrout and we with Mr. Smith are to have four days more riding through the Lebanon which will be lovely. We shall leave Beyrout on Easter Monday as arranged.

Just got Mother's letter, I am sorry M. does not get on, she ought to be here in this lovely heat. It is perfect so long as one does not go out from twelve to three, and we are never to ride then. Tell Emmie I find my serge answers splendidly for riding and keeps down better than a habit. I am so obliged to her for evolving the costume, it is much admired. My love to Miss Frä and Rat, I can't accomplish separate letters, we do such a lot in the day, and now I must go and pack. I am so glad her brother has gone to London.

There is no mail out till tomorrow so I could not post before. I hope you got my two Egypt letters all right. With much love to everyone, Yrs ever Anna L. Glyn.

The papers come all right

Wednesday, March 16th/92

Dearest Mother, I thought you would like to know how we are getting on in our tent life, so I will send you a short letter from Jerusalem tomorrow. Excuse the lines being shaky, I am sitting on my bed in the tent with my feet on a bag, we have just come in from a 20 mile ride. We had a most delicious ride our last evening at Jerusalem. We rode up the Mount of Olives after tea stopping on the way at Gethsemane. It was a pretty walled-in garden kept very neat by the monks with two or three old olives railed off in the middle, the whole thing is absurdly small. We climbed the Russian tower at the top of the Mount just before sunset and watched the sun go down behind Jerusalem in a perfectly clear sky, while on the other side we had a glorious view over the Judea hills to the Dead Sea lying like a turquoise in its deep basin with the Mountains of Moab beyond, glowing with that wonderful transparent pink that one sees only in Eastern pictures. The after glow came out in the sky as we rode down the hill and the domes and walls of Jerusalem stood splendidly black against it.

Tuesday we had lunch at 12 and started for Jericho at 12.45, about half an hour after Mr. Smith and the lambs, whom we soon overtook. After Bethany the only habitation we passed the whole way was a khan where we got some coffee. Just before sunset we reached the last hill overlooking the plain stretching away to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, bounded by the Mountains of Moab, and a mile ride along the level brought us in sight of our camp fire and we got in at 6.45. Tent life is charming in fine weather, the tents are very comfortable though the ground is stony, and my bed ran away down hill so that I woke in the morning with my head a good way below the pillow and my feet protruding into space. We dined a little after 7, two meat courses, soup, vegetables, pudding and dessert beautifully cooked, much better than the Jerusalem hotel. The moon was just rising when it was over and 'we' and Mr. Smith were sitting peacefully outside the tent door enjoying the moonlight and the cool of the evening after the flock had gone to bed when from a tent close by came an appalling sound of rumbling and rending accompanied by despairing yells which brought all the men in the camp flying to the rescue. Poor Mr. Harkness had gone through his bed, mattress and all, the moment he got in and it was some time before the damage could be repaired. We all went to bed about 10 and at 12.30 Mr. Smith woke us up by shouting violently for Saleh. His bed had also collapsed, yielding gradually under his weight and he finished the night on his mattress on the ground! We got up at 5.30 Wednesday morning and were off before 7 to get our ten hot miles to the Dead Sea over while the sun was low. It was a delightful ride through green bushes of Dead Sea fruit and across a lot of little streams which kept the flowers so fresh and happy looking and then as we got near modern Jericho past gardens of oranges and bananas and castor oil trees until we left all cultivation and greenness behind us and were fairly out in the great plain, which grew more and more like the desert as we went on, the surface only broken by sandhills and tufts of heath or low bushes. The ground was soft and sandy and we had some lovely gallops, reaching the sea at last at 9.15 a good 20 minutes before Mr. Smith and the lambs or even our escort Sheik Mohomet. Saleh stuck to us as usual, though I have had to give up his horse, it tired me too much, he was not properly broken and would dance sideways instead of walking and bounce in every canter when I would not let him gallop. I have had Theophil's instead, a nice bay, but he is showing signs of lameness, so I am to try two or three this afternoon and hope to get something that will go. At Haifa Theophil has promised me a beauty from the man who owns his bay, so I must put up with these beasts for the week. The Dead Sea was as smooth as glass, and so horribly nasty when we tasted it, salt was not the word for it, it positively burnt one's mouth. It was lovely looking down it with the blue mountains melting into the distant haze. It seems to be always hazy, we have never seen it clear. We sat there about half an hour and then went on 4 miles to the Jordan over the sandy plain. It was broiling, the only air we got was what we made by cantering, and of course we could not canter for ever. At last we saw the belt of trees and shrubs which marks the course of the Jordan, and had our lunch picknicking upon the bank. It was about 12 when we finished and Mr. Smith said we should start again at 2.30 to reach the camp by tea time. 'We' went off beside the river until we found a really cool spot and there reposed. About 2 we set out to return, but lost our way in the jungle and came upon a most picturesque

Bedowin encampment consisting of half a dozen straw huts in shape like Esquimaux, from which some very fine looking men emerged like ants and politely saluted us. As we could not converse with them we wandered on believing we were going in the right direction until we came upon a stream which Mr. Laidlay discovered was flowing backwards according to the direction in which we thought the Jordan lay! So we struck out an opposite track and after ploughing our way through tangles of 'Crown of thorn' bushes rather like a blackberrying expedition emerged at last upon 'Jordan's banks', and found our faithful Saleh with the horses and the others gone! It was only 1.15 but they had found the Jordan monotonous and hot and started home at 1 o'clock. It is such a pretty little stream, rather muddy but very like an English river except for the half tropical vegetation. We had a very hot ride of 2 hours back to camp across the plain, of which the only excitement consisted in coming upon a large party of men burning the locusts with petroleum oil. There is a plague of them now, and they were literally covering the ground in some places, horrid little things hopping like grasshoppers. It is the little ones that do all the damage, they had eaten several fields of crops bare already. A man showed us some big ones, great, fat yellow things about two inches long, but all they do is to lay eggs and by the next morning there are legions of young ones skipping about who devour everything before them. It was very picturesque, for some of the men, about 30, were at a distance from us across a little stream and a group they made with the red flames leaping up amongst them and the blue mountains behind was very suggestive of fire worshippers or a sacrifice of some kind. It was only a pity it was not dark. They drive the locusts into heaps and then throw down the burning oil. Tea was ready for us when we got back to camp, and then I began this letter, but I did not get very far before Mr. Laidlay routed us out to climb the hill above the camp to see the sun set. He took up a rug for us to lie on and it was so delicious up there with the wide view over the plain and the mountains beyond that we stayed up until dinner at 7. After dinner one naturally does nothing but lounge and we were watching the moon rise over the Mountains of Moab. I retired at 9 to have a bath in an india rubber travelling one lent me by one of the flock, but our tent was so much on a slant that it all sloped away and let the water out as soon as I poured it in. Miss Croft came to the rescue and we propped it up with bags, but I nearly rolled over myself when I proceeded to get in. I never had such a funny bath, the flopping india rubber and the stones underneath. Tent life is amusing if it is nothing else. We had a peaceful night, but at 4 this morning Theophil came tinkling round with his bell to wake us as they wanted to get the tents off early so we struggled up in the dark and packed our bags and had breakfast and a very good omelette and were off by 5.30, just as it was light enough to see our way. We came back to Jerusalem by the same road, and it was luckily a cloudy day so we were not oppressed with the heat. We got back to Jerusalem at 11 and rode to the hotel to be comfortable, the flock stopping at Bethany for a picnic lunch. The camp, we hear, has just arrived, (3 p.m.) and we have promised to be there by 4 as we are to be photographed with all our following, 34 people, 43 animals. It is just outside the Damascus Gate. Tomorrow we have an easy day, 3 hours in the morning to Bethel, 2 in the afternoon to Singil, and on Saturday we cross the plain of Esdralon to Nablous where we stay Sunday. My back is wonderfully well. I have a plaister on, and it does not ache at all now after doing over 20 miles

riding three days running. It is awfully healthy this sort of life, I have a terrific appetite and feel most flourishing. Some of the poor 'lambs' are very tired, but they struggle on nobly. If we could only shake them off and get a couple more nice people to make us 6, the perfect camping number, it would be absolute bliss, but one can't have everything in this world!

I hope you got my last Jerusalem letter? A good many letters appear to go astray. Than enclosure was most amusing. With much love to everybody.

Yr. loving daughter

Anna L. Glyn

I will write from Haifa this day week, or at least as soon as the mail goes after our arrival.

In Camp, Haifa. March 25/92

My darling Emmie, Many thanks for your letter which I have just found here. I am going to send my journal letter to you this time, so will you please forward it to Ewell and let Mother keep it, as you know I want them afterwards. I expect you will get this somewhere near your birthday so I send you my very best wishes for many happy returns. I hope you will like the embroidery I got you. I will see about your slippers in Damascus, there were none in Cairo. I am so sorry about Mrs. Pomeroy. Whatever shall I do? I think I must go after her, I don't think I shall fancy your little Frenchwoman, but I hope she will prove all right for you. My clothes are most satisfactory, as I said before. The blue serge is the comfort of my life for riding and walking, and my waterproof with the big hood which goes over my hat keeps me absolutely dry and comfortable in the saddle. I was the driest of the whole company in our wet ride the other day. Nothing about me got wet but my gloves, not even my boots, and I had no umbrella which is entirely superfluous on horseback for sun or rain. My hat shields my face, and when it is very hot I arrange my old gold scarf as a puggaree [*a fold of cloth around the crown of a hat; here it sounds as if Anna was letting the scarf shield her neck from the sun behind*]. Well I must tell you of our doings. We have had an eventful and not altogether comfortable week, but I have managed to enjoy it in spite of everything. To begin with, Mr. Smith is the last man to conduct a party of ladies through the country. He is utterly casual and has not an idea of our capabilities or requirements. He has never done anything of the sort before, as last year he had only men, and everything is muddled and piggy. If it were not for Mr. Laidlay I don't think I should be here to tell the tale! Dragomen may have their drawbacks, but the only way to be comfortable is to have a good dragoman who is responsible for everything and sees it done. As it is, Mr. Smith contracts with a dragoman to supply tents, men and horses, and besides them has four of his own servants. He can't manage any of them, not even his own men, he is so easy-going they do what they like with him, and he has no authority whatever. They are nice men luckily and they work very hard, but they know no English and everything is muddled. Mr. Smith does not attempt to see after the proper pitching of the tents, the trustworthiness of the beds, the saddling of the horses, all the little things which really make the difference between comfort and discomfort and which a good dragoman would of course attend to or you could pitch into him if he did not. Mr. Smith

sits serenely smiling or snoring (I never know such a man for dropping asleep in a moment) in his tent with his own servant to pack and unpack and do everything for him and we are left to muddle along as we can. Mr. Laidlay is so kind, I can't conceive what we should do without him and he does succeed in routing out our self satisfied leader sometimes. He is such a perfect gentleman, and has such good manners, but he is very unhappy poor man, for he is rather an old bachelor, at least he is very fastidious and he is horribly uncomfortable and always wishing himself out of it. It is possible he may desert at Damascus if he finds any friends there, but he says he will see us through to Beyrout if he can. Of course it just makes all the difference to Miss Croft and me having him. The flock all grumble, poor Mr. Harkness especially is most pitiful over tent life and says if he ever gets back to his happy home he will never leave it again, but they have no notion of combining or making any sort of a stand, and the moment anything is said to Mr. Smith they all turn around like weathercocks. I have no patience with people who abuse a man behind his back and are afraid to speak out to his face. I think we three have succeeded in improving matters, for Mr. Smith is very amenable when you do speak straight, but he annoys Mr. Laidlay so much that sometimes he says he must hold his tongue or he would lose his temper altogether, therefore Miss Croft and I have to do the speaking, and I don't think Mr. Smith and I will come home such good friends as we started. He is so utterly lazy and shiftless and never keeps to anything or time fixed. Our breakfast hour varies from 5 to 10 and our dinner from 6.30 to 9. He has no foresight and nothing is done decently or in order, a most aggravating man when everything depends on him. Of course on steamers and in hotels he has nothing to do but act showman which he does well enough. If he were not so irritatingly self-satisfied and convinced that his arrangements are superior to everyone else's one could put up with him better. He always takes care that his own bed and horse are sound and is sublimely indifferent to the state of anyone else's and it really is too bad, for I find that the best dragoman will take parties of twelve for 20/- a day, and Miss Croft and Mr. Laidlay are paying him 30/- while we you know pay for the whole trip at the rate of very nearly £2 a day. However, of course coming at all was buying a pig in a poke and I really have had an awfully good time so far and we three contrive to have no end of fun and thoroughly enjoy the riding and scenery. It was a mercy for me they joined, but things have turned out most luckily for me all through, and roughing it a little does not make me miserable as it would some people, so long as one can get a good laugh out of it, though it is annoying to think the roughing is really unnecessary. A little care and forethought on our leader's part and nothing would be more comfortable and even luxurious than this tent life in fine weather. We have had bad weather also this last week, which has not improved matters, but now I will begin to tell you our doings, that you may not think I have gone round like a weathercock in my opinion of our leader, without rhyme or reason.

We got back to Jerusalem as I told you on the 14th and were all photographed in camp, we three and our usual attendant Saleh were on horseback, the others grouped in the foreground. The negative was good, and I have ordered three copies. Afterwards we went to see the tents of another party from our hotel who are going with a private dragoman with whom they are

perfectly satisfied, and indeed their beds and furniture were infinitely superior to ours.

