THE LAND AND THE BOOK;

OR,

BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, THE SCENES AND SCENERY OF

THE HOLY LAND.

By W. M. THOMSON, D.D.,

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A MISSIONARY OF THE A.B.C.F.M. IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

Maps, Engravings, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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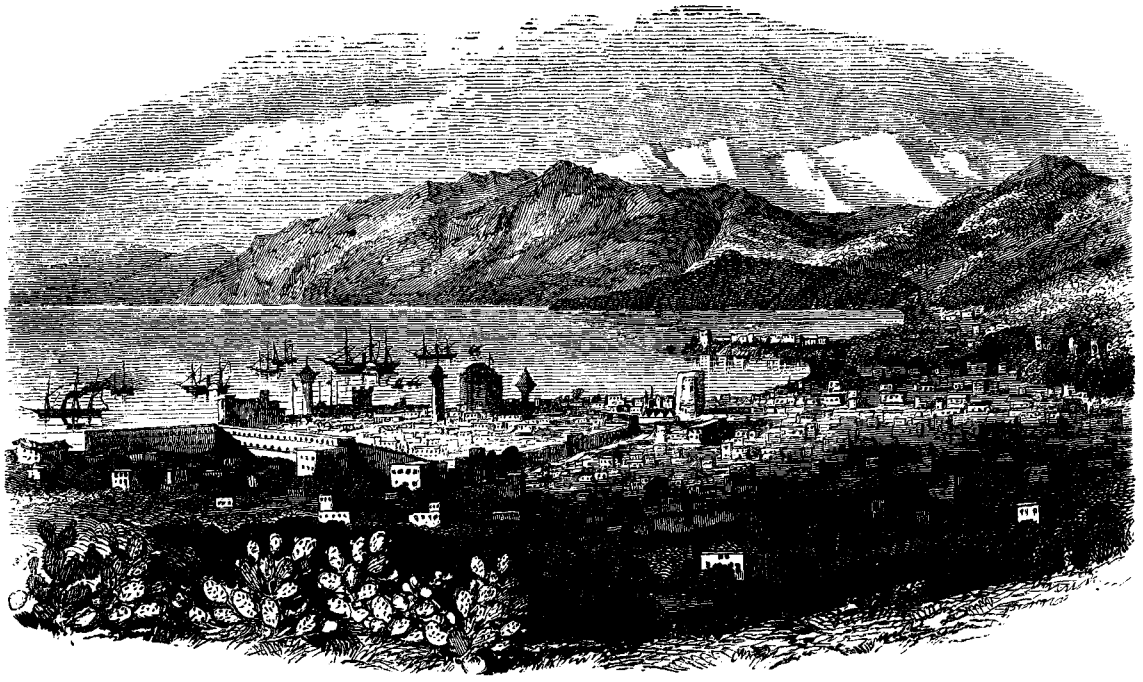
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BEIRUT.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

EVERY sincere attempt to illustrate the Word of God is in itself commendable. On this fundamental fact the author rests his apology for obtruding the present work upon the notice of the public. Commentaries are daily multiplying; geographies and dictionaries, researches and travels almost innumerable, lend their aid to the student of the sacred page, and it is not proposed to add another to the long list. The author does not attempt a consecutive comment on any particular book of the Bible, but selects indiscriminately from all, such passages as contain the themes he desires to elucidate. The field is ample, and it is abundantly rich in subjects for scenic and pictorial description. Whether he has succeeded in working out his own idea or not must be left for others to determine, but, if he has failed, it has not been through want of opportunity to study the originals of which his pictures are to be copies. For a quarter of a century he has resided amid the scenes and the scenery to be described, and from midday to midnight, in winter and in summer, has gazed upon them with a joyous enthusiasm that never tired. The first impressions, corrected and improved by subsequent study and examination, are now reproduced for the eye of the public and the heart of the pious.

The author entertains the opinion that much has been published upon Biblical illustration which recent research has shown to be incorrect or rendered superfluous, and much, also, that does not properly belong to the subject. Erudite and curious inquiries into the life and conduct of

patriarchs, prophets, and kings, for example, though valuable contributions to religious knowledge, are plainly out of place in such works; and the same remark applies to extended critical and exegetical discussion. In these and many other departments of Biblical literature, the student in the heart of Germany or America, surrounded by ample libraries, is in a better situation to carry on profitable inquiries than the pilgrim in the Holy Land, however long his loiterings or extended his rambles. But it is far otherwise in respect to the scenes and the scenery of the Bible, and to the living manners and customs of the East which illustrate that blessed book. Here we need the actual observer, not the distant and secluded student. To describe these things, and such as these, one must have seen and *felt* them, and this the author has done through many years of various vicissitude and adventure, and whatever of life and truth may be in his pictures is due solely to this fact. Here is his appropriate field, and the limit of his promise. Where he has been he proposes to guide his reader, through that "good land" of mountain, and vale, and lake, and river—to the shepherd's tent, the peasant's hut, the hermit's cave, and palace of kings, and temple of gods—to the haunts of the living and the sepulchres of the dead—to muse on what *has been*, and converse with what *is*, and learn from all what they can teach concerning the oracles of God.

A large part of these pages was actually written in the open country—on sea-shore or sacred lake, on hill-side or mountain top, under the olive, or the oak, or the shadow of a great rock: there the author lived, thought, felt, and wrote; and, no doubt, place and circumstance have given color and character to many parts of the work. He would not have it otherwise. That blessed book, at once his guide, pattern, and text, wears the same air of country life, and He who came from heaven to earth for man's redemption loved

not the city. To the wilderness and the mountain he retired to meditate and pray. Thither he led his disciples and the listening multitudes; and from seedtime and harvest, and flocks and shepherds, and birds and flowers, he drew his sweetest lessons of instruction. In this identical land, amid the same scenes, has the author of this work earnestly cultivated communion and intimate correspondence with this divine Teacher, and with the internal and external life of the Book of God; and what he has found and felt he has tried to trace upon the silent page for other eyes to see and other hearts to enjoy. Whether wisely done or otherwise, herein is revealed the reason of that rural *abandon* in matter and manner with which the reader is every where saluted.

Though the author has had his full share of personal "experiences" during his long residence in the East, yet want of space has compelled him to omit such details, except where they serve to bring out some circumstance bearing upon the general design of the work. And the same necessity obliges him to forego, to a great extent, mere moral and devotional reflections. Many of the topics discussed not only admit of, but seem to suggest and even require them; but something *must* be left out, and, whether right or wrong, the author thought it most in accordance with the specific design of his work to omit such "meditations." And yet it is obvious that we ought not to impose silence upon the thousand witnesses to the veracity of the Bible which meet the pilgrim at every turn in his pathway. Broken columns, and prostrate temples, and cities in ruin, must bear testimony to the inspiration of prophecy; and ravens and sparrows, and cedars and brambles, and fruits and flowers, will preach sermons and utter parables, and we shall not hesitate to listen when they begin to teach.

Finally, in this connection, should any of the author's

friends be disappointed in not finding more reference to the missionary operations with which he has been connected, he has no other apology to offer than *want of space.* A history of these various enterprises, American, English, Irish, and German, would require a separate work, and therefore must be omitted in this.

The "Land and the Book" is designed for general and popular reading rather than for the professional student, and therefore it has been deemed necessary to avoid dry textual exposition. In order to secure entire freedom in introducing into the current narrative the multifarious subjects to be illustrated, the author has adopted a modified form of dialogue, but he does not encumber his work with any complex machinery, any dramatis personæ. He is not writing a novel or a play, to teach manners and morals, or portray human character, and his traveling companion acts mainly as usher, to introduce *what needs to be introduced.* It is merely a device to smooth the transition from topic to topic, and from scene to scene, as occasion may require. This, in its present application, may be *new*, but for the purpose for which it is assumed it has many and important advantages.

The "pilgrimage" is continued through so much of the Land and of the year as to allow the author to treat of those passages in the Bible which refer to such matters in their appropriate place and time; and thus he does not speak of *harvest* in *winter*, nor of the *vintage* in *spring*, nor of *rains* and *storms* in *summer*, but of all in the seasons when they actually occur. There are also certain subjects which naturally group themselves around a few localities. For example, the battle-fields of the Bible are mainly in the southern part of Palestine, where Joshua, and Samson, and Samuel, and Saul, and David performed most of their exploits, and on the plains of Esdraelon and the Hûleh. Again, the

Parables have all a *natural basis*, upon which they are constructed by the divine skill of Him who spoke as never man spake, and these mostly cluster about Nazareth, Gennesaret, and Capernaum.

The pictorial illustrations have been prepared with much care, and beautifully executed, and add greatly not only to the interest, but also to the real value of the work. Many of them are original, and others selected from the best existing sources, and so corrected as to be more true to nature, and more appropriate to the book. In this department the author has been largely indebted to the pencil of his son, W. H. Thomson. The maps have been compiled and drawn with exclusive reference to the present work, and embody, it is believed, all the most valuable results of recent geographical explorations in the Holy Land.

Each volume is supplied with two copious and carefully-prepared indexes, one of *texts*, and the other of *names* and *subjects;* and the attention of the reader is particularly directed to them, as they will greatly facilitate reference to those parts of the work where the various subjects treated of, and the Scripture passages illustrated, are to be found.

And now, with the cheerful hope and fervent prayer that our pleasant pilgrimage together through the earthly Canaan may hereafter be resumed and perpetuated in the heavenly, the author bids his courteous reader a cordial *adieu.*

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INTRODUCTION.

THE land where the Word-made-flesh dwelt with men is, and must ever be, an integral part of the Divine Revelation. Her testimony is essential to the chain of evidences, her aid invaluable in exposition. Mournful deserts and mouldering ruins rebuke the pride of man and vindicate the truth of God; and yawning gulfs, from Tophet to the Sea of Death, in its sepulchre of bitumen and brimstone, warn the wicked, and prophesy of coming wrath. Even the trees of her forests speak parables, and rough brambles bear allegories; while little sparrows sing hymns to the happy, and lilies give lessons to comfort the poor. The very hills and mountains, rocks, rivers, and fountains, are symbols and pledges of things far better than themselves. In a word, Palestine is one vast tablet whereupon God's messages to men have been drawn, and graven deep in living characters by the Great Publisher of glad tidings, to be seen and read of all to the end of time.

The Land and the Book—with reverence be it said—constitute the ENTIRE and ALL-PERFECT TEXT, and should be studied together. To read the one by the light of the other has been the privilege of the author for twenty-five years; and the governing purpose in publishing is to furnish additional facilities for this delightful study to those who have not been thus favored. The Itinerary commences with eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, but the scenes described were visited many times during the preceding quarter of a century. These almost innumerable excursions are not imaginary, but real; and the results, so far as they bear on Biblical Illustration, appear in the current narrative.

The "conversations," also, are equally genuine—are, in fact, a part of the tours—held in the open country, on horseback, or beneath the pilgrim's tent. Each reader is at liberty to regard himself as the *compagnon de voyage;* but, in the mind of the author, his fellow-traveler is not a mythical abstraction, whose office is merely to introduce new themes as they are needed, but a true and loving brother, who thus announces his arrival and the object of his visit:

"Ras Beirût, January 20th, 1857.

"MY DEAR W——, I this morning woke to find life's long dream a beautiful reality. For twenty years and more, as you well know, a visit to Palestine has been the unattained object of my fondest aspirations; and now here am I safely landed on her sacred shore, in perfect health, and ready to prosecute our pilgrimage with cheerful courage and high hope. The compact of our boyhood is to be realized, and I summon you to fulfill your part of it. This land of the Bible must become familiar to me as childhood's home. There are lessons in every thing around me, I feel quite sure, and teachers on every side, did I but know their language. You are to be my dragoman to interpret this unknown tongue of the Holy Land. Such, you remember, is our compact.

"I am told that the necessary preparation for our travels can only be made in this city. Come on, therefore, without delay, and let us gather together whatever will contribute to our comfort, safety, and success. This will reach you by messenger express. The answer, I hope, will be yourself."

This summons was neither unexpected nor reluctantly obeyed; and a few hours' ride along the shore brought the author from Sidon to Beirût, where the long-separated met in the hospitable mansion of a mutual friend. And now, kind reader, I trust that, like ourselves, you are eager to commence this tour of the Holy Land. But we must begin our preparations for it with "the garment of patience." Horses, and mules, and tents, and canteens, and beds, cooking apparatus and servants to use it, with many other things too trifling to be mentioned, yet too necessary to be omitted, can not be secured in a day. Meanwhile we may employ some of the hours of unavoidable delay in excursions to sites and scenes in and around our beautiful city. Indeed, we invite you to join us in such a ramble at once through these charming suburbs.

MAP OF THE HOLY LAND AND SOUTHERN SYRIA

Compiled from the best Sources

by

W. M. THOMSON

1858

Explanations.

- Route
- Convent
- Bible Name
- Kul. Castle
- Wady or W. Valley
- Nahr or N. River.
- Jebel. Mountain.
- Ras. Cape.
- Tell. Mound, natural or artifical
- Jisr. Bridge.

Lebweh
Yebrûd
Aphcah
Nihah
Furzul
Kerak
Bar Elias
Saidnaya
Kutaifah
Adrah
Dûmah
Bahret el Merkieh
Salahiyeh
DAMASCUS
Daraiya
Bahret el Kubliyeh
Kutanah
N. Berdy
Kaukab
Kenweh
Bahret Hijaneh
Muzmieh
Wady el Lewah
Sunemein
Bathaniyeh
Shukah
Edrah
Hejran
Kerata
Murdûk
Dûr
Suleim
Kunawat
Mexarib
Draa
Suaideh
Abil Abela
Tell Ahmar
Tell es Sheikha
Tell el Burm
Tell Abu Nidy
Tell Shaf
Tell Yusuf
Tell Abu Khanzir
Tell el Furas
Rakhleh
Kulaet Jendal
Kefr
Rasheiya
Hasbeya
Birket L. Phiala
Sujan
Shaik
Summaka
Kuneitera
Selukia
Jedur
Ain Fijeh
Banias
Majdel Shems
Ain Shems
Ain Mellaha
Tell Hum
Khan Minyeh
Khan Jubb Yusef
Khan Lubieh
Khan Jubb Adeimeh
Khan Jubb Yakûk
Khan Jubb Aminadab
Khan Kefr Kenneh
Khan Hattin
Khan Kalat el Hosn
Khan Semakh
Khan Jisr Benat Yakûb
Khan Jubb Yusef
Khan Ain Sitteh Miriam
Khan Ain Hanieh
Khan Ain Tabighah
Khan Ain Jalûd
Khan Ain Jenin
Khan Ain Sinjil
Khan Ain Yebrûd
Khan Ain Sinia
Khan Ain Yabrûd
Khan Ain Jidd
Khan Ain Arik
Khan Ain Sarah
Khan Ain Yalo
Khan Ain Kariet el Enab
Khan Ain Hajlah
Khan Ain Hajlah
Khan Ain Hajlah

THE LAND AND THE BOOK.

I. BEIRUT.

January 24th, 1857.

OUR first walk in the Land of Promise! To me a land of promises more numerous and not less interesting than those given to the Father of the Faithful, when the Lord said, Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee.[1] It is given to me also, and I mean to make it mine from Dan to Beer-sheba before I leave it.

Doubtless; and so every young enthusiast in trade means to make his fortune. But do you expect to gain such an inheritance as this in a few months? Abraham himself never set foot on one tenth of this territory, and Moses only got a bird's-eye view of it—not a bad one, though, if the day was as intensely clear as ours is. One seems to look quite to the bottom of heaven's profoundest azure, "where the everlasting stars abide;" and how sharply defined is every rock and ravine, and tree and house on lofty Lebanon. That virgin snow on its summit is thirty miles off, and yet you could almost read your own name there, if written with a bold hand on its calm, cold brow. Through such utter transparency did the Lord show unto Moses, from the top of Mount Abarim, all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar.[2] Nor need there have

[1] Gen. xiii. 17.

[2] Deut. xxxiv. 1–3.

been any miracle in the matter. Though a hundred and twenty years old, his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.[1] And I can guide you to many a Pisgah on Lebanon and Hermon from whence the view is far more extensive. It was through such an atmosphere as this, I suppose, that the old Phœnicians first saw Cyprus, and called it Chittim, a name afterward applied by Hebrew poets and prophets to the islands of the Mediterranean in general.

I have heard it denied, both in and out of Palestine, that Cyprus could be seen from Lebanon, but from many a standpoint up yonder I have often beheld that favorite isle of the Paphian Venus glowing in the golden light of our summer evenings. More distinctly still is Lebanon visible from Cyprus. There is a splendid view of it from the mountain of the Cross, a few miles back of Larnica; and many years ago, when traveling through the island, I climbed, with infinite toil, the northern range of mountains to a giddy pinnacle not far from the ruined but romantic castle of Bûffavento, and from it the higher half of Lebanon looked like a huge snow-bank drifted up against the sky. Beneath my feet rolled the sparkling seas of Cilicia and Pamphylia, over which Paul sailed on his way to Rome, while far beyond, the glaciers of Taurus flashed back the setting sun. Through such an atmosphere, objects are visible to a distance quite incredible to the inexperienced. You will find yourself deceived in this matter a hundred times before you have traveled a week in Syria. And now we are abroad, shall we ramble on *ala bab Allâh* (toward God's gate), as our Arabs say when they neither know nor care where they are going?

Just my case at present. Where all is new, and every prospect pleases, it matters little what path we take, and, for the moment, I am thinking of what is not seen rather than what is.

Looking for an omnibus, perhaps, or expecting the cars to overtake us?

Not just that. I know that such things are not yet

[1] Deut. xxxiv. 7.

found in Syria; but I am greatly surprised at the absence of all wheeled vehicles, and look round at every fresh noise, expecting to see a cart, or dray, or wagon of some kind or other, but am always disappointed.

And will be. There is nothing of the sort in Syria; neither is there street or road for them in any part of the land.

How do you account for this? It was not always so. We read of carriages and chariots at a very early age. Joseph sent wagons for the wives and little ones of his father's family.[1] Jacob's funeral was attended by chariots from Egypt to Hebron.[2] The Canaanites had chariots in the time of Joshua.[3] Judah could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron.[4] Jabin had nine hundred,[5] and the Philistines thirty thousand (?) in the reign of Saul.[6] Isaiah rebuked the children of Israel because there was no end to their chariots;[7] and thus it continued down to the time when Philip joined himself to the chariot of the eunuch on the road to Gaza.[8] Throughout all this long period there were countless carriages in this country, and, of necessity, roads for them. How is it that now there is neither the one nor the other?

Natural enough, and very appropriate. The first inquiry of a sensible traveler in a strange land will have reference to the means of locomotion. As to your question, however, the natives will tell you that carriage-roads can not be made in Syria. But this is a mistake. They might be constructed, at a moderate expense, in nearly all parts of the country. Their total disappearance can easily be explained. When the wild Arabs of the Mohammedan desolation became masters, wheeled vehicles immediately sunk into neglect, and even contempt. Accustomed only to the horse, the camel, and the ass, they despised all other means of travel and transportation. Good roads were not necessary for them, and, being neglected, they quickly disap-

[1] Gen. xlv. 19, 21. [2] Gen. l. 9. [3] Josh. xvii. 16.
[4] Judg. i. 19. [5] Judg. iv. 13. [6] 1 Sam. xiii. 5.
[7] Isaiah ii. 7. [8] Acts viii. 28.

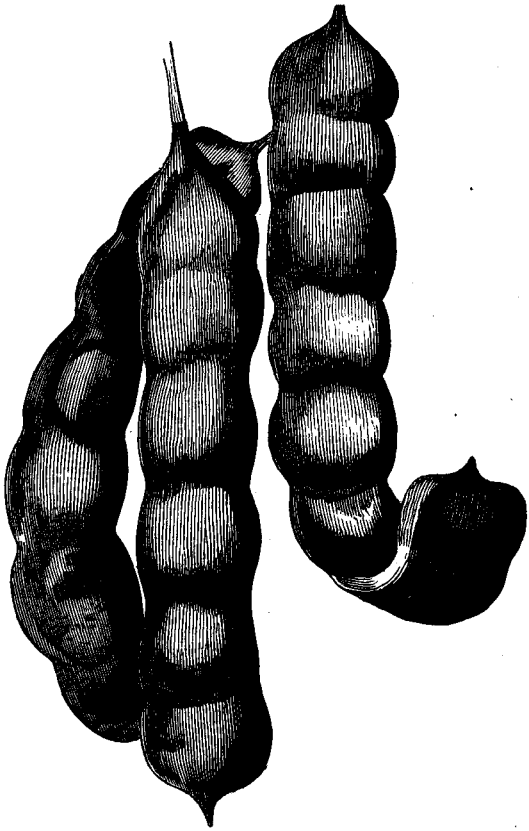
peared from the land, and carriages with them. Nor will they ever reappear till some other race than the Arab predominates, and a better than the Turk governs. Even the Christian inhabitants of Lebanon, where good roads are most needed, have no adequate appreciation of them, and take no pains to make them. They drive their loaded camels, mules, and donkeys along frightful paths, and endanger their own necks by riding over the same, from generation to generation, without dreaming of any improvement. You must educate your nerves into indifference in this matter, and get ready as fast as possible to flounder over all sorts of break-neck places in the course of our pilgrimage.

"What man has done, man can do." I have all my life



KHARUB.

been accustomed to the saddle, and like it; and a little danger now and then will impart additional charms to the tour. —What tree is this which overshadows our path? It is more bushy and thick-set than the apple-tree, for which I at first mistook it, and, as we near it, I see that the leaves are longer and of a much darker green.



KHARUB PODS.

That is the kharûb—the tree that bore the husks which the swine did eat, and with which the poor prodigal would

have filled his belly.[1] The "husks"—a mistranslation—are fleshy pods somewhat like those of the honey-locust-tree, from six to ten inches long and one broad, lined inside with a gelatinous substance not wholly unpleasant to the taste when thoroughly ripe. I have seen large orchards of this kharûb in Cyprus, where it is still the food which the swine do eat. In Syria, where we have no swine, or next to none, the pods are ground up, and a species of molasses expressed, which is much used in making certain kinds of sweetmeats. The tree is an evergreen, and casts a most delightful and refreshing shade to the weary traveler. In this country they do not yield large crops, but in Cyprus, Asia Minor, and the Grecian Islands, you will see full-grown trees bending under half a ton of green pods. The kharûb is often called St. John's Bread, and also Locust-tree, from a mistaken idea about the food of the Baptist in the wilderness. It is the *Ceratonia siliqua* of Linnæus.

That noble tree before us, with giant arms low down and wide open, must be the Syrian sycamore. I once heard an itinerant preacher in the "back woods" puzzle himself and his hearers with an elaborate criticism about the tree into which Zaccheus climbed to see the Saviour.[2] He and his audience were familiar only with the sycamores of our flat river bottoms, tall as a steeple, and smooth as hypocrisy. "Why," said the orator, "a squirrel can't climb them." The conclusion reached was that the sycamore must have been a mulberry-tree. But nothing is easier than to climb into these sycamores; and, in fact, here is a score of boys and girls in this one; and as its giant arms stretch quite across the road, those on them can look directly down upon any crowd passing beneath. It is admirably adapted to the purpose for which Zaccheus selected it.

True; and, moreover, it is generally planted by the wayside, and in the open spaces where several paths meet, just where Zaccheus found it. This sycamore is a remarkable tree. It not only bears several crops of figs during the year, but those figs grow on short stems along the trunk

[1] Luke xv. 16. [2] Luke xix. 4.



SYCAMORE.

and large branches, and not at the end of twigs, as in other fruit-bearing trees. The figs are small, and of a greenish-yellow color. At Gaza and Askelon, I saw them of a purple tinge, and much larger than they are in this part of the country. They were carried to market in large quantities, and appeared to be more valued there than with us. Still, they are, at



best, very insipid, and none but the poorer classes eat them. This agrees with, and explains an allusion in Amos. He had aroused the wrath of Jeroboam by the severity of his rebukes, and, being advised to flee for his life, excuses himself by a statement which implies that he belonged to the humblest class of the community. I am no prophet, neither am I a prophet's son; but I am a herdman, and a *gatherer of sycamore fruit.*[1] None but the very poor consent to be herdmen, and only such, at this day, gather sycamore fruit or use it.

The natives say that the sycamore bears seven crops a year. I think it is irregular in this matter. Some bear oftener than others, and the same tree yields more crops one year than another. It is easily propagated merely by planting a stout branch in the ground, and watering it until it has struck out roots into the soil. This it does with great rapidity, and to a vast depth. It was with reference to this latter fact that our blessed Lord selected it to illustrate the power of faith. If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamine-tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you.[2] Now look at this tree—its ample girth, its widespread arms branching off from the parent trunk only a few feet from the ground; then examine its enormous roots, as thick, as numerous, and as wide spread into the deep soil below as the branches extend into the air above —the very best type of invincible steadfastness. What power on earth can pluck up such a tree? Heaven's thunder-bolt may strike it down, the wild tornado may tear it to fragments, but nothing short of miraculous power can fairly pluck it up by the roots.

I have but faint ideas of a faith that could pluck up and plant in the sea such a tree as that; and these facts certainly add great emphasis to the "parable." You are doubtless aware, however, that other critics besides our orator of the back-woods maintain that the sycamore of the New Testament is actually the mulberry-tree, and others that the

[1] Amos vii. 14. [2] Luke xvii. 6.

sycamine of this passage and the sycamore are different trees; and there is a slight difference in the Greek.

I know it; but the word *sycamine* seems to be derived from the Hebrew name for sycamore, and I know no reason why their identity should be questioned. As to the mulberry, it is yet to be shown that it was then known in Palestine, although our translators have mentioned it in one or two places; and, farther, the mulberry is more easily plucked up by the roots than any other tree, of the same size, in the country, and the thing is oftener done. Hundreds of them are plucked up every year in this vicinity, and brought to the city for firewood. It is not to be supposed that He who spake as man never spoke would select this tree, with its short, feeble roots, to illustrate the irresistible power of faith.

The wood of the sycamore is soft and of very little value. This is implied in various places in the Bible. Thus in Isaiah, the people say in pride and stoutness of heart, . . . the sycamores are cut down, but we will change them to cedars.[1] And so, in the days of Solomon, when even silver was nothing accounted of, he made cedars to be in Jerusalem as the sycamore-trees that are in the vale for abundance.[2] It is a tender tree, flourishes immensely in sandy plains and warm vales, but can not bear the hard, cold mountain. A sharp frost will kill them; and this agrees with the fact that they were killed by it in Egypt. Among the wonders wrought in the field of Zoan, David says, He destroyed their vines with hail, and their sycamores with frost.[3] Certainly, a frost keen enough to kill the sycamore would be one of the greatest "wonders" that could happen at the present day in this same field of Zoan.

We shall not reach the city to-day if we stop at every tree and shrub that is strange, oriental, or biblical.

Very likely. Here, for example, are the almond, the olive, the fig, and the pomegranate, all together; but we shall meet them every where in our pilgrimage, and can afford to pass them by at present. And, besides, we have be-

[1] Isaiah ix. 10. [2] 1 Kings x. 27. [3] Psalm lxxviii. 43, 47.

fore us a more interesting study — a scene not witnessed in all places in such perfection. See those men on that elevated terrace. One has spread his cloak, others their Persian rugs toward the south. They are Moslems, preparing to say prayers—*perform* them rather, in this most public place, and in the midst of all this noise and confusion.

Let us stop and watch the ceremony as it goes on. That man next us raises his open hands till the thumbs touch the ears, exclaiming aloud, *Allah-hû-akbar*—"God is great." After uttering mentally a few short petitions, the hands are brought down, and folded together near the girdle, while he recites the first chapter of the Koran, and two or three other brief passages from the same book. And now he bends forward, rests his hands upon his knees, and repeats three times a formula of praise







to "God most great." Then, standing erect, he cries *Allah-hû-akbar*, as at the beginning. Then see him drop upon his knees, and bend forward until his nose and forehead touch the ground, directly between his expanded hands. This he repeats three times, muttering all the while the same short formulas of prayer and praise. The next move







will bring him to his knees, and then, settling back upon his heels, he will mumble over various small petitions, with sundry grunts and exclamations, according to taste and habit. He has now gone through one regular Rek'āh; and, standing up as at the first, and on exactly the same spot, he will perform a second, and even a third, if specially devout, with precisely the same genuflections.

They seem to be wholly absorbed in their devotions, and manifest a power of isolation and abstraction quite surprising.

That is the result of habit and education; small children imitate it to perfection. There is certainly an air of great solemnity in their mode of worship, and, when performed by a large assembly in the mosques, or by a detachment of soldiers in concert, guided in their genuflections by an imaum or dervish, who sings the service, it is quite impressive. I have seen it admirably enacted by moonlight, on the wild banks of the Orontes, in the plain of Hamath, and the scene was something more than romantic. But,

alas! it was by as villainous a set of robbers as could be found, even in that lawless region.

You think, then, that this solemn ceremony is mere hollow-hearted hypocrisy?

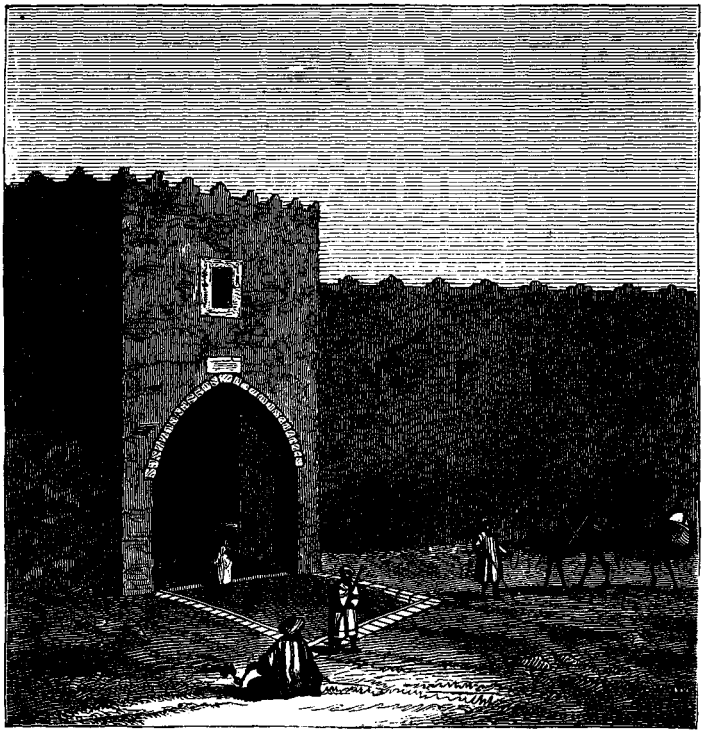
Not exactly that; at least not necesarily so, nor in all cases. I would be glad to believe there was ordinarily any corresponding moral and religious feeling connected with this exterior manifestation of devotion. The Moslems themselves, however, have no such idea. They are rather afraid of any one who is especially given to prayer—their prayers, I mean. They have a proverb to this effect: "If your neighbor has made the pilgrimage to Mecca once, watch him; if twice, avoid his society; if three times, move into another street." And, certainly, no one acquainted with the people will feel his confidence in an individual increased by the fact that he is particularly devout.

What opposite conclusions different persons can and do draw from the same premises! One who looks merely at the surface, or who is very charitable, or very indifferent, may connect this out-of-door, formal praying toward Mecca with the venerable custom of the pious Israelite turning toward the temple in Jerusalem, when, like Daniel in Babylon, he made his supplications unto his God.[1] I think it probable that Mohammed, or the Arabs before him, borrowed this custom from the Jews; and, to this extent, there is a relation between them. But the enlightened Christian, who has learned that neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father, who is a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth[2]—such a one, I say, will be reminded rather of those who loved to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they might be seen of men. And they will remember with solemnity the admonition of our Lord, When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are[3]—either as to place, attitude, motive, or form—in public to be seen of men, using vain repetitions[4] as these men

[1] Dan. vi. 10, 11.
[2] Matt. vi. 5.
[3] John iv. 21, 24.
[4] Matt. vi. 7.

before us do. They are obliged to repeat some expressions thirty times; others many hundred times. Would that these remarks did not apply to nominal Christians in this land as well as to Moslems! But here we are at the gate of the city.

Stop a moment. A city gate is a novelty to me, and I must examine in detail an apparatus so often mentioned in the Bible.



GATE OF CITY.

Well, what is there in a mere gate to attract attention?

Very little, perhaps, to one who has passed in and out daily for twenty years; but a hundred Biblical incidents connect themselves in my mind with gates. Almost every

city and town of ancient celebrity had them, and they were places of very great importance.

