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ARTICLE VII.

A JUNE DAY IN JERUSALEM.¹

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. FRANZ DELITZSCH, BY REV. SELAH MERRILL, ANDOVER, MASS.

IN the last year, or the last but one, of the decade which immediately preceded our era, all Syria and Palestine were watching anxiously for the issue of a frightful tragedy. Mariamne, descended from the royal family of the Maccabees, the loveliest and most noble of the wives of Herod, had already fallen a victim to his dark suspicion. And now he had been led, by intrigue, to suspect also that his two sons by the murdered queen, Alexander and Aristobulus, who were the pride and joy of the people, were plotting against his life. By intimidation he had succeeded in having a tribunal in Berytus, without their being either seen or heard in the court, sentence them to death. And all the world was now asking if a father could possibly allow his own sons to be executed; and especially two so noble and, without doubt, innocent sons as these. At this moment of anxious suspense, let us place ourselves in Jerusalem, and unroll the panorama of the life of a single day there, as it then was.

It is a working-day of the month Sivan, corresponding to our June. The night, cloudless and starry, had given place to the early and long-continuing dawn. The two divisions of the temple-watch, bearing torches, have met near the apartment where the priestly oblation of unleavened cakes is baked, and exchanged signals that all is in order and readi-

¹ This Article forms chapter iv. of Dr. Delitzsch's little book entitled: "Handwerkerleben zur Zeit Jesu. Ein Beitrag zur neutestamentlichen Zeitgeschichte." Erlangen, 1868. The book is made up of five separate Essays, all of which are exceedingly interesting. This chapter, which is a picture of life in Judea from the times just previous to the birth of Christ, is published with the Author's sanction. — TRANS.

ness. Those priests who have passed the night in sleep, have arisen and bathed, and clothed themselves in the garments of their office. In that stone apartment, of which a half was occupied as a hall for the meetings of the Sanhedrin, the appointments for service for the approaching day have been assigned by lot. The brazen washbowl which has remained during the night submerged in water, has been taken out, and the priests have washed therein their hands and feet. Now peals forth the first morning call for the city lying below; the priests blow with their trumpets, whose clang in the still morning air rings far out into the upper and lower, the old and new city. The Levites, at the command of the chief of the porters, open all the gates of the Temple. The preparations for the morning service, of which the principal ceremony was the daily sacrifice of a lamb, now begin. The altar of burnt offerings is cleansed; the bundles of wood, placed upon the glowing coals that have been raked together, kindle slowly; the musicians bring their instruments and take them from their cases; the guard is released, and the priests and Levites who served on the preceding day are dismissed. All this has taken place by torch-light. Meanwhile, however, the officer appointed to observe the hours notices the approach of day. Certain priests, at his command, go up to the pinnacle of the Temple. When the morning sky has become so light that Hebron, lying in the mountains to the southeast of Jerusalem, can be seen, these cry out from above, "Barkāi ad Chebron, *it is light as far as Hebron*;"¹ and at once there rings out the call: "Priests to your service! Levites to your pulpits! Israelites to your places"! This last call refers to those representatives of the whole people who, in weekly rotation, assist at the sacrifices, and also pass the night in the Temple.

Meantime the city with its surroundings has become alive with activity. Military signals are heard in the fortress of Antonia. Under the cedars of Olivet, the shops of Beth-Hini are opened. In that street of the Temple which leads

¹ Yoma iii. 1 (with the Gamara).

from the fortress-area to the west wall of the Temple hill, are seen cattle merchants and money-changers hastening before those who would visit the Temple, to the bazar in the court of the Gentiles. Those also who intend to join in the morning service come from the upper city through the Xistus gate, from the new city through the market gate, and by other ways to the avenue or ascent of the Temple hill. The bridge connecting the Xistus-terrace with the region about the Temple is especially thronged. Here and there one stops and looks up to the left upon the splendid theatre, or down on the other side towards the Tyropaeon, or Valley of Cheesemongers,¹ in order to breathe the country air, which on that side blows over from the dairies there below.