We got off about 9 next morning. We were ready at 8, but had to wait for some things which had not turned up and then had a very hot stony ride to Bethel which is the dreariest place you can imagine. Nothing but bare hills covered with loose stones, not a tree and hardly a grass patch to be seen. We had only a short halt there for lunch and got off again about 2.30, riding through the Robber's Valley where the scenery improved and became very wild and striking until we got into hilly olive country, very like the Riviera. We reached our camp at Singil, a very pretty spot, just at sunset and had rather a cold night. The beds are so narrow you can't get any clothes to stay on, so I sleep in the flannel belt, my dressing gown and my winter jacket, and have never caught cold yet. In fact I have never had an ache or a pain of any kind since we started, and my appetite is terrific, so there is no doubt about this life being healthy.

Saturday (19) we started about 8 for Jacob's Well. It was a lovely morning but clouds began to gather up and by 11 o'clock it was actually raining. Of course at first on our rides we had religiously taken our cloaks but finding them entirely unnecessary on this occasion they were all packed and the rain came down in torrents and the clouds settled down on the hills and it looked like a thorough wet day. I had my cotton umbrella, and my skirt being waterproofed kept out the wet at first, but it was beginning to feel clammy when we came in sight of the village of Hawara on the left up above the road. The others with Mr. Smith went on (he being buttoned up in his mackintosh) but Mr. Laidlay said it was absurd to get soaked when we could not hope to see our luggage before evening. He told Saleh (who always rides with us three) to take us into shelter, so we were conducted to the house of the Sheik, who received us with open arms, and had our horses taken in also to keep the saddles dry. You never saw such a funny place. It was more like a cave than a house and we had to ascend slippery rock steps to the upper floor where they laid down some perfectly clean matting for us to squat on and lighted a fire of thorns to dry us. The smoke had to find its way out by a hole in the roof and got rather into our eyes in the process, but the blaze was delightful in our damp and chilled condition and our skirts were soon steaming merrily, held out by Saleh to expedite the process. There were the oddest recesses and holes all round the stone walls and the family (when they were not feeding the fire or supplying us with cushions) squatted on their heels and surveyed us benevolently. They were a picturesque group from the handsome Sheik, six foot at least, and looking taller in his flowing orange robe, to a dot of a little dark eyed girl who could just toddle, with curly brown hair and a pink frock reaching to her toes, coins dangling round her neck and tiny glass bangles on her tiny wrists. They offered us coffee, but by the time we were dry Saleh told us the rain had stopped, so Mr. Laidlay gave the man a franc which he received with profuse thanks and making the most of our scanty Arabic we mounted and rode away with farewells and friendly wishes from the whole population, the Sheik escorting us back to the road and hustling away some children who called after us for backsheesh, and if you can believe it we did not carry away a single flea! The sun was shining when we overtook the

flock, and pitched our luncheon tent at Jacob's Well. It is still very deep and there is nothing to draw water with, but it was extremely interesting to see the exact spot of the conversation in St. John IV [*Christ's meeting with the Samaritan woman*] and which they say is a genuine site. Mount Gerizim towers up on one side, the holy mountain of the Samaritans and right and left the valleys branch off to Sychar (from which the woman came) and Nablous, the ancient Shechem. We were to have ascended Gerizim in the afternoon but though there was no more rain a tremendous wind sprang up and it was bitterly cold, so we went on to Nablous, less than an hour's ride, passing between Gerizim and Ebal, over the spot where Joshua addressed the ten tribes, till we came in sight of the town and of our encampment, a joyful sight, though having only just arrived nothing but the kitchen tent was up. We all swarmed for shelter from the cold and got hold of some rugs to cover us and the cook lighted his fire and put the kettle on for tea and at last our own tents were ready and I took refuge in my winter jacket. Miss Oldham (who has been nicknamed Queen of Sheba from her palanquin and imperious ways) insisted on marching the flock into the town to see the Samaritan Synagogue. They were pining for their tea poor things, but had not courage to say her nay, so they all went off with our English speaking guide, for Mr. Smith thought he had a chill and stayed in his tent wearing three great coats. 'We' had our tea comfortably (the cook's kettle always takes an enormous time to boil) and then strolled into the town, which is as old as Hebron and nearly as fantastic. However no one molested us and we are used to being stared at as natural curiosities, but I was not sorry to meet the others with the guide whom we took on with us while they returned to camp for their tea. It is a most picturesque town, I never saw such streets and archways and the accompanying twilight and dirt were not nearly so bad as Hebron. We saw the Books of Moses at the Synagogue, on parchment rolls 3,000 years old, about the oldest MSS in the world. The Synagogue itself was a plain stone building, and we were only allowed to stand at the threshold unless we took off our boots. The rolls were brought for our inspection. We found the service was to be at 6 o'clock, for which Miss Oldham had rushed the flock off at 4, and as we had half an hour to spare we went up to a little height above the town and had a fine view of it nestling in the long valley which wound round the foot of the green slopes of Gerizim, quite the prettiest town we have seen in Palestine. The service was extraordinary, only men and boys attended it and the floor was strewn with white dressing gown things which each one took up and put on as he came in. Then began the most horrible caterwauling under the guise of chanting, no Oriental has the smallest ear for music, accompanied by simultaneous prostrations of the white robed company towards Gerizim. We stood 5 minutes of it with our fingers in our ears then fled, much to the disgust of our guide who was priding himself on having got us in, ladies not being usually admitted, or so he said.

Sunday was fine with heavy clouds hanging about which threw splendid shadows over the mountains. Mr. Smith had asked us if we would mind riding on to Samaria after tea as by doing so we should reach Dalieh a day earlier, so directly after breakfast the tents were all packed off except the dining room, and the flock with a guide started on foot to ascend Mount Gerizim, Mr. Smith said it was too steep for them to ride, but arranged that 'we' should ride up in

the afternoon before starting for Samaria as neither Miss Croft nor I felt tempted to toil up on foot. The stones and rocks are something awful and I never do anything on my own feet that I can do on my horses. It is the most awful walking I ever saw. By the way, I have got a very nice horse at last, a bright chestnut which Demetrius our dragoman had reserved for himself. He accompanied us the first day to Singil and we only wished he were coming all the way. He made a great favour of letting me try his horse, which he said was a Bedowin and could beat any other horse in a gallop, but when he got excited he was very strong and had a trick of stopping dead in full gallop, which might send his rider over his head and it must be quite understood that he was not to be held answerable for the consequences if I rode him! I assured the poor man that I was not in the least afraid of shooting over the horse's head, and I have ridden the chestnut ever since to our mutual satisfaction, I think. He is only 3 years old but very quiet and peaceable and sure footed and always ready to go, without being excitable or tiresome. He gallops splendidly when I let him get fairly away and I hope I shall soon cure him of the sudden stoppages, it is his only fault, and a very small one to any person who can ride. It really is dreadfully dangerous people trying to go through the country who are not used to riding. The other day Miss Sharman's horse shied and threw her, dragging her some way by the stirrup. It was a miracle she was not killed nor badly hurt, but only strained and bruised and being a plucky woman she went on, but she is dreadfully nervous now of course and has someone to lead her, and has no pleasure as long as she is in the saddle. Miss Croft has changed horses with her as hers really wanted some riding and now we always start in four detachments. First the palanquin, half an hour later Miss Sharman and Miss Wolston, both led at a foot pace (horses walk faster than mules) then in due course Mr. Smith gets under weigh with Mr. Harkness and three ladies who can manage a little mild cantering now and then; finally we three with Saleh to guide us start when we please and always catch the others in time for lunch. We bought an Etna [*a small portable stove heated with a spirit lamp*] in Jerusalem so we stop where we like for tea, generally having it before we leave our luncheon place and get into camp in time for 7 o'clock dinner, – when it is at 7!

To return to Sunday at Nablus. 'We' spent the morning in an olive wood reading up Old Testament history. Mr. Laidlay always reads the guide book etc. out to us while we are resting. We proposed starting up the mountain at 2, but Mr. Smith said we had better wait till three, have some tea, and start at the same time the others went off to Samaria. Of course there were delays, and we had not then learned that Mr. Smith's times and distances must always be doubled. It took us nearly an hour to reach the top which he had put at 20 minutes; but we had a most glorious view over the Mediterranean, the Plain of Sharon, the Judea and Galilee hills and even saw our old friend the blue wall of the Moab mountains in the far distance. Hermon only was hidden by cloud. Saleh showed us the place below the summit where the Samaritans keep the Passover, and we rode down on the further side getting lovely glimpses of the town below us. It was 5.30 before we were fairly off on the path to Samaria, but having been solemnly assured it was only an hour's ride we thought we were all right. We rode very fast too for it was good cantering ground, a beautiful hill ride with the most gorgeous sunset flaming in

the sky before us. The light held out wonderfully but by 7 o'clock we emerged on a hill and saw twinkling miles away with a deep valley between the light of our camp fire. It was pitch dark below the trees when we descended and we had to cross the Pool of Samaria and several streams with charming old aquaducts which would have been delightful by daylight but were scarcely pleasant in the dark. I wonder we did not break our necks and our horses' legs, but they got us through somehow and we reached camp about 7.45 to find Mr. Smith and the company comfortably sitting down to dinner.

Monday morning we were scrambled off at 8 o'clock to see Samaria which is a most interesting and beautiful place where one could delightfully spend a day. We really began to feel exactly like Americans rushed through to say we have seen things, though we could not even say we had seen the Pool of Samaria in the dark. There is an old Crusading church and 84 columns the ruins of Herod's town and palace but we had only an hour to see everything and then had to tear on to overtake the others who had seen it the night before. Of course we should not have wasted the morning at Nablus if we had known how nice Samaria was, and what is the good of Mr. Smith if he can't tell us those sorts of things? The ride that day was not particularly interesting though we had a good deal of plain which is always pleasant as it means a smooth track through wheat or grass very good for cantering. We lunched near Dothan, a bare hill with nothing to see, and had to keep together in the afternoon as no one was very sure of the road. We all got lost at last but just at sunset Saleh discovered the village and the camp, pitched at a village called Sileh, a very unusual place for people to camp, but it was on the way to Dalieh. It was a bad ground, we got all the smells from the village, and the people were such thieves we had to have eight watchmen and guns going off all night. There had been a few showers in the day, and at night it came on to pour and to blow, about 4 o'clock Mr. Laidlay routed out Mr. Smith and made him come round to all our tents to see that we had not been blown away, and if the ropes were holding. No water came through, but it was pouring in torrents when we rushed across to the breakfast tent at seven. They had had no rain in the country for 5 weeks and this was the 'latter rain' which had been expected for some time. It would last at least 3 days they said and Mr. Smith advised our pushing on to Dalieh which we could reach that evening leaving the tents behind. It held up a bit after breakfast, so we got off dry, and had only an hour's rain in the morning. We went for lunch to a Sheik's house in a village, a large barnlike place, where we sat round on mats and were nearly smoked out by a thorn fire in the middle and then went on in the rain and reached the foot of Carmel about 3 o'clock. It was a dreadful pull up, for the path turned into a veritable mountain torrent, and the rain came down in sheets. We reached Dalieh at last between 5 and 6 and went into one of our men's houses until Mr. Oliphant's house was prepared. Dalieh is the dirtiest place I ever saw, a pigsty is clean compared to its streets and an enormous dung heap rears its savoury head between Laurence Oliphant's summer residence [*the British MP, traveler and and mystic, who wanted to settle Jewish refugees in Palestine to fulfil the prophecies*] and the village itself. Our horses plunged into it up to their girths, and as you may fancy it was pleasant indeed to cross on foot. The house consists of one large room like a farm kitchen with a huge fireplace and a lot of poky bedrooms with

stone floors. There were a few bedsteads and here and there a table and a chest of drawers. We had brought with us only our bedding, the cook and the tin plates and cups we use for lunch, so we had to manage with one basin between four and that sort of thing, and Mr. Smith let out that he was agreeably surprised to find any furniture in the house at all. Of course our bedsteads etc. ought to have come on but he just lets the muleteers do what they like. We had a huge fire and it was a comfort to have a roof over our heads, but there was no occasion for all the pigging and messiness. Dalieh and the Druses are entirely over rated, they are good looking people, but very similar to Syrian villagers. They keep their houses fairly clean, but their streets! There is no doubt Laurence Oliphant was mad, for he could not have taken up this dirt mania in a sane condition. Breakfast was ordered at 9 the next morning but when we went down the room was full of sheiks, smoking with Mr. Smith, and until they departed at 10 o'clock there was no sign of breakfast. It rained most of the morning, in the afternoon we waded over the dungheap to visit a bride who was on show with her trousseau, and all the coins of the family hung round her neck. She got up and postured a little which was called dancing and Mr. Smith presented her with a Napoleon [*a french gold coin, usually 20 francs*] of which he expected us all to pay a share. We drank cinnamon tea and then went on to another house where the same process was repeated minus the bride. After that the flock went on to still another house, but we could not stand any more and escaped until 6 o'clock when we had all been invited to dine with a Sheik. We sat round on cushions in a circle with a low table in the middle and for bread were presented with thin flabby things like dinner napkins, something like chupatties. The dinner consisted of a mound of rice with a chopped up fowl on the top and a bowl of white sour stuff called Leban which was supposed to go with the rice. Coffee finished the repast and at 7 we struggled back with lanterns through the mire and had to have our boots wiped up to our ankles before we could enter the house. By Mr. Laidlay's special stipulation our usual dinner was ready for us, and was certainly required. We had asked Mr. Smith to let us go down to Haifa the next day and on to Nazareth for Sunday, and at first he agreed to let us go on without him, but by the evening he had chopped round and said we must keep to our programme (though we had got Dalieh a day earlier) go to Haifa on Sunday and Nazareth on Monday. The next day, Thursday, was fairly fine, and we picknicked at Elijah's Sacrifice, only 1½ hour's ride, but there was a splendid view and it was a good place to kill time in for there was nothing else to see. Carmel is a rocky range covered with the greenest grass, broom, may and other flowering shrubs, but treeless like the rest of this country, very pretty but not at all grand or striking. We reposed on the hillside after lunch and read up all we could find about Elijah and Carmel and watched a wonderful rainbow effect from a thundercloud growling away in the far distance towards the Lebanon. The flock rode home, but we stayed and made our tea as usual, and were rewarded by our first view of snowy Hermon looking lovely in the evening light as the clouds dispersed.