They were, indeed; and, although customs have changed in this respect, there is still enough remaining in this country to remind one of those olden times when nearly every public transaction took place at or near the city gates. Beirût has burst her shell by the force of sudden expansion, and will soon have neither wall nor gates; but nearly every other city in Syria and Palestine is still protected by these venerable safeguards.

And thus it was in ancient days. I remember that righteous Lot, intent on deeds of hospitality, sat in the gate of Sodom toward the close of day, somewhat as these Arabs are now seated, I suppose, and thereby he obtained the privilege of entertaining unawares those angels who saved him from the destruction of that wicked city.[1] It was at the gate of Kirjath Arba (which is Hebron) that Abraham completed the contract for the cave of Machpelah, in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of the city.[2] It was at the same place that Hamor and Shechem negotiated that fatal treaty with all that went in at the gate of the city,[3] which gave opportunity to those fierce and treacherous brethren, Simeon and Levi, with instruments of cruelty to work out their revenge. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel.[4]

Since this very unpretending entrance to Beirût is leading into a long discussion, let us prepare ourselves a seat, as Job did when he went out to the gate,[5] and then we can talk at our leisure, and our ease as well. You observe that the gateway is vaulted, shady, and cool. This is one reason why people delight to assemble about it. Again, the curious and vain resort thither to see and be seen. Some go to meet their associates; others, to watch for returning friends, or to accompany those about to depart; while many gather there to hear the news, and to engage in trade and traffic. I have seen in certain places—Joppa, for example

[1] Gen. xix. 1, and Heb. xiii. 2. [2] Gen. xxiii. 18.
[3] Gen. xxxiv. 20, 24. [4] Gen. xlix. 5, 7. [5] Job xxix. 7.

—the kâdy and his court sitting at the entrance of the gate, hearing and adjudicating all sorts of causes in the audience of all that went in and out thereat. Throughout sacred history, prophecy, and poetry, the gate is celebrated by numberless interesting incidents and allusions. It would require a little volume to notice and explain them all; but here we have the thing itself, with the void place about it,[1] like that where Boaz made the elders of Bethlehem sit while he contracted for Ruth, the fair Moabitess;[2] where Eli sat trembling for the ark of God, and fell back and broke his neck when tidings of its capture came.[3] And here are the two leaves of the gate, and the bars, and the bolts, like those of Gaza, which Sampson tore from their sockets, and on his shoulders carried up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron.[4] And over this gate is a chamber, like that to which David went and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son, my son.[5]

It is not difficult to comprehend why public proclamations were made in the gates, and why prophets so often pronounced their messages there. We read of the gates of righteousness, because justice and judgment were there decreed and executed;[6] and so, likewise, the prophets denounced the oppression of the poor in the gate, where corrupt judges sell justice to the highest bidder. They afflict the just, they take a bribe, they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right; and to this refers the exhortation to hate the evil, love the good, and establish judgment in the gate.[7]

Again, gates were fortified in the strongest possible manner. In them the people trusted for safety, and they naturally became the synonym for strength and power. Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.[8] Hence the prophets delighted to personify them. In times of calamity they languish and lament, mourn and howl; they

[1] 1 Kings xxii. 10. [2] Ruth iv. 1, 2. [3] 1 Sam. iv. 18.
[4] Judges xvi. 3. [5] 2 Sam. xviii. 33. [6] Deut. xxi. 19, and xxii. 24.
[7] Amos v. 12, 15. [8] Isaiah lx. 18.

sing, shout, and rejoice in prosperity. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion; and David exclaims, Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.[1] And remembering that all, both great and small, must enter by them, it is not far-fetched or unnatural to speak of the gates of death. And who has not felt the solemn admonition, Strive to enter in at the strait gate, and shuddered lest he should be swept along by the thoughtless crowd through the wide gate that leadeth to destruction? I have seen these strait gates and narrow ways, "with here and there a traveler." They are in retired corners, and must be sought for, and are opened only to those who knock; and when the sun goes down, and the night comes on, they are shut and locked. It is then too late.[2]

I see we shall never get into the city, if we sit here conversing about gates until the subject is exhausted.

Move on, then; but allow me to remark, as we enter, that gates have the same kind of names now as in ancient times, generally derived from some accidental circumstance connected with them. One is *Bab el Bahar*, because it leads to the *sea*. That near which the tanners carry on their business is *Bab el Dubbâgâ*. This one is *Bab es Surraiyeh*, because the governor's palace is near it. And thus, too, the streets and different quarters of the city derive their names. Those who follow the same trade congregate in the same street. This is saddlers', the next blacksmiths' street, and so on to the end of the list.

Here is something new, I'll engage; sufficiently Oriental, also, though "not according to Scripture." This old man sitting by the mosque is a letter-writer. He has his paper near him, and his scissors to trim it to the required shape and size. He has taken the ink-horn, or what answers to that very ancient article of the "scribes," from his girdle, and is now pointing one of those "reeds" which prophets and scribes so often mention. All this seems Biblical enough. But here comes a woman, veiled from head to foot, and takes

[1] Psalm xxiv. 7. [2] Luke xiii. 24, 25, and Matt. vii. 13.



LETTER-WRITER.

her station by his side. See, she is whispering from behind her veil the desired message. That is sufficient; the *salams*, love, etc., etc., go in according to rule, and to all alike.

Why, this is a sort of Moslem confessional, and that fellow's head must be crammed with the secrets and the scandal of half the city.

No matter; I suppose, like other confessors, he keeps dark, and may be trusted. Still, this letter-writing would not be a very thriving business in our country.

How every circumstance and incident carries one back to ages remote and primitive! This veil reminds me of Rebekah and her meeting with Isaac. But I see here and there a woman without it.

Yes; but they are peasants from the country, or else Rebekah's fair daughters, who now utterly refuse to follow her modest example. *She* put on a veil before her betrothed husband; *these* resolutely assert their "rights," and their

pretty pale faces are every where seen unveiled. They have, however, certain laws of modesty, which are most rigidly enforced. For example, a Jewish matron must on no account allow her own hair to be seen. Hence, no matter how luxuriant and beautiful, it is carefully concealed under their curious head-dresses; and what appears to be hair is either silk imitation, or it is borrowed. Then, by a strange perversity of manners, or silly antagonism to Christianity, the men take pride in cultivating and exhibiting long, curling locks. There go several of these Jew dandies at this moment, with their cherished locks flowing round their ears and necks in pretty curls.

Talking of Jews and Jewesses, and veils and hair, reminds me of that difficult passage in Paul's letter to the Corinthians.[1] Do the customs of the East in such matters throw any light upon it?

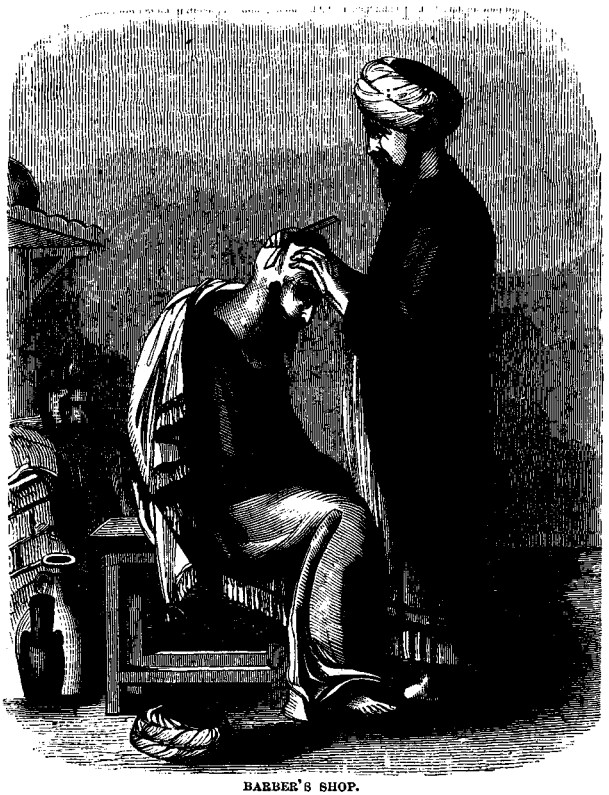
I will state facts; you must judge for yourself how far they elucidate what is obscure. The words "praying and prophesying" include all the ordinary parts and acts of *public* worship. The language of Paul implies that, *in these countries* and *at that time*, the laws of modesty and propriety required the women to appear in their assemblies with their heads covered and their faces veiled. The men, on the contrary, should be uncovered. It is remarkable that in their synagogues the men in our day keep on their hats or other head-dresses, and those who read the service throw a large veil over the head and shoulders, as if in direct and intentional contradiction to the Apostle. The women, if present at all, are unveiled. Now, if these are original Jewish habits and practices, it is plain that the Christian Church, from the very first, established new customs in these respects. It is supposed that the men are required to worship with heads uncovered, as a tacit acknowledgment of Christ's divine presence among them; and a relic of this form of reverence may still be seen in Oriental churches, where all stand uncovered when the Gospel which contains the words of Christ is read. Or these directions of the Apostle may

[1] 1 Cor. xi. 3–15.

merely be part and parcel of those modifications and adaptations by which the Gospel was (as Paul says of himself) to become all things to all men for their salvation. The mixture of Oriental Christians with heathen Greeks, Romans, and other Occidental tribes, in their worshiping assemblies, would doubtless render necessary a careful compliance, on the part of the women, with *their* ideas of feminine modesty and propriety. And the farther eastward the Gospel spread, such compliance would become more and more important. At the present day, the missionary finds it strictly necessary, in many places, not only that the women should be veiled, but also that there should be a separate apartment for them, screened from the gaze of the men. The Apostle rebukes severely any approach toward immodesty. If the woman is determined to sit in the midst of such mixed assemblies, with a bold and impudent face, aping the men, then let her head be shorn or shaved like that of the men. What *that* means at this day you can easily see by looking into this barber's shop over the way.

Well, that is strange enough; he has actually shaved the entire head bare as the palm of my hand. It is a hideous operation, and verily it would be a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven. But what do you make of the tenth verse of this remarkable passage?

The word translated "power" is perhaps a mere symbolic title of the veil itself; nor is the figure altogether strange or unintelligible to an Oriental. The veil is, in fact, the beautiful ladies' strength and defense. Modestly veiled, she appears any where and every where in perfect safety. She is held inviolate by a sensitive and most jealous public sentiment, and no man insults her but at the risk of being torn in pieces by an infuriated mob; but without the veil she is a weak, helpless thing, at the mercy of every brute who may choose to abuse her. The veil is therefore the virtuous woman's "power," and whenever she appears in public she ought to have this "*power* on her head;" in church, "because of the angels;" that is, the messengers and ministers, as I suppose. The women must be modestly veil-

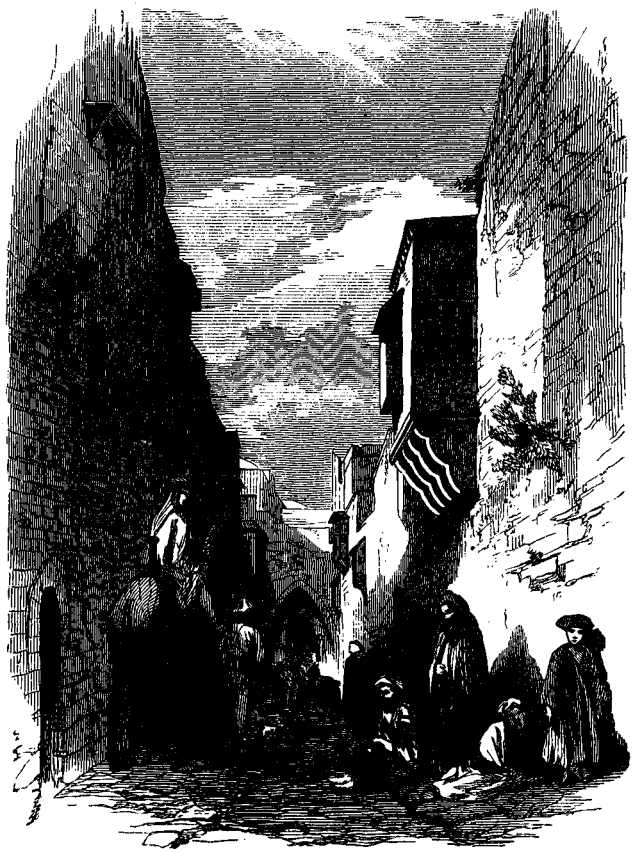


BARBER'S SHOP.

ed, because they are to sit in the presence and full view of the ministers, comparatively strangers to them, and many of them evangelists from foreign nations. Doddridge thinks it indecent to suppose that the ladies must be veiled, lest by their attractions they disturb the minds of the ministers. Such an idea could only be entertained by one ignorant of the power of Oriental customs in these matters. The oldest and most eminently modest native preacher that I am acquainted with, objected not only to the ladies appearing unveiled (and for the very reason alluded to), but he would not have even their *voices heard* in the singing of the Church, because in this country they never sing but in strains de-

signed and adapted to excite emotions which should be utterly banished from the place of prayer. Put the case thus: A pious and modest Oriental preacher (who perhaps has rarely looked upon the face of any woman except those of his nearest relations), when he rises to preach, finds himself confronted by the beauty and fashion of the city in their best attire, is it strange that he should be confused and disturbed? And, moreover, the veil is as necessary for the modest female, who desires to worship in purity and peace, as it is for the "angel." Secluded by the rigid laws of Eastern society from familiar association with all men except near relatives, so that she would be overwhelmed with confusion should her veil fall in the presence of a stranger; it is no reflection upon her purity of mind, but the contrary, that she can not appear unveiled before the "angel" with that entire composure which becomes the house of God. Such will wear the veil from choice. Change the state of society (and in many places it is being changed), educate the females (and the males too), let the community be pure from Moslem and heathen mixtures, and trained to free and becoming social intercourse, and then neither men nor women will think of veils and screens, nor need these apostolic directions in their exact letter. Their spirit, however, will always be obligatory in every country and all states of society; and a little more modesty in female attire would be a very happy improvement in many a Western congregation. But it is time we turn our steps homeward. The muezzin calls to sunset prayers from this tall minaret, and dinner will be waiting. As in ancient times, men now eat when the day's work is done.

"Seeing is believing," says the proverb, and it is *understanding* also. I have read all my life about crooked, narrow streets, with the gutters in the middle, and no sidewalks, but I never understood till now. How are we to get past this line of loaded camels? Well, by bowing the head, creeping under, and dodging from side to side, we have accomplished that feat; but here is a string of donkeys carrying brush and water; their bundles actually sweep



STREET CROWDED WITH LOADED ANIMALS

both sides of the street, and the ground too; there can be no creeping *under* this time.

True; but here is a recess in the wall into which we can step until they have passed by.

What is that fellow shouting all the while at the top of his voice?

He cries *Daharak! wûshhak! daharak! wûshhak!* "your back! your face! your back! your face!" to warn all concerned to look sharply before and behind, or they may be

run over, crushed against the wall, or have their clothes and faces torn by this brush: a very necessary admonition.

That I perceive well enough; but are all Oriental cities built after this fashion—streets eight feet wide, houses sixty feet high, with dead stone walls without ornament or relief of any kind? They are sad and sombre at best, and must be particularly so at night. Already the shades of evening fall heavily along these gloomy avenues, and I see no provision for lighting them.

There is none; and you observe that the shopkeepers are already shutting up, and leaving for home. Thenceforward until morning the streets are deserted and silent, with only here and there a company returning from a visit, with a servant bearing a lantern before them. The city guard creeps softly about in utter darkness, and apprehends all found walking the streets without a light. Remember, and act accordingly, or you may get locked up in quarters not very comfortable. Beirût is gradually departing from some of these customs, but enough remain to afford a type of all you will see elsewhere, except at Damascus. The style of that city is wholly different, and carries one back as by enchantment to the age of the Califs and the fantastic creations of the "Thousand Nights."

II. BEIRUT—*Continued.*

January 25th.

How is it that you never told me in any of your letters that Beirût is such a beautiful place?

I did; but you could not understand, and no wonder. Neither pen nor pencil can do justice to Beirût. Things hereabouts are on a scale so vast, and there is such an infinite variety in the details, that it is almost impossible to select, group together, and condense into reasonable limits enough to give an adequate idea of the whole.

That I can readily believe; and yet I am unwilling to pass away from Beirût without imprinting on memory's tablet a fairer, truer copy of her charming scenery than I have yet obtained.

Follow me, then, to the terrace of our house. It commands the whole prospect. The city and suburbs, as you perceive, are situated on the northern slopes of a triangular plain, whose *base line* is the shore, from Ras Beirût to Nahr Yâbis, some six miles toward Sidon. The *perpendicular* runs in eastward from the Ras about five miles to the foot of Lebanon, at the bottom of St. George's Bay. The *hypothenuse* is the irregular line of the mountains. The whole plain is a projection *seaward* from the general direction of the coast, and along the base of the hills it is so low as to appear like an island to one sailing up from Sidon. The surface rises gradually from the south to the immediate vicinity of the city, where it is about three hundred feet above the sea. Thence it falls rapidly down toward the roadstead on the north by abrupt, irregular, and winding terraces. It is this feature that imparts such variety and beauty to the environs of Beirût. The substratum of this plain is every where a white marl, passing into compact limestone, and inclosing nodules of flint and thin seams of chert, similar to the adjoining hills of Lebanon. Upon this rests a very large formation of arenaceous, unstratified stone, easily wrought, and hence used from time immemorial for building. It is mixed with comminuted shells and corals, is very porous, and absorbs water with great rapidity, which renders the houses damp in winter. This, indeed, is almost the only defect in this otherwise admirable building stone. The quarries are to the southwest of the city, and from them a broad belt of loose, movable sand stretches inward from the shore, quite down to the point at Nahr Yâbis. The southeastern part of the plain is one dense olive grove, the largest and most productive in Syria. In the centre are beautiful pine forests, planted, or rather sowed by successive governors at different times, from the famous Druse chief, Fakhr ed Dîn to Wamic Pasha, the present representative of the Sublime Porte at Beirût. There are a few orange and lemon gardens, where they can be irrigated. Figs, almonds, and apricots abound, and in certain parts

"The palm-tree rears his stately head on high,
And spreads his feathery plume along the sky;"

while the mulberry, melia, kharûb, sycamore, prickly oak, and many a tree and shrub of humbler name, cast abroad their grateful shade, and draw their green mantles over our lovely suburbs. Seen from any point, Beirût is charming. Many, however, are best pleased with the view from the roadstead north of the city.

I am one of those; as our steamer came bravely into harbor at early dawn, the scenery was beautiful, and even sublime. Good old Lebanon, with a diadem of stars around his snowy turban, looked for all the world like some august monarch of the universe, with his head in heaven and his feet upon the sea, and I could and did salute him with profound respect; laugh at me if you please, but I could not help it. And as morning grew into bright and glorious day, what a charming panorama was revealed all around the city!

The deep Bay of St. George sweeping around the base of the hills; the mountains of Metn and the Kesrawan on the east and northeast, rugged, steep, and lofty, shaded with pine forests, and dotted with villages, churches, and convents; the wild gorge of the Dog River, with snowy Sunnîn beyond and above; the sandy ridge of Brumanah, and Deir el Kŭlâh, with the deep ravine of Nahr Beirût; the hills of El Ghŭrb, bold and bright against the southern sky, from Aleih to Abeîh, with hamlets, and factories, and orchards peeping over the smiling suburbs; and the city itself, with white houses seated seaward on overhanging cliffs, or grouped on showy terraces and commanding hill-tops, or stowed away along retiring glens, half revealed, now quite concealed by crowding mulberry and parasol China trees, and waving festoons of vines and cunning creepers of many colors—this, this is Beirût, with the glorious Mediterranean all around, and ships and boats of various nations and picturesque patterns sailing or at rest. You will travel far ere you find a prospect of equal variety, beauty, and magnificence.

Is Beirût mentioned in the Bible?

I think not. It is possible that the Berothai of 2 Samuel, viii. 8, from which David took exceeding much brass, was Beirût, though that city *seems* to have been situated to the east or southeast of Hamath; still, since Hadadezer was either king of Damascus, or in close alliance with it, Berothai may have been her sea-port, as Beirût is now; and after David had conquered Damascus, he might naturally enough cross over Lebanon to her sea-port, where so much of her wealth would be collected. It is not at all likely that the Berothah mentioned in Ezekiel, xlvii. 16, as one of the points in the northern boundary of the land of Israel, was our city; and from the similarity of names, and the apparent geographical position of both, we can scarcely doubt but that Ezekiel's Berothah and Samuel's Berothai were identical, and, of course, that neither of them was Beirût.

Dr. Wilson suggests that our city derived its name from Berûth, the wife of Elion, who dwelt at Byblus (Jebail), and if the chronicle of Sanchoniatho could be depended upon, I should have little hesitation in adopting the idea. This would give it a very high antiquity. This much is certain, that, at the time when the fragments of Sanchoniatho were forged, if they are a fabrication, Beirût was an important city, for it is repeatedly mentioned in them. Bochart and others are of opinion that the Baal-berith of Judges, viii. 33, was the god Baal of the city of Berith, or Beirût. Nor is this supposition too far-fetched to merit consideration; for we know, not merely from these fragments of Sanchoniatho, but from other ancient authors, that the chief seat of Baal worship was in the regions around Byblus and Beirût. Intelligent natives say that the name is derived from *beer*, the word for *well* in nearly all the Shemitic dialects. Beirût would then be the city of wells, and such it pre-eminently is. Almost every house has one. They vary in depth from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, according to position.

After all that can be said, or even surmised, the student of our city's ancient story is surprised and disappointed to find her origin enveloped in such utter obscurity, and sighs

for records which must once have existed, but are now forever lost. It is not to be believed that a spot so admirably adapted for a great city should have been neglected by the Phœnicians. Every foot of this densely crowded coast, and especially every available sea-port, was appropriated by that enterprising people. And this is decidedly the most beautiful and healthy locality at the head of the Mediterranean. The roadstead, it is true, is better adapted to modern shipping than to that of ancient times; but still there are small inlets and sheltered coves too valuable to be overlooked on a coast where there are no good harbors. We may safely conclude, therefore, that it was occupied at a very early day by a colony, probably from Sidon, with which it has ever been closely connected. Accordingly, the earliest mention of Beirût by Greek and Latin geographers and historians implies that it was then, and had been previously, a place of importance. And this position it maintains ever after, as may be gathered from Strabo, Ptolemy, Pliny, Josephus, and other authors, both heathen and Christian. It became a Roman colony in the reign of Augustus, and had Julia Felix added to its name. Agrippa adorned and beautified it with colonnades, porticoes, theatres, baths, and other public buildings, and their remains are scattered over the gardens, and entombed beneath the rubbish of the ancient city. The number of large columns of both gray and red granite built into the quay is surprising, but a far greater number lie at the bottom of the sea in front of the town. In 1839–40, Mahmûd Bey, governor of Beirût, built a break-water entirely of these columns, fished up from the floor of the harbor. The unparalleled storm at the close of 1840 overturned this wall of columns, and spread them out again where they had been before. Probably this was only the repetition of a former attempt to protect the quay of Beirût, when these columns were gathered from the ruins of the city and cast into the sea for that purpose. It is otherwise difficult to account for their being there at all. There is a tradition that Fakhr ed Dîn filled up the harbor to prevent the landing of pirates; but, if there is any foundation for the report,

his work is probably to be found in the heaps of rubbish directly in front of the landing.

It was in the theatres of Agrippa, I suppose, that Titus celebrated his own victories over Jerusalem, and his father's birth-day, by gladiatorial shows, in which the miserable captives of Zion perished in great numbers, fighting with wild beasts and with one another, as Josephus informs us in the seventh book of his "Wars."

Though the apostles seem never to have visited Beirût—a fact somewhat remarkable—yet Christianity was early planted here, and so flourished that it soon became the seat of a bishopric. Under the Christian emperors, it continued to prosper down to the reign of Justinian. It was then one of the most celebrated seats of learning in the empire, and its law-school was frequented by youth from the first families in the state. Then, as now, it was the most beautiful city on this coast. But its decline commenced under this reign. On the 9th of July, A.D. 551, one of those awful earthquakes, which repeatedly shook the whole Roman world in the time of Justinian, seems to have entirely destroyed Beirût, overthrew her colleges, churches, temples, theatres, and palaces, and buried multitudes of all classes beneath the ruins; and, although the city was rebuilt, it never regained its former magnificence. You can scarcely walk through a garden, or dig a foundation for a house, without coming upon the memorials of this dreadful calamity. It is amazing to see how deeply some of these ruins are entombed, suggesting the idea that the very terraces on which these costly structures stood were upheaved and precipitated on those below. And this corresponds with the history of that fearful time. We are told that "enormous chasms were opened, huge and heavy bodies were discharged into the air, the sea alternately advanced and retreated beyond its ordinary bounds," and a *mountain* was torn from yonder bold promontory (then called Theoprosopon, and now Ras es Shukkah), and cast into the sea, where it formed a mole for the harbor of Butrōne. Perhaps the Arabic name, Ras es Shukkah—the cape that was split open—may be a memento and witness to this catastrophe.

During the Middle Ages, Beirût shared in all the troubles and revolutions which accompanied and grew out of the triumph of Mohammedanism, including the crusades of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. It was taken by Baldwin in 1110, and, during the two hundred years of Frank rule on this coast, it was several times captured and recaptured by Saracen and Christian. Since the close of the thirteenth century, few signal events have happened to vary the monotony of her story. But we must not forget to mention that exploit which was considered her greatest glory in the days of legendary lore. It was here that St. George killed the dragon; exactly when, or what particular dragon I know not, but he *must* have killed him, for he has never been seen since that time, and all agree that he is dead. If you doubt, I refer you to the deep bay down yonder, which owes its name to this contest on its shore. I can show you the well into which the victorious saint cast the horrid monster, and the spot where he washed his bloody hands after this dirty work was done. Not every legend of those days of facile faith is so strongly attested. In the eighth century, also, an illustrious miracle spread the name and fame of our good city far and wide. Some image-hating Hebrews, in scorn and mockery, attempted to go through the acts of the Crucifixion upon a very holy image and cross; when, as they thrust a spear into the side, to their confusion and horror, a large quantity of blood and water gushed forth. The thing is at least possible, and without resorting to supernatural interference. A little manœuvring, or a little money, could set either real or spurious Jews at work in the exact way to bring on the catastrophe. But let that pass; Beirût has no need of such doubtful claims to immortality. Judging from the scanty and indefinite notices by the pilgrims of the mediæval ages, the number of her inhabitants varied from 5000 to 10,000, engaged in commerce and in growing silk and oil, which for several centuries have continued to be the staple productions of this neighborhood.

Within the last thirty years our city has rapidly increased in population, commerce, and wealth. When Mohammed

Aly wrested Syria from the Sultan in 1830–31, he made Beirût the grand quarantine station on this coast, and obliged all ships to come to her port. European merchants had already selected it for the seat of their operations, and, as the foreign consuls settled in this city, the government was led to make it the capital of the country. Thirty years ago the population was 5000, and the shops and markets were dependent for supplies on Sidon; now there are not less than 40,000 inhabitants, and Sidon is wholly dependent on Beirût. Thirty years ago there was scarcely a decent house outside of the walls; now two thirds of the population reside in the gardens, and hundreds of convenient dwellings, and not a few large and noble mansions, adorn the charming suburbs. No city in Syria, perhaps none in the Turkish empire, has had so rapid an expansion. And it must continue to grow and prosper, with but one proviso to cast a shade of doubt upon her bright future. Should a railroad ever connect the head of this sea with the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, that will infallibly dictate where the emporium of Syria is to be. If Beirût can attract this mighty line of trade and travel to her door, she will quickly take rank among the great cities of the world; if she will not, or can not, then must she wane before some other rising queen of the East.

Are there any antiquities about Beirût which merit attention?

Very few. We have columns and sarcophagi in abundance, and some of them have inscriptions which tell their own story. An ancient aqueduct has lately been discovered, cut through the rock, and passing beneath the city at Bab Yacōb. It must either have had a more permanent supply than the present, which fails in dry weather, when it is most needed, or have been connected with the great canal which brought water from Lebanon to ancient Berytus.

Are the existing remains of this ancient work extensive?

More so than travelers, or even natives, are aware of. On the top of that dark, sandy ridge of Lebanon, to the northeast of Brŭmmanah, is a fountain of delicious water. It was

conducted in stone tubes along the ridge southwest for six or eight miles to the temple that occupied the place of Deir el Kŭlah. From thence it descended the steep mountain, about fifteen hundred feet, in a direction nearly west, where it was carried over the river of Beirût on a series of lofty arches. The highest tier numbers twenty-five, and the canal upon them was one hundred and sixty feet above the bed of the river. The next tier below has fifteen arches; the third has only three, and the lowest two. The wall is twenty feet broad, and is built of well-cut stone; altogether a very imposing structure. Though carried over the river at so great an elevation, the canal meets, on the Beirût or west side, with perpendicular cliffs, and passes directly through them by a tunnel cut in the solid rock. I once crept into it for thirty or forty feet, beyond which it is choked up with rubbish. Descending to the margin of the plain, the canal was led along the base of the hills southward, past the Khan es Shîâhh, and thence westward to the vicinity of Beirût, and the water was distributed by many pipes to various parts of the city. As the plain west of Es Shîâhh is very low, the canal had to be elevated by a long line of arches, erected upon an immense wall. This was built solid throughout, of large, accurately cut stone, after the Roman style, and about forty feet broad. No traces of the arches remain, except masses of tufaceous deposit formed by the trickling of the water through the aqueduct, as is seen along the ancient canals of Tyre and Acre. The wall itself, however, was nearly entire when I first came to this country; but the rapid growth of Beirût created such a demand for building-stone that the greater part of it has been quarried and brought to the city. In this process, palm and olive trees, which had grown old upon the top, have been undermined and thrown away; and where the work of quarrying has been completed, the ground has been leveled, and orchards of mulberry-trees are now flourishing. What a pity! Beirût now greatly needs just the supply of water which this noble canal once brought to it, and a moderate expense would have restored it to its former use. But this

is only one of a thousand of Syria's sad desolations. The Arabs, as a matter of course, ascribe this aqueduct to Zobeîda, a sort of Moslem St. Helena, according to popular legends, but, in historic truth, the wife of Haroun er Raschîd. It is quite impossible to ascertain who constructed it; but, whether made by Phœnicians, Greeks, or Romans, it was an admirable work, and a great blessing to Beirût. The entire length can not be less than twenty miles, and the starting-point is at least two thousand feet above the sea.



FOUNTAIN AT BEIRUT.

III. BEIRUT—*Continued.*

January 26th.

The roofs of these houses afford such a delightful promenade, and the prospect is so beautiful, that I can scarcely keep away from them, day or night. So absorbed was I just now in gazing about, that, if it had not been for the parapet, I should have walked quite off, and then have found myself on the ground with a broken limb or neck, I suppose. As it was, I made a desperate stumble, and was excessively frightened.

A very practical illustration, that, of the wisdom and humanity of the command in Deut., xxii. 8, When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy

roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house if any man fall from thence. This ordinance ought still to be enforced by law wherever the roofs are flat, and resorted to for business, relaxation, or for sleeping. In Syrian cities the roofs are a great comfort. The ordinary houses have no other place where the inmates can either see the sun, "smell the air," dry their clothes, set out their flower-pots, or do numberless other things essential to their health and comfort. This is particularly true within the city walls; but even in villages the roof is very useful. There the farmer suns his wheat for the mill, and the flour when brought home, and dries his figs, raisins, etc., etc., in safety both from animals and from thieves.



HOUSE WITH ROOF AND BATTLEMENTS.

During a large part of the year the roof is the most agreeable place about the establishment, especially in the morn-

ing and evening. There multitudes sleep during the summer, in all places where malaria does not render it dangerous. This custom is very ancient. Though, according to our translation of 1st Samuel, ix. 25, 26, Samuel calls Saul *to* the top of the house, that he might send him away, instead of *from* it, yet, taking the whole passage together, there can be no doubt but that the process should be reversed. The Arabic has it thus: "And Samuel conversed with Saul upon the top of the house, and spread his bed for him, and he slept on the roof; and very early in the morning Samuel called Saul *from* the top of the house," etc., etc. This is natural, and doubtless the correct history of the case. Saul, young, vigorous, but weary with his long search, would desire no better place to sleep than on the roof. But there should always be battlements, and commissioners should be appointed to see that they are kept in proper repair. The Moslems generally build very high parapets, in order to screen their women from observation; but the Christians are very negligent, and often bring blood upon their houses by a sinful disregard of this law of Moses.

Your remark about the Moslems suggests the thought that if Uriah's house had been thus protected, David might have been saved from a long series of dismal crimes, and Israel from dreadful calamity.