Not all, however, go up into the Temple for morning prayer. Jerusalem had, indeed, hundreds of synagogues.² Those two elegant gentlemen yonder, who are dressed in Greek costume, and who speak Greek with each other, are going to the synagogue of the Alexandrians. That respectable citizen there, carrying under his arm his prayer-robe in which are his tefillin,³ is going to the synagogue of the copersmiths, where he has his hired place; while that lady, with hair tufted by the friseur, and a boquet of roses, will not conceal her exquisite morning toilette behind the railing of a synagogue (the place assigned to the women), but with tripping step she passes up the Temple-hill in order to display herself in the court of the women.⁴ Thus those going to morning prayer take different directions. Most of them

¹ The cheesemakers were called *megabbentm*.

² Four hundred and eighty according to Jerusalem Talmud, *Megilla*, 73 b; 460 according to Jerusalem Talmud, *Kethuboth*, 35 b.

³ "Tefillin" is the modern Jewish name for *phylacteries*, *Matt.* xxiii. 5, the "frontlets" of the Old Testament. — *TRANS.*

⁴ See Delitzsch's Commentary on *Isa.* iii. 16 sq. The friseur was called *מגרייל*; see Lightfoot's *Horae Heb.* on *Matt.* xxvii. 56. See on this matter of dressing the hair, Buxtorf's *Lexicon* under *גרייל*, but much fuller Levy's *Chaldäisches Wörterbuch* under the same word. The Talmuds mention several times a certain "Mary, the plaiter of women's hair." It was forbidden to do this on the Sabbath, etc. The phrase just quoted — *מרים מגרייל שיער נשירה* — is so much like "Mary Magdalene," that the possible connection between the two has been discussed. — *TRANS.*

wear anxious faces; and where two are walking together they do not speak without first casting about them suspicious glances. A venerable old man with a long beard and two white front locks, murmurs to himself as he passes by the mortarplace [Mörserplatz] in front of the theatre, "I thank thee, O God, God of my fathers, that thou hast assigned me my portion among those who abide in the schools and synagogues, and not among those who take pleasure in the theatre and circus."¹ His wife who walked by his side, or rather, followed a step behind him, said in a low voice, "Amen"! and, with tears in her eyes, glanced over to the left towards the tower of Mariamne and whispered, "Thou hast escaped this, O noble Mariamne; it is well that thou dost no longer live."

Meanwhile the sun has risen, and the appointed hour for morning prayer, accompanied with the sacrifice in the Temple, has arrived. That pharisee yonder, who has allowed himself to be overtaken on the street by the hour of prayer, stops suddenly, and arranges his tefillin with their immense cases upon his head and arm. That laborer, who at this moment finds himself in a fruit tree gathering fruit into his basket, stops his work and performs his morning worship in this nature-temple among the branches.² Everywhere men are praying. Only in the palace of Herod is all yet quiet. The tyrant sleeps still, and his courtiers go about on tiptoe. The people pray; and wherever they pray they join with their audible prayer a silent petition for deliverance from the tyrant, and an intercession for Aristobulus and Alexander — the noble sons of the high-minded Maccabean princess Mariamne, already executed by her husband — who, by

¹ Babylonian Talmud, Berachoth, 28 b, and the parallel place in the Jerusalem Talmud.

NOTE. — On the "Mortarplace," see Zeph. i. 11, where the word "Makteah" occurs as the name of a place. "A place or quarter in Jerusalem where the shop-keepers, exchangers, and trading Phoenicians dwelt," Fürst's Lexicon under this word. It was probably a hollow place shaped somewhat perhaps like a mortar. — TRANS.

² Babylonian Talmud, Berachoth, 16 a.

their father Herod, have been falsely accused and imprisoned, and whose fate is now suspended between life and death. Yet the government even of a Herod is not so base as to prevent its attracting to itself a multitude of mercenaries and partizans, parasites and sycophants; as, for instance, the court baker, the court perfumer, and the like.