We were thankful on Friday morning to shake the mire of Dalieh off our feet and ride down to Haifa by way of Athlit which are very interesting Crusading ruins, it must have been a fine castle. We lunched there and then the flock went on and we spent another hour amongst the rocks and ruins with the

glorious blue green sea breaking at our feet and then made our tea and rode the 11 miles to Haifa along the level fields just above the sands, arriving just at sunset. Haifa is in a deep bay facing north with a fine view of mountains all along and Hermon peeping over the nearer ranges, but it will not hold a candle to Bordighera [*the winter resort in Liguria*] in beauty and has no historic or Biblical interest. We amused ourselves very well the two days there but we have not come all the way to Palestine simply to stay in an ordinary seaside place. It was entirely for Mr. Smith's convenience, he was beset the whole time with visitors, but the excuse was waiting for the mail which arrived on Sunday night. We had an awful scene at the Custom House which occupied nearly the whole of Saturday morning. Our boxes were turned inside out and all our books carried off to be examined. Mr. Smith only got them back by declaring they were all Bibles and Prayer Books! Of course he ought to have sent the boxes straight to Beyrout as we should have done if we had known what the Haifa Custom House was like. In the afternoon we three went out for a sail in rather a clumsy boat. There was one ship at anchor in the bay, the Chimborazo (Orient Line) which is making a Mediterranean tour. We asked leave to go over her, only 14 passengers were on board, about 80 having gone to Jerusalem and she had moved up to Haifa for better anchorage. We were shown over by one of the officers who implored us to remain to dinner, it was so delightful to see new faces he said, but we excused ourselves on the plea that Mr. Smith would be anxious, when he promptly invited the whole flock for the next day, or that night, to a dance, an invitation which we did not pass on! Sunday morning we rode to the Cave of the Prophets, a place more like a large coach house than anything else, and up to the Carmelite Monastery overlooking the sea with a lovely view where we were entertained by a charming English monk, such a nice gentlemanly man. He is a nobleman's son, the Superior told Mr. Smith and became a monk after being crossed in love! In the afternoon we went to tea with Theophil and his wife, the flock having been the day we stayed at Athlit. We had a real Sunday tea with all kinds of jam, she is a nice little thing and talks very good English. They have only been married 3 weeks.

Today Monday 28th we have come on to Nazareth. I could not get this finished at Haifa and the mail does not leave till Thursday so I am going to post it here. Don't send any letters to Constantinople, Mr. Smith is very uncertain if he goes there as it will involve reaching England a week later, and I have almost made up my mind to return with Miss Croft via Port Said and Brindisi. I can't stand the party any longer and it would be no pleasure to me to see Constantinople and Athens with them and Mr. Smith has never been to either place so is certain to make a fearful hash of them. He leaves Beyrout on the 18th, we should leave on the 22nd and catch the Valetta at Port Said, but I cannot quite decide till I reach Damascus (where we are due on the 6th). We stay here till the 12th and then we ride to Baalbec and arrive in Beyrout on the 16th. I should not get my money's worth by leaving Mr. Smith before the time, though he says he will return me the £20, but I really don't think I can digest much more sightseeing in a lump, I should get all my impressions jumbled up, and it is no use to do what you don't enjoy for the sake of a little money.

By the way, I hope Margaret won't mind, I have sold her saddle to Demetrius for £4, that is he will take it when we reach Beyrout. It is not so comfortable as one Miss Croft got in London for £2.10.0. and the stirrup leather broke at Jerusalem in the middle of a canter and let the stirrup fall into the road, so if she ever needs a second saddle I think she can do better for herself at home, and it will save me the carriage back. I will give her the price she paid for it, £2.10.0. I think? And she and I can divide the profits. English saddles seem to fetch any price here, Demetrius simply jumped at buying all the saddles of the party for £4. I found her letter with yours at Haifa, I am glad she had read '£50' and I like her criticism on it. I think it is quite true.

We had to wait about for the mail this morning, and I got Mother's letter of the 17th. Dr. Schmidt will forward the next to Beyrout and I will tell you from Damascus where to write to me next, I expect it will be Brindisi. It is all right about the books for Miss Frä and Rat, I want one sent to Gertrude and could Mother let her see some of my letters, as I can't find a minute to write to anyone else. The other books can wait though I want one sent to Radclyffe as he helped me with the law part. Excuse the blot. I was writing in the Oak Forest where we lunched on our way from Haifa, and Miss Croft jogged my elbow in getting up. I assure you all writing is done under difficulties. It was nearly dark when we got into Nazareth but we have all tomorrow to see it.

Much love to Alfred and everyone. Ever yr. loving sister,
Anna L. Glyn

In camp, Banias (Cesarea Philippi) April 3. 1892

Dearest Mother, We are having a lovely time in spite of Mr. Smith and his muddling. It is quite understood now that we three are an independent contingent and come and go when we please, provided that we sleep, breakfast and dine under canvas in company with the flock, so we read up guide books, study maps, and do the best we can without a dragoman and with such a very inefficient substitute. Saleh deserted at Haifa as he got an offer of permanent work, surveying for the railway, and as Mr. Smith has not seen fit to fill his place we have one of the muleteers told off to us. I missed Saleh for he always was especially attentive to me and he mounted me so well, but this young fellow Hashem is very nice and most anxious to please us. He has to carry a lot of baggage however and presents the most remarkable appearance perched upon the top with his legs dangling down upon the horse's neck, but he makes his beast go and one day actually raced me in a hard gallop and we were neck and neck for some minutes before I shot ahead though I have the fastest horse in the company. The weather has been perfect the last week. The sun is hot but not scorching and there is generally a breeze. Mr. Laidlay has a thermometer and we find it varies from 70° to 80° in the day and seldom falls below 60° at night. At the Dead Sea it was 75° after dinner, but there it was too hot in the day to be comfortable. I have never felt it oppressive anywhere but there. They say there is no more fear of rain, but the wind is almost as bad. It has a way of suddenly blowing up without any warning and is fearfully strong and a great nuisance. I have to carry my cap in the saddlebags to change at a moment's notice as there is no keeping on my hat when the gusts string up and it travels quite safely in the

bags. We have had a most delightful and interesting week, which has brought us alas! over the best part of the ground. This life is most pleasant and I should be sorry at the prospect of reaching Damascus on Tuesday if we had not our further riding tour to look forward to next week. My back is holding out grandly and never aches to speak of.

Mr. Smith and the flock left Haifa before 8 on Monday morning, we had to wait at the Custom House for Miss Croft's box which had to come by the steamer, and we did not get away until 9.45, Hashem slinging the box quite comfortably on to one side of his horse and jogging along (even cantering) for an hour or so until we overtook the baggage mules. It was a hot and not particularly interesting ride for the first 2 hours round the northern foot of Carmel and across the plain, but we got some good canters and at last reached the oak forest, rising ground sprinkled with large terebinth oaks [*actually a species of Pistacia, which yields turpentine*] a most refreshing sight in this treeless land. After ascending for half an hour we came upon the flock who had just had their lunch and were starting off again so we halted in the same place for ours and after a good rest went on soon after 3. The forest was most lovely, dotted with wild orange clumps in full blossom, may, cysistus and other flowering shrubs which we had seen on Carmel only here we had the trees as well, the yellow cysistus looked gorgeous in the sunshine against great bushes of brownish red leaves of which we don't know the name. The flowers are something wonderful. I wish you could see them, a perfect blaze everywhere. I am trying to get specimens of the different kinds but my press has got so full it is really too large for the saddle bag, they are no use unless pressed at once. We rode on climbing most of the time, found a pretty place by a stream to stop for tea and then had a final sunset view from the heights over Nain and Endor and the plain towards Jezreel reaching Nazareth by twilight so that we could not see much of the place. Our camping ground was at the further end from which we entered, near the well with a great cliff rising up behind.

Tuesday morning was given up to seeing the place. Mr. Smith would not trouble to come himself but provided a guide for the flock, we were not quite ready when they went off so started later with our Murray. It is quite a large town, rambling up the hillside, very clean and picturesque. We found the Church of the Annunciation with a curious cave behind the altar, in which the Franciscan monks assert the Virgin was praying when the angel came to her, and then went on to the Greek church. It is a modern building, but beside it is a very old synagogue with enormously thick walls which they say is the one in which Our Lord preached. Mr. Smith turns his nose up at it, but he never believes in any site he has not discovered for himself and always makes bad jokes about them, which to say the least is questionable taste, so we prefer to do our sight seeing without him. We wandered through the market and watched the people working at their trades and then I wanted to get up the hill for a view, so Mr. Laidlay took us a way he had explored before breakfast, up above the orphanage to the very top of the hill above the town and we had a splendid view over Carmel to the sea with Hermon on the north, the Galilee hills on the east and the Plain of Esdraelon stretching southwards towards Gerizim and the far off Moab Mountains. I would not have missed for something, but Mr. Smith never mentioned it, so none of the flock went up for

it was lunch time when we got back. We wished we could have stayed a week in Nazareth and taken rides all round. It is a capital centre as several valleys meet there and there are delightful excursions to make. It is so provoking to have wasted almost a week over that stupid Dalieh and Haifa. We started after lunch to ride to Hefr Theuria the reputed site of Cana, though a spring which we passed on the road is considered the most probable. It was only 5 miles ride and seemed absurd to have all the trouble of moving the camp for that, but Mr. Smith's ways are inscrutable! The tents had gone on in the morning, so tea was ready for us and then we went to see the remains of the church the Empress Helena built, now covered by a monastery, which took about 15 minutes and was accomplished by 5 o'clock, when we had the whole evening with nothing to do! It was a beautiful camping ground in a wide valley with hills all round, so we climbed a little way up and watched the sunset and I read out Mark Twain's *Pilgrim's Progress* to the other two and then we explored the village and saw the goats, cows and camels being housed for the night, all very pleasant, but such an aggravating waste of time.

Wednesday morning we were off and away by 7 o'clock as we were to reach Tiberias at 12 and go on the lake in the afternoon. Mr. Smith had settled on the way to visit a Druse village and we happened just to come up with him and the main body where the way turned off towards it. He said 'Well, shall we go to it or not, what do you say?' We promptly said we did not want to go to it as we have seen quite enough of the Druses, so he replied 'All right' and went off the other way. I suggested that the rear guard (including the luncheon tent) would not know which way we had gone but he said they would be sure to see us and rode gaily on. We were making for the Horns of Hattin, the probable site of the Sermon on the Mount [*and site of Saladin's defeat of the Crusaders in 1187*], riding over country that very much resembled the Welsh hills, green slopes and granite rocks, when my bridle broke (quite a common occurrence in this country) and by the time Mr. Laidlaw had tied it up with string the main body had disappeared. We rode vaguely on up the hill without any path until at last we heard Miss Bevan's voice overhead and saw her vainly trying to mount her horse from a rock as she had dropped her waterproof and got down to pick it up. Mr. Laidlaw mounted her and we rode on to the top where we found Miss Harwood, but Mr. Smith and Mr. Harkness had both vanished. It was our first view of the Lake of Galilee, looking very grey and misty, for there were heavy clouds about and some right down on the hills. We none of us knew what we were looking at nor which way we should go so we all shouted and at length heard Mr. Smith's voice shouting back from below that we had better return the way we had come and meet him at the bottom. We replied that we wanted him to come up and show us the view, so after a long time he came stumping up through the wet grass (it was too steep to ride) and duly pointed out the lions [*i.e. the landmarks which every tourist had to see*]. I really did not see why he should shirk everything, he is a nice sort of man to set up to act guide, he usually stalks on in front on his horse and never speaks to anyone. We rode on down towards Tiberias through fields of flowing blue lupins which supplied the colour the sky lacked, for the day did not brighten up though there was no rain, and in course of time overtook the rearguard, whom Theophil had led a shorter way, but alas! they had unselfishly despatched the luncheon tent after