True; but then the roof of David's palace was probably so high that he could look directly down into the courts of the neighboring houses. There are such in all cities, and you can scarcely commit a greater offense than to frequent a terrace which thus commands the interior of your neighbor's dwelling.

Isaiah has a reference to the house-tops in the 22d chapter which I do not quite understand. He says, verse 1st, What aileth thee now, that thou art wholly gone up to the house-tops? For what purpose did the inhabitants of Jerusalem thus go thither?

This is a remarkable passage. Verse 2d goes on to say, Thou art full of stirs, a tumultuous city, a joyous city; from which one might suppose that the people had gone to the

roofs to eat, drink, clap hands, and sing, as the Arabs at this day delight to do in the mild summer evenings. But, from verses 4th and 5th, it is plain that it was a time of trouble, and of treading down, and of perplexity; which naturally suggests the idea that the inhabitants had rushed to the tops of the houses to get a sight of those chariots and horsemen of Elam and Kir, with whom their choice valleys were full, and who were thundering against the gates of the city. And, as Oriental houses generally have no windows looking outward into the streets, or, if there are such, they are closely latticed, there is no place but the roofs from whence one can obtain a view of what is going on without. Hence, when any thing extraordinary occurs in the streets, all classes rush to the roof and look over the battlements. The inhabitants of Jerusalem, at the time of this Persian invasion, were probably seized with phrensy and madness, as they were long after, at the siege of Titus. According to Josephus, some reveled in drunken feasts, and kept the city in alarm by their stirs and tumults; some were engaged in plunder and murder, when the slain were not dead in battle; some wept bitterly, like Isaiah, and refused to be comforted because of the spoiling of the daughter of my people; in a word, it was a day of universal and utter confusion. Nobody could sit still, but all hurried to the house-tops, either to join in untimely riots of fanaticism and drunken despair, or to watch with fear and trembling the dreadful assault upon their walls and gates; no wonder they had wholly gone up to the house-tops.

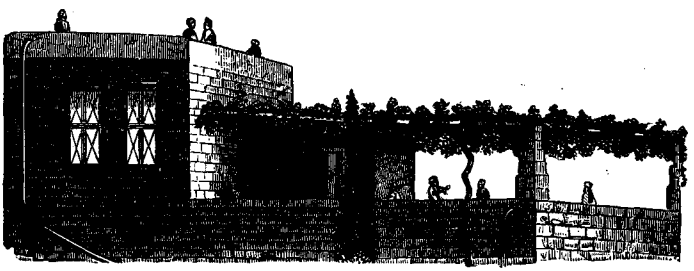
Was it customary in the time of our Saviour to make public proclamations from the tops of the houses?

Such an inference may fairly be drawn from Matthew, x. 27, and Luke, xii. 3. Our Lord spent most of his life in villages, and accordingly the reference here is to a custom observed only in such places, never in cities. At the present day, local governors in country districts cause their commands thus to be published. Their proclamations are generally made in the evening, after the people have returned from their labors in the field. The public crier ascends the

highest roof at hand, and lifts up his voice in a long-drawn call upon all faithful subjects to give ear and obey. He then proceeds to announce, in a set form, the will of their master, and demand obedience thereto.

It is plain that the roofs were resorted to for worship, both true and idolatrous. We read, in Zeph., i. 5, of those who worshiped the hosts of heaven on the house-tops; and from Acts, x. 9, we learn that Peter at Joppa went up to the roof to pray about the sixth hour.

All this is very natural. The Sabeans of Chaldea and Persia could find no more appropriate place for the performance of their idolatrous worship of the heavenly bodies than these open terraces, with the stars shining down upon them so kindly. And, as very few Oriental dwellings have closets into which the devout can retire for prayer, I suppose Peter was obliged to resort to the roof of Simon's house for this purpose; and when surrounded with battlements, and shaded by vines trained over them, they afford a very agreeable retreat, even at the sixth hour of the day—the time when Peter was favored with that singular vision, by which the kingdom of heaven was thrown open to the Gentile world.



TERRACE WITH VINES.

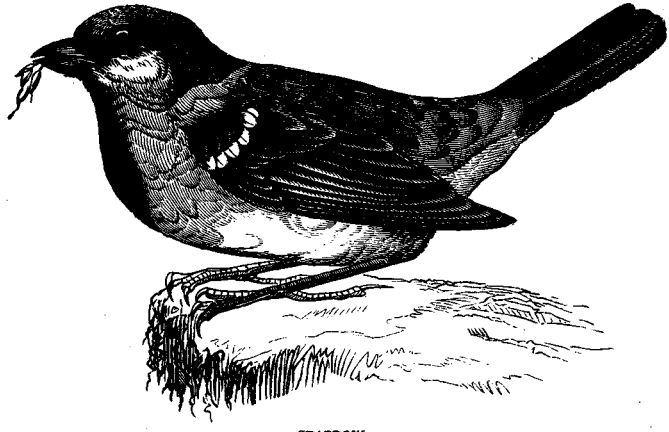
Our Lord says, Let him that is on the house-top not come down to take any thing out of his house.[1] Is it a correct inference from this that the stairway landed on the outside of the house?

Outside of the house, but within the exterior court. It

[1] Matt. xxiv. 17.

would not be either agreeable or safe to have the stairs land outside the inclosure altogether, and it is rarely done, except in mountain villages, and where roofs are but little used. They not unfrequently end in the *lewan*, but more commonly in some part of the lower court. The urgency of the flight recommended by our Lord is enhanced by the fact that the stairs do lead down into the court or lewan. He in effect says, though you must pass by the very door of your room, do not enter; escape for your life, without a moment's delay.

No traveler in Syria will long need an introduction to the sparrow on the house-top. There are countless numbers of them about you.



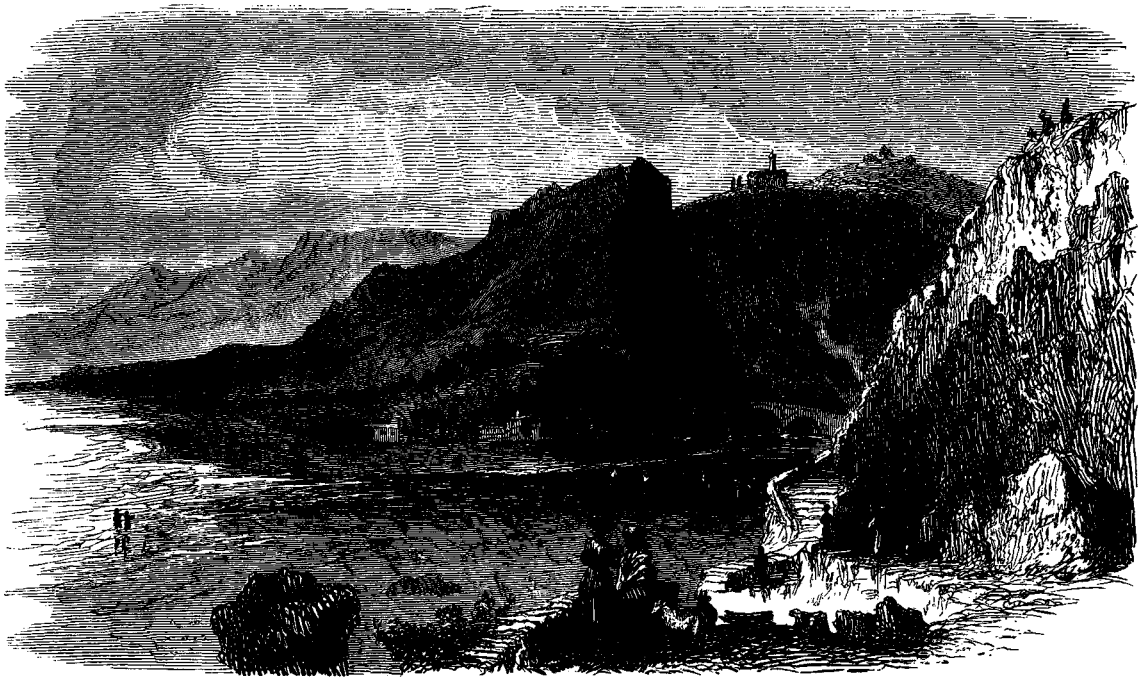
SPARROW.

They are a tame, troublesome, and impertinent generation, and nestle just where you don't want them. They stop up your stove and water pipes with their rubbish, build in the windows and under the beams of the roof, and would stuff your hat full of stubble in half a day if they found it hanging in a place to suit them. They are extremely pertinacious in asserting their right of possession, and have not the least reverence for any place or thing. David alludes to these characteristics of the sparrow in the

84th Psalm, when he complains that they had appropriated even the altars of God for their nests. Concerning himself, he says, I watch, and am as a sparrow upon the house-top.[1] When one of them has lost its mate—a matter of every-day occurrence—he will sit on the house-top alone, and lament by the hour his sad bereavement. These birds are snared and caught in great numbers, but, as they are small and not much relished for food, five sparrows may still be sold for two farthings; and when we see their countless numbers, and the eagerness with which they are destroyed as a worthless nuisance, we can better appreciate the assurance that our heavenly Father, who takes care of them, so that not one can fall to the ground without His notice, will surely take care of us, who are of more value than many sparrows.[2]

[1] Psalm cii. 7.

[2] Matt. x. 29, and Luke xii. 7.



VIEW OF DOG RIVER.

IV. DOG RIVER.

January 27th.

SAFELY back, and welcome! How have you enjoyed this first excursion in the East?

Perfectly. It has been a day of unmingled pleasure; company agreeable, air soft and bland, horses lively, and the path through the mulberry orchards, and around the sandy Bay of St. George, quite delightful. Then the scenery



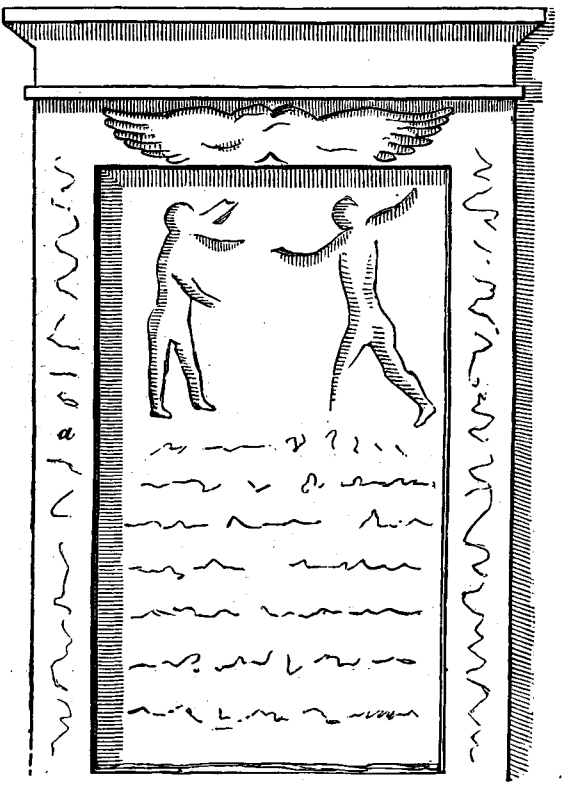
ROAD OVER PASS AT DOG RIVER.

at Dog River, what can surpass it? I was so enchanted with the grand, wild gorge, that I could scarcely tear myself away to examine the remains of antiquity for which the spot is celebrated; but I did look at them all, and at some with a feeling of awe and reverence quite new in my experience.

It is an assemblage of ancient mementoes to be found no where else in a single group, so far as I know. That old road, climbing the rocky pass, along which the Phœnician, Egyptian, Persian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman, Frank, Turk, and Arab have marched their countless hosts for four thou-



sand years, have much to tell the student of man's past history, could we but break the seal, and read the long roll of revelations. Those faintly-cut emblems of Sesostris, those stern, cold soldiers of Chaldea, those inscriptions in Persian, Greek, Latin, and Arabic, each embodies a history of itself, or rather tells of one written elsewhere, which we long to possess. I have drawings of these figures, and copies of the inscriptions, which you may study at your leisure. They, of course, imply much more than they directly reveal.



I was told that a large part of the river issues from a cave some six miles above the sea. Have you ever visited the spot?

Several times; and it is worth the ride. The scenery, also, around the sources of the river, high up under Sŭnnîn, is very romantic. As this is the Lycus of the ancients, with a history and a myth of its own, we may spend a few more moments upon it without growing weary of the subject. No one who has eyes, or deserves to have them, will pass up the river from its mouth without stopping again and again to admire the gray cliffs towering up to the sky on either side. The aqueduct will also attract attention, clinging to the perpendicular rock, and dressed out in drooping festoons of ivy, and other creepers, whose every twig and leaf sparkle with big drops of brightest crystal. Where the river turns to the south, the ravine becomes too narrow, wild, and rocky for any but a goat-path, and the road leads thence over the steep shoulder of the mountain for an hour and a half. It then descends by a very slippery track to the river, in the immediate vicinity of the caves. There are three of them, and all in the cliffs on the north side of the ravine. Out of the first rushes a large part of the river, but without a boat it can not be explored. A few rods farther up the valley is the second cave. It runs under the mountain in a straight line for eighty paces, and then descends into an abyss of water. Several smaller aisles lead in different directions down to the same abyss. On the west side of the main entrance is a parallel passage of about the same dimensions as the other, with which it communicates by a large doorway. This second tunnel leads round to the west, and unites with the lower cave at its mouth. Strike or jump on the floor, and you are startled by a dull hollow sound beneath, and feel inclined to walk softly over such unknown depths.

About forty rods higher up the ravine is the third and largest cave. The entrance to this is concealed by huge rocks, and a stranger might pass within a few feet of it without suspecting its existence. Creep carefully over the rocks, let yourself down some ten feet, and you find a wide, low opening. Soon the passage becomes high enough to walk erect, and turns round toward the west. You must now

light your torches, for the interior is utterly dark. A sort of gallery, or corridor, runs round three sides of this immense room. Descending to the lower part, you again come to the river, which crosses the cave, and disappears at the north-west corner with a loud noise. At the northeast, where it enters the room, there is a pool of water, clear and smooth as a mirror, and deliciously cool. How far it extends under the mountains I had no means of ascertaining. I fired a gun up it; the echoes were loud and oft-repeated. This cave abounds in stalagmites and stalactites, some of which are of enormous size, reaching from the roof to the floor, and are grooved like fluted columns. They also hang like long wax candles from the roof of the interior pool. I longed for a boat, not only to gather them, but also to explore the mysteries of those dark and watery labyrinths. There is much said in the Bible about caves; and ecclesiastical tradition has located many of the events recorded in the New Testament in these subterraneous abodes. We shall have abundant opportunities to examine them hereafter.

The river above the caves comes from two vast fountains, which burst out directly under the snow of Sŭnnîn—intensely cold—icy, in fact, even in summer, and clear as though running liquid diamonds. They, with their young rivers, bear names rather poetical—agreeable, at least, to Arab taste. The northern is the Fountain of Honey (Neb'a el Asil); the southern is the Fountain of Milk (Neb'a el Lebn). Over the deep ravine of the latter stream, and not far from its birth, nature has thrown, or has left, a gigantic arch, which to this day is the bridge for the public highway, the *highest* in the land, creeping cautiously along the very uppermost shelf of Lebanon. I have visited it several times, but have mislaid my measurements, and must give you those of a friend. The arch is ninety feet thick; the span one hundred and fifty-seven; the breadth from eighty to one hundred and forty; and the height on the lower side nearly two hundred feet. These figures may be rather large; but, without any exaggeration, it is a grand and impressive natural curiosity.

Let me now inform you, for your satisfaction, that, while you have been enjoying Dog River, I have completed our traveling apparatus and equipage, and our departure is definitely fixed for to-morrow morning.



NATURAL BRIDGE OVER NAHR EL LEBN.

V. BEIRUT TO THE DAMUR.

January 28th.

ARE we to have such a tedious and noisy scene every morning with the muleteers?

I hope not. It is generally thus, however, the first day; but, after each one has ascertained his proper load, they proceed more quietly, and with greater expedition.

Now we are fairly on the road, let us remember to commit our way unto the Lord. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.[1] This has been my traveling motto, roving or at rest, ever since I left the banks of our own bright Ohio for this "Land of Promise."

No sentiment can be more appropriate. We shall need the admonition at every step, and the promise thereto annexed as well. But the royal preacher has given another piece of advice to travelers. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Turn not to

[1] Prov. iii. 6.

the right hand or to the left; remove thy foot from evil.[1] Do so now, lest you commence our journey with a practical "illustration" which will associate your name with Balaam and his much-abused ass. His path, like ours, had a wall on this side and a wall on that; the angel with drawn sword was in front, and the poor beast thrust herself against the wall and crushed the prophet's foot.[2] Now this file of donkeys, with rough stone from the quarries on their backs, completely blocks up this narrow way, and if you attempt to force your horse past them, either on the right or the left, you will also meet with a crushed foot.

That is a fact so obvious that the dumb ass, if it could speak with man's voice as Balaam's did, might rebuke the madness of the attempt. But what are we to do?

Retreat to the next side alley, and let them pass. These stone-carrying donkeys are a great nuisance; but we are free from them at last, and you will not encounter a similar annoyance in all Syria, nor meet an equally patent illustration of Balaam's misfortune.

I shall not soon forget it. These crooked, narrow paths through the gardens of Beirût do indeed require one to observe the wise man's directions most closely. Only a few feet wide, with high walls on either side, and overshadowed by the rough arms and thorny palms of the prickly pear, the rider must keep wide awake, or he will find his face transfixed with the sharp spikes of the one, or his foot crushed against the other. I was stooping to avoid the first, when your timely warning saved me from the second.

The almanac tells me that this is the 28th of January, and yet the air is warm and bland as May. This old world and her ways are to me emphatically new. Those tall pines, with their parasol canopies spread out along the sky, are both new and beautiful; and how surpassingly glorious and majestic does Lebanon appear through and beyond them!

Those old trees were planted by Fakhr et Deen, and there are but few of them left. I saw that pretty wood beneath them *sowed* by Mahmood Beg, the governor of Beirût,

[1] Prov. iv. 25, 27. [2] Numb. xxii. 22–33.

twenty years ago. The smallest are only two years old. Half a century hence, the tourist will here find the fairest grove in Syria. This low, flat-roofed house on our right is a native khân—inn, or, if you please, hotel—much like those of ancient times, I suppose. We shall have some future occasion to test the accommodation which these Arab institutions offer to man and beast. Here is the guard of the custom-house, and you may as well return his polite salâm. These gentlemen are obliging or otherwise, according to circumstances. On a former occasion, one of them seized my bridle, and rudely demanded my passport. I replied that it was not customary for residents in the country to carry such documents, and that I had it not with me. This did not satisfy him. He ordered me back, swearing roundly that he would not let the Grand Vizier himself pass without his tazcara. After he had swaggered himself tired, I told him I had lived twenty years in this country, and knew the regulations of government better than he did; that no order applicable to Franks was ever issued without official notice of the same being communicated to the consuls; and that, as no such notification in regard to passports had been made, I would not conform to it except by force. If he turned me back, I should lodge a complaint against him with the consul, who would hold him responsible for all damages. He immediately lowered his tone, bade me go in peace, and say nothing more about the matter. I did so, and have never been annoyed with a similar demand from that day to this. He had mistaken me for a stranger, and expected to extort a bakshîsh.

It is nine hours, you say, from Beirût to Sidon?

About twenty-seven miles, and takes six, eight, or ten hours, according to the rate of travel. But, as our object is to study the land and its customs, or, rather, to peruse the Word of God by the light which these shed upon it, we shall pay very little attention to the hours, stages, and stations of ordinary tourists.

This suits the main purpose of my visit precisely. I have no great fondness for mere sight-seeing, and much prefer to

gather instruction from the works and ways, the manners and customs of the living, than to grope for it amid the rotten ruins of the dead.

Doubtless the former is the richer field, at least in Palestine, but both should be carefully explored. In the mean while, turn a little to the left. The direct road to Sidon leads over a sandy desert, fatiguing to both the horse and his rider. The path we take lies along the eastern margin of it, through mulberry orchards and olive groves, with which we may hold pleasant and profitable converse as we pass. This broad track through the centre of the pine forest is the sultan's highway to Damascus. You can see it yonder to the southeast, winding up the face of Lebanon. When but a few days old in the country, I made trial of it, and was astonished beyond measure to find that such a villainous path was a road to any where, and, most of all, that it was *the* road *par excellence* between Beirût and Syria's celebrated capital.

Look now at those stately palm-trees, which stand here and there on the plain, like military sentinels, with feathery plumes nodding gracefully on their proud heads. The stem, tall, slender, and erect as Rectitude herself, suggests to the Arab poets many a symbol for their lady-love; and Solomon, long before them, has sung, How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love! for delights; this thy stature is like the palm-tree.[1]

Yes; and Solomon's father says, The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age.[2]

The royal poet has derived more than one figure from the customs of men, and the habits of this noble tree, with which to adorn his sacred ode. The palm grows slowly, but steadily, from century to century, uninfluenced by those alternations of the seasons which affect other trees. It does not rejoice overmuch in winter's copious rain, nor does it droop under the drought and the burning sun of summer. Neither heavy weights which men place upon its head, nor

[1] Song vii. 6, 7. [2] Psalm xcii. 12–14.

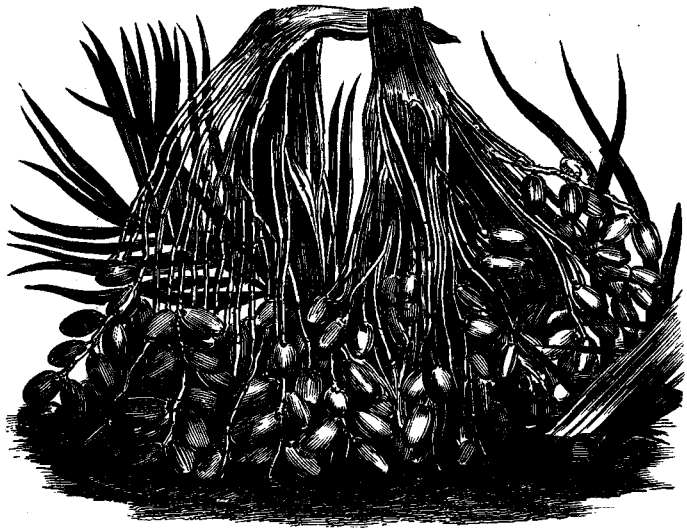


PALM-TREE.

the importunate urgency of the wind, can sway it aside from perfect uprightness. There it stands, looking calmly down upon the world below, and patiently yielding its large clusters of golden fruit from generation to generation. They bring forth fruit in old age. The allusion to being planted in the house of the Lord is probably drawn from the custom of planting beautiful and long-lived trees in the courts of temples and palaces, and in all "high places" used for worship. This is still common; nearly every palace, and mosque, and convent in the country has such trees in the courts, and, being well protected there, they flourish exceedingly. Solomon covered all the walls of the "Holy of Holies"[1] round about with palm-trees. They were thus plant-

[1] 1 Kings vi. 29.

ed, as it were, within the very house of the Lord; and their presence there was not only ornamental, but appropriate and highly suggestive. The very best emblem, not only of patience in well-doing, but of the rewards of the righteous —a fat and flourishing old age—a peaceful end—a glorious immortality. The Jews used palm-branches as emblems of victory in their seasons of rejoicing,[1] and Christians do the same on Palm Sunday, in commemoration of our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. They are often woven into an arch, and placed over the head of the bier which carries man to his "long home," and speak sweetly of victory and eternal life. We shall meet this striking and beautiful tree all along our journey, every where repeating, as an old friend, the same lessons of piety and encouragement.



CLUSTER OF DATES.

What large black birds are those which fly furiously across the horizon, as if driven by some interior impulse of despair?

The raven. Austere bird of ill omen! I never hear its

[1] Levit. xxiii. 40.



RAVEN.

harsh croak, or see it hurrying hither and thither, as if it could not rest, without thinking of Noah and the ark on Ararat. He sent forth this uneasy bird, which went to and fro until the waters were dried up, and never again sought safety or repose by returning to the ark. Sad emblem of those who fly from the true ark, and only refuge against that other deluge which shall drown the ungodly in everlasting destruction!

And now we are entering the vast olive-orchards of Shwoifat. See! our noisy approach has frightened a timid dove from the midst of that fine old tree.



DOVE.

The dove and the olive! another association to remind us of the ark, and the second father of mankind. Who can see the dove sitting in this tree without thinking of that evening when she returned to the ark, and lo! in her mouth was an olive-leaf plucked off?[1] Mute messenger from the world below, by which Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.

The olive-tree, its fruit, and oil must have been known before the

[1] Gen. viii. 11.

deluge, but whether the dove and the branch were emblems of peace and good-will by previous custom, or whether the hint was taken from this transaction, I shall not attempt to determine. The tradition among the Greeks that the first olive-branch that reached their country was carried by a dove from Phœnicia to the temple of Jupiter in Epirus, is certainly very remarkable. The connection of the dove with the olive, however, is quite natural. These groves are their favorite resort. In them they build their nests and rear their young, and there may be heard all day long their low, soft cooing, in sweet unison with the breeze which whispers peace to the troubled and repose to the weary.

It seems a fair deduction from the narrative in Genesis, that the flood must have risen in such a quiet way as not to destroy the trees, and must also have remained but a short time universal, else the olive would have perished.

We may at least conclude that lands sufficiently low and warm for the olive had been for some time uncovered when the dove went forth, or it could not have found young leaves upon them. This tree does not flourish in Syria more than three thousand feet above the sea, and in the interior not so high. Indeed, it is scarcely found at all in countries adjacent to Ararat, and the dove had probably to make a long flight for its leaf, which it could easily do before "evening." And the objection to the literal meaning or strict veracity of this statement has no solid foundation, in the fact that the olive is not an inhabitant of the cold mountains of Armenia.

Have you ever met with any certain traces of the flood in this country?

There are myriads of fossil shells on Lebanon and elsewhere, even on the tops of the highest ranges, but no geologist would appeal to them in proof of the Noahic deluge. That was an event wholly miraculous, and the evidence of the fact is to be found in the sacred record, not in geological researches. I would by no means intimate, however, that future investigation may not uncover many well-ascertained footprints of that mighty catastrophe. But it is altogether

foreign to our purpose to wander off into geological speculations, and we are not yet done with the olive-tree.

Far from it. There are many references to it in the Bible, some of which I am not able yet to appreciate. Thus Hosea says, His beauty shall be as the olive-tree.[1] It does not strike me as very beautiful, but perhaps one's eye needs to be educated before it can distinguish properly and decide correctly on such questions in new and strange circumstances.

No doubt. To me this noble grove, spreading like a silver sea along the base of the hills, and climbing their ascending terraces, is perfectly charming; and it speaks of peace and plenty, food and gladness. The olive-tree and its fruit make the face of man to shine in more senses than one. To a stranger it is necessarily destitute of these pleasing associations; but to me it is at all times both charming and refreshing to ride through such a grove when clothed with flowers, or when bowed down with fat and oily berries.

Moses, in that last ode which he taught the children of Israel, speaks of oil out of the flinty rock;[2] and until now I had supposed that this tree delighted in hard, rocky soil; but this vast grove spreads over a soft and sandy plain.

You were not mistaken—only misled by appearances. The substratum of this plain is chalky marl, abounding in flint, and the sand is merely an intruder blown in from this desert on our right. In such soil our tree flourishes best, both in the plains and upon the mountains. It delights to insinuate its roots into the clefts of the rocks and crevices of this flinty marl, and from thence it draws its richest stores of oil. If the overlying mould is so deep that its roots can not reach the rock beneath, I am told that the tree languishes, and its berries are small and sapless. There is, however, another explanation of this figure of Moses. In ancient times generally (and in many places at the present day) the olives were ground to a pulp in huge stone basins, by rolling a heavy stone wheel over them, and the oil was then expressed in stone presses established near by. Fre-

[1] Hos. xiv. 6. [2] Deut. xxxii. 13.

quently these presses, with their floors, gutters, troughs, and cisterns, were all hewn out of solid rock, and thus it literally poured out rivers of oil,[1] as Job hath it in his parable. There is a ruin above Tyre, near Kânâh, called Im-il-'Awamîd, where scores of such presses are still standing, almost as perfect as they were twenty centuries ago, although every vestige of the groves which supplied the oil has long since disappeared.

I notice that the branches of some trees have been cut off, and then grafted; why is this done?

Simply because the olive, in its natural wild state, bears no berries, or but few, and these small and destitute of oil.

St. Paul has an extended reference to this matter. Stay till I turn to the passage, for there are some things in it which I have never understood. Here it is: If some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a *wild* olive-tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-tree, boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee.[2] And then, in the 24th verse, For if thou wert cut out of the olive-tree, which is wild by nature, and wert grafted, *contrary to nature*, into a good olive-tree, etc., etc. Now here is my difficulty, and the exact point of inquiry. The olive, you say (and so says the Apostle), is wild by nature, and it must be grafted by the *good* before it will bear fruit; but here the Apostle speaks of grafting the wild into the good, not the good *upon* the wild.

True, he does; but observe, he says expressly that this is *contrary* to nature, as it really is. I have made particular inquiries on this point, and find that in the *kingdom of nature* generally, certainly in the case of the olive, the process referred to by the Apostle never succeeds. Graft the good upon the wild, and, as the Arabs say, it will *conquer* the wild, but you can not reverse the process with success. If you insert a *wild* graft into a good tree, *it will conquer the* good. It is only in the *kingdom of grace* that a process thus contrary to nature can be successful; and it is this circumstance

[1] Job xxix. 6. [2] Rom. xi. 17 and 18, 24.

which the Apostle has seized upon, and with admirable tact, to magnify the mercy shown to the Gentiles by grafting them, a wild race, *contrary to the nature* of such operations, into the good olive-tree of the Church, and causing them to flourish there, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. The Apostle lived in the land of the olive, and was in no danger of falling into a blunder in founding his argument upon such a circumstance in its cultivation.

But have all the trees in this vast grove been reclaimed from a wild state by grafting?

Certainly not. The Apostle himself speaks of the *root* of the good olive, implying that, by some means or other, it had been changed. The process by which this result is reached is quite simple. You observe certain knobs, or large warts, so to speak, on the body of this tree. Cut off one of these which has a branch growing out of it, *above* the place where it has been grafted; plant it in good soil, water it carefully, and it will strike out roots and grow. It is now a good tree from the root, and all scions taken from it are also "good by nature." But if the knob, or branch, be taken below the grafting, your tree comes wild again. The greater part of this grove is now "good" from the root. I am told, however, by olive-growers, that there is a tendency to degenerate, and that it is often a great improvement to graft even a good tree with one that is still better.

Job says, He shall cast off his flower as the olive.[1] What is there in the casting off of olive-flowers which can illustrate the rejection and ruin of those who trust in vanity, for which purpose the patriarch employs the figure?

The olive is the most prodigal of all fruit-bearing trees in flowers. It literally bends under the load of them. But then not one in a hundred comes to maturity. The tree casts them off by millions, as if they were of no more value than flakes of snow, which they closely resemble. So it will be with those who put their trust in vanity. Cast off, they melt away, and no one takes the trouble to ask after such empty, useless things, just as our olive seems to throw

[1] Job xv. 33.



OLIVE BRANCH.

off in contempt the myriads of flowers that signify nothing, and turns all her fatness to those which will mature into fruit.

This tree is of slow growth, and the husbandman must have long patience. Except under circumstances peculiarly favorable, it bears no berries until the seventh year, nor is the crop worth much until the tree is ten or fifteen years old; but then "the labor of the olive" is extremely profitable, and it will continue to yield its fruit to extreme old age, like the excellent of the earth. So long as there is a fragment remaining, though externally the tree looks dry as a post, yet does it continue to yield its load of oily berries, and for twenty generations the owners gather fruit from the faithful old patriarch. This tree also requires but little labor or care of any kind, and, if long neglected, will revive again when the ground is dug or plowed, and begin afresh to yield as before. Vineyards forsaken die out almost immediately, and mulberry orchards neglected run rapidly to

ruin, but not so the olive. I saw the desolate hills of Jebel-el-'Alâh, above Antioch, covered with these groves, although no one had paid attention to them for half a century. If the olive bore every year, its value would be incalculable; but, like most other trees, it yields only every other year. Even with this deduction it is the most valuable species of property in the country. Large trees, in a good season, will yield from ten to fifteen gallons of oil, and an acre of them gives a crop worth at least one hundred dollars. No wonder it is so highly prized.

