

mologists who have previously sent valuable information concerning the distribution, etc., of the various forms of *A. betularia* in their own particular districts in compliance with a former request.

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The Old Inhabitants of a Jerusalem Garden.

by A. H. Swinton.

It was the fifth of May of the year 1906 when I arrived with a portmanteau at the lodging house kept by Mrs. Reardon in the suburbs of Jerusalem, and the Paschal Butterflies, *Thais cerisyi*, whose notched, red bedropped wings keep in memory a crown of thorns, had ceased to wander adown the rough slope of Olivet among a glow of ensanguined cyclamen and the fading glory of scarlet anemones. The pension in which I found myself located consisted in a central diningroom on which dormitories opened on either hand; behind was a kitchen and overhead on the flat roof an open cistern to collect the former and latter rain of winter. No doves or pigeons racoed to greet the returning year; they are not now much kept in Judea, and the last lion that came up from the swelling of the Jordan they say was killed by the crusaders. the wild ass does not snuff the air on Olivet and the gazelle of the dawn is not seen there. Adown the lanes of Bethlehem a large white sow wanders at its at its own sweet will, for the pale-faced inhabitants are christians; and still a carob tree, *Ceratonia siliqua*, whose flowers have no corolla, lingers beside an arab village, where it dropped its fattening husks for the Roman swine. How centuries had flown! On entering my dormitory I noticed a whitey-brown, long-legged arachnide, called by the Arabs Ankaboot, on the window pane; and imagining this to be the Accabish, or handyspider alluded to by King Solomon, when at leisure I sat down and made a sketch of it which I sent to Mr. Pickard Cambridge who being unable to identify this with the *Pholcus phelangioides* that was an eyesore in his Dorsetshire church, desired a specimen in alcohol. The *Pholcus* abounds some years in the west of England and on the western seaboard of France, and it is wonderful to see it wait for the blue-bottle flies at sundown and hang them up like legs of mutton, screaming in a winding sheet.

Having rested, I strolled out in the cloudless sunshine with my missionary acquaintance, Mr. Joseph, to the Jaffa Gate where are hotels and tourist agencies, and here amid the concourse of copper-coloured men and dromedaries resembling shoe leather with a white one among them, flies, the minions of Baalzebub, arose with surging hum from the comestibles exposed for sale by bronzed arab traders, who sat crosslegged and motionless like idol gods. No doubt but what these were the flies that cause ophthalmia and which in the days of King Solomon contaminated the drugs of the apothecary; those I found congregated on Mrs Reardon's refuse heap on my return, Mr. Wingate, author of the Durham Diptera, informed me were the English House Fly, *Musca domestica*, known to the Arabs as Dubban Balady, the kitchen Blue Bottle with the Red Cheeks, *Calliphora erythrocephala*, the Green Fly, *Lucilia caesar*, and the grey-checked, carrion loving, *Sarcophaga carnaria*: around the shade of the trees, *Homalomyia scalaris*, that whiles the summer hour in Europe and North America, went on its circling dance and invited to a garden chair to meditate on Olivet that rose in prospect thinly dotted over with olives and crowned with an arb village and lean Russian belfry.

The lodging house repast was patriarchal, the herds of black cows that wander among the pheasant's eyes and red poppies, or Shaarari, on the Plain of Sharon, where we had seen a Blue Jay, we were told were unwell, the mutton proved to be tough like leather and the veal hard and black, scarcely eatable save when made the second day into a stew; and to drink, there was soft water flavoured with grape syrup, or dibs; Those large cauliflowers that provoked the wonderment of Horatius Bonar were only in season when the bright bands of Orion had set, and shivering mortals awaited the sweet influence of the Pleiads and returning horn of the Bull. During the conversation that followed no one mentioned Babylon or Rome, but how were Edom and Moab and Gilead, once the seat of war, become with young women the land of romance, there were no grapes comparable to those of Es-Salt, no bridle paths like those of Kerak, no harum-scarum gallop in the moonlight more full of sentiment than a ride to the rock-hewn temples of Petra. At the conclusion of the sociable repast a sleek cat, long-legged, lean and mouse coloured, was seen with wistful eyes and a paw on the table.

There were a pair of foxy dogs, cousins, I should imagine, of the jackals, one brown and the other black, that came of their own accord to guard the lodging house at night with their Barabbas barkings, and I was aroused betimes the following morning by the voice of the black Sophie, who had descended from Olivet with sour milk or leben, and the customary intimation that she would be paid Bad Bukrah, the day after tomorrow. Breakfast over, I sauntered out in the garden on which the diningroom opened. What the tree mustard and gigantic rue of Macherus were no one knew any more than Mathew, Luke and Mark; but in front of the house a so called Pepper Tree, *Schinus molle*, murmured in the wanton air, and on it stood a green, fly-licking chameleon, *Chameleo vulgaris*, which when seized collapsed with the squeal of a crushed cabbage, recalling its Hebrew name of Coach, and became black with terror; its relatives the geckoes, my old companions in the Mauritius, I had missed from the window pane; but presently a manservant arrived from Miss Fitzjohn, the then superintendent of the school for few girls, on whom I had paid a call, with a dessicated specimen; there are those who consider the gecko is the spider of the Scriptures. Behind the Pepper Tree lay a waste of single roses, wild beneath the snows of Lebanon these, I imagine, had been planted here by the catholic proprietor in honour of the Virgin: when summer arrived their leaves became corroded by an orange fungus, which, according to Jerome, who died at Bethlehem, A. D. 420, is the Chasil of the prophet Joel, provided the same prove not to be the blight or a leaf-rolling caterpillar. In Isaiah we read: And your spoil shall be gathered like the gathering of the Chasil, and as the locusts leap shall he leap upon them: and Asaph, the Psalmist, adds respecting the plagues of Egypt: „He destroyed their vines with hail and their sycamore trees with frost“, details not found elsewhere. No sycamore tree grew in the garden and I do not know where it exists on the tree-less hills around Jerusalem, the *Ficus sycomorus* is at home among the scorpions beside the dusty way-side at Jericho, where Zaccheus climbed up it: Baal Hanan, the Gederite, in the days of King David, was intrusted with the charge of the olives and sycamores in the low plains.

(to be continued).

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