us to our supposed destination, the Druse village. It was past 11 and we were all ravenous, though we are so used now to Mr. Smith's casual ways that we always take a private supply of biscuits and chocolate. However, it turned out there was a hotel in Tiberias, a newly opened clean little place so we made for it hoping to find something we could eat, but in about 20 minutes our own tent followed us and we ate our provisions on the hotel table, the usual way in such places, and engaged the inkeeper's boat for the afternoon. We could not all go in one, so to save engaging two Mr. Smith borrowed a boat belonging to the Scotch Mission people in Tiberias and told off us three, Mr. Harkness and Miss Harwood to occupy it. He always requires an after lunch siesta, so would not start till 2, but we succeeded in getting off at 1 o'clock with Theophil and a crew of three men. There was no wind so they rowed with an oar each, two on one side and one on the other, all different sizes! The sun had come out and the view looked very pretty. The lake is 13 miles by 5, with Hermon towering up on the north end, sloping green hills on the west and rather steeper ones on the east with the red earth showing through here and there and not a village or a tree from one end to the other. Leaving Tiberias (a very picturesque, dirty place inhabited by Jews with one long curl down over each ear) we rowed southwards towards the exit of the Jordan. Looking straight down the lake is like looking at the sea through a deep bay. The ground sinks so below it that you see nothing at all. Galilee is 600 feet below sea level and the Dead Sea 1,300 feet. It was a delightful row, about 2½ hours and we landed just inside the river bank where the water was as clear as crystal and wound away between reed banks, while the view of Hermon up the lake was charming to look at, - in the intervals of making tea! The other boat came in just before we started and being so early we thought we would visit a village, the only one on the east shore. One of our men however instantly struck and had to be exchanged for one in the other boat. The Galilee boatmen are such arrant cowards that nothing will induce them to venture far from the shore. We gave up the village after all, finding it was further than we thought, and as a breeze sprang up hoisted the main sail (it was an English boat) and ran along gaily. The wind soon grew stronger and we heeled over a bit, when the men got into a blue funk and clamoured to be taken close to the shore. Theophil who was sailing the boat tried in vain to pacify them, and at last after they nearly upset us by all hanging on to one side (it was rather a tippy boat) we had to give in and make for land, losing a lot of time and letting the other boat catch us up. We got into shelter and the water being calmer we sailed almost as fast but the wind still increased and at last the wretched men in a perfect panic insisted on lowering the sail and went back to the oars, when we simply crawled; the men were tired or frightened and merely put their oars in the water and took them out again. Mr. Laidlay went to the rescue and pulled stroke, with a fourth oar we got on a bit faster, but it grew darker and darker and we looked out in vain for the Sulphur Baths about a mile from Tiberias, the last buildings we had passed. We could see the town lights but they seemed to get no nearer and presently to vary the monotony we ran aground on a shoal and were some minutes before we could push off again. Poor Mr. Harkness was terribly alarmed and rivalled the sailors' panic and Miss Harwood was very nervous though she kept quite quiet and did not let it out till afterwards. There was really no danger, only we found the next day the boat had no ballast and ought not to have been sailed

without, but we none of us knew that and having no dragoman to look after us we have to take our chance. We passed the baths at last and some time afterwards saw light on the shore carried by one of our own men, whom Miss Oldham had despatched to look out, not for us, but for her handbag which had gone off by mistake in Mr. Smith's boat. Miss Oldham was too nervous to venture upon the perilous Galilee waters and judging by the man's account appeared to have employed the interval in weeping for its loss or for her dinner which was postponed an hour as we did not get in till eight. She always weeps when anything goes wrong, to the despair of her poor men. Theophil struck at Haifa so Mr. Smith had to engage another English speaking man for her and he being a Druse and as meek as a lamb will probably succeed in getting her and the palanquin safely into Damascus. Our landing by the light of the big paper lantern was a curious performance. The boat was run ashore but there were 2 or 3 feet between her bows and the rocks so we had to be carried on a man's back. Miss Croft and I were landed all right, then came Miss Harwood who is decidedly heavier and I saw the man stagger under her. Mr. Harkness followed, when the man fairly collapsed, doubled up like a penknife and dropped him straight into the water, while Mr. Laidlay took a flying leap ashore and nearly lighted on the top of them both! The other boat was not long after us and the camp was only a little way from the water's edge, but on a horrid dirty ground just outside the town, covered with a jungle of weeds as high as my bed and simply buzzing with flies and mosquitoes, the dinner table was black with them and they got into all our glasses before we could drink. The muleteers will pitch near towns to save themselves trouble, and Mr. Smith remarks mildly 'Dear me, I never camped here before', but never dreams of choosing the ground himself. The next day, Thursday, we were to spend on the lake while our camp moved round to Aineta close to the ruins of Capernaum. Mr. Smith declared it would be a very long day and it was absolutely necessary to start at 7 (we have had several pitched battles over the hour of rising). We gave in on this occasion as of course we wanted to see as much of the lake as possible. Mr. Smith had promised to take us to Gergehls but backed out of it as usual when the time came, (Mr. Laidlay calls this country 'the land of broken promises'). We were to go to Bethsaida Julius, the mouth of the Jordan, and Capernaum. Both Mr. Harkness and Miss Harewood refused to trust themselves in the little boat again so we were provided with our own lunch and thought we should have it to ourselves when at the last moment we heard from Theophil that the Mission doctor, whom we had never seen, was coming with us. Mr. Smith did not take the trouble to inform us of the fact himself. The boats were not ready and we were nearly an hour late getting off and then had to call at the Mission House to take the doctor, the Missionary and another Missionary, who was staying with them, on board. Mr. Smith had forgotten to mention the hour of our start so we had to wait another half hour in the blazing sun before three extraordinary figures made their appearance in white helmets and tunics somewhat the worse for wear, the nether limbs of two being arrayed in brown corduroy and shoes, the third wearing dirty white ducks and the long leather boots of the country, while they all carried antiquated guns, much to Miss Sharman's alarm, who promptly inquired if they were loaded! Dr. Torrens tumbled into our boat, which apparently belonged to him, and we set off at last. It is the Free Church of Scotland Mission and they were very Scotch indeed in look and speech, but

very harmless, only dreadful bores and with rather curious manners. He showed us the lions and told us wonderful stories of his hairbreadth escapes from perils on the lake which we duly swallowed with a grain of salt! We reached Bethsaida (a grassy plain with a river winding down to the lake) about 11.30, when the sportsmen became wildly excited at the sight of three magnificent white penguins (sic) hovering on the bay, so we put them ashore and rowed on to the mouth of the Jordan, carefully avoided the spot where we knew the flock would land, and had our lunch in peace and quiet on Jordan's banks, such a pretty spot with the hills rising behind and a lovely view down the whole length of the lake. It was a glorious day, just perfect English summer weather, which we have had every day since. We sent back the boat to its owners and after lunch strolled along the shore of the lake to join the flock, disturbing the tortoises basking on the rocks so that they flapped off in a great hurry into the water, and amused ourselves with watching the movements of the sportsmen, who were still trotting industriously after the penguins (sic) on the further river bank, letting off their guns at intervals to the evident astonishment of the birds who soared in dignified swoops just over their heads. They gave it up as a bad job at last (the men, not the birds) and pulled across just as we came up with the flock to offer to take us to Capernaum as they were going to some point just beyond it for their lunch. It was an hour's row and from there we were to go on home in the big boat, but finding it was only an hour's walk we preferred to do it on our feet. We all landed together at Tell Thuni (Capernaum), a mass of ruined blocks and capitals with some splendid bits of chiselling, all overgrown with weeds and clumps of yellow marguerites. There is a little hospice built by the monks with a very nice man in charge who pointed out the best bits of ruin which having seen (in the space of exactly 5 minutes) Mr. Smith marched the flock back to the boat and they all went home to tea leaving us to undisturbed enjoyment of one of the loveliest and most interesting scenes in Palestine. It was only 3.30 so Mr. Laidlay went off to bath, Miss Croft retired into the hospice to prepare our tea while I lazily basked in the sun amongst the ruins and stored up impressions for future occasions. After tea the guide took us to see a most curious arched vault called the Tomb of Nahumi, but nobody seems to know its exact history, and about 5.30 we started on the path along the shore, a beautiful walk with the lake lying before us like a crystal sheet the distant hills reflected in the water and the fine crag above Nagdala, the only rock height on the shores, standing out grandly against the sunset sky. We did not hurry, it was too beautiful, and Mr. Laidlay scrambled down to the water's edge to pick us a great armful of pink oleander, which I carried home like a baby, so that it was getting dark by the time we reached the ruins of Bethsaida, very prettily situated on a little bay under the cliffs and we had to grope our way up and round the cliff and down on the other side, when we happily dropped right on our camp at its base, an agreeable surprise as we had not an idea it was so near. It was a delightfully clean quiet spot except for the inevitable frogs and jackals which always make night hideous. When we get village dogs in addition and a special musical ass of our own gives tongue the ensemble is enough to waken Mr. Smith! We have 43 animals in camp but they are generally tethered some distance from the sleeping tents.

Friday morning we were off soon after 7, climbing up northwards away from the lake, an uninteresting ride except for the glimpses back over 'blue Galilee'. We passed Khan Joseph, an interesting old ruin, which we got off to explore, the flock went on, but we generally take 30 minutes rest in the course of the morning's ride and always come in first to lunch. It was nearly 12 before we reached our halting place, a pretty gorge, with a stream running through it, called the Wady Wakkas, when we were told to our astonishment that we had only another hour's ride that day and nothing more to do or see. We could not stand that so we studied the map and settled to ride up to Kadesh Naphtali, in the hills above, about 2 hour's ride. None of the men knew the way as it is on another route and they never leave the beaten tracks, but Mr. Smith told Hashem to inquire and take a native guide if necessary, so we were permitted to start, but the poor fellow was terribly frightened at venturing on an unknown path and took quite a tender farewell of the party, saying he was sure we should be captured by Bedowins!

It was a lovely ride, winding up into the hills, but whenever we came to a level piece Hashem urged us to 'yalla, yalla', and twice made his laden baggage horse race me at full gallop. He got a guide in one place where the path was puzzling and we reached the village of Kadesh perched high amongst the hills in perfect safety, inspected the houses, finding splendid bits of marble and granite sculpture used in building the wretched native huts and large stone sarcophagi used as drinking troughs. Below the village was the fine ruin of a Baal Temple which we desecrated by making tea amongst the fallen columns, and then began our descent by another path which proved too steep even for Mr. Laidlay and me who usually stick on under all circumstances, and as Hashem could not lead four horses at once we had an exciting time driving down the horses and getting down the precipice ourselves. Mine bolted once and had to be chased all along the hill. We got down to the plain in about an hour and then a short half hour's canter took us into camp just before dark as usual.

Saturday we started at 7.30 and had a lovely ride all along the plain with Hermon before us looking perceptibly less snowy than a week ago, after all this bright sunshine. After 2 hours we began climbing into the hills grouped round Hermon's base, by a very stony path which led up a fine gorge and across the Jordan by a huge but rather dilapidated stone bridge and went on perpetually crossing little mountain streams until we came to our luncheon place, two huge oaks amidst a belt of green with a torrent rushing past their feet. It is always delightful to see trees in this country. Mr. Laidlay discovered an old water mill after lunch and took us to see it, though we had to cross innumerable streams. I have crossed more stepping stones the last few days than in all my life together I believe. I was nearly in once, I lost my balance on a loose stone as he was helping me over and we both swayed, but he managed to hold me up. Being a Scotchman and used to rough country he is wonderfully surefooted. The mill was so funny, a huge millstone turning on a pivot with a little trickle of maize dribbling into it from above and coming out ground into creamy powder below. The people showed us how it worked and were most friendly and amused as usual. Mr. Smith was slumbering and the flock browsing until 4 o'clock that day as we had only an hour's ride on to

Banias, but we got off at 2, as Mr. Smith had suggested that we should go up and see the castle the same day, it having at last dawned upon him apparently that we don't love to slumber all the afternoon. We got Hashem to take us first to see the principal source of the Jordan, a most curious sight, a huge volume of water bursting straight out of the hillside and forming a stream so deep and strong that our horses could scarcely ford it. Mr. Smith afterwards engaged a native guide to show it to him and the man took him and the flock to a wrong place so that they never saw it at all! He tried to keep it dark but we discovered in course of time that the Banias route from Galilee was as new to him as to us. The blind leading the blind! It was a pretty ride through trees and underwood of every kind of flowering shrub with Hermon towering over us or at least its snowy shoulder. The summit we were getting too near to see. We reached Banias (Caesarea Philippi) soon after 3, the loveliest place we have yet seen; mountains (real ones not Daliah shams), wood, streams and ruins, quite an ideal honeymooning sort of spot. Our camp had just arrived and the tents were being pitched in an olive grove with a stream tearing past and little rivulets of the clearest water circling round between the tents. The ground was quite dry but the frogs were deafening. We had our tea and then started for the castle 1500 feet above us. It looked a tremendous way off but we were very anxious not to have to do it on Sunday afternoon with the flock, so set out with Hashem, a fearful stony climb, but we got splendid views going up. A native guide came after us, so we sent Hashem back with the horses as it was too steep to ride down and entrusted ourselves to his guidance. It is a magnificent ruin, 1,400 feet from end to end, some of the towers and rooms are quite perfect, but Mr. Smith could tell us nothing of its history except that it was partly built by the Crusaders. We had a rush to see it properly, dividing our attention between it and a lovely sunset, and then led by the guide went tearing down the steepest part of the hill hoping to get over the worst of the stones before dark. It was breakneck work and I wonder we did not sprain our ankles but the light lingered in the sky and there was quite a respectable sized moon overhead, so we got along famously, starting a jackal occasionally, but it was rather hard work fording the streams! Still it was such a perfect night that we were quite sorry to reach our camp at 7.30. It seemed a shame to go in. Sunday morning was divided between Morning Prayers in the luncheon tent, mending up, and letter writing, and we felt very superior to the flock as we saw them starting at 2 o'clock for the castle in the hot afternoon, while we sat comfortably under the olives. We had no idea Banias itself was so charming or we should have gone out earlier, but we waited for our tea at 4 and then went a little way above our camp to where another Jordan source rushes out under a huge precipice or rock adorned with Greek niches and inscriptions. We made our way on to the castle, a massive old ruin, from which the view was charming and then to an old bridge of a single arch spanning yet another torrent stream, the most picturesque thing you could imagine in the yellow evening sunlight with the flocks and herds and horses wending their way from the mountains into the village for the night, (they do have such lovely bells) and flowering shrubs hanging over the water and the rocks covered with maidenhair, great green fronds larger than anything Worsfold grows. I have pressed some for you so you can see. It may be by contrast with the bareness of the country, but I do think Banias is about the prettiest place I have ever seen. We did wish we

could stay there a week but Mr. Smith appeared much astonished by our raptures and remarked we should find it uncommonly slow! I really could hardly tear myself from the tent door to go to bed, the olives looked so lovely in the moonlight. The poor flock are so wearied out they really care for nothing and go to bed the moment dinner is over, riding is the most fearful penance to them and we really do enjoy it so. It really w.....