The value of this tree is enhanced by the fact that its fruit is indispensable for the comfort, and even the existence of the mass of the community. The Biblical references to this matter are not at all exaggerated. The berry, pickled, forms the general relish to the farmer's dry bread. He goes forth to his work in the field at early dawn, or sets out on a journey, with no other provision than olives wrapped up in a quantity of his *paper-like* loaves, and with this he is contented. Then almost every kind of dish is cooked in oil, and without it the good wife is utterly confounded; and when the oil fails, the lamp in the dwelling of the poor expires. Moreover, the entire supply of soap in this country is from the produce of the olive. Habakkuk, therefore, gives a very striking attestation of his faith in God when he says, Although the labor of the olive should fail, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.[1]

Isaiah refers to the *gathering* of the olive thus: Yet gleaning grapes shall be in it, as the shaking of an olive-tree; two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outermost fruitful branches thereof.[2] Have you noticed the circumstances alluded to by the prophet?

Very often; and it is the language of familiar acquaintance with the subject. As you may never have an opportunity to watch the process, I will describe it as it occurs in such places as Hasbeiya, where I have studied it to best advantage. Early in autumn the berries begin to drop of

[1] Hab. iii. 18. [2] Is. xvii. 6.

themselves, or are shaken off by the wind. They are allowed to remain under the trees for some time, guarded by the watchman of the town—a very familiar Biblical character. Then a proclamation is made by the governor that all who have trees go out and pick what has fallen. Previous to this, not even the owners are allowed to gather olives in the groves. This proclamation is repeated once or twice, according to the season. In November comes the general and final summons, which sends forth all Hasbeiya. No olives are now safe unless the owner looks after them, for the watchmen are removed, and the orchards are alive with men, women, and children. It is a merry time, and the laugh and the song echo far and wide. Every where the people are in the trees "shaking" them with all their might to bring down the fruit. This is what the prophet had in mind. The effort is to make a clear sweep of all the crop; but, in spite of shaking and beating, there is always a gleaning left; two or three berries in the top of the uppermost boughs, four or five in the outermost fruitful branches. These are afterward gleaned up by the very poor, who have no trees of their own;[1] and by industry they gather enough to keep a lamp in their habitation during the dismal nights of winter, and to cook their mess of pottage and bitter herbs. I have often seen these miserable outcasts gleaning among the groves, and shivering in winter's biting cold. In fact, the "shaking of the olive" is the severest operation in Syrian husbandry, particularly in such mountainous regions as Hasbeiya. When the proclamation goes forth to "shake," there can be no postponement. The rainy season has already set in; the trees are dripping with the last shower, or bowing under a load of moist snow; but shake, shake you must, drenching yourself and those below in an artificial storm of rain, snow, and olives. No matter how piercing the wind, how biting the frost, this work must go on from early dawn to dark night; and then the weary laborer must carry on his aching back a heavy load of dripping berries two or three miles up the mountain to his home. To com-

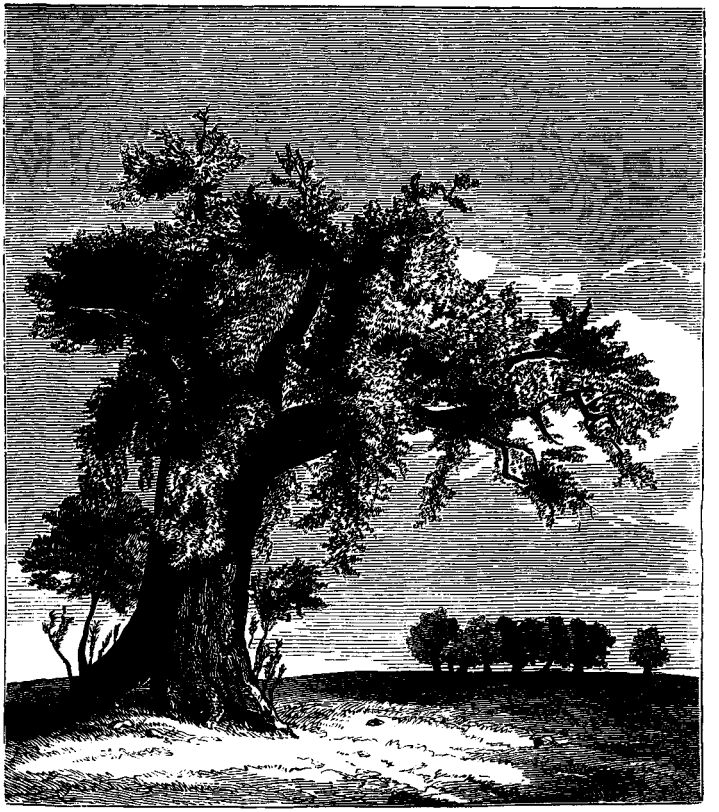
[1] Deut. xxiv. 20.

prehend the necessity of all this, you must remember that the olive-groves are in common—not owned in common, but planted on the same general tract of land, and are without fences, walls, or hedges of any kind, mingled together like the trees in a natural forest. This tree belongs to Zeid, that to 'Abeid, as they say, and so on through the whole plantation. Such, at least, is the case with the groves we are describing. This vast orchard of Shwoifat, through which we have been riding for the last hour, has a thousand owners, and in "shaking time" every one must look sharply after his own, or he loses all. There is an utter confounding of the meum and tuum in the general conscience of olive-gatherers.

To what particular circumstance does David refer in the 128th Psalm, where he says, Thy children shall be like olive-plants round about thy table?

Follow me into the grove, and I will show you what may have suggested the comparison. Here we have hit upon a beautiful illustration. This aged and decayed tree is surrounded, as you see, by several young and thrifty shoots, which spring from the root of the venerable parent. They seem to uphold, protect, and embrace it. We may even fancy that they now bear that load of fruit which would otherwise be demanded of the feeble parent. Thus do good and affectionate children gather round the table of the righteous. Each contributes something to the common wealth and welfare of the whole—a beautiful sight, with which may God refresh the eyes of every friend of mine.

But here we must leave our pleasant grove for this singular sea of sand, which rolls quite back to the gardens of Beirût. Geologists tell us that this sand has traveled long and far before it reached its present resting-place. That, in fact, its original home was in the great African desert, and, during the countless ages of the past, it has been drifted first by the wind into the sea, and then by the current along the northern coast past Egypt, and around the head of the sea, until, stopped by the Cape of Beirût, it has been thrown out by the waves on to this plain. Others say that it is the sand



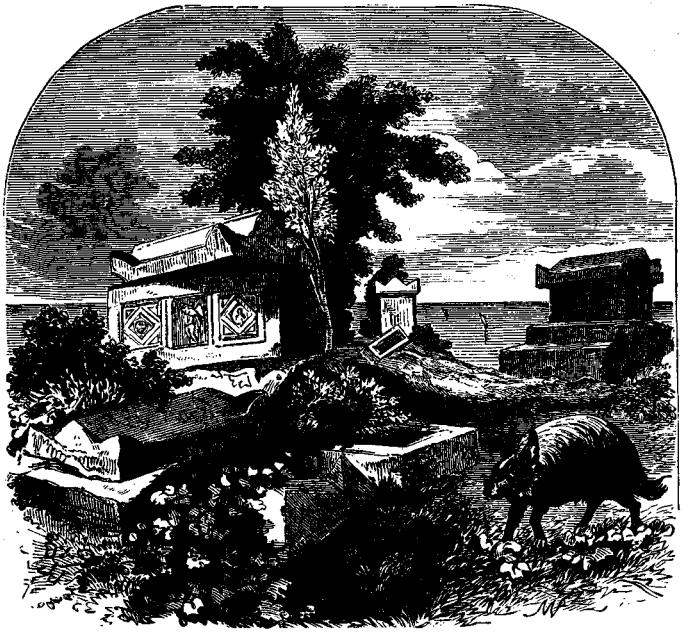
AGED TREE SURROUNDED BY YOUNG ONES.

of the Nile transported hither by the northern current in this part of the Mediterranean. It would lead us too far from our path and our purpose to discuss these theories. My own opinion is, that we need look no farther than this immediate neighborhood for the origin of this desert. The rock on the shore is a soft sandstone, which is continually disintegrating by the action of wind and wave. The loose sand is cast up upon the beach, and the strong southwest winds which blow across the plain are constantly spreading it inward under our very eyes. No doubt the River Damûr,

which is just ahead of us, brings down a vast amount of sand during the winter rains, which is also thrown on shore by the sea. But enough of speculation. The fact is only too certain and too sad. This sand is continually driven in upon these gardens like another deluge. Entire mulberry orchards about Beirût, with all their trees and houses, have been thus overwhelmed since I came to the country; and the day is not distant when it will have swept over the whole cape to the bay on the north of the city, unless its course can be arrested. I never take this ride without watching, with weary sadness, this ever-changing desert. Upon the great sand-waves, which swell up from twenty to fifty feet high, the west wind wakes up small but well-defined *wavelets*, the counterpart in miniature of those on yonder noisy sea. Should these ripples be caught and fixed by some tranquillizing and indurating agency, we should here have a vast formation of as *wavy* sandstone as ever puzzled the student of earth's rocky mysteries.

These sandy invasions are not found to any injurious extent north of Beirût, but as you go south they become broader and more continuous. They spread far inland round the Bay of Acre. They begin again at Cesarea, and reach to the River 'Aujeh; and then south of Joppa, past Askelon and Gaza, they roll in their desolating waves wider and still wider, until they subside in the great desert that lies between Arabia and Africa. Let us ride up to the crest of that bold sand-wave, and take a farewell look at this prospect, so eminently Syrian. Ibrahim Pacha told the Emeer of Shwoifat that he had three different seas beneath his feet—the blue Mediterranean, this yellow Kŭllâbât, and the silvery sea of this olive Sahrâh. Though we may not admire the poetry of the pacha, we will the scene that inspired it. All he saw is before us; and with the noble Lebanon for background, receding and rising, range over range, up to where Sŭnnîn leans his snowy head against the marble vault of heaven. Picturesque villages by the hundred sleep at his feet, cling to his side, hide in his bosom, or stand out in bold relief upon his ample shoulders, giving life and animation to the scene.

We will now rest and lunch at this khan Khŭldeh. It has taken three hours to reach it. Though you have but little relish for rotten ruins, there is something hereabouts will surely interest you. This broken tower, crowning the top of a half-natural, half-artificial mound, the guide-books will tell you, is one of those telegraphic beacons which St. Helen built along the road from Jerusalem to Constantinople, to convey to her royal son the very first tidings of the discovery of the true cross, for which she was then ransacking the rubbish of the Holy City. You may accept that, or else suppose that it was one of a system of watch-towers for the defense of the coast, such as are still kept up along the shores of Spain and Algiers. The hill itself, however, speaks of remote antiquity. But by far the most remarkable relics of past ages are those sarcophagi on the side of the mountain. Their number is surprising, since for ages the inhabitants have been breaking them up for building-stone, and burning them into lime, and still there are hundreds of them lying about on the face of the hill. They are of all sizes; some eight feet long, and in fair proportion, the resting-place of giants; others were made for small children. Many are hewn in the live rock; others are single coffins cut out of separate blocks. All had heavy lids, of various shapes, approaching to that of an American coffin, but with the corners raised. They are, no doubt, very ancient. Lift the lid, and the dust within differs not from the surrounding soil from which grows the corn of the current year. And so it was twenty centuries ago, I suppose. They are without inscriptions, and have nothing about them to determine their age or origin. Here is a cherub on one, with wings expanded, as if about to fly away to the "better land;" yonder is another with a palm branch, emblem of immortality; while that large one has three warlike figures, the chosen companions, perhaps, of some ancient hero. But on none of them is there a single mark or scratch which might indicate that those who made them had an alphabet. Who were they? Certainly neither Greeks nor Romans. I find no mention of this place, unless it be the Heldua, which, ac-



SARCOPHAGI.

cording to the Jerusalem Itinerary, was twelve miles south of Beirût. This distance, however, would take us to the next khan, Ghŭfer en Naamy, and there was an ancient town near it. Mark Antony spent some time at a fort between Beirût and Sidon, called Dukekome, waiting for Cleopatra. Perhaps this tower-crowned hill marks the spot where these mighty revelers met and feasted. However that may be, we must now leave it. An hour's easy, or, rather, uneasy ride through the deep sand of the shore, will bring us to our tent on the green bank of the Damûr.

Here, on the brow of this rocky hill, we have the lime-kilns you spoke of, and men in the very act of breaking up sarcophagi to feed them. It is unpardonable sacrilege thus to destroy these venerable antiquities. It is outrageous Vandalism.

Instead of hurling anathemas at these barbarians, we had

better drop a tear of compassion over such ignorance, and then see if we can not draw some lesson of instruction from even these destructive kilns. You see an immense quantity of this low, matted thorn-bush collected around them. That is the fuel with which the lime is burned. And thus it was in the days of Isaiah. The people, says he, shall be as the burnings of lime: *as thorns cut up shall they be burned in the fire.*[1] Those people among the rocks yonder are cutting up thorns with their mattocks and pruning-hooks, and gathering them into bundles to be burned in these burnings of lime. It is a curious fidelity to real life, that, when the thorns are merely to be destroyed, they are never cut up, but set on fire where they grow. They are only *cut up* for the lime-kiln.

And here is the Damûr, with our tent pitched among oleanders and willows—a picturesque position for our first encampment. Permit me to introduce you to the house of your pilgrimage. Salîm has placed your cot and luggage on the right, and mine on the left. We will pursue this arrangement hereafter, and thereby avoid much confusion.

It looks very inviting, and promises well for future comfort. This sojourning in tents, in the land where the patriarchs tabernacled so many centuries ago, not only takes my fancy captive, but is in beautiful unison with our object.

It is. A coach or car, with its bustle and hurry, would be intolerable here; and even a fussy, fashionable hotel would be a nuisance. Let us enjoy the luxury of liberty, and, while dinner is preparing, take a stroll at our leisure up this fine wady.

This name—Damûr—is it a mere variation of the Tamyras of Strabo, the Damura of Polybius?

Yes, if the variation is not that of the Greek and Roman. I suspect that Damûr is the true original. The main source of this river is near 'Ain Zehalteh, a village five hours to the east, under the lofty ridge of Lebanon. Other streams from the mountain farther north unite with this at Jisr el Kâdy, on the road from Beirût to Deir el Kamar. Below

[1] Is. xxxiii. 12.

this the river turns westward, and falls into the sea just south of this long, straggling village of Mûallakah. Though not more than twenty-five miles long, yet, from the vast extent of lofty mountains which pour their winter floods into its channel, it rises suddenly into a furious, unfordable river. Many people are carried away by it, and perish at this ford. This broken bridge was built by the Emeer Beshîr Shehâb, some thirty-five years ago, but it soon gave way before the violence of the stream. From the nature of the bottom, it has always been difficult to establish a bridge at this place. The emeer erected his on the ruins of one more ancient, built probably by the Romans, and with no better success than they. The river frequently changes its channel, and the Romans constructed this heavy wall running up the stream to confine it to its proper bed, but in winter it sets all bounds at defiance. During a great flood last year it spread through these gardens of Mûallakah, tore up the mulberry-trees, and swept them off to the sea. The scenery around the head of this river is not so wild as in many other places; but the basins of the different tributaries expand on an immense scale, spreading up the declivities of Lebanon, and opening out prospects which, for depth and height, vastness and variety, are rarely surpassed. The view from Mûtyar Abeih, to which I directed your eye as we came along the shore, is particularly impressive. The wady of 'Ain Zehalteh abounds in remarkable cliffs of blue argillaceous marl, which are subject to slides and avalanches on a terrific scale. The Emeer Hyder, in his history of Lebanon, says that about ninety-five years ago a projecting terrace at Kefr Nabrûkh, which had a small village on it, parted from the main mountain, and plunged with prodigious uproar into the wady below, carrying houses, gardens, and trees with it in horrid confusion. It completely stopped the river for seven days. Repeatedly have I stood on the awful precipice, and gazed upon the wrecks of this avalanche with terror. Few heads are steady enough for the giddy perch; and no one breathes freely there, or looks without a shudder into the gulf which opens fifteen hundred feet deep directly below him. The

Emeer relates that one man who was on the sliding mass escaped unhurt, but was ever after a raving maniac. The catastrophe occurred during the life of the historian, and not far from his home, and we may therefore give full credit to his narrative. I have seen many similar slides on Lebanon. Indeed, they occur every winter, but rarely on so gigantic a scale, or accompanied by circumstances so romantic and tragical.

Such avalanches appear to have been known even in the days of Job, and he refers to them to illustrate the overthrow of vain man's hope and confidence. Surely, says he, the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is moved out of his place;[1] and he connects this with the waters which wear the stones, when, as now, they were occasioned by the great rains of winter.

They were, perhaps, more common in ancient days than at present. But there comes the call for dinner, and we must return to the tent.

What an abundant table the Lord, by the ministration of this lively cook of ours, has spread for us here in the wilderness! Neatly got up, too, and nothing seems wanting. Do you know, I looked on during those days of preparation at Beirût with wonder and alarm at the hundred and one things which you were gathering around you. I could not conceive where they were to be stowed away, or how they were to be carried on the mules. Now I find that every thing has a place, and an office to discharge. It is said that Bonaparte never spent more than fifteen minutes at the table. However that may be, I have no inclination to devote much time at present to this "vulgar function of eating." Dinner over, I can not abide the tent; for, though it has somewhat the shape, it has none of the glory of this starry canopy above. As to sleep, the very idea seems absurd. Could one sleep on the golden streets of the New Jerusalem the first night? You shake your head reprovingly, and the allusion is extravagant, but all my present surroundings seem equally so. Boyhood's possible and impossible fan-

[1] Job xiv. 18.

cies are gathering thick about me in living realities. I was ever given to reverie, and many a day, beneath the leafy canopy of maple-trees on the banks of our own Ohio, have lain at ease, and dreamed of this land of the sun, its mysteries and its miracles, and longed to be there, and wondered if I ever should. And now I *am* here, on the shore of this great and wide sea, with its everlasting anthem going up to the listening stars. Here am I— but you smile, and I do not choose just now to furnish food for your mirth.

Better stop. Why, you have been dreaming, with that Longfellow, who

> "Used to lie
> And gaze into the summer sky,
> Where the sailing clouds went by
> Like ships upon the sea."

All this is a quarter of a century behind my experience. At that remote date I might have understood you, but not now. From this, on, waste no more breath in rhapsodies. A pilgrimage to Palestine has too much of the real in it to permit us to expire in the romantic. We had better prepare to imitate this muleteer, that we may be ready for the early dawn, and the bustle of a new day.

The fellow is sound asleep on the bare ground, and, like Jacob at Bethel, he has actually got a stone for his pillow.

You will often see that in this country. I have tried it myself, but could never bring sleep and stone pillows together. I suspect Jacob was not used to it, for he was disturbed with extraordinary dreams; but to Ahmed, with his hard head and stuffed cap, this stone is soft as a cushion of down.

You do not mean that he will sleep all night on this sand, and with no covering but his old cloak?

Certainly; and if he were at home he would do the same, at least as to covering. This custom of sleeping in their ordinary clothes is the basis of that humane law of Moses for the protection of the poor. If thou at all take thy neighbor's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down; for that is his covering only, it



VIEW OF THE DAMUE.

is his raiment for his skin: *wherein shall he sleep?*[1] I envy him his slumbers; they are the sweet ones of the laboring man. And now come in; let us consult the "best of books," and then commend ourselves and all we love to that good Shepherd who slumbers not nor sleeps.

VI. DAMUR TO SIDON.

January 29th.

WE are favored with another bright morning, which you have been improving, as I see, by an early ramble over the hills; but come down to the river. There is something going forward worth seeing. Yon shepherd is about to lead his flock across; and—as our Lord says of the good shepherd—you observe that he goes before, and the sheep follow. Not all in the same manner, however. Some enter boldly, and come straight across. These are the loved ones of the flock, who keep hard by the footsteps of the shepherd, whether sauntering through green meadows, by the still waters, feeding upon the mountains, or resting at noon beneath the shadow of great rocks. And now others enter, but in doubt and alarm. Far from their guide, they miss the ford, and are carried down the river, some more, some less, and yet, one by one, they all struggle over and make good their landing. Notice those little lambs. They refuse to enter, and must be driven into the stream by the shepherd's dog, mentioned by Job in his "parable." Poor things! how they leap, and plunge, and bleat in terror! That weak one yonder will be swept quite away, and perish in the sea. But no; the shepherd himself leaps into the stream, lifts it into his bosom, and bears it trembling to the shore. All safely over, how happy they appear. The lambs frisk and gambol about in high spirits, while the older ones gather round their faithful guide, and look up to him in subdued but expressive thankfulness.

Now, can you watch such a scene, and not think of that Shepherd who leadeth Joseph like a flock, and of another

[1] Exod. xxii. 26, 27.

river which all his sheep must cross? He, too, goes before, and, as in the case of this flock, they who keep near him fear no evil. They hear his sweet voice saying, When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the floods they shall not overflow thee.[1] With eye fastened on him, they scarcely see the stream, or feel its cold and threatening waves. The great majority, however, "linger, shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away." They lag behind, look down upon the dark river, and, like Peter on stormy Gennesaret, when faith failed, they begin to sink. Then they cry for help, and not in vain. The good Shepherd hastens to their rescue, and none of all His flock can ever perish. Even the weakest lambkins are carried safely over. I once saw flocks crossing the Jordan "to Canaan's fair and happy land," and there the scene was even more striking and impressive. The river was broader, the current stronger, and the flocks larger, while the shepherds were more picturesque and Biblical. The catastrophe, too, with which many poor sheep were threatened—of being swept down into that mysterious sea of death which swallows up the Jordan itself—was more solemn and suggestive.

But it is eight o'clock—high time to be on our way. We must be more expeditious in the morning, or our progress will be slow indeed. The road leads along and over this rocky headland, called Nukkâr es S'adîat, which answers to the Platoneum mentioned by Polybius as the battle-field between Antiochus the Great and the army of Ptolemy under Nicolaus.

It is an ugly pass to force against an enemy holding these rugged heights. My horse can scarcely keep his feet on this detestable pavement.

Now take the advice of an old traveler, and learn to possess your soul in patience, even when blundering over such paths as this. Wearied, perplexed, and disgusted, many tourists tear through this most interesting country having eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that can not understand. Better take for granted that we have gone

[1] Is. xliii. 2.

through these annoyances from Dan to Beersheba—have declined every case, direct and oblique, of bad roads, bûkrah, and bukshîsh, and thrown them aside as having nothing to do with our daily journeyings. It is only thus that one can preserve an even temper, a joyous heart, and a mind awake to the scenes and scenery along the way. We can not afford to have our peace disturbed by such trifles. It would seriously interfere with the main purpose of our pilgrimage, which we must never forget. For example, this very path, so rocky and so slippery, furnishes a commentary on another of those humane precepts which distinguish the Mosaic code. See those men lifting a poor donkey that has fallen under its load. Moses says, If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldst forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him.[1] Now the people lifting this donkey are bitter enemies—Maronites and Druses—quite recently engaged in a bloody social war, and ready to begin again on the very first opportunity, and yet they help to lift the ass that is lying under his burden, as though they were the best friends in the world. We have in this simple incident the identical occasion for the precept, and its most literal fulfillment. Nor is this all. It is fair to infer, from the peculiar specification made by Moses, that the people in his day were divided into inimical parties and clans, just as they now are in these mountains. Moses would not have mentioned the ass of an enemy if enemies were not so common that the case specified was likely to occur. So, also, we may conclude that the donkeys were half starved, and then overloaded by their cruel masters, for such are now the conditions in which these poor slaves of all work ordinarily fall under their burdens, and that then, as now, it required the united strength of at least two persons lifting, one on either side, to enable the ass to rise out of his painful and often dangerous predicament. The plan is to lift the beast to its feet without taking off the load, which is a tedious business. And, once more, we may infer with certainty that the roads were then as rough and slippery as

[1] Ex. xxiii. 5.

this which has upset your patience and our unfortunate donkey. All these deductions I believe to be very near the truth. Manners and customs, men and things, roads and loads, continue very much what they were three thousand years ago.

The truth of that becomes more and more evident the farther we advance. Voices address the ear from all sides, and signals hang out on every hill-top to catch the eye. The stone cries out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber



ARABS AT A WELL.

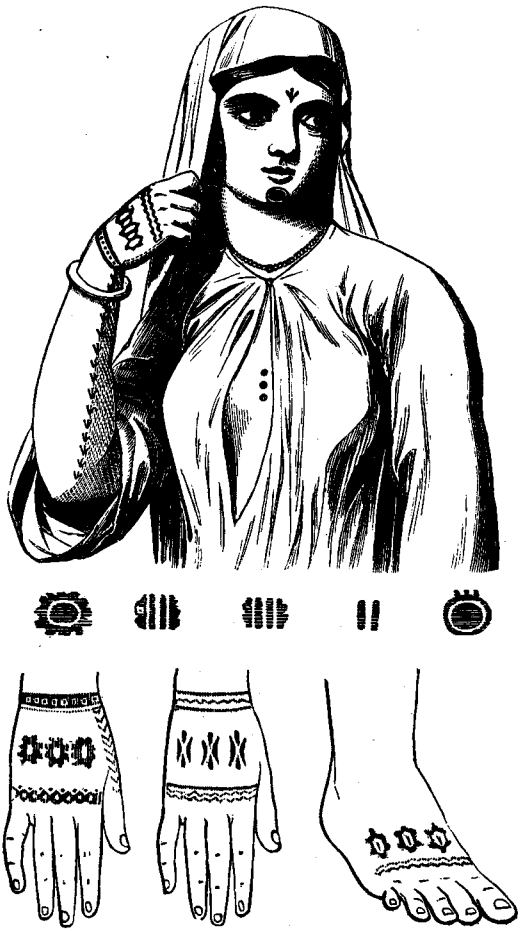
will answer.[1] We only need to know how to put them to the question.

Without being responsible for your *accommodation* of Habakkŭk, the idea is correct enough, and should be remembered and acted upon continually in our travels. Let us try the experiment with this man that comes to meet us. Ask him the time of day, and he will infallibly reply that it is about the third hour. If it were near noon, he would say the sixth. Inquire the day of the week, he will tell you it is the fourth day, just as Moses wrote.[2] Question him farther on the point, and he will inform you that last night and this morning make up the fourth day. They count from sunset to sunset, as Adam did, and the coming evening belongs to to-morrow. But here is something else to claim attention, whether we will or not—Arabs watering their flocks at this ancient well. They are adroit thieves and most importunate beggars. One of them stole my water-jug, from which I had just slaked his real or pretended thirst; so let your purse lie at the bottom of your pocket, and look to your handkerchief and every loose article about you. Do you notice that the women are all tattooed?

Is it that which gives such a blue tinge to their lips?

Yes; and those marks on the forehead, chin, breast, arms, hands, and feet, are all various patterns and figures of this most ancient art. The effect is any thing but agreeable to our taste. All Orientals, however, have a passion for it. Moses either instituted some such custom, or appropriated one already existing to a religious purpose. He says, And thou shalt show thy son in that day, saying, this is done because of that which the Lord did unto me when I came forth out of Egypt; and it shall be for a sign unto thee upon thy hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes; (or 16th) for a token upon thy hand, and for frontlets between thine eyes.[3] This practice of marking religious tokens upon the hands and arms is almost universal among the Arabs, of all sects and classes. Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem have the operation performed there, as the most holy place known to

[1] Hab. ii. 11. [2] Gen. i. 19. [3] Exod. xiii. 9 and 16.



SPECIMENS OF TATTOOING.

their religion. I have watched the process of imprinting them, and it is not a little painful. A number of needles are bound tightly together in the shape of the desired figure, or so that the figure can be marked out by them. The skin being punctured in the required pattern, certain mixtures of coloring matter are rubbed in, and the place bound

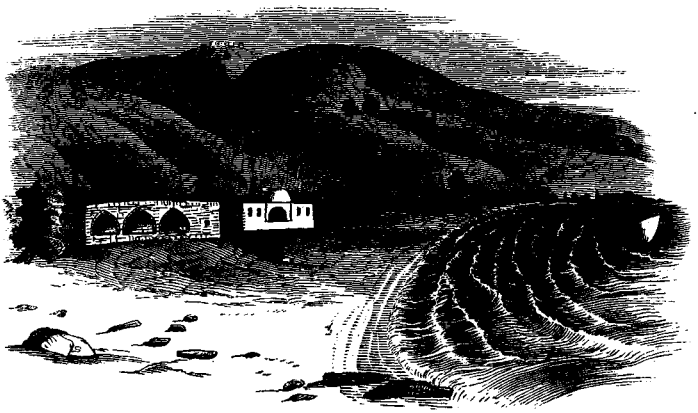
with a tight bandage. Gunpowder, variously prepared, is very commonly employed, and it is that which gives to the tattooing of these Bedawîn its bluish tinge. Mr. Lane tells us that in Egypt smoke-black mixed with the milk of a woman is used, and subsequently a paste of fresh-pounded leaves of clover, or white beet, is applied, so as to give a greenish blue color to the marks. It is well ascertained that this tattooing prevailed in Egypt even before the time of Moses. If he appropriated it to sacred purposes, the patterns may have been so devised as to commemorate the deliverance of the children of Israel from bondage. Possibly the figure of the Paschal Lamb, whose blood on the door-posts caused the Angel of Death to pass over their houses, was wrought into these tokens and frontlets. The command to have the great acts of the Lord as signs upon the hand, etc., may appear to contradict the prohibition in Leviticus, where the people are forbidden not only to make any cuttings for the dead, but also to print any marks upon themselves.[1] But the direction in Ex., xiii. 9, 16, specifies certain *purposes* for which such signs and frontlets were to be used, and this in Leviticus mentions others for which they were made by the heathen, and which Moses forbade the Jews to imitate. No doubt these cuttings and prints had an idolatrous or superstitious signification which Moses desired to condemn. In the last song which he taught the children of Israel, he upbraids the foolish people and unwise, because their spot was not the spot of God's children.[2] It is probable that the worshipers of the true God had peculiar marks to distinguish them from idolaters, which these "corrupters" refused to wear, imprinting others used by the heathen. In the Revelation, allusions to such religious marks are too numerous to be specified. Isaiah, however, has a most beautiful reference to them, which we may quote, to strengthen our trust in the watchful providence of our heavenly Father. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee.

[1] Levit. xix. 28. [2] Deut. xxxii. 5.

Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.[1] As to these Arabs, whose blue lips started us off upon this digression, we shall have many occasions to notice their strange ways and singular customs. Those dingy brown things peeping out of the bushes on the mountain side are their tents, and they are found spread over the whole country, from Egypt to Mount Taurus.

Here are men on our left digging stone out of this sand-hill, and you may be certain that they are uncovering the remains of some ancient town. The Jerusalem Itinerary places Porphyreon in this neighborhood, and I suppose that these sand-covered ruins mark the exact site of that city. This whole neighborhood is now called Jîyeh.

What place is this to which we are coming?



THE TOMB OF JONAH

Neby Yûnas—the prophet Jonah—or, rather, his tomb.

Indeed! That starts inquiries which I have long had on hand in reference to some of the incidents in the experience of that very remarkable prophet. Is this low building on our left the tomb?

The first is a khân; that south of it contains the grave, or mausoleum. It has rooms attached for the keeper, and also

[1] Is. xlix. 15, 16.

for the accommodation of pilgrims—mostly Moslems and Druses—who come to discharge certain vows made to the shrine. It is in the hands of Moslems, and this crooked, club-footed anatomy, hobbling toward us for a bŭkshîsh, is the keeper. I have repeatedly spent the night here, and listened again and again to his exaggerated account of Jonah's awkward cruise with the whale. He devoutly believes that the prophet was safely landed on this sandy beach; and, for aught I know, he may be correct, though several other places claim the honor; and Josephus says he was landed on the shores of the Euxine—far enough from this, certainly.

I care very little about these discrepancies as to the place. There are other questions, however, which I wish to have answered. The Bible says that the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up the prophet;[1] but in Matthew[2] it is called a *whale* by our Saviour. Now, if I am correctly informed, there are no whales in the Mediterranean. How do you explain this?