After the morning service, and even before it is at an end in the Temple and synagogues, the great market-place in the lower, new city has assumed the greatest and most varied activity. This market-place must not, however, be thought of as a public square belonging to a city hall; the city hall or council house of Jerusalem, stood upon the Xistus-terrace, while the lower market-place was a long, wide street, corresponding to what, in our German cities, we should call the "Long Row," or the "Broadway." Here, on both sides, there is a succession of shops, stalls, and stands. Here is to be found bread and pastry made from Ephraim wheat,¹ which retailers² bargain for, to sell again with profit in the more distant portions of the city; also cakes of figs and raisins which that poor little girl yonder, with pieces of wood in the points of her ears instead of earrings, looks at with great eagerness; also all sorts of fish from the sea of Tiberias which excite the curiosity of those young students on their way to the high school, founded by Simeon Ben Shetach;³ and fancy articles, either of jewelry or for house decoration, of every variety; and even false teeth, with the gold and silver wire to fasten them with.⁴ Here one cries his "Dibs," or grape syrup; there another recommends his Egyptian lentils as of the finest quality; while a third has caraway seed to sell, and also runs a pepper-mill. In the open spaces

¹ The Ephraim (עִפְרַיִם) mentioned in John xi. 54. Neubaur, Géographie du Talmud, p. 155, says: "The abundance of wheat at Ephraim was proverbial. 'To carry straw to Ephraim' was equivalent to our phrase 'to carry water to the river.'" — TRANS.

² Retailers were called רֹבְעֵי, which is equivalent to the Greek *παραίτη*.

³ Graetz, Gesch. der Juden, 3. 145.

⁴ Shabbath, vi. 5.

before the houses those handicraftsmen whose work admits of it, have arranged their temporary shops upon the streets, and labor so industriously that they do not pause even to stand up when a Hillel or some other scribe passes by.¹ Here a shoemaker fastens the upper-leather upon the sole of a sandal; there a tailor adorns an elegant prayer-robe with beautiful fringe; yonder a weapon maker is hammering from Syrian iron a handle for a dagger. In the less frequented and more shady side alleys, as, for instance, those where the meat-markets and wool-carding shops are, the handicraft carried on is still more varied; flax is broken even upon the open street.² The market becomes constantly more animated. Buyers, sellers, and curiosity seekers flock from every side. In the corner below at the market gate, and also above where the street from the north gate intersects with that from the gate of the tower of the women, stand laborers waiting to be employed. One is bargained with to take flax out of the rotting-vat, but the employer says to him; "Bread and fruit, sir! you get nothing farther from me to eat."³ Yonder, at the market gate, and thus in the very heart of the city, stands a crowd of shrewd donkey drivers, of whom one has the good fortune to be chosen to transport to Bethany, for an approaching wedding there, a bedstead and other household stuff, together with the indis-

¹ Babylonian Talmud, Kiddushin, 33 a.

² Babylonian Talmud, Chullin, 60 a.

³ Baba Mezia, vi. 1; vii. 1.

NOTE. — Chapters vi. and vii. of Baba Mezia are interesting because they give full details as to the laws which governed employees and those employed. The hours of labor, the price for the different kinds of work to be done, the damages incurred in case cattle or other property that was hired was injured, the bargain being definitely made with the laborer beforehand; regulations in regard to all these matters are given, and even in regard to "finding" the laborer, or the provisions he had a right to claim. And as the property of the farmer might consist largely of choice fruits which the laborers employed to gather might well nigh eat up unless prevented, regulations were adopted defining the privileges and the limitations of laborers in all such cases. The reference of Delitzsch in the text is to the arrangements which the farmer makes beforehand with the laborer as to the amount and kind of provisions he is to expect in addition to his daily pay. — **TRANS.**

pensable flutes.¹ This certainly is a knot of men through which one could not pass without hearing some jocular comment upon himself. A serious, self-absorbed, sickly appearing man hastens past. "That man," says one of the donkey drivers, "has surely had a bad dream; which of the four and twenty dream interpreters is he going to consult?"² A doctor elbows his way through the crowd: "Good morning, Mr. Surgeon," one cries out, "how goes business?" "A hundred cases of blood letting for two pence [sus]," he replied.³ A portly, florid-faced scribe jostles aside somewhat rudely an old woman who stood in his way: "Old fellow" screeches she, insultingly, "old fellow, how red you are! either you are a wine-guzzler, or a pawn-broker, or a hog-raiser."⁴