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Monday, we had a stiff climb up the pass almost to a level with the snow. We lunched and spent the afternoon in a sheltered valley amongst some rocks, and soon after reached the top of the pass and had a lovely view over the blue plain with Damascus in the far distance. The sunset effects were beautiful as we wound down the mountain, the distant hills were glowing with that beautiful rosy pink we only saw at the Dead Sea, and the blue shadows bit by bit swallowed it up as they stole before us down into the plain. It was awfully cold that night, though the view was glorious with the moon shining on the snows above us and on the stream which rushed past our camp.

It was our last night under canvas, the flock were to make two days of it to Damascus, but Mr. Smith agreed we should ride on and secure an extra day as the flock does not leave till next Tuesday and we start on our riding tour on Monday, sleeping at convents and places and reaching Beyrout on Saturday. We are to have a dragoman with us as Mr. Smith sticks with the flock. We started at 6.30. Such a lovely morning and it was so nice to get away on our own hook, we did enjoy ourselves. Hashem carried our bags and being flat country we got along at a fine rate, lunched and rested from eleven to one in an olive grove, and rode into Damascus reaching our hotel at four o'clock.

The post leaves this afternoon, so I must stop this terrific epistle, and describe Damascus in my next. It is a lovely place. Miss Croft says she never knew anybody write such long letters, and she and Mr. L. are both waiting for me to come to tea, so I am forbidden to write another word! (This is Wednesday April 6th by the way). We came to Damascus yesterday, Hotel Demetrius, a nice clean place. The flock arrived this morning. Much love to everyone, yr loving daughter

Anna L. Glyn

Hotel Demetri, Damascus, April 8th, 1892

Dearest Margaret, I hope you will be able to make out my last letter which I posted here on Wednesday. The post was just going and I had no time even to read it over. It is so stupid Mr. Smith not having given you the Damascus address as we shall get no more letters until we reach Beyrout on the 16th. Mr. Laidlay wrote for his to be forwarded here and found them on our arrival, but as you were going to write to Haifa I thought it useless to send for mine. This is the most fascinating place and I shall be utterly ruined in the bazaars, but I don't know when I may be here again so it is as well to launch out. Mr. Laidlay is most unhappy at being dragged away on Monday and if there was

only a Messageries boat a week later we should manage to stay, though it would be rather awkward arranging with Mr. Smith as he has to pay for us till he leaves Beyrout on the 18th. The Messageries however are fortnightly and we have written to Cook to engage our berths on the 19th, but we have had many discussions and waverings as every day we find Damascus more charming and six days are far too short a time to see it properly. The view of it as you ride in is lovely, the domes and minarets rising out of a forest of green stretching away to the rocky hills which tower on two sides above the town while on the other lies the Hanran desert melting into the most exquisite misty blue. The town is literally encircled with mile upon mile of walnuts, apricots and quinces. Only the latter trees are in flower, the apricot fruit is quite large already, but the leaves still keep the fresh spring green and are so refreshing after the rocky wildernesses we have come through. We reached our hotel at 4 o'clock on Tuesday, a nice clean place built round an open courtyard. The rooms and attendance are very good but the food is execrable, tough and greasy and the place is horribly relaxing after our bracing open air life. Yesterday was a sirroco, no wind but a dreadful brooding haze and heat like thunder in the air which makes you feel utterly limp and good for nothing. I don't think you would survive it at all, the heat and oppression in the afternoon were terrible. We were out driving between 5 and 6 and there was not a breath of air and I was simply gasping in my thinnest shirt. There was heavy rain last night and today it is all right again. We did not do much the first evening but took a guide after tea to the other side of the town to visit Lady Dry, a friend of Miss Croft's and whom Mr. Laidlay knew also in Cairo. Her niece, Miss Meredith, is a very nice girl and we saw a good deal of her in Jerusalem. They are going through the country with a party of eight, seven ladies and one gentleman, and Mr. Laidlay refused to join them in Cairo because he did not like the idea of a lady being head of the party. He is very sorry now, for they have the best dragoman in Syria (such a nice man, I have taken his address) and they are all so happy and comfortable. We were very envious in Jerusalem of their camp fittings and are still more so now that they have come right through the country and are so comfortable that they are sticking to their tents even here and are going right through with them to Beyrout and they pay 25/- a day. It is riling to have paid so much more and get so much less. We found them encamped in a public garden outside the town with the river flowing past their tents and everything as nice and trim as possible instead of our pigging and mess. They had arrived the day before and leave on Saturday, but we shall meet them again at Baalbec and Beyrout. They are such a bright, jolly party and get on so well together, very different to ours. They insisted on giving us a second tea and we brought Miss Meredith back to dine with us and immensely enjoyed our first evening of emancipation from the flock. They were upon us the next morning, but we went off after breakfast to the bazaars with a guide and did not see them till lunch. This place is far more picturesque and oriental than Cairo; the principal streets and bazaars are arched over and are deliciously cool and shady in these hot days, while the people themselves, their faces, dresses and ways I am never tired of watching. I wish you could all be transported here, it is like perpetual scenes from the Arabian Nights acted out before one's eyes. 'See Naples and die!' I am sure it can't hold a candle to Damascus. I don't want to see anything

more in the way of a town, and if only we had decent food and the place were not so hot and relaxing nothing on earth would take us away so soon. Since I began to write this however we have definitely engaged our horses for Monday as it seemed hardly worth upsetting all one's arrangements for the certainty of being ill. I know I could not stand much more than a week here and Mr. Laidlay says the same. He has had a headache ever since we arrived and I only keep myself going with quinine pills. All the flock are collapsing in turn with chills or with bilious attacks, but Miss Croft is as strong as a horse and awfully good to me. Between her and Mr. Laidlay I shall come back fearfully spoilt, so be prepared! She does all my mending and has retrimmed my hat with gauze and ribbon of her own, for I rode into Damascus with the navy blue ribbon turned all the colours of the rainbow, I was quite ashamed to be seen, and she has supplied me with hat pins and a necktie and other necessities of life which I have lost in cantering, while Mr. Laidlay is the kindest and most considerable man I ever came across – at least to Miss Croft and me. I must own he does not go out of his way to be agreeable to the flock and he is awfully sarcastic and quick tempered, but we three never squabble. He is the sort of man you feel as if you had known all your life and we get on most swimmingly, but he is a dreadful old bachelor in some ways and perfectly miserable at any kind of untidiness. If Miss Croft had not taken me in and done for me I know I should have shocked him dreadfully. She really sits on me terribly and insists on my resting here after lunch when I am longing to be in the bazaars! I suppose it may be sensible, but I grudge every moment spent out of the streets. We always breakfast at 8, and start off at 9 to the bazaars, returning for 12 o'clock lunch. It is only 10 minutes walk but the 10 minutes blaze in the sun is trying after the cool streets. Then Miss Croft bullies me till I lie down and Mr. Laidlay and our guide are off again to the bazaars, coming back to our private tea at 3.30 or 4, when we go out riding or driving, for the streets are too crowded then to walk in comfort, and every evening till today we have been out in the evening as well. The moon is lovely now and it is the month of Ramadan when the people fast all day and are up the whole night feasting and selling, so the shops are all open and it is a most amusing sight. Just before sunset you see the people preparing their dishes of food (all family life goes on in public) then the sunset gun fires and instantly they all set to and gobble for their lives. Mr. Laidlay is a splendid bargainer, having been all over the world he thoroughly understands the science, and knows all about the silver or metal work and embroideries of different countries, so he is a capital person to shop with, but he says I am much too impatient. He never thinks of completing a bargain under three days, but I am always so afraid of someone else buying the thing and cutting me out. I was astonished the first afternoon when he returned with nothing but an armful of sweets for me after nearly 3 hours in the bazaars. He and Miss Croft hate sweets so they are always chaffing me on my affection for them and this is a perfect Paradise for them. Turkish Delight and Mishmash and almond stuff are awfully good and cost next to nothing. I am afraid you must be tired of Mr. Laidlay's name but you see one must write about the people one is with all day, and we have nothing to do with the flock now except sit opposite to them at meals. We had to go with them yesterday morning to see the great Mosque as an escort is necessary the same as in Jerusalem. It is a magnificent building and we had a lovely view from one of

the minarets, and a most amusing scramble across house roofs to see an inscription on the outside. We had to climb a ladder and bridge an abyss with it afterwards, an inimitable spectacle with the flock who are all more or less substantial. Miss Oldham alone refused to trust herself on the perilous transit and remained below. As if our party was not big enough it was swelled by half a dozen from the hotel to whom Mr. Smith was more attentive than to his own flock! The old gates and walls are so interesting and when we were driving the guide carefully pointed out the sites of St. Paul's conversion and his descent in a basket, and the tomb of the porter St. George who was martyred for assisting in the apostle's escape, an incident in sacred history quite new to me, but it is refreshing to hear these things after Mr. Smith's ruthless denunciations of all sites but those he has himself discovered! We have chosen our horses for the tour as the old lot had to return to Jerusalem. They are much smaller here but very light and easy paces. Mine is a nice little grey about 14.2 and goes capitally, though he feels very small under me. Miss Meredith rode with us today, (there are such pretty rides about) they are off tomorrow but we shall all be at Baalbec together. We dined with them last night and it was a comfort to get a decent dinner again. I thought it was very kind of Lady Dry to ask me as of course I did not know her before and she was ill all the time in Jerusalem, so I had not seen her till now, but we three are considered quite inseparable. Do come and meet us at Charing Cross, you and Ger, I do want you to see them, and Mr. Laidlay is going straight up to his home in Scotland so it will be the only chance for the present. I am borrowing from him as I have spent all my money and I don't want to be under an obligation to Mr. Smith, so please tell Mother she must be prepared with a cheque of at least £20 when I arrive on the 29th, but I don't know how long we may stay in Paris – Miss Croft says I must go to bed and I always do as she tells me, so goodnight.

Saturday evening. I think I had better write some more now as we shall be very busy tomorrow packing and preparing for our start. I had a lovely time in the bazaars this morning and secured some delightful bargains. This afternoon we went to see a show house Sharwai in the Jewish quarter, it had a charming courtyard, but the one large reception room with its raised daïs was decorated with very florid gilding and marble and furnished with dozens of straight backed chairs all exactly alike inlaid with mother of pearl, the commonest kind of ornament here. The best house belongs to a Mohamedan and is not shown during Ramadan. The Khans here where the caravans come in from Bagdad etc. are very interesting, splendid arched buildings rather like mosques with a great court for the camels in the centre and divans round the walls for the men to sleep on and numberless carved wood chests which aggravate one to think what lovely panels they would make if one could only transport them home. The camels are such monstrous creatures here, far bigger and finer than the common Syrian kind. They simply tower out of the crowd in the bazaars and they are such uncouth looking beasts. I never like going too near them though I ought to be used to them by this time, but they always look somehow as if they were just going to bite! It is so funny to see the long strings of them in the country roped together in single file and headed by a man on a very small donkey, or at least it always look microscopic in front of those great ungainly beasts. I can't get over the dogs

here at all. They are such nice good tempered animals, the size of a large terrier, with short rough coats and prick ears mostly tan though few are black or white. They lie curled up in the middle of the most crowded streets and bazaars comfortably asleep and never dreaming of getting out of the way of man or horse, and everybody seems careful not to step on them or kick them, and they never bark or bite except when a strange dog invades their street when there is a perfect tornado of barking, and yet they belong to no one and live all their lives upon the streets. In Jerusalem they were horrid barking curs and one could not venture out after dark without a stick to protect oneself, but here they never growl or take the smallest notice and the only danger is of tripping over them in the dark, for they all slumber peacefully curled up or at full length and in the shadow it is very hard to distinguish them from the stones. N.B. The paving here is awful. To drive over a ploughed field would be luxurious after Damascus streets.

We had a telegram today from Cook at Beyrout to say that they have secured our berths on the Messageries of the 19th, so I suppose we shall duly turn up at Marseilles on the 29th. Miss Croft unluckily has a return from Port Said but they are so horribly crowded now by people coming from India that it is very uncertain to return her fare as it would be very awkward for a lady to have to wait at Port Said alone on the chance of a berth. She has only booked to Port Said however, and I don't know what is to happen if she does not get the fare back as Mr. Laidlay and I have both booked through, but it is pretty sure to be all right. They all say it is quite a usual thing to do, to give up your return, and the agent is very obliging, so we are entirely reckoning on her coming with us right through.