Simply by the fact that the multiplication of ships in this sea, after the time of Jonah, frightened them out of it, as other causes have driven all lions out of Palestine, where they were once numerous. It is well known that some of the best fishing stations, even in the great oceans, have been abandoned by the whales because of the multitude of whalers that visited them. This sea would, of course, be forsaken. If you could stock it thoroughly with these monsters to-day, there would be none left a year hence. But, up to the time of Jonah, navigation was in its infancy, ships were few and small, and they kept mostly along the shores, leaving the interior undisturbed. Whales may therefore have been common in the Mediterranean. And there are instances on record of the appearance of huge marine creatures in this sea in ancient days. Some of these may have been whales. The Hebrew word dâg, it is true, means simply *any* great fish; but nothing is gained by resorting to such a solution of the difficulty. Our Lord calls it a whale,

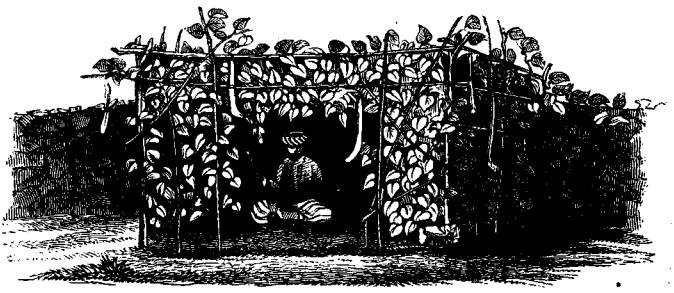
[1] Jonah i. 17. [2] Matt. xii. 40.

and I am contented with his translation; and whale it was, not a shark or lamia, as some critics maintain. In a word, the whole affair was miraculous, and, as such, is taken out of the category of difficulties. If a whale had never before been in the Mediterranean, God could bring one to the exact spot needed as easily as he brought the ram to the place where Abraham was coming to sacrifice Isaac. He could also furnish the necessary capacity to accomplish the end intended. It is idle, and worse—cowardly, to withhold our faith in a Bible miracle until we can find or invent some way in which the thing might have happened *without any great* miracle after all.

Is there any gourd in this country of growth so rapid as to lay a foundation for the statement that Jonah's grew up in a night?

Certainly not; but, without any of that anxiety about the *how* and the *possible* in miracles, we may remark that there is an economical propriety in selecting this vine rather than any other, and for several reasons. It is very commonly used for trailing over temporary arbors. It grows with extraordinary rapidity. In a few days after it has fairly began to *run*, the whole arbor is covered. It forms a shade absolutely impenetrable to the sun's rays even at noonday. It flourishes best in the very hottest part of summer. And, lastly, when injured or cut, it withers away with equal rapidity. In selecting the gourd, therefore, there is not only an adherence to verisimilitude, which is always becoming, but there is also an economy, if we may so speak, in the expenditure of miraculous agency. The question is not about power at all. The same God who caused the gourd to grow in a night, could make a cedar do so likewise; but this would be a wide departure from the general method of miraculous interposition, which is to employ it no farther than is necessary to secure the result required. When Lazarus was to be raised, for example, Martha must guide to the tomb, some must remove the stone from the cave's mouth, and others loose the risen Lazarus from his grave-clothes. So, when Jonah was to be sheltered from the burning sun, that

which was best adapted to the purpose, and which grew with the greatest rapidity, was selected to make the shade.



ARBOR COVERED WITH A GOURD.

Is there any reason to suppose that, after all, it was not a gourd, but some other plant, that of the castor-bean, for example, as many learned critics have concluded?

It would be impertinent to say, or imply, that there is *no* reason for this, or for any other opinion adopted by learned and impartial men, after careful examination; but their arguments do not for a moment disturb my settled conviction that it was a gourd. The cause of their mistake may probably be found in the fact that, in these modern Shemitic dialects, the word kŭr'ah—gourd—closely resembles, both in form and sound, khŭrwah—castor-bean—just as the *kikion* —gourd—of Jonah resembles the Egypto-Greek *kiki*—castor-bean—according to Dioscorides. These accidental resemblances may have led Jerome and others into the opinion that they were the same plant. But Orientals never dream of training a castor-oil plant over a booth, or planting it for a shade, and they would have but small respect for any one who did. It is in no way adapted for that purpose, while thousands of arbors are covered with various creepers of the general gourd family. As to ancient translations, the Septuagint gives colocynth, a general name for gourd, and the Vulgate, castor-bean. Augustin differed with Jerome about this vine, and even quarreled over it, according to a bit of patristic scandal. Let us not imitate them, for, though I believe it was a gourd, I am quite willing that

any one should adopt that opinion which he thinks best supported.

The brief history of Jonah has always appeared to me to be encumbered with a large share of obscurities. For example, who were those sailors? They were not Jews, were wholly unacquainted with the prophet, and yet they conversed with him without difficulty.

In all probability they were Phœnicians, and their language was therefore so closely related to the Hebrew that an interpreter was not needed.

Where was Tarshish, to which port or country the ship belonged or was bound?

Scarcely any name in Biblical geography suggests more unanswered and unanswerable questions than this. The Arabs believe it was Tarsus, the birth-place of Paul, and their Bible naturally suggests this idea. In English the name is variously written — Tarshish, Tarsis, and Tarsus. The Seventy do not translate it always alike, and the Vulgate is still more confused. When I first came to the East I resided some time in Joppa, and the friends with whom I became acquainted traded largely with Tarsus. Ships, loaded with soap and other articles, were constantly departing from "Joppa" for "Tarshish," as they appear to have done in the days of Jonah. I had then no doubt as to the identity of the places. Subsequent examination, however, has led me to modify this opinion. It is true that Palestine has always traded with Asia Minor through Tarsus; true, also, that from Tarsus to the Grecian islands the distance is not great, and the connection by trade is natural and uninterrupted to this day. It is not forced, therefore, to connect Tarsus and the Greek islands together, as is frequently done in the Bible. Doubtless the first trading voyages from Phœnicia northward were along the coast, and round the head of this sea by Tarsus, and thence westward to the islands. It was not until after long experience in *coasting* that mariners acquired courage and skill to strike out boldly into the shoreless ocean. It is doubtful whether they did this in the days of Jonah, although the pilots of Hiram's ships were

celebrated even in the times of David and Solomon. I am inclined to adopt the opinion that Tarshish or Tarsis—to whatever city or country first applied—early became a general name for large merchant ships, just as we speak of an East India-man, or a whaler, or liner. The name may have been derived, first of all, from this Tarsus of Cilicia, and subsequently given to Tartessus—country or city, or both—in Spain, which was a colony perhaps from Tarsus. Arrian,[1] Diodorus,[2] and Strabo,[3] all mention such a city, and I think it probable that Jonah meant to flee thither. Tarsus, nearly on the route to Nineveh from Palestine, would not have been selected by the rebellious prophet for the place of concealment. However this may be, we must give a very wide latitude to the expression "ships of Tarshish." They sailed every where—west, along all the shores of the Mediterranean, and out into the Atlantic; and south and east, through the Red Sea, along the African and Arabian coasts as far as India. From Asia Minor and from Spain they brought gold, silver, lead, tin, and iron; and from India and the East came spices, and ivory, and ebony, and apes, and peacocks, as we read in the accounts of the Jewish and Phœnician merchant navies. By the aid of this theory, we can reconcile the Biblical statements as to the time occupied by these ships of Tarshish in their expeditions—once in three years. Those trading with the far East, or with Ireland or England, might require that length of time to complete their sales and purchases, and to return home.

How do you account for the very pious and becoming language used by these heathen sailors, and the humble and penitent deportment of the king of corrupt Nineveh?

There is nothing very strange in this to Orientals, or to one familiar with them. Such language is universal. No matter how profane, immoral, and even atheistical a man may be, yet will he, on all appropriate occasions, speak of God—the one God, our God—in phrases the most proper and pious. We Americans are abashed and confounded in the presence of such holy talkers, and have not courage, or,

[1] Alex. iii. 86. [2] Diod. Sic. v. 35. [3] Strab. iii. 147.

rather, have too much reverence for sacred things to follow them in their glib and heartless verbiage. The fact is, I suppose, that Oriental nations, although they sank into various forms of idolatry, never lost the phraseology of the pure original theosophy. We are struck with this in all the Bible histories, in which these people have occasion to speak of God and his attributes. The Canaanites could talk as devoutly as Abraham, and Nebuchadnezzar with as much propriety as Daniel. And the same is wonderfully true at the present day. A hard old Druse of Lebanon would edify a Payson or a Martyn. Indeed, there is nothing in which modern custom corresponds more completely with the ancient than in this pious talk. There is scarcely an expression of the kind we are considering which has not its perfect parallel in the daily living language of the people around us. Place an Arab in the circumstances in which these old heathen are represented as acting and speaking, and his expressions will be so similar, even to the very words and peculiar idioms, as to suggest the idea that they have been learned from the Bible. And yet this can not be, because the remark applies, in all its extent, to the wild Bedawîn, in whose tribe there never has been a Bible, nor a man able to read it, had there been one.

In regard to the profound impression produced by the preaching of Jonah in Nineveh, we must suppose that he was attended by such credentials of his prophetic office and mission as commanded attention and belief. What these credentials were we do not know. Jonah was a "sign to the men of Nineveh." Perhaps he carried with him, or there had preceded him, such well-authenticated proofs of his wonderful preservation in the whale's belly as deeply alarmed the Ninevites, on whose account, in an important and portentous sense, the miracle had been wrought. Nor is it difficult to discover how such reports would have been spread abroad. The sailors of the ship could testify that they threw Jonah overboard in a tempestuous sea; very likely they saw him swallowed by the great fish. They would therefore be immensely amazed to find him on shore, alive and

well. Such a thing would now make a prodigious noise in the world, and the news of it would fly from city to city with incredible speed. There is no reason to doubt, therefore, that the story of the prophet had preceded him to Nineveh, and prepared the way for the success of his preaching.

Was that company of *horned* ladies near Neby Yunas a party of pilgrims to the shrine of the prophet?



HORNED LADIES.

Yes; Druse *sits* (princesses), from Deir el Kamar. It is no uncommon thing to meet them here, either making or paying vows. The objects in view are very various. Some, whose sorrow is like that of Samuel's mother, seek relief from Jonah; others vow in times of sickness, either of themselves or of their friends, and come to fulfill them upon recovery, etc., etc.

Do you imagine that these *horns*, that stand upon their foreheads like tent-poles for their veils, have any connection with those so often mentioned in the Bible?

No. These *tantûrs* have grown, like other horns, from small beginnings to their present enormous size by slow degrees, and pride is the soil that nourished them. At first they consisted merely of an apparatus designed to finish off the headdress so as to raise the veil a little from the face. Specimens of this primitive kind are still found in remote and semi-civilized districts. I have seen them only a few inches long, made of pasteboard, and even of common pottery. By degrees the more fashionable ladies used tin, and lengthened them; then rivalry made them of silver, and still farther prolonged and ornamented them; until finally the princesses of Lebanon and Hermon sported gold

horns, decked with jewels, and so long that a servant had to spread the veil over them. But the day for these most preposterous appendages to the female head is about over. After the wars between the Maronites and Druses in 1841 and 1845, the Maronite clergy thundered their excommunications against them, and very few Christians now wear them. Many even of the Druse ladies have cast them off, and the probability is that in a few years travelers will seek in vain for a horned lady.

I do not suppose that horns like these were worn by the Jews, nor, indeed, by any nation of antiquity. So remarkable an article of dress, had it been in existence, would certainly have been noticed by authors who enter so minutely into such matters as many did. The horn in animals, where the Creator alone planted them, were their weapons of defense; and man, who lays all nature under tribute to enrich his store of images and figures, very early made it synonymous with power, and then for what that will always confer upon the possessor. To exalt the horn—an expression often occurring in the poetic and prophetic parts of the Bible—means to advance in power, honor, and dominion. To defile it in the dust is a figure drawn from the condition of a dying ox or stag, who literally defiles his horn in dust, mingled with his own blood. It is painfully significant of defeat, disgrace, and death, and for a prince like Job it was to be dishonored and utterly overthrown.[1]

It is not certainly known why the corners of altars were finished off with horns. Several ideas may have been combined in this custom. These horns may have been intended to symbolize the majesty and power of the being in whose honor the altar was reared, and to whom the sacrifice was offered; or the hint may have been suggested by the horns of the victims to be slain. As altars early became sanctuaries, it was natural that the suppliant should lay hold of the horns. In fact, there was often nothing else about them which he could grasp with his hand. This natural, significant, and very expressive act is often mentioned in the Bible.

[1] Job xvi. 15.

VII. LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

WE have now another long, low cape, called Nukkar Jedrah, even more rocky than es S'adîat.

Are these parallel lines of rough rock, some sixteen feet apart, the curb-stones of Rome's far-famed roads?

They are; and they do not give a favorable idea of these ancient highways. But they were probably covered over with some sort of composition, not unlike the crushed rock of our modern macadamized roads. I have seen specimens of this in good preservation.

One of my fair friends in America charged me to bring her some memento from the grave of Lady Hester Stanhope. Is not her ladyship's last resting-place somewhere in this neighborhood?

On a mountain-top, about three hours to the southeast of us; and, as there is nothing of interest along the regular road, we can visit it, if you have no objections to a smart scramble over these hills.

Lead on. No path can be more abominable than this slippery pavement.

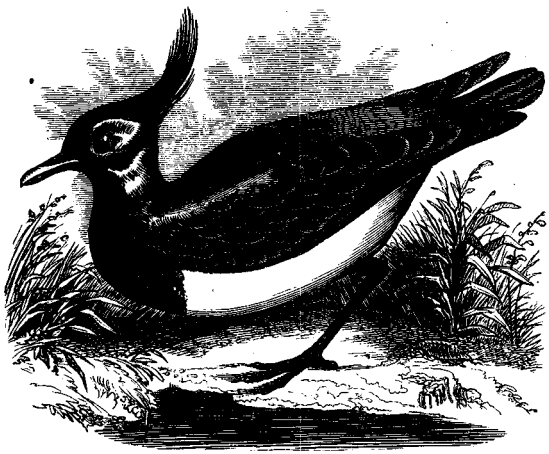
We must first provide for lunch. No experienced traveler in this country will forget the commissary department. I must also direct Salîm to go on to the bridge over the Owely, and there prepare dinner. We shall be ready for it about three o'clock. Now take that path up the steep face of the mountain on the left, and you will have enough to do to manage yourself and your horse, without the trouble of conversation.

Well, this is rough enough, certainly, and desolate too—fit only for goats and their keepers. I see Arab tents, however.

Yes; and there are villages also, hidden away in the wadies, with vineyards, and olive-orchards, and fields for corn, which produce no mean crop.

What bird is this which abounds so much on these mountains?

It is the English pewit, or lapwing, called by the natives



PEWIT.

Now and *Bu-Teet*, and I know not what besides. The first name is derived from the fact that the bird appears here only in the depth of winter—*now* being a cold winter-storm. I have seen them coming down the coast in large flocks on the wings of the wild north wind. They then disperse over these mountains, and remain until early spring, when they entirely disappear. They roost on the ground wherever night overtakes them. I have frequently started them up from under the very feet of my frightened horse when riding in the dark, especially along the spurs of old Hermon, and in Wady et Teim, between the two Lebanons. They utter a loud scream when about to fly, which sounds like a prolonged *teet*, and hence the name *Bu-Teet*—father of *teet*. It is the *dûkephath* of Moses, translated *lapwing* in our version, and I think correctly, notwithstanding what some recent writers advance against it. It was classed by Moses among the unclean birds, and is so regarded now by Arabs, who refuse to eat it. The upper parts of the body and wings are of a dull slate-color, the under parts of both are white. It has a *top-knot* on the hinder part of the head, pointing backward like a horn; and when running about on the ground, it closely resembles a young hare.



HED-HOOD.

The crown, or top-knot, never expands, like that of the *hed-hood* or *hoopoe*. This latter bird is also found in the country, and the Arabic translation of *dûkephath* is *hed-hood*, and many modern critics have adopted this opinion, but erroneously, as I think. The *hed-hood* is a small bird, *good to eat*, comparatively rare, and therefore not likely to have been mentioned at all by Moses, and still less to have been classed with the unclean. The *Bu-teet* is large and striking, and appears in countless numbers. There is, however, a resemblance between them, especially in the remarkable tuft on the head. The whole subject of Biblical ornithology, however, is obscure, and the prohibitions of Moses would now, in many cases, be of no practical avail in reference to birds unclean, since we can not tell to what ones he refers. But a truce to birds. Follow me down this winding track into the gorge below, and be careful.

On you be the responsibility. I have no longer any criterion by which to judge whether a path is safe or otherwise; and as to these little horses, one might ride them up stairs to bed, I presume, without hesitation, at least on their part. But, in all seriousness, these mountain roads are positively barbarous. I hope you will be able to extract some pleasing and profitable instruction out of them, or my patience will be again upset very soon.

Nothing easier. A whole class of Biblical figures rests on this state of things. Isaiah says, Prepare the way of the Lord; cast up, cast up the high way; gather out the stones;[1] and not only do modern *ways* prove the need of such preparation, but modern customs show how, when, and why it is done. When Ibrahim Pasha proposed to visit certain places

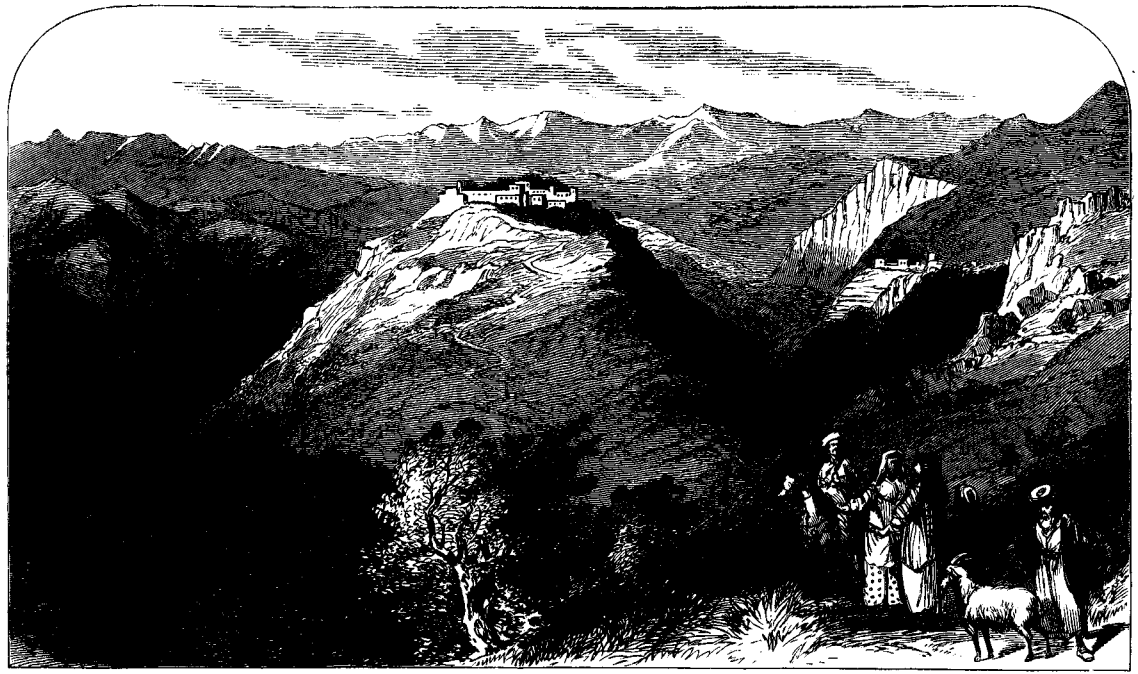
[1] Isa. lxii. 10.

on Lebanon, the emeers and sheikhs sent forth a general proclamation, somewhat in the style of Isaiah's exhortation, to all the inhabitants, to assemble along the proposed route, and prepare the way before him. The same was done in 1845, on a grand scale, when the present sultan visited Brusa. The stones were gathered out, crooked places straightened, and rough ones made level and smooth. I had the benefit of their labor a few days after his majesty's visit. From customs like these comes the exhortation of John the Baptist, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight;[1] or, as it is more fully developed by the prophet, Make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.[2] The exhortation to gather out the stones is peculiarly appropriate. These farmers do the exact reverse—gather up the stones from their fields, and cast them into the highway, and it is this barbarous custom which in many places renders the paths so uncomfortable, and even dangerous.

I have been all the morning in exquisite sympathy with Job, David, Jeremiah, and other prophets and poets who complain of narrow paths. Ours has frequently been not more than a foot wide, of hard, smooth rock, and with a profound gorge yawning beneath.

You will encounter many such in our rambles along the highways and byways of the land. A dozen "slippery places" have impressed their ugly features upon my imagination. Jeremiah says that the ways of both prophet and priest who were profane should be as slippery ways in *the darkness*.[3] This is the danger vastly aggravated, according to my experience. During the rebellion of Jerusalem in 1834, I attempted to reach the city from Lydd by ascending the mountains along secret paths in a night intensely dark. A fog also settled down upon us, and added to the gloom. My guides lost the way, and, after wandering and slipping about in the utmost danger for several hours, we

[1] Matt. iii. 3. [2] Isa. xl. 3, 4. [3] Jer. xxiii. 12.



RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

were obliged to lie down upon a bare rock and wait for the morning. At such times one can appreciate those promises which insure from sliding and falling.[1] To slide and fall is, in a thousand places, certain destruction; and no threatenings against the workers of iniquity are more terrible than that they shall be set in slippery places; that their feet shall slide in due time.[2] One needs a steady eye and obedient nerves to ride along the edge of yawning chasms, and listen calmly to the hard clatter of the iron upon the smooth rock. I generally dismount and walk; but some native horsemen ride over every thing. Burkhardt describes the obstinate perseverance of the old Sheikh of Kerak in this sort of desperate daring. They were descending into Wady il 'Ahsa: "It had now become dark, and this was, without exception, the most dangerous route I ever traveled in my life. The descent is steep, and there is no regular road over the smooth rocks, where the foot slips at every step. We had missed our way, and were obliged to alight from our horses after many of us had suffered severe falls. Our sheikh was the only horseman who would not alight from his mare, whose step, he declared, was as sure as his own." Very likely; but I would rather fall from my own feet than plunge, horse and all, over some break-neck precipice. Therefore I dismount, as I do here, out of respect to this broad, slanting rock; and you had better do the same, or we may have to pick up both horse and rider from that terrace down yonder, in no wise improved by the feat. And now we must climb once more up five hundred feet, to that castle-like inclosure around the top of this bold mountain pyramid. Safely done; and here we stand on Dahr June, and beneath this rude and broken tomb lies buried the once lovely, and witty, and most eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope.

Is it possible? Can any thing be more sad and solitary? But perhaps it is well that it should be thus.

A melancholy change has indeed come over the scene since I first visited it. The garden, with its trellised arbors,

[1] Prov. iii. 23; Jer. xxxi. 9. [2] Deut. xxxii. 35.

and shaded alleys, and countless flowers, is utterly destroyed, and not one room of all her large establishment remains entire. This on the southwest corner was the apartment in which her ladyship wore out the three last dreary months of life, and this on the east of it was the open lewan, where we found the body wrapped in waxed cloths dipped in turpentine and spirits. The whole of these premises were alive with her servants and others assembled on this mournful occasion. Now not a dog, cat, or even lizard appears to relieve the utter solitude. The tomb also is sadly changed. It was then embowered in dense shrubbery, and covered with an arbor of running roses, not a vestige of which now remains, and the stones of the vault itself are broken and displaced. There is no inscription—not a word in any language, and, unless more carefully protected than hitherto, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be entirely lost. The history of this place is peculiar. It belonged to a wealthy Christian of Damascus, who built the original house, to which Lady Hester added some twenty-five or thirty rooms. At his death, soon after that of Lady Hester, the property was left to an only son, who quickly spent it all by his extravagance. He then turned Moslem, and not long ago hung himself in a neighboring house. His Moslem wife—a low, vulgar creature—fearing that the Christians would one day deprive her of the place, tore down the buildings, and sold the materials to the people of June. Thus the destruction has been intentional, rapid, and complete.

The British consul at Beirût requested me to perform the religious services at the funeral of Lady Hester. It was an intensely hot Sabbath in June, 1839. We started on our melancholy errand at one o'clock, and reached this place about midnight. After a brief examination, the consul decided that the funeral must take place immediately. This vault in the garden was hastily opened, and the bones of General L—— or of his son, I forget which—a Frenchman who died here, and was buried in the vault by her ladyship —were taken out and placed at the head.

The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a mixed company, with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. I took a wrong path, and wandered some time in the mazes of these labyrinths. When at length I entered the arbor, the first thing I saw were the bones of the general, in a ghastly heap, with the head on top, having a lighted taper stuck in either eye-socket—a hideous, grinning spectacle. It was difficult to proceed with the service under circumstances so novel and bewildering. The consul subsequently remarked that there were some curious coincidences between this and the burial of Sir John Moore, her ladyship's early love. In silence, on the lone mountain at midnight, "our lanterns dimly burning," with the flag of her country over her, "she lay like a warrior taking his rest," and we left her "*alone* in her glory." There was but one of her own nation present, and his name was *Moore*.



GRAVE OF LADY H. STANHOPE.

The people of June, that village across the wady, made large profits from the liberality and extravagances of Lady Hester, and they are full of wonderful stories about her. Several of our friends in Sidon were in her service for years, and from them, and from others still more closely connected, I have had abundant opportunity to learn the character of

this strange being. On most subjects she was not merely sane, but sensible, well-informed, and extremely shrewd. She possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, and was perfectly fascinating to all with whom she chose to make herself agreeable. She was, however, whimsical, imperious, tyrannical, and, at times, revengeful in a high degree. Bold as a lion, she wore the dress of an emeer, weapons, pipe, and all; nor did she fail to rule her Albanian guards and her servants with absolute authority. She kept spies in the principal cities, and at the residences of pashas and emeers, and knew every thing that was going forward in the country. Her garden of several acres was walled round like a fort; and crowning the top of this conical hill, with deep wadies on all sides, the appearance from a distance was quite imposing. But the site was badly chosen. The hill has no relative elevation above others; the prospect is not inviting; the water is distant, far below, and had to be carried up on mules. She, however, had the English taste for beautiful grounds, and spared neither time, labor, nor expense to convert this barren hill into a wilderness of shady avenues, and a paradise of sweet flowers; and she succeeded. I have rarely seen a more beautiful place.

The morning after the funeral the consul and I went round the premises, and examined *thirty-five* rooms, which had been sealed up by the vice-consul of Sidon to prevent robbery. They were full of trash. One had forty or fifty oil-jars of French manufacture, old, empty, and dusty. Another was crammed with Arab saddles, moth-eaten, tattered, and torn. They had belonged to her mounted guard. Superannuated pipe-stems without bowls filled one room. Two more were devoted to medicines; and another to books and papers, mostly in boxes and ancient chests. Nothing of much value was found any where, and the seals were replaced to await legal action. The crowd of servants and greedy retainers had appropriated to themselves her most valuable effects. One of the wealthy citizens of Sidon is said to have obtained his money in this way. She told Mrs. T—— that once, when she was supposed to be dying of

plague, she could hear her servants breaking open her chests, and ripping off the embossed covers of her cushions. "Oh! didn't I vow," said she, "that if I recovered I would make a scattering of them!" and she performed her vow to the letter. But each succeeding set, like the flies in the fable of the fox, were as greedy as their predecessors; and, as she finally died of a lingering disease, they had time enough to work their will, and nothing valuable escaped their rapacity. What a death! Without a European attendant—without a friend, male or female—alone, on the top of this bleak mountain, her lamp of life grew dimmer and more dim, until it went quite out in hopeless, rayless night. Such was the end of the once gay and brilliant niece of Pitt, presiding in the saloons of the master-spirit of Europe, and familiar with the intrigues of kings and cabinets. With Mr. Abbott and his lady she would sit out the longest night talking over those stirring times of the last century and the beginning of the present, with exhaustless spirit and keen delight. But nothing could tempt her back to England. At length, her income was greatly curtailed in order to pay off her numerous debts. She was furious, but unsubdued. In her mountain nest, and all alone, she dragged out the remnant of her days in haughty pride and stubborn independence.

She could be extremely sarcastic, and her satire was often terrible. Many of her letters, and the margin of books which I purchased at the auction, are "illuminated" with her caustic criticisms. There was no end to her eccentricities. In some things she was a devout believer—an unbeliever in many. She read the stars, and dealt in nativities and a sort of second-sight, by which she pretended to foretell coming events. She practiced alchemy, and in pursuit of this vain science was often closeted with strange companions. She had a mare whose back-bone sank suddenly down at the shoulders, and rose abruptly near the hips. This deformity her vivid imagination converted into a miraculous saddle, on which she was to ride into Jerusalem as queen by the side of some sort of Messiah, who was to in-

troduce a fancied millennium. Another mare had a part to play in this august pageant, and both were tended with extraordinary care. A lamp was kept burning in their very comfortable apartments, and they were served with sherbet and other delicacies. Nothing about the premises so excited my compassion as these poor pampered brutes, upon which Lady Hester had lavished her choicest affections for the last fourteen years. They were soon after sold at auction, when hard work and low living quickly terminated their miserable existence. Lady Hester was a doctor, and most positive in her prescriptions to herself, her servants, her horses, and even to her chickens, and often did serious mischief to all her patients. She had many whimsical tests of character both for man and beast, and, of course, was often deceived by both to her cost. But we must end these random sketches. To draw a full-length portrait is aside from our purpose and beyond our power. She was wholly and magnificently unique. Now riding at the head of wild Arabs, queen of the desert, on a visit to Palmyra; now intriguing with mad pashas and vulgar emeers; at one time treating with contempt consuls, generals, and nobles, bidding defiance to law, and thrashing the officers sent to her lodge; at another resorting to all sorts of mean shifts to elude or confound her creditors; to-day charitable and kind to the poor, to-morrow oppressive, selfish, and tyrannical in the extreme. Such was Lady Hester in her mountain home on Lebanon. I should like to read the long, dark, interior life of such a being, but not to live it. Alas! she must have drained to the dregs many a bitter cup. Her sturdy spirit here fought out all alone a thousand desperate battles, and lost them all. Let those who are tempted to revolt against society, and war with nature, God, and man, come to Dahr June—sit on the fragments of this broken tomb, amid ruins without beauty to charm, or age to make venerable—itself a ruin of yesterday, and sinking fast to hopeless oblivion. Will such an end pay for such a life? But enough of Lady Hester. Poor wandering star, struck from the bright galaxy of England's happy daughters to fall and expire on this

solitary summit of Lebanon! I drop a tear upon thy lonely grave, which, living, thy proud spirit would have scorned.

We will now pass round the head of this ravine, through June, and down those sloping hills of white marl to the River Owely. Let me call your attention to that large convent, called Deir Mukhullis, on the mountain side across the wady. It is the wealthiest establishment of the kind in this part of the country; sustains a school, not very ably conducted, and owns a printing-press not now in operation. East of us extends the large district of the Shûf, the stronghold of the Druses. It is governed and largely owned by Saied Beg, of the Jemblât family, whose palace is at Mukhtarah.

Our path is leading us into the midst of a very lively agricultural scene; but are not these farmers too late in sowing their grain?

That depends on the nature of coming spring. If the latter part of March and the first half of April be rainy, the wheat, and especially the barley, sown now, and even weeks later, may yield a better harvest than what has been in the ground for the last month. In such seasons, the early crop grows so rank as to *lodge*, when it is entirely spoiled. If the spring, however, should be early and dry, the late sown will fail altogether. This is one of many circumstances which renders the crop less certain in Palestine than in Ohio. We may now gather a harvest of our own peculiar kind from the operation going on under our eye. The parable about sowing[1] has here its illustration, even in its most minute details. Behold, a sower *went forth* to sow. There is a nice and close adherence to actual life in this form of expression. These people have actually *come forth* all the way from June to this place. The expression implies that the sower, in the days of our Saviour, lived in a hamlet, or village, as all these farmers now do; that he did not sow near his own house, or in a garden fenced or walled, for such a field does not furnish all the basis of the parable. There are neither *roads*, nor thorns, nor stony places in such lots. He must go forth

[1] Matt. xiii. 3–8.

into the open country as these have done, where there are no fences; where the path passes through the cultivated land; where thorns grow in clumps all around; where the rocks peep out in places through the scanty soil; and where, also, hard by, are patches extremely fertile. Now here we have the whole four within a dozen rods of us. Our horses are actually trampling down some seeds which have fallen by this wayside, and larks and sparrows are busy picking them up. That man, with his mattock, is digging about places where the rock is too near the surface for the plow, and much that is sown there will wither away, because it has no deepness of earth. And not a few seeds have fallen among this *bellan*, and will be effectually choked by this most tangled of thorn bushes. But a large portion, after all, falls into really good ground, and four months hence will exhibit every variety of crop, up to the richest and heaviest that ever rejoices the heart even of an American farmer.

Certainly nothing could be more to the point than this illustration. We doubtless are looking upon the very facts which suggested to Him who taught in parables the instructive lesson of the sower. May our hearts be like that good ground which brought forth fruit, some a hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold! But do you suppose that the enormous increase of a hundred fold is ever gathered by the modern farmer?