Passing now through the market gate across through the lower town, we come by the gate of the Maccabean wall which surrounds it, outside the city near the tomb of John the high-priest, and thence, turning southward, we reach by the Gennath gate the upper market, between the fortress of the Maccabean kings and the palace of Herod, which latter edifice surpassed in splendor even the Temple itself. Here also business is animated, yet is not to be compared to the bustling activity upon the great lower market-place. Here everything is more quiet and aristocratic. This is the center of those branches of handicraft of "the polytechnic city"⁵ which enjoy special privileges from king Herod. The productions of the more artistic professions, horticulturists and the like, predominate here. Yonder a goldsmith exposes to view a *terpôle*,⁶ i.e. a grape vine made out of solid gold; and near by, a potter exhibits his household utensils and ornamental vases, made from both black and white earth. There one also finds for sale the choicest figs of Jerusalem from the garden of roses, which is enriched by the blood of the sacrifices flowing down upon it.⁷ That old man yonder

¹ Baba Mezia, vi. 1.

² Babylonian, Shabbath, 129 b.

³ Thus Aristes calls Jerusalem.

⁴ Babylonian, Berachoth, 55 b

⁵ Jerusalem, Shekalim, 47 b.

⁶ Josephus, Antiq. 16. 3.

⁷ Maseiroth, ii. 5; Comp. Baba Kamma, 82 b.

clothed entirely in white, with such shoes on that even a beggar, were he to find them upon the street, would not stoop to pick up, is an essene; ¹ he looks inquiringly about for some one who may be able to direct him to the house of the chief of his order. The heat of the day has already begun to be perceptibly felt, and the great cistern in the middle of the market-place is besieged by young and old. Now and then the crowd gives way, respectfully, to make room for some royal page; also those making purchases step back to give precedence to an approaching royal eunuch. A young Galilean, however, who has spread upon the ground a square linen cloth, and placed upon it a great amphora full of Lebanon oil, and by it a gigantic water-melon to attract attention, looks with indignation and contempt upon these expressions of servile flattery. "Where do you come from at all?" inquired a thin-bearded, trembling little man, to whom the Galilean with an earthen egg, which served him as a measure, ² was dealing out some oil. "I am from the city" he replied, "which sits like a free bird upon the mountain." He referred to Sepphoris. ³ Perceiving just then among the passers by a man who wore in the points of his ears on one side red and blue threads, and on the other green and yellow—the man is a dyer who, in this way, advertises himself and his business ⁴—he laughs heartily at this novel method of publishing one's self, and cries out to the stranger, "Master Tobias, can you color red (adom) white?" This was an allusion to Herod as an Edomite. A Herodian police spy ⁵ hereupon hastens to the guard of the market-place; and when two soldiers order the young man to follow them, he

¹ The Essenes were in favor with Herod, Josephus, *Antiq.* 15. 10. 5; Wars, 2. 8. 3 sq.

² Herzfeld, *Metrologische Untersuchungen*, p. 102.

³ Babylonian, *Megilla*, 6 a.

⁴ Jerusalem Sabbath, 3 b, Mishna: "The public writer shall not (towards the evening of Friday) go out with his pen over his ear, nor the dyer with samples (כַּסְבִּי"וֹ דֵּשֶׁרְיָמָא) in his ears, nor the money-changer with a denarius in his ear." See on this the Scholion. The Mishna of the Babylonian Talmud omits the dyer and the money-changer, and has instead, the tailor with his needle.

⁵ Josephus, *Antiq.* 15. 10. 4.