Sunday. The post goes out this evening so I must get this off. You might write to me Grand Hotel de Marseilles for the 29th, we shall stop there for a night as the others have not seen the place. We have not settled on our Paris hotel. The Prince Albert would not exactly suit Mr. Laidlay and Miss Croft does not want one too expensive. Her favourite one is out at the Champs Elysées, but we must be somewhere central for such a short time. Why should not Ger come over and join us in Paris? It would be so jolly, and I should like him to meet Mr. Laidlay because he is such a nice man to travel with and he would probably join us on some future occasion if I made up a nice party. He wants to go to Japan again and it would be delightful to go with someone who had been before, and then there is the Chicago Exhibition [*the World's Fair: Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893*] to which everyone seems to be going. I wonder if I shall get any money out of Arrowsmith for my book? Travelling is the very nicest thing in the world when you are with nice people. Mr. Laidlay and I want to come through Palestine again some year and do it comfortably, and as Ger said he wanted to go himself it would be a very good thing for them to see if they like each other, so tell him to come if he possibly can. It will be just the right time for Paris you know, and I can promise him we shall be at a good hotel with Mr. Laidlay, as life would not be worth living in his company if it wasn't! We ought to reach Paris on the 1st and Mr. Laidlay has not been there since '78, so he wants to see some of the museums etc. and I am afraid Miss Croft will be in a hurry to get home and want to rush me off, so if Ger came we could stay a good week

and he could bring me my black net evening dress (the new one) for the opera and gloves and I should like my black straw hat. I shall get one dress at the Bon Marché – and perhaps a hat to be tidy in Paris but I don't mean to do much shopping as I am pretty well cleaned out, though I have only spend £5 yet here besides my own money. I find with judicious bargaining a little goes a long way. The bazaars are a real shopping Paradise, it is hard to be torn away at 7.30 tomorrow morning, but we ought to have an uncommonly jolly week. We have a muleteer and a man to cook for us and act as guide and Theophil for interpreter, so we shall be well looked after. We sleep at a Greek convent the first night then spend two in the hotel at Baalbec and two more at convents or somewhere on our way on to Beyrout. I suppose I ought to think myself lucky to get away without being ill, but I shall regret Damascus even though I am carrying away a biscuit box full of Turkish Delight! I am afraid it won't keep to take home. Write to me at Marseilles and I do hope Ger will come to Paris. I will telegraph to tell him our hotel unless I can let you know before. Why has not Miss Frä written to me? I thought she quite understood I was writing no private letters. It is all I can do to get this done. Now I must pack before tea and then we are off for our farewell stroll through the bazaars, the people know us quite well by this time. Mr. Laidlay as usual was off there again the moment after lunch. He has got some lovely things. Much love, yours,

Anna L. Glyn

Ruins of Baalbec. April 13th '92

Dear Ger, Here we are at Baalbec after not a few adventures on the road and the queerest night I ever spent in my life. You will laugh when I tell you and so did we though it was not exactly comfortable. Well, to begin with, we could not get under way from Damascus in the morning. We ordered the horses at 8 as we knew we had a long day before us. The guide book made it 26 miles but as Mr. Smith has never been over this ground himself his information is most inaccurate and unreliable. The horses turned up duly but Theophil had gone to fetch a box to pack some copper things of Mr. Laidlay's which he ought to have done overnight, and did not arrive with it till 8.30. Then it had to be packed and finally when we were ready to start we discovered there was no cover for the baggage, and Mr. Laidlay refused to start without one as only on Saturday there was a violent thunderstorm with a down pour which would have soaked our bags through in no time. It was more than half an hour before the cover could be got and we started at last about 9.30. Theophil did not know the road but we had a lad who carried our lunch and was supposed to guide us, while the muleteer of course went his own pace behind. It was a very pretty road winding along the banks of the Abana (or Barada as it is now called) through a wooded glen with walnuts and poplars in their fresh spring green and pale pink and white may hedges lining the road and scenting the air and the bare red sandstone hills standing up against the blue sky. At the first village we were told that the way we were going by, Ain Tigeh, the source of the Barada, was impassable as the river had risen. Mr. Laidlay said he did not believe it as we have had no rain to speak of (and we found afterwards that Lady Dry's party crossed it all right) so he told Theophil to take us to Ain Tigeh, but Theophil thought he knew better or else he missed the road for we found ourselves at last at 12 o'clock when we stopped for lunch an hour's ride

beyond Ain Tigeh. Before that however we had our first misadventure. We were crossing a rocky plateau and taking a quiet canter across an open bit of ground when Mr. Laidlay's horse went down all in a heap on its side and rolled over on him. It was a horrid thing to see for he might well have been killed, but he was up again in a moment apostrophising his horse with 'Ah, you brute!' A great relief to our feelings although he collapsed onto a stone the next minute and looked fearfully white. Of course all our brandy was on the baggage horse miles behind, but Theophil produced some arrak [*an aniseed flavoured spirit*] and Mr. Laidlay declared he was all right and quite fit to go on though his knee and arm and shoulder were dreadfully bruised, but he had not broken anything, so we rode on till we came to a nice place for lunch. Then we discovered we had been done out of Ain Tigeh, the largest rock spring in Syria, which we were particularly anxious to see for Mr. Laidlay says he has seen nothing so curious as these rock springs all around the world, so to Theophil's disgust we announced our intention of going back to see it, thereby adding on a couple of hours to our day. I suppose it was rather mad of us but it was well worth seeing, an enormous volume of clear water, far larger than the Jordan spring, gushing straight out of a wall of rock and tearing away in a foaming torrent several yards in width. We got back again about 3 o'clock and went on winding along the side of a valley, a regular basin of green and fruit blossom with fine crags towering up above. It was nearly 5 when we reached Suk Wady Barada and passed a Cook's encampment where they offered to take us in the night, but our luggage had gone on and we decided to follow, as to stop there would have left us too long a ride to reach Baalbec the next day. Our horses were horrible screws and Mr. Laidlay's could only be got on with perpetual spurring. We had persuaded him to change with the boy's as his own was lame, the cause of the accident. He had chosen one in Damascus but another was substituted the morning we started and he did not find it out till we were off. The horses are so covered up with trappings and embroidered saddle-cloths. After Sud Wady Barada we entered one of the finest gorges I have ever seen, with rock cut tombs in the precipices, but we had no time to stop and enjoy it properly and we kept losing the path and getting down the cattle tracks to the river and Theophil and his horse almost disappeared into a hole in fording a branch of the stream, so we had an exciting time altogether. The boy, we found, had been to Baalbec once, the year before, a fine guide! We emerged from the gorge at last and rode on up the middle of a wide valley. It was so late we did not like to stop for tea and poor Mr. Laidlay was getting stiffer and stiffer, so we determined to push on and had biscuits and oranges in our saddles as we rode. There was a fine moonrise and at 8 o'clock we clattered into a village, the boy telling us we still had an hour's ride to our destination, Zebedani. We thought Mr. Smith had arranged everything for us as he had told us we were to have two rooms in a Greek priest's house, but neither Theophil nor the boy knew anything about it and our muleteer was discovered waiting at the Khan, Mr. Smith having told them nothing. We had fondly hoped he would have prepared some dinner for us. The priest turned out to be dead, but his house, which consisted of two rooms, was available. One served as a kitchen, bedroom and parlour to the family, the other was offered to us, a large square room with stone walls and a rafted roof, the sole furniture consisting of a fireplace, a large inlaid chest and numberless cushions and rugs. Theophil

was to sleep with the family and they offered to put up a curtain in our room. Mr. Laidlay wanted to retire with the family (which included a baby) also, but of course we would not let him. There was nothing for it but to consider ourselves on a night journey and make the best of it, but after having stuck to our saddles from 1 o'clock to 8, it was rather trying not to be able even to wash our hands, and poor Mr. Laidlay was so stiff and sore after his accident it was dreadful for him not to be able to go to bed. However, he was awfully good about it and did all he could for us and it really was very amusing. Theophil brought in a tray table and we sat round it on cushions before the fire and had rice and fried eggs, the only provisions the house could afford and Miss Croft produced some Liebig [*apparently the meat extract invented by von Liebig in 1840, afterwards Oxo*] and we had bread and butter and tinned things of our own so we did not fare so badly though we had no meat. Then they tied up a string and hung some white things over it and arranged rugs and cushions and eiderdown coverlets for Miss Croft and me on one side and Mr. Laidlay on the other and Theophil brought us a pail of water for our ablutions and I unpacked my tin medicine box and put a water compress on one of Mr. Laidlay's fingers which was dreadfully swollen and gave him the Elliman to rub on his knee! Theophil retired with the family, the muleteer slept with the horses in the yard outside and we were left to get through the night as we could. It was too absurd, we really could do nothing but laugh. The beds were not uncomfortable and soon after we put the lights out I could hear that the others were both asleep and I was just going off when 'thick and fast they came at last' – myriads and myriads of fleas, at least we hope they were only fleas, but in half an hour the bites on my wrists had swollen up into enormous blisters. Well, I thought it was cruel to wake the others, so I only started and kicked and jumped and did everything except get up and light a candle, wondering how long they would stand it. In rather more than an hour Miss Croft woke, so we struck a light (luckily Mr. Laidlay had a pair of travelling candlesticks) and I got out the Keatings [*insect powder*] and ammonia, and we were showering ourselves with both when Mr. Laidlay woke, also half devoured, so we passed him the Keatings through the screen and settled down again leaving our candle burning. We had fine shadow pantomime effects with the white screen and the candles standing on the floor! The Keatings had some effect but I could not sleep and passed the night in anointing myself alternatively with Keatings and ammonia and listening to the stamping of the horses outside and the crowing of a moonstruck cock. I dozed a bit towards morning but our delightful room was pitch dark at sunrise as the only light came through the door and shuttered window guiltless of glass. Mr. Laidlay got up soon after 6 and said he was not half as stiff as he expected. He put on a clean collar and looked as usual, as though he had come out of a bandbox! I never knew such a man, we felt just like pigs. Theophil cooked our breakfast (fried eggs again) and we were off before 8 o'clock, winding up and up into the mountains until we were on a level with the snow, the trees only just budding, so that we had to look out a sunny instead of a shady spot for lunch which consisted of hard boiled eggs and sardines! The way was very puzzling to find, nobody knew it and Mr. Laidlay and Theophil were always of opposite opinions. At a certain bridge three ways diverged, all leading to Baalbec. We took the one on the right recommended by Murray, but we found as usual we ought to have believed

our leader by contraries and followed the one on the left, which he specially warned travellers against! It was nothing but a sheep track, sometimes branching off into diverging ways, sometimes disappearing entirely in the bed of a stream. So long as we rode through cultivated land we came across peasants of whom we could enquire the way, but after a time we got up so high that there was nothing but crags and torrents and the snow ranges all round us, a magnificent view but so wild and lonely and never a living creature to be seen but a kite or vulture. It was a dreadful place to be lost in, and there we were with no guide, following an uncertain track and only possessed of a hazy idea that Baalbec lay to the north. Every now and then we made a halt while Mr. Laidlay poured over the map in Murray or Theophil dashed on to get a view round the next corner. Then the wind began to blow furiously, and once or twice rounding a point I was nearly blown out of my saddle. Miss Croft jumped off at one place, for it was fearfully giddy work riding along a narrow track on the face of the rock with a precipice below and these terrific blasts catching one at every corner. At last we saw snow peaks, or rather a snow wall, poking miles up above us in the air and only dimly visible through a thick haze (the dust blown up by the wind) and knew it must be the Lebanon and therefore we were in the right direction for Baalbec, but Mr. Laidlay is sure that we went tremendously out of our way. We came in sight of a wide green plain with a wall of snow mountains all round into which we descended gradually and just before 4 o'clock crossed the last shoulder and saw some splendid ruined columns towering above the trees at the foot of the hill below us and a pretty little town beyond. In another ten minutes we were at the door of the hotel to which Mr. Smith had told us he was going, although to reach it we had to pass another which we thought looked much nicer, the Hotel de Palmyra. We told the people we belonged to Mr. Smith's party for whom rooms had been engaged and were informed that they were keeping four rooms for Mr. Smith for a party of eight who were to arrive that day by carriage, the other rooms being all full! The fact is Mr. Smith does not even take the trouble to write for rooms himself but leaves the landlord of the hotel he is staying in to write for him and the man at Damascus had only engaged rooms for the diligence party, leaving us out altogether. We rode off straight to the other hotel, got rooms at once and found it as nice inside as it looked out. All the bedrooms, (7), upstairs open on to a large hall with rocking chairs and couches, a balcony outside and large windows looking straight over the ruins which peep out of the green trees with a lovely view of the snow mountains in the distance behind. We had tea and strolled out to see the Drys who arrived an hour before us and then walked a little way along the road to the quarry from which they took the big stones to build the Baalbec temples. One, 70 feet long, is still there, shaped ready to be carried away by the Phenician workmen, but something interrupted the work and there it lies grooved and chiselled, waiting until we degenerate mortals uncover the secrets of the civilization of the past. No one can even imagine now how those stones were moved, and the Pyramids built, and all over the Hauran you know there are similar ruins. We shall leave nothing so wonderful to puzzle future nations thousands of years hence. It seems to me these monster ruins clash fatally with Evolution. It is an appalling idea to think such civilization can be totally lost and overwhelmed by the 'sands of time'. Why we with our electricity and steam are very pigmies compared to those giants

of old. How does Huxley [*Thomas Henry Huxley, 'Darwin's Bulldog'*] explain this?