I was greatly surprised, when discussing this question on the fertile plain of Esdraelon, to hear not merely the peasants, but intelligent gentlemen, who had rented the district from government, stoutly maintain that they had themselves, and that very year, reaped more than a hundred fold from part of that plain. I could not understand it until by accident it came out that they had a peculiar mode of calculation. In sowing they allow one third of the seed for the birds, particularly the crows, which settle down upon the fields in countless flocks. Another third is supposed to be destroyed by mice and insects, and only one third of the seed sown actually comes to maturity. Thus a man sows

three bushels, and if he reaps a hundred, it is a hundred fold, according to his mode of calculation, but according to ours it would only be thirty-three. This latter rate is nearly the lowest mentioned in the parable as the yield of what he calls good ground, and that is really a first-rate crop for even such plains as Esdraelon, which, being directly below Nazareth, must have been perfectly familiar to our Lord; and, as cultivation was no doubt far more careful and skillful than it is now among these stupid fellahîn, it is not at all improbable that the numbers used are in strict accordance with actual experience. Indeed, He could not have erred in this matter. We may suppose, however, that the different rates of yield had reference to various kinds of grain. Barley and wheat are sown side by side in the same field, but the former gives a much heavier crop than the latter. There is a kind of durrah—white maize—sown in this same region which often returns several hundred fold. I have been assured by respectable farmers that they have gathered more than four hundred fold of this corn.

In the time of Christ the country was densely peopled, and the fields protected from the depredations of birds, mice, and insects, and also from cattle and other animals which now trample under foot so much of the grain. It would then not be necessary to sow more than one third as much seed as at present in order to secure an equally heavy crop, and thus there might be realized, in favorable circumstances, a hundred fold. This is farther confirmed by the fact that an extraordinary number of stalks do actually spring from a single root. Here, on this plain of Sidon, I have seen more than a hundred, and each with a *head* bowing gracefully beneath the load of well-formed grains. The yield was more than a thousand fold. The supposition in the parable is history in the case of Isaac, who reaped a hundred fold in Gerar, and "in the same year."[1] There is a verbal accuracy in this statement worth noting. He received this large return the same year in which he sowed the seed. In our country—at least when I was a farmer—

[1] Gen. xxvi. 12.

the seed is sown one year and the harvest reaped the next. But these now sowing before us will reap in less than four months; and this is the general result now, as it doubtless was in the time of the patriarchs.

Have you noticed any thing in this country which may have suggested the expressions in the 126th Psalm: They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him?

I never saw people sowing in tears exactly, but have often known them to do it in fear and distress sufficient to draw them from any eye. In seasons of great scarcity, the poor peasants part in sorrow with every measure of precious seed cast into the ground. It is like taking bread out of the mouths of their children; and in such times many bitter tears are actually shed over it. The distress is frequently so great that government is obliged to furnish seed, or none would be sown. Ibrahim Pasha did this more than once within my remembrance, copying the example, perhaps, of his great predecessor in Egypt when the seven years' famine was ended.

The thoughts of this psalm may likewise have been suggested by the extreme danger which frequently attends the farmer in his plowing and sowing. The calamity which fell upon the husbandmen of Job when the oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them, and the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away, and slew the servants with the edge of the sword,[1] is often repeated in our day. To understand this, you must remember what I just told you about the situation of the arable lands in the open country; and here again we meet that verbal accuracy: the sower *goes forth*—that is, from the village. The people of Ibel and Khiem, in Merj 'Aiyûn, for example, have their best grain-growing fields down in the 'Ard Hûleh, six or eight miles from their homes, and just that much nearer the lawless border of the desert. When the country is disturbed, or the government weak, they can not sow these lands except at

[1] Job i. 14, 15.

the risk of their lives. Indeed, they always *go forth* in large companies, and completely armed, ready to drop the plow and seize the musket at a moment's warning; and yet, with all this care, many sad and fatal calamities overtake the men who must thus sow in tears. And still another origin may be found for the thoughts of the psalm in the extreme difficulty of the work itself in many places. The soil is rocky, impracticable, overgrown with sharp thorns; and it costs much painful toil to break up and gather out the rocks, cut and burn the briers, and to subdue the stubborn soil, especially with their feeble oxen and insignificant plows. Join all these together, and the sentiment is very forcibly brought out, that he who labors hard, in cold and in rain, in fear and danger, in poverty and in want, casting his precious seed in the ground, will surely come again, at harvest-time, with rejoicing, and bearing his sheaves with him.

Does the calamity mentioned by Joel (i. 17) ever befall the farmer in these days—The seed is rotten under their clods?

It is certain to follow if they sow too long before the rain comes. The seed then rots, and the work must be done over again. The whole description of drought in this chapter is terribly graphic. That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten, and what the locust hath left the canker-worm hath eaten, and that which the canker-worm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten. Be ashamed, O ye husbandmen; howl, O ye vine-dressers, for the wheat and for the barley, because the harvest of the field is perished. The vine is dried up; the fig-tree languisheth; the pomegranate-tree, the palm-tree also, and the apple-tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered. Alas for the day! The meat is cut off before our eyes; the seed is rotten under the clods, and the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down. How do the beasts groan; the herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pasture. Fire hath devoured the pastures of the wilderness, and the flame hath burned all the trees of the field. Such a day of destruction from the Almighty has more than once come upon this unhappy land because of the wickedness of those that dwell therein.

But here we are upon the banks of this fine mountain

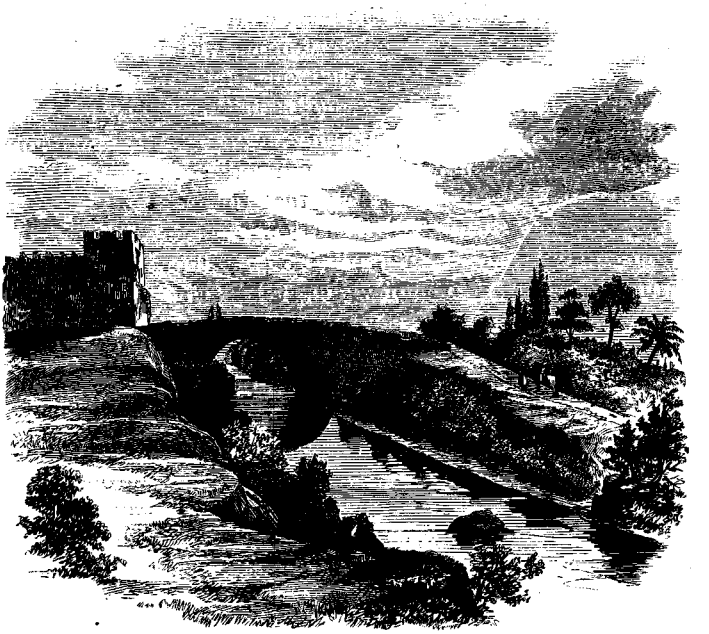
stream, with the rich orchards of Sidon spread out before us. All this verdure depends upon the river, and should its fountains fail or be diverted, the whole fair scene would quickly vanish. But such a calamity is not likely to occur. The Owely takes its rise in the noble fountains of Barûk, some thirty miles to the northeast, and near those of the Damûr. Flowing at the bottom of a romantic ravine for about fifteen miles, and passing below Mukhtarah and 'Ammatûr, it unites with a branch from the south in a sweet little vale called Merj Bisry. Thence it pursues its course hither through a succession of gorges well worth visiting had we the necessary leisure. The southern branch plunges down a precipice at Jezzîn, two hundred and forty feet perpendicular—plumb as a wall. My measuring cord, held one foot in advance of the edge, did not touch the rock for more than two hundred feet. When the stream is swollen by the winter rains, it is a splendid cataract, and there are several others almost equally grand between Jezzîn and 'Ammatûr, where rattling torrents from the heights of Lebanon leap down giddy precipices into the chasm of the main stream. Those below Jebaah es Shûf and Bathir are the most beautiful. The ride from Mukhtarah to Jezzîn is rich in the very finest scenery of this goodly mountain. The path winds along a lofty line of hanging terraces, with the Owely far below, and perpendicular cliffs towering many hundred feet above, the favorite resort of eagles and savage beasts. To enjoy the prospect to greatest advantage, one should pass from Mezraat es Shûf down into Merj Bisry, and thence up the pine-clothed mountain toward Jebaah el Halâweh. He will thus have in view, for hours together, the river gorge in all its extent and wildness, and also the succession of gigantic precipices by which the lofty ridge of Lebanon is reached and held up, and down which her silver streams spring joyously in bright and boisterous cascades. No one who can command the necessary time should omit this ride. True, there is nothing of historic interest along the route, but the lover of nature will not regret this; rather would he feel it an impertinence to have man's puny structures thrust on his attention amid the infinitely grander

architecture of God. At the head of the Merj Bisry, however, are the ruins of an ancient temple, with large columns, half imbedded in rubbish, which any one who has a heart for it may examine. Those who built it probably designed to borrow solemnity and magnificence to aid their worship from this association with the handiworks of the Almighty. It was amid this grand scenery that the celebrated Druse chief, Fakhr ed Dîn, closed his long career of rebellion against the sultan. A remarkable cliff above Merj Bisry is full of caverns, in one of which, still bearing his name, the Emeer was besieged for seven years, as tradition relates. When compelled to forsake this by the poisoning of his supply of water, he took refuge in a cave under the cascade of Jezzîn. This he held until it was sapped from below. The sturdy old rebel calmly smoked his nargeleh (so the story runs) until the sapper's chisel was driven up through the rug on which he was reclining. Then he surrendered, was taken to Constantinople, and there beheaded on the 14th of March, 1635—the fate of a thousand other rebels against the Grand Turk. We are reminded of the old man by this substantial bridge, of a single arch, which here spans the Owely. It was built by him, but out of materials far more ancient. Many of the stones bear the mark of the Phœnician bevel, on which I always look with the respect due to old age.

If I remember aright, Dr. Robinson identifies this river with the Bostrenus of the ancients.

And correctly enough, no doubt, though the notices of it are singularly vague and rare. How beautifully it flows beneath the bridge, and between these bushy banks! Bridge, and stream, and khan make up a scene of beauty which the artist loves to sketch; and in a portfolio, even, the old khan looks inviting. But Salîm has done well to place our dinner under these trees, and at a respectful distance from that nest of abominations. While we satisfy the demands of hunger, I will give you a chapter from my book of experiences touching this inn.

Several years ago I spent a night there. It was the 3d of December, too, and a winter-storm was coming on in all



BRIDGE OVER THE OWELY.

its might and majesty. Lightnings blazed along the mountain-tops, and heavy thunder bellowed through the wadies of the upper Owely. As evening advanced, the wind began to sob and groan among the rocks and trees, and vast volumes of black vapor, rolling in from the sea, settled on the heights of Lebanon like "a horror of great darkness." The long-expected and much-desired rains had commenced.

When the day dawned, for want of other amusement, I watched the migration of one of those tribes of Arabs which we passed on the mountains. They were evidently fleeing from some apprehended danger. Ragged boys and girls urged forward droves of cattle, as lean as Pharaoh's types of the seven years of famine; men, riding lank and shaggy mares, hurried onward the slow-paced camels, loaded with tent-walls and the multifarious furniture of their encampment; women staggered along with lots of children on their backs; very old people were strapped fast on the loads; and little

babes up there took the pelting rain merrily as unfledged ducklings. Last of all came large flocks, with their surly canine guards and insolent shepherds. Over the bridge rushed the whole caravan, as if the avenger of blood was behind them.

A circumstance which occurred the evening before explained the reason of this hasty migration. The captain of a band of horsemen, a few miles back, called to me and inquired if my companion could read Arabic, handing to him a letter which contained an order from Saied Beg to capture all the men of a particular Arab encampment, as they were accused of robbing the house of a Maronite priest. The Arabs, however, had got the start of the officer, and by sunrise were on the south side of the Owely, and within the jurisdiction of the Governor of Sidon. I was amused with the way in which my companion reproved the captain, and, by implication, his master. It was thoroughly Arabic—a genuine specimen, which you may preserve for future use. "Why," said he, "can't the keeper of this khan read? No! Well, that's a pity. It would be better if every khanjy could read, and then it would not be necessary for an officer of Saied Beg to show his letters to any chance traveler that comes along. They might contain things which ought not to be published. I would advise the Beg not to rent any of these khans to one who can't read." "Now," said I, as we rode along, "why not tell the officer himself that it was a shame for one in his station not to know how to read?" "What! would you have me insult the officer of Saied Beg? Of course, that is what I meant, and he understood it; *but it would never do to come straight up to the point, and say all this to his very beard.*"

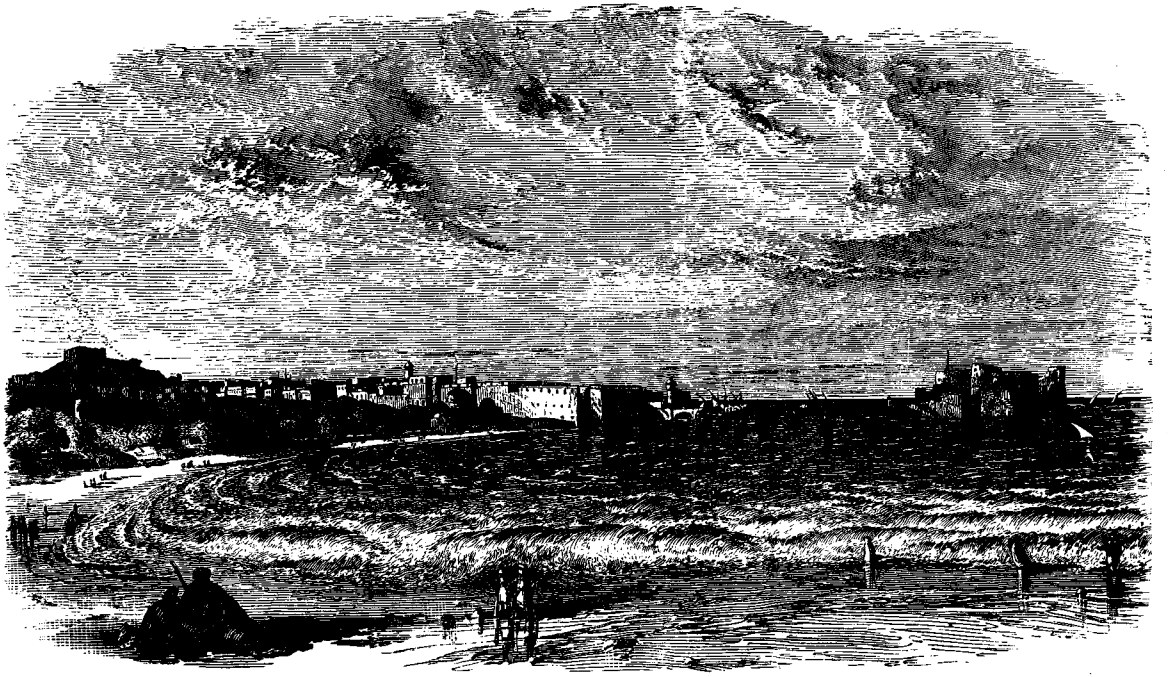
Though it rained hard, I pursued my journey to Hasbeiya, for I had no courage to repeat the experiment of the past night in this abominable hole. Our host, with his cats and kittens, his barley and straw, bread and olives, leben and oil, and every other article of his trade, shared with us, our saddles, baggage, and beds, this one low, dark vault. A few burning brands, or brands that would not burn, enabled us, with a great deal of coaxing, to boil a little water for tea, with no other penalty than that of being nearly blinded by

a cloud of pungent smoke. The privacy of our apartment was farther invaded by a curious bridal party, who appeared determined, bride and all, to partake with us in the privileges of our smoky vault. They kept up a violent row with our host until a late hour, when, buying a few cents' worth of bread, they kindled a fire in that field on the other side of the road, and, huddling round it, kept up a dismal concert of singing, shouting, and clapping hands until morning, when, cold, and wet, and wo-begone, they set off to find the bishop, not, as it now appeared, to be married, but to get unmarried. The young lady had been betrothed, *nolens volens*, to a man she abhorred, and was now, with her friends, going to get his lordship to cancel the espousals. Being a friend of emancipation in such cases, I heartily wished her success. And, now our active Salîm has got every thing ready to march, let us cross the river on this fine bridge, and turn down to Sidon, where we shall find a home and a shelter during the storm which I see is gathering fast, and will soon burst in fury upon the coast.

The ride from Beirût to Sidon is one of the most tedious and least interesting in Syria. You wade through leagues of deep sand, flounder over rocky headlands, or wind along the shore with the noisy surf dashing over the horse's heels and your own, to the discomfort of both. And to pass from one to another of these annoyances in endless succession is the traveler's only relief. The sea at your side never tires. With a monotony that varies not, wave chases wave toward the shore; then hesitate, swell up, and topple over with a heavy fall, which sends them, in quivering beds of feathery foam, to the beach. In the soft light of a midsummer moon the thing is beautiful; but utter solitude saddens, ceaseless repetition wearies, and the traveler rejoices to escape into the green alleys of old Sidon's fragrant orchards.

It is difficult to realize that yon little city, which we are approaching with no more reverence than if it were a village of yesterday on the banks of the Ohio, is Sidon—great Zidon of Joshua.

Ancient cities, like prophets, are not without honor except in their own country; and yet, though Sidon is my



SIDON, FROM THE NORTH.

home, I never ride along this pretty beach, with the gamboling surf on one hand, tall tamarisks on the other, and the city before, without somewhat of that enthusiasm which glowed and burned within me twenty-three years ago, when first I drew near this venerable metropolis.

As we are in no hurry, let me hear something about this home of yours—this "mother of all the Phœnicians," before we enter it. She looks beautiful enough, sitting in the sea, and blushing with the warm, rosy light of the evening sun.

Must I begin at "the beginning?" The story is long and old, and much is forgotten or mixed with fable. It starts off in this fashion. One morning, soon after the flood—but here comes a lad with golden oranges just gathered from Sidon's luxurious gardens. Let us buy them to give relish to our dusty narrative. Well, the great-grandson of Noah, emigrating westward when men were few and earth a wilderness, crept timidly round the low cape of Sarepta, and gazed earnestly on the plain that stretches this way along the shore. At length he moved forward, and pitched his tent on that castle-crowned *Tell*, which now overlooks the city. "Here," exclaimed the patriarch, "my wanderings cease. This mound shall be the stronghold of my future city. It meets my wants in all respects. The surface declines gently northward to the beach, where it falls back eastward, forming a little bay open to the north; and that line of low rocks, parallel with the shore, incloses a quiet basin for the ships I mean to build after the model of my grandfather's ark. That long, narrow island affords a secure retreat for the time of danger. This broad plain we will cover with orchards and gardens; and the water of yon limpid stream shall be made to visit, by a thousand rills, every tree, and shrub, and flower of our new paradise. The sea will yield her varied stores in such abundance, that the very art of fishing will take its name, *said*, from our metropolis; while over these eastern hills our sons will hunt the boar and fleet gazelle, or snare the feathered fowl, to increase our stores and enrich our feasts."

The venerable patriarch did not live to see all his prophetic anticipations realized. Sidon, however, soon grew

great. Her walls towered high, and were drawn with an ample compass, embracing an area many times larger than the present city. Her harbor was crowded with merry mariners from every coast, and caravans filled her magazines with the treasures and luxuries of the distant East.

None dared molest her, so that to live carelessly, after the manner of the Zidonians,[1] became the proverbial synonym of perfect prosperity. Even Joshua[2] ventured not to attack her; and the flying nations found a safe asylum from his devouring sword within her gates. Her merchant ships sailed over every sea. She built strong cities along the shore—Beirût, and Gebal, and Arvad, and Accho, and Dor, and many more. She planted colonies in Cyprus and the Grecian Isles, in Libya and in Spain, while by her side she nourished her fair daughter Tyre, until, like England's modern daughter, she overgrew and quite eclipsed the mother.

Then began her long and sad decline. The streams of her prosperity were dried up or diverted. The proud Pharaohs from the Nile—the stern Assyrian from distant Nineveh—the cruel Chaldean and Persian from Babylon—the rough he-goat from Grecia, and the king of fierce countenance from the Tiber, all helped to lay poor Sidon in the dust. And, long after, those locusts which came out of the bottomless pit, with Apollyon at their head, completed the work during those dismal days when men sought death but could not find it. And yet Sidon still exists, and has always clung to life with a strange tenacity. Her history runs parallel with the march of time, down the ceaseless current of human generations. Not so Tyre. Long ages have rolled away since continental Tyre sunk beneath the "burden" of prophecy, and the very site where she stood was lost; and there are men yet living who remember when the boar was roused from his lair among the thorns and briers of even insular Tyre. But here we are at the gate of our good city, and in a few minutes we shall be in our own hired house, on the wall from whence you can survey at your leisure what remains of Sidon's ruins, and that about her which never can be ruined even by Mohammedan despotism.

[1] Judg. xviii. 7. [2] Josh. xi. 8.

VIII. SIDON.

January 30th, 1857.

WE were not mistaken. The storm predicted is upon us in all its majesty, and we shall not get away from Sidon until it has spent its fury.

Contrary to all my previous ideas, I find your climate extremely variable and uncertain. There seems to be no fixed time for the commencement of the winter rains, nor is it much more certain when they will cease.

That is quite true. I have seen these rains begin early in November and end in February; but they are sometimes delayed until January, and prolonged into May. I was once held prisoner in a wretched khan on Lebanon for two days by a storm which commenced on the 6th of May. Fresh snow generally falls on the heights of Lebanon and Hermon in November, but I have crossed over Jebel es Sheikh late in December when there was none. It ordinarily disappears, except from sheltered ravines, early in April; and yet the mountain-tops are sometimes covered with fresh snow late in May. These are, indeed, great variations, and they subject the farmer to much uncertainty and many losses. All kinds of crops, including silk, fail more frequently in Syria and Palestine than in America. This has always been the case; and the failure is also more complete and ruinous, and hence we so often read in the Bible of sore famines in this country.

May not these facts give greater point and significancy to those agricultural promises (if one may employ such language) in which regularity in the rains and certainty in the crops were guaranteed to Israel on condition of faithful obedience?

No doubt; and it is worthy of remark that, to this day, the people of every class, faith, and character familiarly and constantly ascribe regular and abundant rains, fruitful seasons, and good harvests to the direct agency and interposition of God. This formal and devout recognition strikes a stranger from America as indicating a high degree of pious

sentiment, but he soon perceives that it is merely the stereotyped idiom of daily conversation, and has very little connection with the heart. Still, this style of remark has its origin in a deep sense of uncertainty, and of entire dependence for their daily bread upon the showers of heaven, delayed nearly every year until much painful solicitude is felt by all classes. Very often there is a universal cry from man, beast, and bird, and burning sky, and drooping fields, ere the Lord hears the heavens, and they hear the earth, and the earth hears the corn, and the wine, and the oil.[1] I have seen several instances in which Moslems, Christians, and Jews have united in fasts, processions, and prayers in the open air for the showers that water the earth. On one occasion, the pasha, attended by all the principal men of Beirût, went forth in procession, and, among other acts, the great man held the plow with his own hands, as a public acknowledgment of dependence upon the fruits of the field, and the blessing of the Lord upon the labor of the ox.

There is no occasion for such ceremonies at present. How long may this wild storm last?

To judge from ordinary indications, it may continue ten days at least, possibly twenty.

Indeed! And what may these indications be?

It is not easy to give a tangible shape to some of them, which yet have much to do in producing the impression on the mind of one initiated, by long experience, into the mysteries of Syrian weather. In the first place, we must not forget that this is the time for heavy storms, especially if the season has been hitherto warm and dry, as this has been. Great rains are now needed to start the fountains and saturate the earth to the deepest roots of the trees. Without this, no season can be truly prosperous in this country, because a large part of the produce is gathered from the olive, the mulberry, the fig, the walnut, the apricot, the orange, and other fruit and nut bearing trees. Long rains are therefore in season, and to be expected. Then, this storm has obviously been gathering for several days past, and its dura-

[1] Hosea ii. 21, 22.

tion generally corresponds to the time spent in coming on. Again, the wind is full and strong from the proper rain quarter—the southwest—and while it holds to that point the storm will continue. It will not clear until the wind shifts round toward the north, which it is often slow to do, and will not now till the air becomes colder, and Lebanon is covered deep with snow. As in ancient times, the west wind brings rain, and the north drives it away.[1] There is also a somewhat in the thickness and color of the clouds which speaks to the eye of experience; and see how low they fly, tearing their garments to tatters on the rocky crags of Jebel Rehân, and trailing their soiled skirts in the mire.

> "There's not a cloud on all the plain
> But tells of storm to come or past;
> Here, flying loosely, as the mane
> Of a young war-horse in the blast;
> There, rolled in masses dark and swelling,
> As proud to be the thunder's dwelling."

There will be no fair weather until they sail clear of the loftiest peaks of Lebanon. The sea, too, by its hoarse and heavy roar, warns the mariner to lower his topmasts, double his anchors, and make all tight for a long and hard gale; and even those stupid gulls, careering on the blast far inland, add their testimony to the general voice of nature. Depend upon it, we are in for a genuine winter storm, and may congratulate ourselves on having reached this snug harbor before it began. Nor need the time pass idly away. Here are books to consult; and friends, both Frank and native, from whom you can glean many a valuable hint for future use; so "wrap the garment of patience around you," and let it rain. There will be intermissions, however (for no storm in this country is without them), during which we may run about the city and its environs; and in the evenings we shall have reunions of friends, in which all sorts of subjects are discussed. You will thus be in a fine school of manners—Oriental I mean, and may learn more of the

[1] Luke xii. 54; Prov. xxv. 23.

customs and ways of the people in these few days than by months of mere travel through the land.

According to this account, Paul's euroclydon of fourteen days was no very extraordinary occurrence.

Not as to the length of the storm, certainly; nor do I understand the historian to intimate that there was any thing miraculous about it. It was one, however, of extreme violence. Neither sun nor stars appeared in many days, and all hope of being saved was taken away.[1] And yet we are not to suppose that there were no intermissions in this tempest, any more than that the people literally tarried fourteen days fasting, without taking any thing. Such expressions never deceive or disturb an Oriental. They do not mean absolutely *nothing*. In our medical practice, it is almost impossible to arrive at accuracy in regard to what a patient has eaten. Both he and his friends will assure you, in the most comprehensive terms, that he has "continued fasting, having eaten nothing;" and yet, by close questioning, you find that he has loaded his stomach with trash highly injurious to him. When pressed on the point, he will merely say, "It does not deserve to be mentioned." You may take this as a general canon of interpretation, that any amount much less than usual means "nothing" in their dialect, and if you understand more by it, you are misled. In fact, their ordinary fasting is only abstaining from certain kinds of food, not from all, nor does the word convey any other idea to them.

In regard to Paul's euroclydon: it is no uncommon thing to encounter similar storms at this day, in the same part of the Mediterranean. I have followed nearly the exact route of his disastrous voyage, and, as our noble steamer sailed in between Catzo and Candia—the Crete of the Acts—we were met by a tremendous wind, which tried the utmost power of her engines. Slowly and laboriously she plowed her foaming furrow through the troubled sea, close under Crete, for twenty-four hours, and then ran into the harbor of Suda, which we found as quiet as a mill-pond, and, unlike Paul's

[1] Acts xxvii. 14, 20.

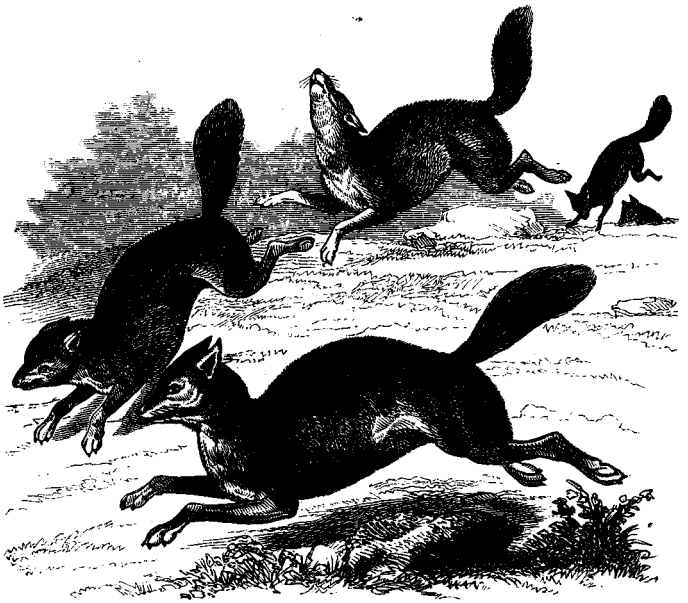
Fair Havens, it would be quite commodious for the entire British navy to winter in. Here we remained a "night and a day;" but, as the wind did not moderate, the captain became impatient, and sailed out into the very teeth of the gale. For a long time we made very little progress, and, as we ran under a certain island that was called Clauda, I could well understand that such a vessel as that "ship of Alexandria" must have been exceedingly tossed with the tempest. However, by the aid of steam, we were carried in four, instead of fourteen days, to that "certain island called Melita," and into the glorious harbor of Valetta, instead of being wrecked at the entrance of St. Paul's Bay. And though we were also laden with wheat, we were not obliged to cast it into the sea to "lighten the ship." I shall never forget the impressions of that voyage over the seas of Cilicia and Pamphylia, and across the "Adria," where Paul was driven up and down for fourteen days.

I no longer wonder that the people of this country believe in jan, and ghools, and all the exaggerated machinery of the Thousand Nights. About one o'clock I was startled out of profound sleep by the most frightful noise I ever heard. It seemed to come from this grave-yard, on the east of your house, and to be very near. What on earth could have produced it?

It was nothing but a concert of jackals. You may be serenaded by them every night, but they are particularly musical in the fiercest storms.

Deliver me from their music. I was terrified. It began in a sort of solo: a low, long-drawn wail, rising, and swelling higher and higher, until it quite overtopped the wind; and just when it was about to *choke off* in utter despair, it was re-enforced by many others, yelling, screaming, barking, wailing, as if a whole legion of demons were fighting among the tombs over some son of perdition that had fallen into their clutches.

Why, you have been positively startled out of all propriety by these creatures; but no wonder. What a doom is that which David pronounces upon those who seek the



JACKALS.

soul of the righteous to destroy it: They shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes;[1] by which jackals are meant, as I suppose. These sinister, guilty, wo-begone brutes, when pressed with hunger, gather in gangs among the graves, and yell in rage, and fight like fiends over their midnight orgies; but on the battle-field is their great carnival. Oh! let me never even dream that any one dear to me has fallen by the sword, and lies there to be torn, and gnawed at, and dragged about by these hideous howlers.

I have been wanting to send Salîm down town on an errand, but he has been pounding at something most zealously all the morning. What is he after?



MORTAR AND PESTLE.

He is braying wheat with a pestle in a mortar, to make kibby, the national dish of the Arabs, and a

[1] Psalm lxiii. 10.

very good one it is. Every family has one or more of these large stone mortars, and you may hear the sound of the "braying" at all hours, as you walk the streets of the city.

So I suppose Solomon means that, if we pound a fool in a mortar, among wheat, with a pestle, into a batch of kibby, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.[1]

At any rate, there is nothing else in the country so likely to suggest the proverb; and, if foolishness will not depart under such discipline, the case is indeed hopeless. But our boy is braying fish, not a fool, and we shall therefore have kibbet samak, which many people are extremely fond of. It is more commonly made of mutton, mixed with fat from the large tail of the sheep. When thoroughly pounded, it is sent to the oven, and baked in a copper dish made for the purpose. It will keep good in winter for half a month, and makes a capital lunch for the road.