resists with such herculean strength, that he cannot be moved from his place. A great crowd collect about them, and the soldiers are alarmed for themselves on account of the tumult in the immediate neighborhood of the palace, and while one grapples with him, the other runs him through the body with his sword. With the words, "God will punish thy crimes, O daughter of Edom, and uncover thy sins," he falls upon the ground, and his blood mingles with the Lebanon oil of his vessel which has been overturned and broken in the struggle. Violent expressions of indignation at the barbarity of the soldiers, and at the baseness of the spy, burst from the crowd, and also exclamations of despair that personal freedom should be so shamefully violated, and of pain that the blood of the young martyr of freedom should be so wantonly shed, when suddenly, as if by a universally understood and magic signal, this confused outcry is hushed to breathless stillness, as from mouth to mouth the information spreads of the approach of a man, who, just then, with easy and almost imperceptible steps passed through the Gennath gate; and, casting everywhere a sharp, scrutinizing glance, walks across the market place. He carries under his arm an elegant little box. His dress is more in the style of Alexandria than of Jerusalem. His hair is black, but evidently colored. His fingers are loaded with brilliant rings. As he passes the stand of a public writer who has for sale tefillin, and all sorts of parchments covered with magic formulas against evil spirits, he glances at these and exclaims, "Aha, you vie with Diophant." This was the name of that calligrapher who had forged a letter in the name of Alexander, the now imprisoned son of Herod and Mariamne, to the commander of the fortress Alexandrium, in which he requested the latter to receive him, when he should have put his father out of the way, and to deliver over to him the war material of the fortress.¹ "You honor me too highly, my Lord," replied the old man, who was secretly irritated by this comparison. The dreaded man approaches the thickest of the crowd. The

¹ See on the affair here referred to Josephus, *Antiq.* 16. 10. 3, 4. — *TRANS.*

crowd divide and the bloody corpse of the young Galilean is revealed to him. Without being moved at this spectacle, he cries out with an offensively shrieking voice, "Friends, you verify the proverb; 'Where the ox falls the butchers abound.'" This man is the court barber, Tryphon, who thought to-day, by a masterpiece of cunning, to elevate himself still higher than at present in the favor of Herod. An old, brave soldier of the king, named Tero, had taken the fate of the princes Alexander and Aristobulus so much to heart, that he had become nearly demented over it. He ran about denouncing this trampling under foot of justice, and likewise the prevailing corruption and falsehood. At last he poured out the fulness of his indignation before Herod himself, and named to him several in the army who felt in the same way. The consequence could be easily foreseen; he sat now with his son, who had served prince Alexander, behind the bolts and bars of the Antonia castle. These two, thought Tryphon, one can neither injure nor aid any more, and hence I may be allowed to use their misfortune, which they have incurred by their own imprudence, for my own advantage. With this thought he approached the portal of the palace to go up by the magnificent freestone steps to the elevated platform of the royal house, where, now, between the hours of eleven and twelve (or, reckoning from sunrise, according to the mode of the time, between the fifth and sixth hours), he hoped to find the king already up; since, last night, in one of the vast dining halls of the castle, a banquet to which a hundred guests were invited, was given in honor of Nicolaus of Damascus,¹ and the carousing was continued far into the night, and the death of all the enemies of the king was drunk.

The Sivan-sun [June-sun] becomes more and more oppressive. The crowds on both the market-places have dis-

¹ Nicolaus of Damascus was of a noble family, and was widely celebrated as a writer. Besides other works, he wrote a universal history which contained a life of Herod, the loss of which is to be deplored. Herod was constantly under obligations to Nicolaus for efficient mediating services between himself and the powers at Rome. — TRANS.

persed. We ourselves begin to be somewhat thirsty, as well as hungry. But what shall we drink? Median or Babylonian beer, or Egyptian *zithos*, or native cider?¹ But what is the use in spending time in searching for an ushpiza² (*host*, or *vender*) who will supply us with either one or the other of these? In the wool-combers' alley we have seen large vessels standing before a certain house on the sunny side of the street. They contain wine which is undergoing fermentation. We enter this house and ask (desiring while we eat to increase our knowledge of the country) if we can obtain a dish of locusts baked either in meal or honey, or even merely salted. But how crowded it is here, and what confusion! Before the host has had time to say "yes" to our question, a coppersmith, whom we recognize by his leather apron, holds his wine mug under his nose, while he cries out to us, "You fools, you! to eat without drinking is to waste one's own blood."³ A soldier steps up, and while remarking that "the gentlemen appear learned," he clinks glasses with the coppersmith, and shrieks out so that our ears tingle, "*chamra wechaya lefûm rabbanan wethalmidehon*, this glass to the health of the gentlemen and their pupils!"⁴ "You ass, you, *du chamôr*," cries out a third party, "what do you know about learned men? 'either book or sword' say the people."⁵ Two others seated quietly in a corner playing *nerdshir*,⁶ or, as we would say, backgammon,⁶ request us to take a seat near them. The hubbub in this sooty hole gets more and more confused. One soon perceives that the despotic government has divided even this lowest class of the people into Herodians on the one side and the party of freedom on the other. "Is there anything new from A and A (Aleph and Aleph)?" one inquires, meaning thereby Alexander and Aristobulus "You simpleton!" says one near him, flying in his

¹ Pesachim, iii. 1. Wunderbar, *Biblich-Talmudische Medicin*, i. 75 et seq., and often in other places.