Dear me, I have got into a very moralising mood, I had better return to Mr. Smith! He and the flock had arrived, we found on our return to dinner, so after our meal (which was very nicely cooked and served and for which you can fancy we were ready after living on eggs for 48 hours) we went round to the other hotel and beheld the flock, packed like herrings with a dozen Americans along a narrow table in a very small room, still over their table d'hôte. We just managed to squeeze in and speak to Mr. Smith who beamed as usual and was so glad we were comfortable in the other hotel and thought it a great pity we had not taken more meat with us, quite regardless of the fact that we pay him to look after those details for us. We have given up pitching into him, you might as well assault an air cushion, except when he loses his temper and then, as he is far indeed from being a gentleman we are at a decided disadvantage. We were thankful to escape from the hot noisy room into the stillness and lovely light of the full moon, though it was cold, Baalbec is 3,860 feet above sea level. We walked a little way round the ruins and then returned to our nice, quiet hotel which was occupied only by four decent Americans.

April 14th. Yesterday, the day I began this letter, I woke feeling frightfully tired and soon after I was up my back began to ache as it has not ached since I left home. We had settled to spend the day in the ruins as you have to pay a majidie (3/4) every time you enter, a new regulation this year, it used to be one for the whole time. We had to see Mr. Smith first, and Mr. Laidlay had a grand row with the muleteer and then he had to try some new horses, so he escorted us to the gate of the ruins and joined us inside an hour later. It was lovely to have nothing to do but lie on the grass and look at them, and at 12.30 they sent us in a nice hot lunch in little tin dishes from our hotel with a white table cloth and napkins, quite unknown luxuries to our camp picnics, but I only got more and more tired and had to lie still while the other two roamed about. I joined them now and then and managed to see a good deal – such glorious ruins, I do wish you could see them, but I soon began to realise I could not ride the next day. It had been a question with us whether we should not spend three nights here. Mr. Laidlay does hate to hurry over things, only we shall be three days riding to Beyrout and Miss Croft wanted to be there for Easter Sunday. Mr. Smith and the flock came in for the afternoon and he really got quite in a fuss and wanted me to give up riding on and go in the diligence with them as he was 'accountable to my mother and brother if I got knocked up'. I told him I had knocked up already and I knew I should be all right with another day's rest, so it was settled we should not leave here till Friday. We came home to tea and then I lay down till dinner and gave up going to see the ruins by moonlight which was a great disappointment. I had a cold bath this morning which was excruciatingly cold but I think it has done me good and I feel much more rested. I am keeping quiet this morning dividing my attention between this letter and the view from the windows of the ruins and mountains which reminds me so much of the scene at the end of the second act of Parsifal when all the flowers have fallen. The others are out sight-seeing this morning, nothing tires Miss Croft, she is really wonderful. After lunch Mr. Laidlay is going to take me into the ruins again to see some

other special things I missed yesterday and then he and Miss Croft are going for a ride after tea. They are both so nice and considerate to me, I could not be better taken care of if you all were here, in fact we feel exactly like brother and sisters now! I do hope you will be able to come and join us in Paris and get to know them. This is such a nice hotel, the Americans have departed and we have only three quiet old English ladies and you can't think what a comfort it is to be quit of the flock after nine weeks in their exclusive company. They departed at 5 this morning for Beyrout and at the last moment Mr. Smith discovered he had no money to leave us and left a message with Theophil for Mr. Laidlay asking him to pay everything for him, never stopping to find out if Mr. Laidlay had ready money with him, which being a provident person he luckily has. We start at 8.a.m. tomorrow for Zahleh where there is said to be a decent inn and it is only 20 miles ride, so I am sure I shall manage it all right with a nice long rest in the heat of the day.

Bukfeya, April 16th.

We left Baalbec yesterday morning (at 8.30) to our very great regret. If only we had known what the place and hotel were like we should certainly have put off leaving till the next fortnightly steamer and made an expedition into the Lebanon to see the cedars. It was too late when we got there to alter our plans. It was such a glorious morning, just like the day before, not a cloud in the sky and I felt quite fresh and well. I was really all right the afternoon before and thoroughly enjoyed the ruins which I could not appreciate on Wednesday. We rode for three hours through the plains, chiefly green wheat fields, with the snow mountains on either side gleaming against the dark blue sky. It was not quite like the Good Friday scene in Parsifal, but the flowers and the peacefulness and the sunshine somehow reminded me of it, I think the same spell was in the air. By 12 o'clock we had approached the mountains on the right and turned up a valley to a little poplar wood which looked a nice place to lunch.

It was very cool and pleasant, and they propped me up with wraps and saddlebags so that I had a delicious rest and was quite ready to go on at the end of our two hour's halt. It was a hot afternoon and I was not sorry to reach our destination, Zahleh, at 4 o'clock, a picturesque town at the foot of the Lebanon Mountains built in a circle up opposite sides of a valley with a river foaming down the middle overhung with trees, and the snow mountains towering up above. The houses have all flat roofs of course but arched fronts with open loggias in the Italian style. We found a nice little inn, on the first floor as usual, the ground floors are all given up to stables and shops. Kitchen, two bedrooms (with five beds) and a sitting room (also with a bed) opening onto the loggia, so there was no fear of repeating our Zebedani experience. They made us some decent tea and then Mr. Laidlay rode off with Theophil to call on Mr. Hoskins at the American Mission to whom Mr. Smith had given him an introduction that we might acquire some information about our route on which our guide and leader was absolutely ignorant! I lay down until he returned in about an hour when we went out to explore the town. He had heard that there was an inn at Bukfeiya and secured a guide for the next day. Mr. Hoskins was quite a young man and wonderfully decent for an American Missionary. He came to call on us after dinner and told us no end of interesting things. We really learned more from him of the people and

the country in an hour's conversation than we had learned from Mr. Smith in six weeks. He was so sorry we had not come to stay at his house and insisted we should breakfast with them in the morning as it was on our road. The night passed peacefully, though the rooms were not equal to the dinner, which was really wonderful, much better than Damascus. I took the precaution of showering all our beds well with Keatings.

We were up at 6 this morning and arrived at the Mission House soon after 7, Mrs. Hoskins was a nice little thing and they have one child. Such a breakfast they gave us, porridge, quails, fried potatoes, omelette, macaroni fritters and the only good coffee I have ever tasted since I left home. American breakfasts would be trying every day but this open air life gives one a terrific appetite! Mr. Hoskins rode a little way with us carrying his daughter, (aged two), on the saddle before him. There were clouds about which made splendid shadow effects as we climbed up and up into the mountains, with lovely views back of the green plain and Hermon shining in the distance. We had to mount 3,000 feet - 6,000 feet in all to cross the pass, it was rather like Swiss scenery, bare rocks and streams and snow in all the drifts and crevices; we had several patches to flounder through. Our guide walked in front as of course we could only get on at a foot's pace. There was a most curious effect when we reached the top of the pass. We ought to have seen the sea but the day being warm and a south west breeze blowing, great masses of white cloud lay far below us clinging to the hills and stretching over sea and plain, so that except for the mountains immediately before us we seemed to have reached the end of the world. We lost sight of it soon when we began to descend, the mountain slopes were much greener clothed in young larches and rhododendrons and the great overhanging crags took the most fantastic shapes of castles, ruins or figures, the rocks looking exactly as if they had been chiselled. We had some fearfully rocky descents which we had to walk down and, soon after twelve, nearly four hours from the time we had started, stopped for lunch in a most lovely spot under a large walnut tree with a stream tumbling down the rock beside us and a glorious view across a gorge up to the snow which was just beginning to be veiled by filmy white clouds. It was so delicious we did not hurry ourselves to go on but got under way about 2.30, passed the village of Ain Tur just beyond and came down upon a decent made path leading to Bukfeiya where the guide left us. We got most splendid views on both sides as we rode on, gradually descending though we had a good deal of up and down hill, passed through some fir woods and at about 5 reached the head of the valley in which Bukfeiya was situated. It was full of mist however, the clouds rolling up the middle and when we reached the village, built up the hillside, half an hour later we could see nothing but the trees and houses we were actually passing. The Inn was much the same as at Zahleh but rather cleaner and we had funny little square rooms. One each, luckily, as they were entirely filled up by two beds and a table, with just room to turn round in the middle. There was a balcony outside and by the time we had had our tea all the upper clouds had cleared, leaving the mountains and the snow and Bukfeiya itself full in the sunshine, while down below us was one solid mass of white cloud wreathing into waves and hollows and looking just like a stormy sea. It was a wonderful effect to see the sun set over it. Mr. Laidlay says they get the same in Scotland near the sea but I have never

seen anything like it. We were so sorry the moon was so late rising that night as it would have been lovely on the mist. It was quite clear by the next morning, and we had splendid views riding down the carriage road to the coast. Being Easter Day all the bells were ringing and the people in the villages wore their brightest clothes. The Greek Easter falls on the same day as ours this year. It took us two hours and a half to get down to the sea and then we rode on another hour to the Dog River [*now Nahr al-Kalb*] where some curious Assyrian and Egyptian figures and inscriptions are engraved on the rocks overhanging the sea. We lunched in the gorge of the river which we ought to have descended from Bukfeiya, only Mr. Smith's book led us wrong again by saying the carriage road descended to the Dog River and we had no guide. We started back about 3 and rode along the sands, a glorious afternoon with a nice little breeze in our faces which prevented it from being too hot, and charming views of the mountains up above and Beyrout in the distance round the bay. I don't think it comes up to Bordighera but it is a very pretty place, worth a hundred of Haifa. What shall I do when I get back to England? I said I was cold at lunch and put on my jacket and when Mr. Laidlay took out his thermometer it was 77° in the shade!

On Board the M.M. Niger off Jaffa, April 20th

We arrived at Beyrout between 5 and 6 p.m. on Sunday, concluding our riding tour to our very great regret (I shall get a new habit and ride the minute I get home.) For once Mr. Smith had engaged rooms for us, we were quite prepared to find none, and your letter and Margaret's of the 25th and 1st were waiting for me. I am very disappointed to find you and M. will be away when I get back and that you can't come to Paris. Still it is lucky I shall be home early as Mother will be alone. Her letter of the 7th arrived the next day. I am so sorry about Emmie's dog. I wrote to her from Haifa, I hope she had the letter all right. I expect this will not arrive before you start so I will direct it to Mother, and it had better go to Emmie I should think before it is forwarded to you. I hope you will have a very nice time and not be too long in coming back again.

Mr. Smith and the flock were off on Monday afternoon, and wasn't I glad to see the last of them! They were all hustled off about 3.30 without any tea. We had our tea and then took a boat to go on board the Niger and choose our berths. It is funny it should be the same ship that took us to Jaffa. She is a very comfortable boat 3700 tons, only 400 less than the Shannon, and in some ways I like her better, but the meals are objectionable. Coffee and bread and butter from 6 onwards, *dejeuner* (with wine) at 10, lunch (soup, cold meat, cheese and fruit) at 1, dinner at 6 and tea at 8. One seems to be eating all day long and yet it does not come at the hours when one wants it, but it is very nice to get good food again. It is only to be had under canvas in Syria. The Belle Vue was comfortable, but just the same tough greasy meat and after only chambermen and no bells, it is luxury to have an electric bell against one's berth and a stewardess to answer it. For rest and comfort there is no mode of travelling like board ship, but oh! I am sorry to leave Syria and our tour behind. My only consolation is to think I am coming again some day with a nice party including I hope you and Mr. Laidlay, and going to do the cedars and everything properly! Is that a castle in the air I wonder? Never

mind, it is comforting at the present minute (2.30 p.m.) when I am reduced to writing in my berth as the most level spot. We have been tumbling in the swell off Jaffa since 6 a.m. this morning and don't go on till 6 this evening. I got up at eight and have made sundry gallant attempts to stop on deck or in the saloon, but have been forced to retire each time to our cabin in the steadiest part of the ship where I feel perfectly well, and begin to imagine I am a fraud until I venture forth again. I had two courses of dejeuner in my berth, but was so hungry by one o'clock that I went in alone to lunch and devoured galantine and gruyere! It will seriously increase Mother's housekeeping bills unless my appetite abates when I get home. I really rival Arthur now. I am so sorry about his foot, I hope he will be the better for his holiday.

Miss Croft is as good a sailor as she is everything else, and Mr. Laidlay is a shade better than I, he succeeded in writing his letters in the saloon this morning, but has followed my example in retiring to his berth with a book this afternoon. We have got very nice 2 berth cabins. There were only a dozen passengers from Beyrout, but the steward said it would fill up at Alexandria so he advised us not to venture on a 3 berth cabin for fear we should have some one put in there. Having settled our cabins on Monday afternoon we went on to the Austrian Lloyd to see the last of the flock. Such a horrid little boat crammed with passengers, and we found the poor things sitting dejectedly on deck having been unable to get any berths allotted to them. Mr. Smith as usual had left it to Cook, and Cook's agent had not chosen to turn up on board. They had had no tea, in the saloon the passengers who had come from Jaffa were just finishing their 5 o'clock dinner. The flock supposed they were going to dine later, but after we left we heard from the hotel man who had been seeing to their luggage on board that on the Austrian Lloyd they never feed their passengers the first night and all Mr. Smith could get out of the captain was some tea! Fancy his not knowing that, all the other passengers had had their dinner in their hotels. We met them coming on board as we were leaving, and the ship did not sail till 8.30. We watched it starting from our hotel balcony after dinner and saw the lights fading away in the darkness and I have done nothing but congratulate myself ever since that my travels with the flock are at an end. Mr. Smith put on his sweetest smile and informed me we should meet again on his return. He had bought a present in Jerusalem for 'our nurse', so I suppose he will have to be asked to lunch, but I am horribly afraid he will ask us to be references, it would be so awkward to have to refuse. I shall have to get Miss Croft to protect me on the occasion!