While on the subject of cooking, take another favorite dish of the Arabs. They select a young kid, fat and tender, dress it carefully, and then stew it in milk, generally sour, mixed with onions, and hot spices such as they relish. They call it Lebn immû—kid, "in his mother's milk." The Jews, however, will not eat it. They say that Moses specifically forbade it in the precept, Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk,[2] which he repeated three several times, and with special emphasis. They farther maintain that it is unnatural and barbarous to cook a poor kid in that from which it derives its life. This may have been one reason for the prohibition. Many of the Mosaic precepts are evidently designed to cultivate gentle and humane feelings; but "kid in his mother's milk" is a gross, unwholesome dish, calculated also to kindle up animal and ferocious passions, and, on these accounts, Moses may have forbidden it. Besides, it is even yet associated with immoderate feasting, and originally, I suspect, was connected with idolatrous sacrifices. A great deal of learning has been spent upon this passage by critics, to ascertain what the law-

[1] Prov. xxvii. 22. [2] Ex. xxiii. 19, and xxxiv. 26; Deut. xiv. 21.

giver referred to; but, after seeing the dish actually prepared, and hearing the very name given to it which Moses employs, we have the whole mystery explained. I have repeatedly tasted *Lebn immû*, and, when well prepared, it has a rich and agreeable flavor. But, though there is little of the Jew in me, yet I have some scruples about partaking of this forbidden food, just as I have in regard to any kind of dish cooked in blood. The reason assigned for the original prohibition continues in full force to this day: But flesh with the life thereof, the blood thereof, shall ye not eat.[1] Nearly all sects of the East, Christian included, regard this reservation, in the grant to eat flesh, as strictly obligatory. The semi-barbarian Abyssinians, according to Bruce's famous story, it is true, violate the whole breadth of the precept when they cut out and devour flesh from the flanks of the *living* animal, and it is just possible that the command was aimed against some such brutal practice. However that may be, in this country, not only blood-puddings, but every preparation of blood for food, is held in utter abomination. And so, also, it is unlawful to eat animals, fowls, and birds strangled or smothered, and cooked with the blood in them; and, in my feelings at least, the Orientals, in this matter, are right. Moses repeats the prohibition in these emphatic words: Ye shall eat no manner of blood, whether it be of fowl, or of beast, in any of your dwellings.[2] And again, in chap. xvii. 10–14, it is reaffirmed in the most absolute terms, extended even to strangers, and made to include game taken in hunting. Accordingly, our hunters, when they shoot even a small bird, are careful to cut its throat, and "pour out the blood thereof." God himself declares, I will even set my face against that soul that eateth blood, and will cut him off from among his people.

In addition to the original reason of the prohibition that the blood is the life, it is here added, I have given it to you, upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls. And let us not forget that the element which represents blood is still given to us in the Supper as the symbol of atonement.

[1] Gen. ix. 4. [2] Levit. vii. 26.

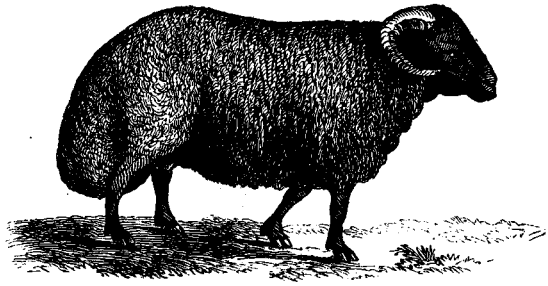
How often are we reminded that it is through the *blood* of atonement alone that we can receive pardon and reconciliation with God. And it seems rash, to say the least, to venture needlessly upon the violation of a precept announced before the law was given, so often repeated, surrounded with so many sanctions, and suggestive of so much that should impress the heart with tenderest emotion and deepest reverence. And, finally, I believe that the apostolic council of Jerusalem solemnly reaffirms this prohibition, and with special reference to the Gentile Church.[1] For once I am an Oriental, and, while I would not hastily judge him that eateth even blood, think they do better who refuse.

In your account of kibby, you mentioned the large tails of the sheep, which reminds me of an inquiry I have to make on this subject. Russell, in his history of Aleppo, says that these tails grow to a prodigious size, sometimes weighing fifty pounds, and that they require to be supported and defended from injury by thin boards, which have little wheels attached to them to facilitate transportation. My mother used to sing "little bo-peep" when I was a child, and of the sheep that "left their tails behind them"—a much more sensible custom than to drag them on little carriages "behind them." But, seriously, what have you to say to this strange story? I have already seen at least a thousand "tails" since landing in Beirût, and have examined them carefully, both on the living animal and when dressed for the market, and I must say that Mr. Russell's statement seems somewhat apocryphal. None that I have yet noticed would weigh more than ten pounds.

A traveler can commit no greater error than to jump to the conclusion, soon after he arrives in a country, that nothing is possible but what he has seen. As to the particular matter in hand, Russell may have copied, not from observation, but from Herodotus. The "Father of history," however, strikes off in a bolder strain than the Aleppo chaplain deemed it safe to follow. "In Arabia," says he, "there are two kinds of sheep. One of them is remarkable for an

[1] Acts xv. 20.

enormous length of tail, extending to three cubits, *if not more.* If they were permitted to trail them along the ground, they would certainly ulcerate from friction. But the shepherds of the country are skillful enough to make little carriages, upon which they secure the tails of the sheep."—*Thalia*, 113.



SYRIAN SHEEP.

As to the "boards" and the "carriages," I choose to say nothing, except that the thing is not absolutely impossible. But I have been to Aleppo repeatedly, and have inquired into this matter on the spot, yet could never hear of such an apparatus; nor have I found any sheep that needed, or would have known how to use such a locomotive. The rest of Mr. Russell's account is sufficiently accurate, and quite credible. These tails (or, as the Bible more correctly calls them, the *rump*) of ordinary sheep in the market do not weigh more than ten or fifteen pounds—about your own estimate—but when the sheep are well fattened, they grow to an enormous size. I have seen many in Lebanon so heavy that the owners could not carry them without difficulty, yet I never saw any that would weigh quite fifty pounds. Such a tail, however, is within the limits of possibility. The cooks use this mass of fat instead of Arab butter, and many prefer it, as it is fresh and sweet, while the other is often rancid. No doubt this is the "rump" so often mentioned in the Levitical sacrifices, which was to be taken off hard by the back-bone.[1] It is, in fact, not properly a tail,

[1] Ex. xxix. 22; Levit. iii. 9, and vii. 3, and ix. 19.

but a mass of marrow-like fat, which spreads over the whole rump of the sheep, and down the caudal extremity until near the end, which, as Russell says, turns back upon it in a kind of appendix.

Salîm led me through an entire street of shoe-shops this morning. Is the red leather which the shoemakers use the rams' skins dyed red,[1] which formed one of the three covers of the tabernacle?

No doubt; and there is a definiteness in the name *rams'* skins which is worth noticing. From time out of mind the southern part of Syria and Palestine has been supplied with mutton from the great plains and deserts on the north, east, and south, and the shepherds do not ordinarily bring the females to market. The vast flocks which annually come from Armenia and Northern Syria are nearly all males. The leather, therefore, is literally *rams'* skins dyed red. It is pleasant to meet such perfect accuracy in the most incidental allusions and minute details of the Mosaic record.

Yes, it is indeed satisfactory to find every thing about this home of the Bible just as it should be; and the testimony seems all the stronger when the incident is so minute as to exclude the very possibility of design. Here is another illustration of the same kind. Your boy has just let down a *basket through the window* by *the wall*, to get oranges from this garden outside the city.[2] So Paul tells the Corinthians, at the close of that long list of perils and persecutions which he had encountered, that he was let down *through a window, in a basket, by the wall*, when Aretas, the governor of Damascus, kept the city with a garrison, desirous to apprehend him.[3]

Certainly the illustration is entirely to the point, and there are seventeen windows of our house on the wall of the city, from any one of which we also could easily escape, as Paul did, if the governor of Sidon should watch the gates of the city to apprehend us.

In our visit to the consul to-day, did you notice the writing over the door and all round the room?

[1] Ex. xxv. 5. [2] Acts ix. 25. [3] 2 Cor. xi. 33.

I did; and it reminded me of the recommendation to the people of Israel: These words which I command thee this day, thou shall write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.[1] I was delighted to meet with this very ancient custom.

Moses probably did not originate, but, as in many other cases, merely availed himself of the custom, in order to keep the precepts of the Lord ever before the eyes and in the hearts of the people. Indeed, it is certain that the Egyptians observed a similar practice from the most remote antiquity. But, whatever may be its origin, it has been perpetuated down to the present day, and among all classes in this country. The Moslems are particularly fond of it. They never set up a gate, cover a fountain, build a bridge, or erect a house, without writing on it choice sentences from the Koran, or from their best poets. Christians also do the same. The consul, as you saw, has adorned his best room with a multitude of extracts from the Psalms, written in large characters, very much involved, which is considered particularly ornamental, and is, besides, a constant puzzle to exercise the skill of the visitor. Indeed, very few can decipher these intricate mazes of Arabic caligraphy. This custom is certainly not objectionable in itself, and may be useful at all times, but it was more appropriate when books were few, and only within the reach of the learned and the wealthy. Like every other good practice, however, it could be, and was, early perverted into a hurtful superstition. These sentences were and are inscribed as charms to keep off evil spirits, and to afford protection against disease and other calamities. The same is true of the customs referred to in the 8th verse: Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. These signs and frontlets, of every kind, whether engraved on signets, written on parchments, and inclosed in silver cases, or simply tattooed on the hands, the forehead between the eyes, or on other parts of the body, are universally regarded as charms possessing talismanic virtues. The Mos-

[1] Deut. vi. 9, and xi. 20.

lems, Nusairîeh, and Bedawîn Arabs attach great importance to them, and never venture abroad without them. But Moses certainly did not, in any case, countenance superstition, and probably intended by these precepts to appropriate to a valuable purpose customs he could not eradicate, and ornaments which he could not induce the people to lay aside. We learn from Herodotus, and other ancient writers, that the people throughout all these countries were universally attached to such superstitions.

The Jews have always observed this precept, I suppose, but not always in the same way. In the times of their national prosperity, when they could act out their religion without fear of enemies, they literally engraved the "laws of the Lord" on their gate and door-posts. But for generations, no one knows how many, they have been in the habit of writing certain of these laws on small rolls of parchment, which they inclose in some sort of case, and insert into a niche made in the post, or in the plaster upon it. Even in cities like Safet and Tiberias, where the Jews are the majority, they still do the same, and, although the parchments are not absolutely hidden, yet they are so adjusted that it was not until after many years' residence in this country that I was aware of their existence, or knew where to find them. This parchment is called medzuzah, and the passages written are generally Deuteronomy vi. 4–9, and xi. 13–30. The ceremonies accompanying the operation are different in different places, sometimes puerile, always superstitious.

Come to the kiosk, and tell me what is going forward in the street.

That is a funeral procession, which, like most other things purely Oriental, is without order—a confused medley of men and boys, in all sorts of costume, rolling on somehow or other toward the cemetery. The only thing solemn about it is the low, sad monotone in which they chant that eternal truth, La illah illa Allah—no god but God, accompanied by that necessary lie, as Gibbon calls it, W' Muhammedhū russûl Allah—and Mohammed is the prophet of God. This, and

nothing else, is their funeral dirge, and they repeat it over and over until they reach the grave.

See how those women toss their arms, swing handkerchiefs, and scream, and shriek at the top of their voices! Those are the relatives, I suppose?

Yes, and they go before to the grave; for it is not customary for women and men to walk together on such occasions.

But what are they about now? They have formed a circle, like a bull-ring at a country fight, and there are two or three men inside, as if they were the combatants.

Wait a moment, and you will see what it all means. Now they begin. Those two men in the centre are the choristers, and are singing one of their hymns. The whole performance is called a zikr.

How they shake their heads, and twist and jerk their bodies! and what do they repeat with such emphasis and solemnity?

This is but the commencement; the storm will burst out by degrees. They say nothing but Ya-Allah! Ya-Allah![1] beginning, as you see, very slowly. It will soon come—is coming faster and louder; as they grow warm, their motions become wild and frantic; the chant runs into a horrid, deep growl, like wild beasts, in which it is impossible to distinguish any words—merely *Allah*, *Allah*, *Allah*, which they drive through their throats at a most perilous rate. This they will continue until, from sheer exhaustion, they break down. Generally some one goes off into convulsions, and, foaming at the mouth like an epileptic, falls to the ground, when the zikr ceases. There goes one already. It is very kind and considerate in him to terminate the hideous performance so speedily. He is now supposed to be in a divine trance! There is nothing in all the customs of the East so outrageously repulsive and disgusting as this zikr. The men look like demons yelling, and stamping, and foaming around the dead. If there be demoniacal possessions in our day, it is seen, beyond a doubt, in this hideous ceremony.

[1] O God! O God!

February 10th.

I have been down at the castle watching the waves. They come in fast and thick, hills over hills, heaving and tossing their huge volumes against the island and the rocks of the harbor with uproar prodigious—the very "voice of many waters," so often sung by Hebrew poets. Now and then one mightier than the rest rolls right over every thing, thunders against the old castle, overrides the causeway, and rushes headlong on the houses, and up the lower streets of the city. Sidon's modern mariners may well be thankful for their sheltered beach along that ancient wall, whereon to lay their tiny craft for the winter.

This has always been the practice, I suppose. The Phœnicians never had a harbor where ships could ride in safety during the storms of winter, and hence they drew them up on shore. They could thus dispense with harbors, and could and did build towns along the coast, wherever there was a bit of sandy beach large enough for their vessels. I counted sixteen deserted sites on the shore between Sidon and Tyre—a distance of not more than twenty miles—and not one of them ever had a harbor. When spring opens, they launch their ships, rig up, and re-pitch them, and prosecute their business until the next winter, when they again dismantle and haul them on shore. Nor was this custom confined to the Phœnicians. The Greeks did the same, even with their war-ships on the coast of Troy, which, by the way, is about as destitute of harbors as this of Syria. It is plain that Homer's heroes not only did so with their navy, but even built a fortification around their ships to protect them from the Trojans. Indeed, Sidonian ships were there to aid the beleaguered city. And it is a pleasing corroboration of the Biblical account of the ancient greatness of Sidon to find her pre-eminent in commerce and in art at that early day. The "king of kings and fierce Achilles" were proud to wear Sidonian purple, and fight their battles in her polished armor. And Homer's heroines also arrayed themselves in gorgeous robes,

"Which from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen, touching on the Tyrian shore."

And from Sidon came that

"Silver bowl, the largest of its kind,
The pride of kings, and labor of a god."

And, if we may so judge from the story of Menelaus, in the fifteenth book of the Odyssey, the Sidonians were a kind of Yankee peddlers in those olden times:

"A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port,
Freighted with toys of every sort—
With gold and amber chains, etc., etc.
Each female eye the glittering links employ;
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy."

And the treacherous heroine of the story, "A fair Phœnician, tall, full-sized, and skilled in works of elegance," was from our city:

"I too from glorious Sidon came,
Famous for wealth by dyeing earn'd."

If such was Sidon's fame before Troy was burned or Homer sang, she not only may, but must have been "great" when Joshua conquered at Merom.

I have noticed, every morning since coming to Sidon, that women come forth very early to visit the graves. They move about under the trees and among the tombs in the gray dawn, wrapped up from head to foot in their white sheets, and looking for all the world like veritable ghosts. Sometimes I hear the voice of prayer, some weep and sob, while others sing or chant in a low, monotonous tone. The whole thing is very novel, and thus far deeply affecting.

You do well to limit the duration of your emotion, and may safely moderate its intensity as fast as possible. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this public manifestation is the work of that arch-tyrant, custom, and nothing more. The inquiry, What will the world say if I don't go and weep? sets all your ghosts in motion; and, unless your sympathy is directed toward the slave, it is merely thrown away. They themselves curse the tyrant they obey, as bitterly as the Moslem does the fast of Ramadan, which yet he ob-



WOMEN WEEPING AT THE GRAVE.

serves. In either case, it is artificial, hypocritical, slavish. You observe that some of these performers have tents pitched above the graves which require to be wept over. These, however, afford but slight protection against this pitiless storm and piercing wind. The great majority have no cover, and the mourners go home to nurse rheumatisms and catarrhs, burn in fevers, or go blind with ophthalmia. The real weeping is in the houses. And when you farther know that many of these mourners and chanters are hired, and weep, howl, beat their breast, and tear the hair according to contract, your compassion will fail fast, or take another direction, and sigh for the victims of folly and fashion.

You must not suppose, however, that there is no genuine sorrow among this people. The voice of nature is far too strong to be stifled, even by this machinery of hypocrisy. Amid all this ostentatious parade, there are burning tears,

and hearts bursting in agony and despair. Many a Mary still goes to the grave to weep there, and true friends follow them thither with real sympathy.[1] But where iron custom compels every body to visit the bereaved, and to act well the part of comforters and mourners according to prescribed forms, much will, of course, be manufactured for the occasion; and so it is *ad nauseam*. Many of the women are admirable performers, and could put to the blush the most accomplished actress on the European stage. These customs date far back in the history of earth's sorrows: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."[2] Job had his friends who came from a distance to comfort him, and many of the expressions now detailed with a glib volubility, which confounds us simple Americans, are copied from those celebrated dialogues. On similar occasions, lover and friend hasten from afar to mingle their condolence with the wretched, and sometimes with no kinder feelings than those of Bildad and his associates.

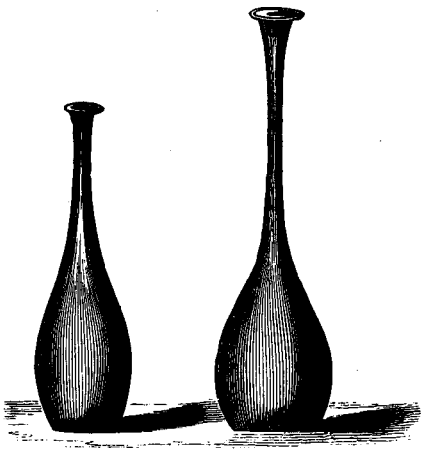
Even the custom of hiring mourners is very ancient. Jeremiah says, Consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women, that they may come; and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters.[3] Every particular here alluded to is observed on funeral occasions at the present day. There are in every city and community women exceedingly cunning in this business. These are always sent for, and kept in readiness. When a fresh company of sympathizers comes in, these women "make haste" to take up a wailing, that the newly come may the more easily unite their tears with the mourners. They know the domestic history of every person, and immediately strike up an impromptu lamentation, in which they introduce the names of their relatives who have recently died, touching some tender chord in every heart, and thus each one weeps for his *own* dead, and the *performance*, which would otherwise be difficult or impossible, comes easy and natural, and even this extempo-

[1] John xi. 31. [2] Job v. 7. [3] Jer. ix. 17, 18.

raneous artificial sorrow is thereby redeemed from half its hollow-heartedness and hypocrisy. There may yet be occasions, in the politer circles of European society, when such a machinery for manufacturing tears will be a great convenience.

On the whole, I do not think that the modern customs of mourning are more extravagant, even in Syria, than the ancient.

We find allusions in old authors to the custom of collecting the tears of the mourners and preserving them in bottles. Thus David prays, Put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?[1] These lachrymatories are still found in great numbers on opening ancient tombs. A sepulchre lately discovered in one of the gardens of our city had scores of them in it. They are made of thin glass, or more generally of simple pottery, often not even baked or glazed, with a slender body, a broad bottom, and a funnel-shaped top. They have nothing in them but *dust* at present. If the friends were expected to contribute their share of tears for these bottles, they would very much need cunning women to cause their eyelids to gush out with water. These forms of ostentatious sorrow have ever been offensive to sensible people. Thus Tacitus says, "At my funeral let no tokens of sorrow be seen, no pompous mockery of woe. Crown me with chaplets, strew flowers on my grave, and let my friends erect no vain memorial to tell where my remains are lodged."



TEAR-BOTTLES.

[1] Psalm lvi. 8.

How long do these seasons of mourning continue?

There is no absolute law on the subject, and the duration and intensity of grief varies. The most bitter lamentations are for young men, and for fathers of families. These are sometimes very extravagant and greatly prolonged. That tent under our windows covers the grave of a young man, and, as you see, they are there every day, although he has been buried for several weeks. There are, however, certain days on which the regular business of mourning is renewed. A curious and rather pretty custom is very commonly practiced by the Moslems, connected, however, with superstitious notions in regard to the state of the departed. On the eve preceding any great festival, the relatives, generally the women, go to the graves and fill small holes, left purposely at the head and foot of the tomb, with fresh myrtle bushes, and sometimes palm branches, which are watered daily to keep them green. Some do this every Thursday evening, because Friday is their sacred day. You had better read what Lane says on this subject at your leisure, for it would now be tedious to describe all their funeral customs, and equally useless. There is one, however, to which our Saviour alludes, that of whitewashing the sepulchres, which should not pass unnoticed. I have been in places where this is repeated very often. The graves are kept clean and white as snow, a very striking emblem of those painted hypocrites, the Pharisees, beautiful without, but full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness within. So ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.[1]

Is there any thing in modern usage which explains Deut. xxvi. 14: I have not eaten thereof in my mourning, neither have I taken away aught thereof for any unclean use, nor given aught thereof for the dead?

Yes, this passage is made sufficiently plain by an acquaintance with modern funeral customs. What you have just read is part of that protestation which the devout Jew was required to make at the close of the third year, "which is the

[1] Matt. xxiii. 27, 28.

year of tithing." He was to come before the Lord and say, I have brought away the hallowed things out of my house, and also have given them unto the Levite and unto the stranger, to the fatherless and to the widow, according to all thy commandments. I have not eaten thereof in my mourning, neither have I taken away aught thereof for any unclean use, nor given aught thereof for the dead. This was the strongest possible protestation that he had dealt faithfully in the matter of tithing and consecrated things, and in charities to the poor. He had not allowed himself to divert any thing to other uses, not even by the most pressing and unforeseen emergencies. It is here assumed, or rather implied, that times of mourning "for the dead" were expensive, and also that the stern law of custom obliged the bereaved to defray those expenses, however onerous. The same thing lies at the basis of that excuse for not following our Saviour, Suffer me first to go and bury my father: a duty which must take precedence of all others. Such it was among most ancient nations, and such is the public sentiment at this day. Moreover, funerals are now ruinously expensive. Crowds of relatives, friends, and acquaintances assemble at the funerals. The largest gatherings ever seen on Lebanon are on these occasions. For all these guests refreshments must be provided, and not a few from a distance tarry all night, and must be entertained. Then these gatherings and feasts for the dead are repeated at stated times for forty days. The priests also, and religious functionaries of all sects, must be rewarded for their attendance at the time, and for their subsequent prayers and good offices in behalf of the dead. A young friend of mine, whose father lately died, informs me that the ecclesiastics are demanding of him twenty thousand piastres for these subsequent services. In short, many families are reduced to poverty by funerals, and it must have been substantially so in remote ages, for the customs were very similar. The temptation, therefore, to devote a part of the tithes, hallowed things, and charities, to defray these enormous, unforeseen, and providential expenses, would be very urgent, and

he who stood faithful at such times might be safely trusted on all other occasions. Hence the protestation covers the strongest case that could be selected. The words, "nor given aught thereof for the dead," are explained by a curious custom still observed with great care. On certain days after the funeral, large quantities of corn and other food are cooked in a particular manner, and sent to all the friends, however numerous, *in the name of the dead.* I have had many such presents, but my dislike of the practice, or something else, renders these dishes peculiarly disgusting to me.

A custom prevails among the Bedawîn Arabs, and especially those around the Hûleh, which illustrates this whole subject. When one of their number dies, they immediately bring his best ox or buffalo, and slaughter it near to the body of the deceased. They then cook it all for a great feast, with burghûl, rice, and whatever else good to eat they may possess. The whole tribe, and neighbors also, assemble for the funeral, and go direct from the grave to this sacrificial feast. The vast piles of provisions quickly disappear, for the Bedawîn dispatch their dinners with a rapidity that would astound a table d'hôte at a Western railway station. However, every one must partake at least of a morsel. It is a duty to the departed, and must be eaten in behalf of the dead. Even strangers passing along are constrained to come and taste of the feast. My friends of Hasbeiya inform me that this custom is so binding that it must be observed, though it consume every item of property and of provisions the man possessed, and leave the wife and children to starve. It is the feast of the dead. That the Jewish tithe-payer, when pressed even by such a stringent call as this, had left untouched the tenths which were devoted to God, was the very best proof that could be demanded or produced that he had acted honestly in this matter.

I have been sauntering through the cemeteries of Sidon. Every sect, I perceive, has its separate grave-yard. That of the Moslems, under these pretty China-trees, is the largest and most striking. Both they and the Christians seem to have a disposition to place the foot of the grave toward the

east. Those of the Jews all turn toward Jerusalem, but the Metwalies bury as it happens, and appear to take very little care of their graves. As a general fact, I suppose the ancients expended far more upon their tombs than the moderns. Are there no old sepulchres about Sidon?

Countless numbers. All those eastern hills are full of them. They are of all sizes, and the internal arrangements are very various. Most of them consist of a square or oblong room, perpendicular to the sides of which the niches for the bodies extend six or seven feet into the rock. I have counted sixteen of these in a single room; but we need not suppose that they were all hewn at the same time, or even in the same age. A family selected a *cave*, if one could be found, which they trimmed and squared, and cut in it as many niches as they expected to need. Their posterity would hew new ones as occasion required; and when the original room was full, they cut out another behind, or at the side of it, and thus went on enlarging from generation to generation, as long as the family existed.

This was done, as I understand the matter, in the cave of Machpelah, which Abraham purchased for a family burying-place. Jacob, when about to die in Egypt, made Joseph swear to bury him: In my grave which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me.[1] Now Jacob could only dig a grave for himself in the cave of Machpelah by cutting out a separate niche. Abraham made one for Sarah, and another was prepared for himself. Isaac prepared one for himself and Rebekah, and there Jacob says he buried Leah.[2]

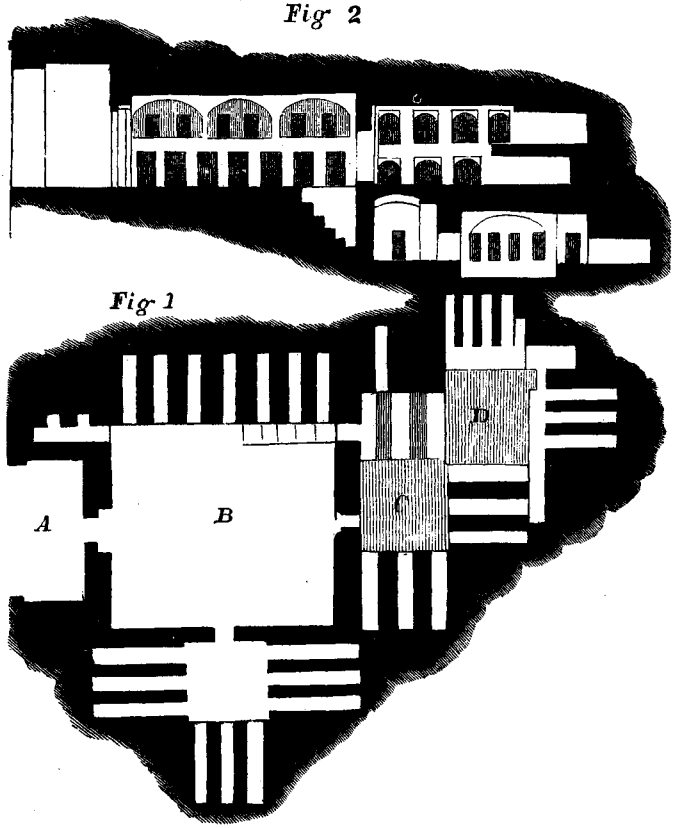
In some sepulchral rooms there are double tiers of niches, one above the other. This appears to have been a favorite plan with the northern Phœnicians, as you find them not far from Tortosa, Gebile, Ladakîyeh, and Seleucia. The entire system of rooms, niches, and passages may be comprehended at once by an inspection of the plan of the Tombs of the Judges near Jerusalem, which I borrow from Mr. Williams's valuable work on the Holy City. The entrance

[1] Gen. l. 5. [2] Gen. xlix. 31.

faces the west, and has a vestibule (A) thirteen feet by nine. Chamber (B), nearly twenty feet square, and eight high. The north side is seen in elevation in Fig. 2, and shows two

Fig 2

Fig 1



TOMBS OF THE JUDGES.

tiers of niches, one over the other, not often met with in tombs. There are seven in the lower tier, each seven feet long, twenty inches wide, and nearly three feet high. The upper tier has three arched recesses, and each recess has two niches. From this room (B) doors lead out into chambers (C and D), which have their own peculiar system of niches,

or loculi, for the reception of the bodies, as appears on the plan. I have explored scores of sepulchres at Ladakîyeh closely resembling this at Jerusalem, and there are many in the plain and on the hillsides above us here at Sidon of the same general form—chambers within chambers, and each with niches for the dead, variously arranged according to taste or necessity. The interior of not a few of these about Sidon was plastered originally, or in after ages, with a hard cement or stucco, which is still quite perfect in some of them. In one I found a Greek inscription drawn in the stucco before it hardened. In others there were such inscriptions written on the plaster with red ink. One large one is adorned with wreaths of flowers and small birds, with palm, orange, and other trees, such as are now found in the gardens below. These would seem to prove that the orange had been cultivated at Sidon from a very remote age. But I am inclined to believe that this stuccoing, writing in Greek, and painting upon the tombs took place long after they were first hewn in the rock, probably after the original occupants had returned to utter dust. I am confirmed in this suspicion from examining a large tomb which was uncovered last winter on the plain. The surface above it had been used from time out of mind as a summer threshing-floor. A shaft, sunk about ten feet through the soil, exposed a low door in the face of the rock opening into a room thirty feet long by twelve broad. The ceiling and walls are stuccoed and ornamented with various figures in red paint; and a Greek inscription, written with the same paint, runs quite round the room as a sort of ornamental border. It is much the longest inscription I have seen, and the letters are large, well formed, and as perfect as the day they were laid on. This was not the first time that this tomb had been opened, for all the antiquities it contained had been removed, and it was nearly full of earth, thrown there from other tombs connected with it. Something about this chamber suggested the idea that it was a kind of subterraneous oratory, and not a sepulchre. In short, that it was one of those underground sanctuaries among the tombs, where the early Christians are

said to have met for worship in times of cruel persecution. The whole area in this neighborhood is undermined by tombs, and, if one had funds to excavate them, many curious discoveries might be made. I need hardly remind you that sepulchres hewn in the rock are mentioned in many passages in the sacred record.

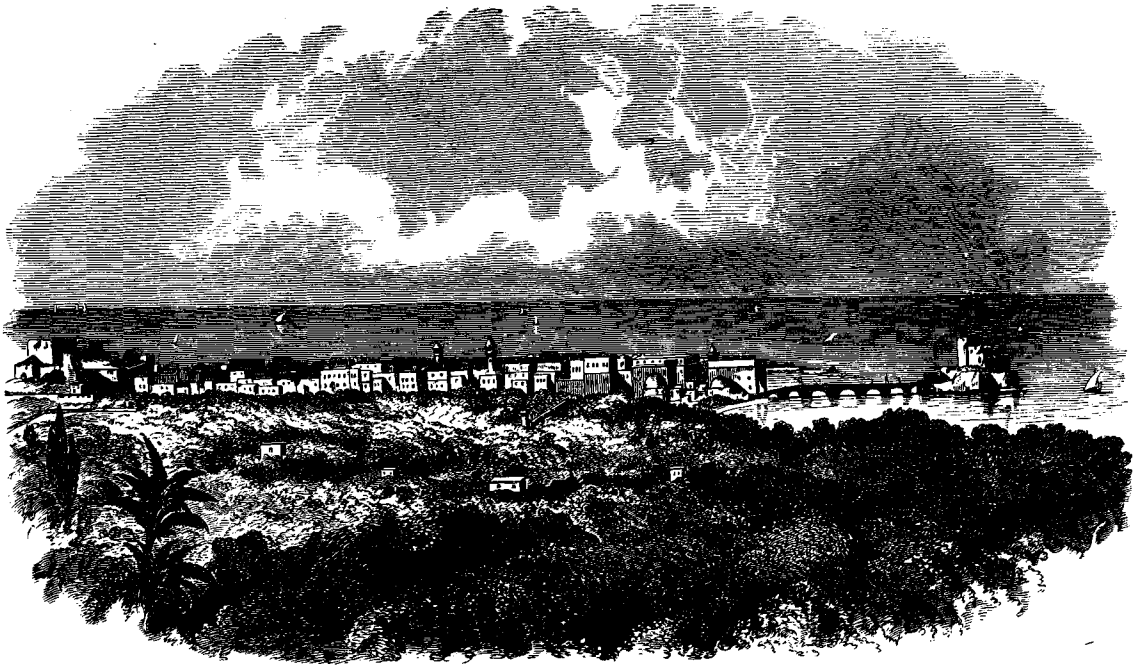
IX. SIDON—*Continued.*

11*th*. We have had a delightful ramble along the aqueduct and through the vast fruit-orchards, and my respect for old Sidon has decidedly risen by the excursion. What may be the present population of the city and her gardens?