² אִשְׁפִּיזָא Babylonian, Erubin, 53 b.

³ Babylonian, Shabbath, 41 a.

⁴ Babylonian Shabbath, 67 b.

⁵ Babylonian, Aboda Zara, 17 b.

⁶ See Delitzsch's *Essays on Chess in Fürst's Orient*, 1840, No. 4. Also Buxtorf, *Lexicon*, under נִרְדְּשִׁיר. — TRANS.

face, "Silence is the best spice." "Who was that fellow, any way, killed upon the upper market-place there?" inquires a third. "Afra lefuma de Iyob — *dust in the mouth of Job*;" i.e. hold your dirty tongue,¹ a certain tanner belches out at him. "What, you vile swampweed!" rejoins the former, "do you wish to stop my mouth?" "Go on with your abuse" replies the master tanner, "a myrtle remains a myrtle even under brambles."² Thus no one ventures to give free expression to his opinions, for even the very walls have ears. But just then as a declared Herodian sneezed with such violence ["krokodilartig niest"] that the man next him had to snatch away his goblet in order to prevent the wine from being defiled ["damit der Wein nicht durch sein Nasenwasser verdünnt werde"] this whole rowdy company cried out, "Yas, yas, *God bless you, God bless you.*"³

The sun meanwhile has reached its full meridian. The white marble of the palace reflects the dazzling midday beams. The Temple appears to be suspended above the city like an ocean of light. The glance upwards, whether to the Temple, or to the castle of Antonia, or to the city of David, with its three towers of the Herodian stronghold, is almost insupportable. The streets are nearly deserted, and the stillness is only here and there interrupted either by a water-seller, or by one who cries out "Edomitish vinegar," i.e. wine that has been made sour by standing in barley. Workmen and muleteers lounge in the shade, and dip their bread into a sort of milk soup ["eine Art Milchkaltschale"] which is called Babylonian *Cuthach*. Yonder in the dye-house a little better style prevails; the journeymen there eat a kind of soup, prepared from baked meat and sliced onions, and sip at the same time their *zuman*, or water mixed with bran.⁴ And upon the table of that goldsmith stands a large decanter of wine and a vessel in which is arranged a fine filter made of Egyptian

¹ Baba Bathra, 16 a.

² Babylonian Talmud, Sanhedrin, 44 a.

³ See Buxtorf, Lex. Chald., under ܐܘܢܐ. To a person who sneezed while eating it was customary to say, "Assutha" (or Assu), i.e. "may you be saved from danger." "Yas" in the text is a vulgar form of *Assu*. — TRANS.

⁴ Pesachim, iii. 1.

palm-bark for the purpose of filtering the wine, and also choice fruits which serve as dessert after the principal meal.¹

The heat is oppressive; but still more oppressive is the burden which rests upon the minds of the people. For the report has spread through the city that king Herod has again fallen into a fit of madness, and has sworn the death of some hundreds of the citizens. Here and there one might relate how he had seen Tryphon,² the court barber, being conducted by four soldiers across the Fortress Place. "Yes," says another, "I was to-day up in the Temple during the second hour of prayer, and when I came down out of the Temple street upon the Fortress Place, I saw the iron door [of the palace] close, and Tryphon, with hanging head, driven before the soldiers across the bridge of the Antonia ravine to the gate of the fortress." It was true. The favorite of Herod had hoped by the revelation of a secret to be advanced still higher in the royal favor. He had shaved the king and retired. Yet he lingered a long time, walking up and down the alleys with which the grounds about the palace were laid out, in a struggle with himself. At last he made his resolution. He had himself again announced to the king, and when in his presence, laid before him the statement that Tero, who was already imprisoned on account of his zeal for Alexander and Aristobulus, had often tried to persuade him to finish the king with one stroke of his razor, and had promised him in return rich presents and the highest favor of Alexander. "I thank you for your frankness," responded the king, who put confidence in every base report, and especially those now in regard to his sons, so deeply maligned by himself. But after having been sunk a long time in gloomy silence, he suddenly started up, and cried out more like a wild beast than a man, so that Tryphon trembled in his whole body: "Often, is it, that he has tried to persuade you to do this; and yet only to-day it has occurred to you to inform me of it! A long time, indeed, you have lent your ear to this dog, and have spun treachery with him! The reward for this blood letting which you had planned was not large