On Tuesday we loafed in the bazaars in the morning, did our packing and went for a little drive in the afternoon. We went off to the Niger at 5 and got settled in before 6 o'clock dinner. We were off at 7.30 and came in for a nasty swell when we were out of the bay. I stayed on deck too long and went in for tea and cakes which was not very prudent so I had a bad turn after I got into bed, but was all right the rest of the night though we rolled a good bit. One takes a little time to get into it, I am becoming quite acclimatized now. We have just been making tea in our cabin, rather close quarters after mountains and woods and I think I will venture up on deck, though Mr. Laidlay says it is very wobbly there, and it is nice in the cabin with the port wide open beside

my berth. We get into Port Said tomorrow morning, spend some hours there when we shall be able to get ashore, (I would not have landed here today for anything), go on about another twelve hours to Alexandria where we stay the rest of Friday and all Saturday, starting Sunday morning for Marseilles which it seems we reach on the 28th, not the 29th, so we ought to be in Paris by the 30th. Please write to me there at Cook's office, Place de l'Opera, as we have not settled on our hotel. I have asked Miss Bevan to forward your Constantinople letter to Paris as I expect my Haifa one would be too late to stop your writing. We mean to come home on the 5th or 6th, oh I just see the 6th is The Oaks so I must get the others to come on the 5th or 7th. Will Arthur meet me, we shall come to Charing Cross by the early service via Dover. It will probably be the 5th I think as Miss Croft does not want to be late, and I shall cross with her if Mr. Laidlay wants to stay on, though I don't expect he will desert us at the last. I have been lucky this tour in the people I have been thrown with. I can't think what I should have done with nobody but the flock. It is so delightful to be just us three instead of that pack. Miss Croft has given up her P. & O. ticket as Lady Dry is a great friend of one of the directors and is sure she will get it back, so we have taken a family ticket of three to Marseilles for which they allow 10%, to Mr. Smith's delight, he was awfully anxious for Miss Croft to make up her mind, and he has given me my first class fare on to England, so except our days in Paris my travelling expenses ought not to be great. Goodness knows when the flock will get home, Mr. Smith took no trouble to find out about steamers, so they are going on to Constantinople in delightful uncertainty as to when they will get away. I do think it is a fraud his undertaking to conduct people where he has never been himself, and they say of all places you need to do Constantinople with someone who knows it thoroughly. We have no one very interesting on board now, but a lot of English are coming on at Alexandria. We go a very pretty way, through the Straits of Messina and past Corsica. I hope it will be daylight for both.

With much love, yours ever, Anna L. Glyn

On Board the Niger, Golfe de Lyons, April 28th '92

Dearest Mother, We have had a lovely calm voyage and are due at Marseilles about 7 this evening. Our twelve hours at Port Said were quite sufficient, it is a horrid place and there was a strong wind blowing and the dust and dirt of coaling were fearful. We spent the morning on shore investigating the shops and reading the English papers at Cooks, there was nothing else to do. The Niger started at 5 and the sea was pretty quiet at first in spite of the wind but it got rough in the night. We were not in Alexandria Harbour much before 9, and I did not stir out of my berth till we were safely inside though I was quite well. We went on shore after 10 o'clock dejeuner and I hope you have had the card I posted asking you to send my book '£50' to me in Paris, Cook's Office. I want it particularly. We did Alexandria's shops till we were tired and returned to the ship to rest, she was alongside the quay so we had no bother with boats. After tea we went for a long walk out to the forts on the south west of the Harbour and came back through the English barracks, taking a carriage home as it was nearly dinner time. It is so stupid to dine at 6. On Saturday we started at 12, taking a carriage by the hour, and drove to Pompey's Pillar and all along the Mahmoudieh Canal towards Ramleh. It was a pretty drive

but Alexandria is dreadfully European with its French houses and paved streets and crowds of men in trousers though they did wear the fez. Oh dear, I am so sorry to have left the bright fascinating East. I shall see no more blue and yellow and crimson robes in Marseilles and Paris. Still I am glad to be coming home again, I should be homesick very soon now if I was not on the way. I think three months is my limit. I wonder how I shall manage in Japan! Well, you will think I am a long time getting to Ramleh and so we were in reality. We drove on and on along an endless road with an occasional villa appearing in a dusty garden and miles of sand stretching between dotted with dirty Bedouin tents, messier than any gipsy encampment. I never saw such a place, it would drive one melancholy mad to spend a week there. We reached the sea at last, looking fearfully stormy, it never stopped blowing the whole of the two days, and Mr. Laidlay was always teasing me with predictions of what our voyage would be like, and calling me to watch vessels pitching as they entered or left the harbour! We went home a shorter road arriving about 3.30. The sky looked better in the evening when we walked out to the other side of the harbour where it was rather dirty and coaly, but it is a very nice clean harbour on the whole. Two days at Port Said would have been a penance.

About 50 1st class passengers came on the next morning, a good many English but no one very interesting. We have only made friends with a funny old man who came on at Jaffa and reminds me of Gen: Rob. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and recited to us in a corner of the saloon one evening, and has read us plays of his own composition two other evenings, he is most amusing. We got off punctually at 9 o'clock, the wind had fallen but there was a good deal of swell and one feels the motion dreadfully in the saloon. I had no idea before that the position made such a difference on a ship. I don't mind anything in our cabin only one can't get enough to eat if one stays there, for when it is rough the stewardess is run off her legs. I got through breakfast grandly, but it was rougher in the afternoon. However I put in an appearance at dinner determined to secure something to eat! There were very few passengers, hardly any ladies and several gentlemen retired after the soup! I held out to the meat which I bolted and retired precipitantly, finishing in my cabin (after waiting half an hour), with a bone of chicken and a piece of cake. I was so hungry that I struggled up again to tea and by lying flat on the sofa succeeded in devouring a sufficient number of biscuits! It really is too absurd to be quite well in one's cabin and uncomfortable the moment one is out of it. I wonder how Arthur would comport himself under those circumstances! The sea went down in the night and has been like a lake ever since. We idled away the first few days as one generally does on board, but I set Mr. Laidlay to work to write a rhyming Alphabet on our travels which he did so well that we have made him write three, one topographical, one personal and one general. They are capital and he wrote each one straight off in about an hour. I got a grand inspiration two days ago on the subject of our tour and have been writing hard. It will never do to publish, but is most amusing to write and the others like it immensely. We have been very unlucky passing Messina and Corsica after dark, but yesterday morning at 5 Mr. Laidlay called us up to see Vesuvius standing up straight and clear like an island out of a low land mist with the smoke blowing back from it in a long

trail. It was such a glorious morning and so warm. We watched the sunrise for the first time since our camp days and then returned to bed. There is more wind today and a splendid white-crested sea, but we are not moving much.

Grand Hotel de Marseilles, April 29th

We got into the harbour at 8 last night but were more than an hour getting alongside the quay, and with going through the custom house and everything it was 10.30 before we reached our hotel, which is nice and quiet and comfortable and very well situated. I found Rat's letter waiting for me, for which please thank her, and yours and M's came this morning. I think I should like to be a bridesmaid unless it would suit them better to have someone else. I don't care much either way. Oh! It is so cold here, there is just a little warmth in the sun but a very cold wind blowing, and I used to think Marseilles hot! We went to the station this morning to try to secure a coupé for tonight but did not succeed as they have to be engaged beforehand. Miss Croft and I did a little shopping to tidy up for Paris and then we all went out to lunch at a Restaurant and took a carriage to drive up to Notre Dame de la Garde where you get a magnificent view over the bay and town. I never realised before what a beautiful place Marseilles is. It is past 4 now and we are to dine at 4.45 and my packing is not done. I wish it were tomorrow morning, I do hate the idea of a long train journey again. I will send you a card tomorrow with our Paris address.

We had a lovely sunset yesterday and a fine view of the coast after dinner before we reached Marseilles. I think probably Miss Croft and I will come home on Thursday, Mr. Laidlay wants to stay on longer but we have not quite settled yet. We have ideas of going to Fontainebleau in which case we should be a little later.

With much love, your loving daughter
Anna L. Glyn

Hotel du Prince Albert, Rue St. Hyacinthe, Rue Marché St. Honoré. May 2nd

Dearest Mother, We had a comfortable journey from Marseilles and I managed to sleep part of the night. We did not have coupé lits but found a 'toilette' carriage with only two Frenchmen who proved very harmless. We had come to no decision about hotels but Miss Croft said she could not stay long if we went to an expensive one and Mr. Laidlay declared he did not mind so I thought we would drive to the Prince Albert and see if any decent rooms were to be had. Luckily the May Day terror was infecting everyone [*from 1890 the Second International had called for workers' protests on the anniversary of the Chicago May Day massacre*], so the best rooms in the hotel on the first floor front were vacant so we took them at once and are very comfortable. It is so much nicer to be where people know you. Of course our morning was devoted to baths and lunch, we went to the Louvre in the afternoon and dined at Tissots in the evening. Paris looks so empty and deserted and soldiers were marching in all day, and everybody was grave and solemn, so we thought we would get out of it and spend Sunday at Versailles to see the fountains which only play the first Sunday in the month. We went off by the 10 o'clock train and walked about the park in the morning, going over the

Grand and Petit Trianon. The sun shone and the trees were all in their fresh green with the lilacs and chestnuts just coming into flower, but oh it was so cold. We have taken refuge in all our winter clothes and have fires in our rooms at night and I only wish I had a muff. It is simply bitter, after our lovely summer. The thermometer never fell below 70° in the day and 60° at night till we reached Marseilles. We lunched at a restaurant near the Palace and then went over the State Apartments, going out into the grounds about 4, where we shivered on some chairs until the fountains began to play at 4.30. They were very pretty and there was not a very enormous crowd for the size of the place, so we saw them comfortably, but the biggest of all, the Neptune Fountain did not begin till 5.30, and it came on to rain a little while we waited for it, but it was very fine when it did come off. We drove off at once to the station and caught the 6 o'clock train back to Paris which we found enveloped in a Sabbatarian atmosphere of dullness; all the shops shut, no one in the streets and the few people visible looked bored to death. 'It has been so dull, so dull' M. Coeuille told us when we got in, and on our way to the Palais for dinner we hardly met a soul. We are going to try all the restaurants round and being Sunday we went in for a five franc dinner at the Diner National, 173 Palais Royal, which was very good. Today we are off to the Bon Marché and to the Salon this afternoon. I don't think we shall be home before next Monday as we have such a lot to see, St. Germain etc. and Miss Croft does not mind stopping on as we are at this cheap hotel. I have never done the environs of Paris properly and it is so jolly here, though I wish it were warmer, so I hope you won't mind my being a few days longer. Your loving daughter

Anna L. Glyn

Just found your letter at Cooks.

Hotel du Prince Albert, Paris, May 3rd '92 (Rue St. Hyacinthe, Rue Marché St. Honoré)

Dear Arthur, Will you be so angelic as to meet me at Charing Cross next Monday by the second service train at 7.10? The others don't want to get off by the early one and I don't like to take them on my account and you know the Invicta does not run on Mondays. I am afraid we shall miss the 8.7 train and I could not stay and dine by myself, so if you can't come I don't know what I am to do. I will stand you dinner at Charing X or we might go out to some Strand restaurant, though of course we will have a try to catch the Waterloo train. If there is time at Dover I will send you a wire to the office to tell you the time of our arrival so that you will be able to have some idea when the train will reach Charing X and not have so long to wait. Send me the number in Lincoln's Inn, I forget it. Rat said something about meeting me but I expect she would not care to come so late with the chance of missing the train. Just ask her. We enjoyed the Salon yesterday afternoon. It is a very fine building. Today we shopped again this morning and went to the Invalides and Cluny this afternoon. It was a little warmer this morning when the sun shone, but it is still wretchedly cold. I have had a cold for a week and it won't go, I hope I will get rid of it before I come home. It is so bad in my head and a horrible nuisance. We are having an awfully jolly time, and I hope Mother won't mind my putting off my return. We won't be any later than Monday. I want to know if my letter from Haifa and the first one from Damascus arrived, because if not I must

copy Mr. Laidlay's journal as I have kept none and they included our whole tour.

Fancy those two missing their boat, it was a pity, but they always warn you to be beforehand with ocean steamers. Thank Mother for the book which I found this morning.

Of course you will write here now. Much love, Yrs Anna L. Glyn

Post card to Lady Glyn, Ewell, Surrey, Angleterre

Paris, May 6th. I am sorry but we must come by the late train as we have our tickets for Calais, and besides I don't like the Boulogne boats, so I will wire to A. and hope we may catch the early train. Ask Rat to come and see me on Tuesday to lunch or tea and Miss Frä: (not together). My cold is a little better but the weather is like the depths of winter, bright sun today but not an atom warmer. We are doing Paris thoroughly but it is too cold for expeditions outside. We have been twice to the Salon and are going again. We went to the Hyppodrome one night and to a comic opera at the Renaissance which was not over till midnight last night, and tomorrow we go to Carmen at the Opéra Comique. It is great fun going the rounds and if only the weather were like May Paris would be perfectly charming, all the chestnuts and lilacs are in flower and the gardens and Bois look so pretty and feel so cold! It is tantalising.

A Lundi. A.L.G.