Nazareth · View of Nazareth · Félix Bonfils · c. 1875

(August 25) 1850

Nazareth. The first thing that one sees is the minaret of the mosque that is surrounded by cypress trees. All of the countryside is mantled with white stones, and this gives rise to a charming surprise effect. The nopal (cactus) are covered with dust, the sun is shining, everything is radiant with light.

(Journey in the Orient, Gustave Flaubert, 1853)
Nazareth: The Church of the Annunciation and the Hostel of the Franciscans from 1730 - Félix Bonfils - c. 1875

[August 25th] 1:50
White houses of Nazareth. - We didn't see as many lizards as yesterday, when there was one on every tree. - Monastery of the Annunciation; head of the Capuchin monk who received us.

Roman church: tapestries from Arras; cave where the angel announced the glad tidings to the Holy Virgin; the stump of a column. We were shown a cupboard, that is the window through which the angel descended. -

... Joseph's house: another cave, in which the damp closeness is enough to kill you and which only exhibits a small corner of masonry from a Roman building. - Elsewhere, one can still see an enormous stone table, or rather a flat bolder, at which Jesus ate with the Apostles on several occasions before and after his Resurrection.

(Journey in the Orient, Gustave Flaubert, 1853)
Nain: View of the Village of Nain, Known from the Raising of the Son of the Widow (Luke 7:11 ff.)
Félix Bonfils · c. 1875
Tiberias - View over Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee -
Anonymous - c. 1875

June 15, 1842
At six o'clock in the morning, I was on horseback yet again, in order to take part in the excursion that had been planned for today to TIBERIAS. Passing Mary's Well [where Mary came daily to draw water from this well using a pitcher] and a hill on which there are a number of ruins, we rode for about one-and-a-half hours as far as the foot of Mount Tabor, whose highest summit takes more than an hour to reach.

...Mount Tabor is also called 'Mount of Blaise'; it was up here that Jesus preached the famous Sermon on the Mount.

...We climbed down the far slope of the mountain into that lovely vast valley where Jesus fed four thousand people with a few loaves and fishes, and rode for a further five-and-a-half hours to Tiberias.

...Far below lay the small town of Tiberias, overshadowed by a few palm trees, protected by a castellated somewhat above it. This unexpectedly beautiful view caught us by surprise...

(Journey of a Viennese Woman in the Holy Land, Ida Pfeiffer, 1844)
Beirut - View over the City and Harbor - Félix Bonfils - c. 1875

It was five o'clock in the morning when we arrived before Beirut... Sprawling along the high shoreline, the city may not have any outstanding buildings, but instead, countless villas with façades in the Moorish style facing toward the sea. The bright colors of the loggias, the melding of colorful windows with the lush green of paradisean gardens give rise to the most vividly contrasting effects... Castles, villages, villas and monasteries cover the abundantly blessed western slopes of the Lebanon, whose feet bathe in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. This is indeed the land flowing with milk and honey. It bears the winter on its crown, spring on its shoulders, fall on its lap and summer at its feet. (A Modern Crusade, Dr. Adam Karrilen, 1888)
morning when we arrived before the high shoreline, the city may buildings, but instead, countless Moorish style facing toward the loggias, the melding of colorful rear of paradise gardens give rise aging effects... Castles, villages, ver the abundantly blessed western hose feet bathed in the blue waters of is indeed the land flowing with the winter on its crown, spring on ap and summer at its feet.

Ian Karrillon, 1898

Beirut - The Lower City with Hotels
Anonymous - c. 1875

On one of the house façades, one can see an advertisement for the photographic studio of Tancrède R. Dumas (inset right).

July 1850
The houses are built of stone, this is no longer Egypt; something or other here already brings the Crusaders to mind.

(Journey in the Orient, Gustave Flaubert, 1853)