¹ Shabbath, xx. 2.

² See Josephus, Antiq. 16. 11. 6. — TRANS.

enough, I suppose!" Tryphon wanted to speak; but the king threw open the door, and cried out, "Seize him! Confine him in Antonia. Tell the commander there that he is an accomplice of Tero and his rascally son." Thus Tryphon was confined in the dungeon, and while the artizans of Jerusalem allowed themselves some respite from labor during the midday heat, the torturers in Antonia labor on, and, together with them, those court assistants who write down the confessions of the tortured.

Sympathy for Tryphon, whose calumniations have already plunged many families into misfortune, can hardly be expected in Jerusalem; but if we dared to enter the homes of the city, we should find everywhere, for the two sons of Mariamne, an anxious sympathetic feeling expressed, timorously on the part of some,—since mutual mistrust has penetrated the most endeared of family circles,—but also boldly on the part of others. It is now not far from three o'clock in the afternoon. A crowd of people, particularly of young people, come running from the direction of the North gate, while another company run from the opposite direction to meet them. People look out of their houses and ask what is going on. It is a Bicurim procession,¹ as it is called, halted before the North gate. Bicurim means the first-fruits of the soil, which must be dedicated to God, and brought to the Temple. The land was divided into twenty-four circles. At the appointed time, those who were to bring the first-fruits to Jerusalem assembled in the principal city of their particular district, where they passed the night upon the street, instead of entering into public-houses, in order that they might be ready at the early moment when the chief man of the district should call out, "Arise, let us go up to Zion, to the house of the Lord our God." Such a Bicurim procession had just now made a halt before the North gate, in order from thence to announce in the Temple the fact of its arrival, and, meantime, to put the first-fruits in order, arranging the finest fruits about the rest in the form of a wreath. The delegates from

¹ Bicurim, iii. 2 et sq.; comp. Herzfeld, *Gesch. des Volks Israel*, 3. 128 et sq.

the Temple have already gone out to meet the procession. These are the representatives of the officiating Priests and Levites, together with the treasurers of the Sanctuary. Already in the distance the cheerful notes of the flute are heard. A more delightful interruption of the gloomy mood in which Jerusalem finds itself to-day were not possible. The national and characteristic jubilant feeling of the people which despotic tyranny had well nigh smothered, is kindled again at this spectacle, and we feel deeply impressed that this corresponds better with the sentiment of the nation than the dramatic exhibitions and Greek music of the theatre, or the contests of gladiators and wild beasts with which Herod had endowed Jerusalem.¹ Those living near Jerusalem carry in their gold and silver baskets, or in other cases, baskets made of willow twigs woven together, fresh figs, and even fresh grapes, although it is yet hardly the end of June; while those living in the remote districts bring dried figs, and other fruits, and on the baskets themselves are hanging the doves, with their wings tied, designed for a burnt-offering. A bullock that is to form a general thank-offering, leads the procession. His horns are covered with gold, and upon his head he wears a wreath of olive twigs. It is a long procession which now enters Jerusalem to the sound of flutes. The Temple delegation which is to receive, with appropriate ceremonies, this festive caravan, is also numerous. The question of curiosity, from whence they come, is already answered: they are from Sebaste, the old Samaria. Wherever the procession passes before the artizans, who labor, as we have seen, sitting either in front of the houses or upon the floor of their houses, they stand up respectfully, and call out, "*Achenu anshe Sebasti bathem leshalom!* Brothers, men of Sebaste, welcome!" But as they approach, to the sound of flutes, the Temple hill, each one takes his basket upon his shoulder. Having reached in this manner the court

¹ The chariot races, gladiatorial shows, and various games and contests which Herod instituted at Jerusalem, were of such a magnificent character as to excite the admiration of foreigners who were accustomed to such exhibitions in Greece and Rome. A full account is given in Joseph. Ant. 15. 8. 1, 2. — TRANS.

of the men, the Levites strike up with music the psalm beginning, "I praise thee, O God, because thou hast heard me, and hast not allowed my enemies to rejoice over me."¹ The doves which hang upon the baskets are taken for a burnt-offering, and whatever else the people have brought they give over to the priests, and repeat meanwhile the confession prescribed by Moses² for those who bring the first-fruits. All this takes place to-day at the hour of evening service. A great multitude of men, women, and children have streamed into the Temple after those in the procession, and crowd about them as they go out. Relatives and friends receive their own, while the citizens vie with each other in showing hospitality to the rest. And as these men sit or recline at the evening meal with their friends of Jerusalem, the question is constantly repeated, "Do you know anything in regard to the sons of Mariamne?" One says, "they are still closely confined in the Sidonian village Platane." "No," says another, "they are in a far more secure dungeon; they have been taken from Platane to Tyre." "But say you, men of Jerusalem, what does the king intend to do with them?" "They will be put to death," responds the man of the house, "and then two towers will be built to their memory." "He never loved them," said the housewife, "since he hates every one that is better than himself: I have sometimes seen him walking with the two princes, who were almost a head taller than himself, but who ducked down in order that they might not appear to him to be taller." An invited Rabbi attempted, as a pupil of Hillel, who was in great favor with Herod, to support the cause of the king. "Fie on you," says one, "if you have chosen God's business, put on also its dress"; i. e. if you are occupied with God's word, exercise also love.³

And as one then related, not without bitterness, what sort of a moustache-day [Schnurrbartstag] Tryphon had that day had (thus the barbers were accustomed to call any day on which they earned little or nothing⁴), and as one related how

¹ Ps. xxx. — TRANS. ² Deut. xxvi. 3 et seq. ³ Bereshith Rabba, c. 55.

⁴ Dukes, *Rabbinische Blumenlese*, p. 203. — The reference in the text is

the honest Tero and his son had been defamed by Tryphon, how they had been tortured until they had falsely accused themselves, and how that on one of the immediately succeeding days, a wholesale execution of hundreds might be expected, a man from Tirza cried out, "How happy I shall be when I get well out of the holy city, this den of cut-throats!" But when he shall return home what sad intelligence awaits him there! Alexander and Aristobulus have, during his absence, been removed from Tyre to Sebaste and there strangled. In Jerusalem, the following days literally drip with blood. The daily task of sweeping the streets was terrible.¹ The king had pointed out to the people, as they were assembled in the theatre, his generals, together with Tryphon, as guilty of high treason. The mob of Jerusalem in its rage now let loose against the army officers, the most of whom were objects of contempt, behaved itself like a bloody beast. Three hundred were killed. For the most part they were smitten with clubs and stones. Tero fell with the rest.

But during these scenes, here in the stillness of a little chamber, or there in the corner of a synagogue, or yonder in the shadow of some obscure archway,² earnest prayer was offered that the Messiah of God might soon appear, to put an end to the bloody rule of the tyrant, and to this unhallowed riot and tumult. Indeed, this atmosphere, which is loaded with the perfumes of sensuality, and reeking with the blood of victims which iniquity under the cloak of justice has slaughtered, and dense with the vapor of the incense and smoke of the sacrifices offered in the Temple, needs a thorough purification. And this purification is soon to take place. When, after some thirty years, Jesus of Nazareth shall be led forth from the iron gate of the castle of Antonia and along the Via Dolorosa, bearing his cross, then the hour of the Herodians — then the hour of Redemption — will have struck!

p. 102, which is wrong. It seems that the barber had a definite tax for cutting the hair, and trimming the moustache was "thrown in." If this was done alone no charge was made. When a barber earned nothing he said he had had a יְוִטָא לְשַׁבְּרָא, "Ein Tag der Lippenbärte." — *TRANS.*

¹ Baba Mezia, 26 a, and many other places.

² Para, iii. 2.