It is not possible to arrive at perfect accuracy, as there are no statistics kept by the government. The number of inhabitants is said to be about 9000. Of these, 6800 are Moslems, including the Metāwelies, 850 Greek Catholics, 750 Maronites, 150 Greeks, and 300 Jews. These are ecclesiastical returns, and they are always understated, in order to diminish the taxation, which is assessed according to the people's ecclesiastical relations. The entire population is therefore not far from 10,000. This is a small figure for a city called "great," even by Joshua. Nor is she increasing, or likely to increase much for years to come. Beirût is too near, and draws every thing into her all-absorbing vortex. Sidon exports tobacco, oil, fruit, and silk, but the amount is small, except in tobacco, which is, in fact, the main dependence of her merchants. It is all sent to Egypt.

Are there no antiquities about Sidon?

Not many, and none very striking. She is too old. Her decline commenced "before antiquity began." There are a few things, however, besides the tombs, in which her greatness was buried thousands of years ago, which are worthy of attention. The immense stones, which form the northwest angle of the inner harbor, each one being some ten feet square, were no doubt put there in the days of Sidon's early prosperity; but it is surprising that the ancient inhabitants allowed the ledge of rocks on the seaward side to



SIDON, WITH ITS GARDENS.

be quarried away for building-stone. This invaluable barrier has thus been so much lowered that the sea breaks over into the harbor in every storm, not only endangering the ships and boats, but causing a strong current to set eastward under the arches of the causeway which leads to the castle. These arches will, ere long, give way, as others have before, and thus the castle will be cut off from communication with the city. This castle itself, though mostly in ruins, has something to interest the antiquary. The oldest part is built nearly solid, with a large number of granite columns placed at regular intervals in the wall; this shows, of course, that it was not erected until after the columns had become part of Sidon's ancient ruins; nevertheless, it is built of very heavy stones, having the Phœnician bevel, and probably dates back to the beginning of our era. The slightly-pointed arch in the most ancient part does not prove it to be modern, for I have seen this kind of arch in buildings undoubtedly older than the Saracens; nor do I believe that these barbarians ever invented any arch. They found one to their taste, which they modified and appropriated to their own structures. I called your attention to the *old wall* which extended along the shore northeast to the little brook Kumly; from thence southward it is not easy to trace it for some distance; but it kept along the terrace which rises above the general level of the plain, and bent round west to the sea about twenty rods to the south of the present upper castle. The *Tell* on which this castle stands is artificial, and, what is more remarkable, is made up, in a great measure, of old pottery, rubbish of houses, and thick beds of broken purpura, thrown out from Sidon's ancient manufactories of purple dye. The bluff facing the sea shows this conglomeration at least twenty feet thick. Southeast of the upper castle is a *mazar*, frequented mostly by Jews, and called Sidōne. The people do not know who he was; and, if it were a shrine dedicated to old Sidon himself, there would be nothing strange in the fact that the Jews frequent it. So they do Neby Seijûd yonder, on the top of Jebel Rihān, and many other places of the same character, al-

though they are held by Moslems. Columns, sarcophagi, broken statuary, and other evidences of a great city are found every where in these gardens, with the oldest trees growing in fertile soil many feet thick above them. These are the most remarkable remnants of Sidon's original greatness which the tooth of Time has left us. They do not contradict her ancient renown, though they throw very little light upon her history.

If the city was anciently so large, what has become of the vast amount of stone? I see nothing of it on all the plain.

You do well to commence your study of ruined cities with this inquiry. The thing puzzled me greatly at first, but the disappearance of the stone can easily be accounted for in all cases. In fact, a large part of many old cities was built of sun-burnt brick, and these, of course, need not be sought for. In many cities the building material was a soft cretaceous stone, which crumbled back to soil almost as rapidly as sun-burnt brick. Most of the towns along the Syrian coast, however, are built of an argillaceous sandstone, mixed with comminuted shell, which, though porous and easily cut, will yet, if protected from the weather, last for ages; but, when exposed, it disintegrates rapidly, and soon melts away to dust. This process is hastened every time the ruins are *worked over* for new buildings. The stones must always be re-cut before they are put into a wall, and, after being thus reduced two or three times, they become too small for use, are thrown out into the fields, and quickly dissolve. A ruined city of this kind along the coast, or in any position from which the stone can be easily transported, is quarried over and over again, until nothing remains but shapeless heaps of rubbish. Thus the stones of Sarepta, Athlîte, Cæsarea, and even of Tyre and Sidon, have recently been carried to Acre, Beirût, and Joppa, by boat, in immense quantities, and, after being cut afresh, and much reduced in size, are placed in buildings, which, in turn, will fall to ruin in a hundred years, when the same process will be repeated, until they are found no more. In other places, where the material is compact limestone,

and not subject to these causes of destruction, it is broken up and burnt to lime. We saw how the sarcophagi at Khŭldeh are thus destroyed. At Kedes, an old city near the head of the Lake of Hums, I found the peasants breaking up beautiful marble columns with sledge-hammers for the same purpose. When I remonstrated with them, they replied that they had no other use for these columns, and that this had been the lime-quarry for all the region time out of mind. The whole country about that lake is volcanic, and these marble columns had been brought there from a great distance for their special accommodation. Need we wonder, therefore, at the disappearance of ruins, after the long lapse of twenty centuries of such Vandalism? I once saw the fragments of a beautiful marble statue which had been broken up for the lime-kiln. And if a sarcophagus is discovered, no matter how admirable the workmanship, you must be very expeditious if you hope to rescue it from their destructive hands. Such a one was lately uncovered here at Sidon, adorned with beautiful devices, wrought with exquisite skill. One of our friends heard of it, and went the very next morning to secure it, but too late. The owner of the ground had broken it to fragments to build into his garden wall! You need not hesitate, therefore, about the identity of an ancient site, merely from the fact that the existing ruins do not correspond to the demands of its history.

12*th*. We have had another charming walk through the gardens up to Neby Yahyeh, and certainly the prospect from the Neby is exceedingly beautiful.

It is; but that from the high point two miles farther south, called el Mŭnterah, is much more striking and extensive. Take your stand on the ruins of the temple which once crowned that promontory, and gaze down on plain, sea, and city six hundred feet below, and, if you are not charmed, I shall despair of satisfying your fastidious taste. But we need not lavish all our admiration on Sidon's surroundings, lovely as they certainly are. Many other spots will challenge equal admiration.

It may be so; but can any thing of the kind be more rich and ravishing than those orange and lemon trees, loaded with golden fruit, single or in compact clusters, garnished with leaves of liveliest green, and spangled all over with snow-white flowers of sweetest fragrance? With a little distance to lend enchantment, Sidon's fair daughters gliding through these verdant bowers might pass for "ladies of the Hesperides," as Milton has it, set to watch these golden apples. Then those bananas, with their extraordinary leaves a dozen feet long, and drooping like great pendent ears,



THE BANANA-TREE.

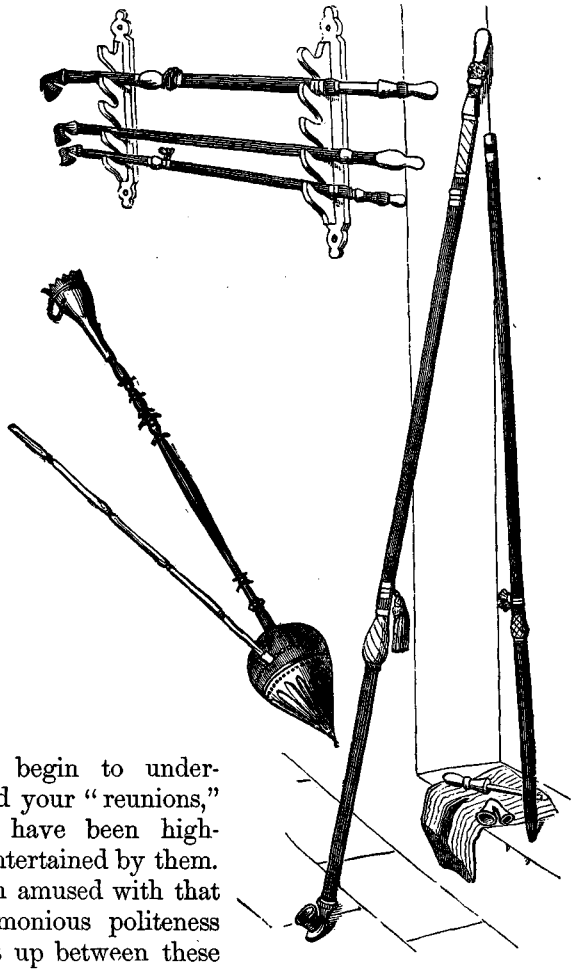
strike my fancy exceedingly. I can not say that I am yet reconciled to the fruit. When green it looks like our paw-paw of Ohio, and when ripe has a sickish-sweet taste, and

a doughy feel in the mouth. Miss Bremer says she thought she was biting into soap.

Yes; but she soon became extravagantly fond of them, and so will you. Did it ever occur to you to compare the list of modern fruits with those mentioned in the Bible? The result will probably surprise you. In numberless places we read of grapes and figs, pomegranates, olives, dates, apples, and almonds, and these cover almost the entire list. But here, in Sidon, we have all these, and, in addition, oranges, lemons, citrons, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, quinces, bananas, prickly pears, and many smaller berries and fruits, none of which are once named in the Bible. The same superiority characterizes the modern Flora. There is no allusion to our glorious oleanders, which adorn every water-course in the land. It is doubtful whether even the rose is mentioned. The word khŭbbāzleh, translated rose in the Song of Solomon[1] and in Isaiah,[2] is so like our Arabic name of the malva, *khubbazy*, as to suggest the inquiry whether a beautifully flowering variety of this plant was not the "rose" of the Hebrew poets. We have them very large, double, and richly variegated. Some are perennial, and grow into a prettily shaped bush. Again, there is no mention of pinks, or geraniums, or the clematis, the ivy, the honeysuckle, or of scores of other flowers which add so much to the beauty of the hedges, and forests, and fields of Palestine. What a pity that Solomon's botany is lost, in which he spoke of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall![3] The cedar we know, but what is the hyssop of the royal botanist? Mr. B——, French consul of this city, and an enthusiastic botanist, exhibited to me two varieties of hyssop: one, called z'atar by the Arabs, having the fragrance of thyme, with a hot, pungent taste, and long, slender stems. A bunch of these would answer very well for sprinkling the paschal and sacrificial blood on the lintel and posts of the doors,[4] and over the persons and houses cleansed from the leprosy. Mr. B——, however, thinks, that a very small green plant, like a

[1] Song ii. 1. [2] xxxv. 1. [3] 1 Kings iv. 33 [4] Ex. xii. 22.

moss which covers old walls in damp places, is the hyssop of Solomon. This I doubt. The other kind also springs out of walls, those of the gardens especially, and was much more likely to attract the attention of the royal student.



I begin to understand your "reunions," and have been highly entertained by them. I am amused with that ceremonious politeness kept up between these intimate friends. When one enters the room, all rise to their feet, and stand steadfast and straight as a palm-tree to receive

him. The formal salam is given and taken all round the room, with the dignity of a prince and the gravity of a court; and when the new-comer reaches his seat, the ceremony is repeated in precisely the same words. In one of your full divans, therefore, a man gives and receives about fifty salams before he is fairly settled and at his ease. Then comes the solemnity of coffee and smoking, with a great variety of apparatus. Some use the extemporaneous cigarette, obviously a modern innovation. Others have pipes with long stems of cherry or other wood, ornamented with amber mouth-pieces. The *argeleh*, however, with its flexible tube of various-colored leather, seems to be the greatest favorite. Some of these are very elegant. The tube of the one brought to me the other evening was at least sixteen feet long, of bright green leather, corded with silver wire; the bottle, or *kuzzazeh*, as you call it, was very large, of thick cut glass, inlaid with gold, really rich and beautiful. I, however, could produce no effect upon the water in the bottle. One needs a chest deep as a whale, and powers of suction like another maelstrom,



ARGELEHS.

to entice the smoke down the *tube*, *through* the water, and along the coiled sinuosities of the *snake*, or nabridj; and yet I saw a lady make the kuzzazeh bubble like a boiling caldron without any apparent effort. The black coffee, in tiny

cups, set in holders of china, brass, or silver filigree, I like well enough, but not this dreadful fumigation. A cloud soon fills the room so dense that we can scarcely see each



FINJAN AND ZARF.

other, and I am driven to the open court to escape suffocation. Another thing which surprises me is the vehemence of the speakers. When fairly roused, all talk together at the top of their voices, and a great way above any thing of the kind I have ever heard. Noticing my surprise, one said to me, "You Americans talk as if you were afraid to be heard, and we as if we feared we should not be." Indeed, it is an incessant tempest of grating gutturals, which sets one's teeth on edge; and, in addition, head and shoulders, hands and feet, the whole body, in fact, is wrought up into violent action to enforce the orator's meaning. I wonder how you comprehend a single sentence.

We are used to it; and, unless a stranger calls attention to that which has confounded you, we never notice it. I wish you could have understood the discussions, for they embraced some of those grand and solemn themes which can and ought to stir the deepest fountains of feeling in the human breast. The Arabs delight in such questions.

My two young friends, who speak English, kept me aware of the leading topics as they came up; but it was a great annoyance not to be able to appreciate the remarks which so interested the company. We finally took a corner to

ourselves, and fell into an extended comparison between Oriental and Western manners and customs. They maintained that we had invented and shaped ours on purpose to contradict theirs—theirs, the original; ours, copies reversed or caricatured. Of course, the weighty questions about beards, and mustaches, and shaved heads were duly discussed with respect to beauty, convenience, cleanliness, and health. Escaping from this tangle of the beard, we fell into another about long garments, and short, tight, and loose; and here they were confident of victory. Our clothes seem to them uncomfortable and immodest; and this is about the truth, if we must sit "asquat" on our heels, as the Orientals do; but with chairs and sofas, their objection has but little force, while for active life our fashion is far the best. Long, loose clothes are ever in the way, working, walking, or riding; and I suspect that they aid materially in producing that comparative inactivity which distinguishes Orientals from Occidentals. As to the mere matter of comeliness, we may admit their claim to some apparent superiority. The lords of the easel and the chisel, with the sons of song in every age and country, have so decreed, and it is vain to resist.

These matters of dress and costume have a certain Biblical interest, and therefore form a necessary part of our study. The first garments were manufactured by God himself, and, in addition to their primary intention, had, as I believe, a typical significance. The skins with which the two first sinners, penitent and reconciled, were clothed, were those of the lambs offered in sacrifice, and not obscurely symbolized the robes of righteousness purchased for penitent believers by the sacrifice of the *Lamb* of God on Calvary. And in many subsequent incidents and institutions, garments are invested with a religious and typical signification. Such facts elevate the subject far above the category of mere trivialities. But, indeed, that can not be a matter of indifference to the Christian student and philosopher in which all men, all women, all children, of every age and country, have, do, and will, to the end of time, feel a deep solicitude, and upon

which is expended an infinite amount of time, money, and labor. It would be a curious exercise of ingenuity to trace out the very gradual development of human costume, from the first fig-leaves and coats of skins, to the complicated toilets of a highly-civilized society. We, however, must restrict ourselves to the Bible.

The list is not extensive until the times of the later proph-



SYRIAN GENTLEMEN IN FULL DRESS.

ets—aprons of fig-leaves, man's first vain invention to hide the nakedness of sin. Coats of skin, given in mercy by our heavenly Father—cloaks, mantles, shirts, breeches, girdles, bonnets, and sandals, invented at various dates, and most of them consecrated to religious purposes by Moses in the garments of the Hebrew priesthood—these constitute almost the entire wardrobe for the first three thousand years of man's history. The fact is, that the whole subject is much more doubtful and obscure than most people suppose. The ancient Hebrew costume is thought to have resembled, more or less closely, the Oriental dress of our day. But *which?* I would like to know. It differs more than that of Western nations. We shall select that of the Syrian Arab, which in all probability does actually approach nearest to that of the patriarchs; and with the aid of engravings, accompanied by explanations, the size and shape of the various articles, as well as the ordinary mode of wearing them, will be sufficiently apparent. You need not attempt to remember, or even pronounce the Arabic names; but it is difficult to talk about nameless things, and therefore we can not dispense with these hard words.

LIST OF GARMENTS, WITH THEIR ARABIC NAMES EXPLAINED.

Kŭmis, inner shirt of cotton, linen, or silk. Those of the Bedawin are long, loose, and made of strong cotton cloth, the most important item in their wardrobe.

Libās, inner drawers of cotton cloth.

Shintiān, drawers, very full.

Sherwāl, very large, loose pantaloons.

Dikky, a cord or sash with which the pantaloons are gathered and tied round the waist.

Suderiyeh, an inner waistcoat, without sleeves, buttoned up to the neck.

Mintiān, an inner jacket worn over the suderiyeh, overlapping in front, has pockets for purse, handkerchief, &c.

Gumbāz or *Kŭftān*, long open gown of cotton or silk, overlapping in front, girded tightly above the loins by the zŭnnār.

Zŭnnār, girdle of leather, camels' hair, cotton, silk, or woolen shawls.

Sŭlta, an outer jacket worn over the gŭmbaz.

Kŭbrān, a stout, heavy jacket, with open sleeves fastened on at the shoulder by buttons.



DRESS OF WORKING CLASS.

Jibbeh, Jûkh, Benish, a long loose robe or mantle, with short sleeves, very full, used in full dress.

'Aba, 'Abaiyeh, Meshleh, a strong, coarse cloak, of various forms and materials. The 'abaiyeh is often short and richly ornamented with gold and silver thread inwoven with the cloth. The most common are made of black sackcloth, of goats' or camels' hair, very large, so that the owner wraps himself in it to sleep.

Bûrnûs, long loose cloak of white wool, with a hood to cover the head. It is sometimes called mŭgrabîn, from the Algerin Arabs.

For the *head* there is, first, the

'Arŭkiyeh or *Takiyeh*, a cotton cap fitting closely to the head, whether shaven or not. If the head is shaved, a soft felt cap is often worn under the takiyeh.

Tarbush or *Fez*, a thick red felt cap. The best come from Algiers.

Turban, a shawl of wool, silk, or cotton, wound round the tarbush. The Turks now wear nothing but the fez, and many Arabs nothing but the tarbush, with its long tassel. Others have a small colored handkerchief (*mandeel*) tied round the tarbush. The Bedawin have a heavier article, woven with golden tissue, thrown over the tarbush, and confined there by a twisted rope of goats' or camels' hair, called 'Akal. This is a picturesque and very distinctive article in the costume of a genuine Arab of the Desert.

For the *feet* there is, first,

Jerabāt or *Kalsāt*, socks or stockings of every variety.

Kalshin, inner slippers of soft leather, yellow or black.

Sŭrmaiyeh, shoes, commonly of red morocco.

Bābûje, a kind of half slipper, answering in part to the ancient sandal, which is not now used.

Jezmeh, boots of red morocco, very stout and clumsy.

There are many variations and additions to this list in different parts of the vast regions inhabited by the Arab race; they are, however, only slight departures from the general types and patterns given above, and need not be described. The Mamlûk dress is considered very graceful by Europeans. It is the official costume of the army and navy of Egypt, or was in the days of Mohammed Ali.

To the Biblical student, these matters are specially interesting so far only as they throw light on the sacred Scriptures; but this they do in very many passages. For example, it was the 'aba or meshleh, I suppose, with which Shem and Japheth covered the nakedness of their father.[1] It was the jibbeh that Joseph left in the hands of that shameless wife of Potiphar, called Zuleîka, according to Moslem tradition.[2] This jibbeh may answer to the mantle which fell from Elijah, and was taken up by Elisha;[3] to the cloak, in the precept, If a man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy *coat*, let him have thy cloak also.[4] The *coat* is probably the sŭlta. It was this jibbeh that our Saviour laid aside when he washed the feet of the disciples.[5] It can

[1] Gen. ix. 23. [2] Gen. xxxix. 12. [3] 2 Kings ii. 8, 13.
[4] Matt. v. 40. [5] John xiii. 4.

be so worn or taken off, or torn in grief or rage, as to answer every mention of it in the Bible. The same remark applies to the zŭnnār or girdle, to the sŭrmaiyeh and bābûj—the shoes and sandals—and, in fact, to all other articles of dress which we have described.

By the time of Moses, the costume, I presume, had attained to about its present state among tribes purely Oriental; I mean as to pattern, not as to the number, nature, and quality of the materials. These have greatly multiplied and improved, both in variety and fineness of fabrics.



DRESS OF SYRIAN OR EGYPTIAN LADY.

The toilet of the ladies corresponds in most respects to that of the men, with, of course, certain additions. As was to be expected, it developed faster than the other. Even during the life of Jacob there were habits appropriate to maids, others to married women, and others again for widows; such, too, as distinguished those who were honest, and another habit for those who were otherwise. This implies a great variety in female attire; and

thus it went on enlarging, until their toilets became as complicated and mysterious in Jerusalem as they now are in Paris or New York. In the 3d chapter of Isaiah we have a catalogue, about as intelligible to the English reader as the Hebrew seems to have been to our translators: Cawls, round tires like the moon, sweet balls, mufflers or spangled ornaments, tablets or houses of the soul,[1] etc., etc., etc. It would require half a volume to discuss these names, and then they would be about as unintelligible as when we began.

I can not muster sufficient courage to enter minutely into the female costume, nor is it necessary. It varies from that of the men mostly in the veils, which are very various, and in the head-dress, which, with the tarbush for the basis, is complicated by an endless variety of jewels and other ornamental appendages; these, however, appear in the engravings, and can be better studied there than on the persons who wear them. You will not easily get permission to inspect them there. To ask it would be, in most cases, a serious insult.



HEAD-DRESS.

It is a remarkable fact, that after the first mention of coats in Genesis iii. 21, we hear no more about garments of any kind for sixteen or eighteen hundred years. Shem and Japheth, after the Deluge, had a garment so

[1] Isa. iii. 18–23.

large that they laid it on each of their shoulders, in order to cover the nakedness of their drunken father without beholding his shame. Several hundred years later—in Abraham's day—we read of shoes, and of raiment presented to Rebekah; and she covered herself with a veil when Isaac met her. Later in life, she had *goodly* raiment of her son Esau with her in the house. Then comes the coat of many colors, the occasion of sad calamities to Joseph; Reuben, not finding the lad in the pit, *rent* his clothes—the first time this action is mentioned. Jacob also rent his; and, in after ages, this expression of grief becomes common, as the fabrics out of which the garments were made became of a finer texture, and more easily torn.

The materials first used were skins of animals, and many people are clothed with them at this day. Afterward linen and woolen fabrics were invented, and coarse cloth woven from the hair of camels and goats. Silk is mentioned in Proverbs xxxi. 22, and in Ezekiel xvi. 10, 13, but I suppose hemp is meant. There is no reason to believe that Solomon's "virtuous wife" was acquainted with silk; nor was cotton known to the Jews until after the captivity. Possibly the mās or masi of Ezekiel was cotton. The Egyptians, and of course the Hebrews, were early skilled in embroidery with tissue of silver and gold; and Orientals are still extravagantly fond of embroidered garments. As to *fine*-twined linen, so celebrated among the Israelites in the wilderness and elsewhere, we must understand the term relatively. All Egyptian linen is coarse, and always was, to judge from the wrappings of ancient mummies, even of kings. The favorite colors, as every reader of the Bible knows, were blue, and purple, and scarlet, and the same taste prevails in Syria, and in the East generally, to this day.

Let us turn philosophers in a small way while we look farther into these Oriental manners, customs, and costumes. Search deep enough, and I believe you will generally find that the customs of every people are the joint result of many causes acting together—a great network of necessity and

compensation. The Oriental costume, for example, is light and loose, because the climate is warm. They do not sit on chairs, because they are hard, perpendicular, and uncomfortable, and the relaxed system in this country requires an easier and more recumbent posture to insure rest and refreshment. Under these circumstances, tight garments are very inconvenient and incongruous.

Then, as you observe, they scrupulously drop their slippers, shoes, or boots at the door when they enter a room, and keep on their head-dress. This seems strange to us, but it is necessary. As they sit on the mat, rug, or divan, with their feet under them, shoes would soil both couch and clothes, and, besides, would make a very uncomfortable seat.



SHOES—BOOTS—KÜBKOBS.

The demands of decency and the calls of comfort introduced and enforced the custom of dropping the shoe at the entrance into the sitting-room, and it was thence extended to every place entitled to respect. From this to the idea of defilement from the shoe was but a step, and certain to be taken. Hence the strict requisition to put it off on entering temples and sacred places of every kind. Mohammedans have preserved this idea in all its force, and you can not enter any of their mosques or holy shrines with your shoes on. This custom was probably established in Egypt before Moses was born, and he was trained up to regard it as obligatory. When, therefore, God appeared to him in the burning bush, he needed only to be reminded that the place whereon he stood was holy ground, to make the direction to put off his shoe at once intelligible and reasonable. And, so long as the Oriental custom of sitting on the mat or rug

is kept up, so long will it be necessary to drop the shoe at the door; and, being necessary in *private domestic life*, it would be disrespectful and contemptuous to enter holy places with them on. The custom is reasonable and right, and we should not hesitate to conform to it. Then the people keep their head-dress on, both because the shaven and naked rotundity requires to be concealed, but also for the sake of health. Always covered and closely shaved, the head becomes tender, and liable to colds on the least exposure. The shaving of the head, I suppose, had reference, originally, to cleanliness, and to avoid scab and other cutaneous diseases, which are extremely prevalent, and difficult to subdue.

Ours, no doubt, is the highest style and the better way. It is better to keep the head clean and cool, and accustomed to bear change of temperature, with only the beautiful covering which God has spread over it. It is also best and most becoming to keep the feet covered and warm. But in this climate people do not often suffer from cold feet, and the demands of decency are secured by strictly covering them under their loose garments. The ablutions which Mohammed required before public worship have as much reference to propriety as to spiritual or ceremonial purity. With soiled shoes or filthy feet, the performance of Mohammedan prayer, with its genuflections and prostrations, would be an exhibition of positive indecency; and, without washing, the odor from hundreds of naked feet would be intolerable. Becomingly dressed in loose, flowing robes, and thoroughly cleansed hands, feet, and face, their prayers are not only decent, but striking and solemn. The dress of Oriental ladies is not so easily defended. It is not so full as ours, shows more the shape of the person, and, while the face is veiled, the bosom is exposed in a way not at all in accordance with our ideas of propriety. But a general remark will help to explain the origin or basis of this seeming inconsistency. Those who set the female fashions of the East are not expected or allowed to mix in society with men, nor even to be seen by them. When they go abroad they are

closely veiled from head to foot. Their in-door dress is not contrived to meet the demands of a public exhibition. The reasons (and such there are) for thus confining the women very much to their homes, and of closely veiling them when abroad, are found in the character of Oriental people from remote ages; and the veils can never be safely abolished, nor these domestic regulations relaxed, until a pure and enlightened Christianity has prepared the way. If I had the power to remove them at once, I would not. They are a necessary compensation for true modesty in both sexes. When, therefore, you find no ladies to welcome and entertain you in your calls, and never see them in our evening gatherings, you may moderate your regret by the reflection that this is the result of a great moral necessity. The same necessity forbids a gentleman to walk arm in arm with a lady. She has no arm at liberty, and if she had, the proprieties of life would be shocked by such an action. Neither can a man in many families eat with his wife and daughters, because the meal is in the public room, and often before strange men. So, also, the ladies are accommodated in church with a part railed off, and latticed to shield them from public gaze. Moslem women never join in the prayers at the mosques.

These customs are often carried out into exaggerations and extremes by pride and jealousy, and then they are not only absurd, but barbarous. For example, a Druse sheikh or wealthy Moslem, when he calls a physician for any of his *harem*, makes a great mystery of the matter. The poor creature is closely veiled, and if the doctor insists upon seeing her tongue, there is much cautious manœuvring to avoid exposure. I have even known cases where the tongue was thrust through a rent in the veil made for the purpose. This is sufficiently absurd, and yet I am acquainted with a sheikh who carries these jealous precautions to a still more ridiculous extreme. He never allows his women to go out of the harem (women's apartments) except at night, and not then until servants are sent ahead to clear the roads.

The reluctance of even enlightened Christian men to speak

of the females of their families is amusing to us, and certainly not very complimentary to the ladies. For example, according to the genuine old regime, a man, when absent from home, never writes to his wife, but to his son, if he have one, though not a month old; and often he addresses his letter to a fictitious son, whom for the time he imagines he has or ought to have; and if he meets any one direct from home, he will inquire after every body but his wife. She must not be mentioned, even though she is known to be sick. At such customs we can afford to smile, but there are others which admit of no excuse or apology. They are infamous, and degrading to the sex. The Arabs have a word —"ajellack"—by which they preface the mention of any thing indelicate or unclean. Thus, ajellack a donkey, or a dog, or my shoes; so, when compelled to speak of their women, they say, "ajellack my woman," or simply "the woman is so and so." This is abominable, and springs from thoughts still more so. These and similar customs enable us to understand why it is that acquaintance before marriage is ordinarily out of the question. It could not be secured without revolutionizing an extended system of domestic regulations and compensations, and, if attempted rashly, would open the door to immorality and corruption. Therefore the present plan of arranging matters matrimonial through the intervention of friends and relatives, as it was in times most remote, must be continued, with all its evils, until a wide and general change is brought about in the condition of the women. This must be gradual, and can only be safely effected by a truly Christian education, and by a great purification and elevation of the marriage institution.

It is considered quite immodest for an unmarried lady to manifest any special regard for her future husband. The first thought seems to be that of pollution. This is a great and fatal error, fruitful in evils of many kinds. But we need not pursue this subject any farther. Our object is to notice manners and customs which reveal the interior economy of Oriental society, and which, in one way or another,

serve to elucidate the numerous allusions to such matters in the Bible.

The birth of a son is always a joyful event in a family, but that of a daughter is often looked upon as a calamity. The husband and father refuses to see his child, or speak to the mother; and the friends and relatives, *particularly the females*, upbraid the innocent sufferer, and condole with the unkind husband, as if he were very badly treated. Worse than this, in those communities where divorce is permitted, this is often the only reason assigned by the brutal husband for sending away his wife. This accounts for the intense desire which many of these poor creatures manifest to become the mother of sons, not a whit less vehement than that of Rachel, who said to Jacob, Give me children, or else I die.[1] They also employ the same kind of means to compass their object that were used thousands of years ago. Not only do they resort to all sorts of quacks and medical empirics for relief, but make vows, as did Samuel's mother in Shiloh, when she was in bitterness of soul, and wept sore, and vowed a vow unto the Lord.[2] They also make numerous pilgrimages to such shrines as have obtained a reputation in these matters. Among Moslems, where polygamy is tolerated, and particularly in Egypt, as Lane informs us, instances are not wanting in which wives have acted as Sarah did to Abraham, and Leah and Rachel to Jacob. But these devices, which produced such great irregularities and heartburnings in the families of the patriarchs, are equally mischievous at the present day. The circumstance mentioned in Genesis xvi. 4, which made Hagar insolent toward her mistress, has the same effect now. If the first wife has no children, the husband marries another or takes a slave. And it not unfrequently happens that the fortunate slave, when the mother of a son, is promoted to the post of honor and authority, which she, of course, uses with insolence toward her former mistress. The whole system is productive of evil, and that only, to the individual, the family, and the community.

[1] Gen. xxx. 1. [2] 1 Sam. i. 10, 11.

Many singular customs grow out of this high appreciation of children. One is the frequency and want of modesty in talking about a subject which is banished from the list of conversable topics with us. In this country, it is now discussed just as it was in Bible days, and in exactly the same terms. Another odd custom is, that the father assumes the name of his first-born son. Tannûs, the father of the infant Besharah, for example, is no longer Tannûs, but *Abu* Besharah, and this not merely in common parlance, but in legal documents and on all occasions. It is, in fact, no longer respectful to call him Tannûs. So, also, the mother is ever afterward called *Em* Besharah, mother of Besharah. And still more absurd, when a man is married and has no son, the world gives him one by a courtesy peculiarly Oriental, and then calls him by his supposed son's name. Even unmarried men are often dignified by the honorable title of Abu somebody or other, the name bestowed being decided by that which he previously bore. Thus Elias becomes Abu Nasîf, Butrus is called Abu Salim, and so on, according to the established custom of naming first-born sons.

15*th.* I noticed that the friend at whose house we dined last evening sent a servant to call us when dinner was ready. Is this custom generally observed?

Not very strictly among the common people, nor in cities, where Western manners have greatly modified the Oriental; but in Lebanon it still prevails. If a sheikh, beg, or emeer invites, he always sends a servant to call you at the proper time. This servant often repeats the very formula mentioned in Luke xiv. 17: Tefŭddŭlû, el 'asha hâder—Come, for the supper is ready. The fact that this custom is mainly confined to the wealthy and to the nobility is in strict agreement with the parable, where the certain man who made the great supper, and bade many, is supposed to be of this class. It is true now, as then, that to refuse is a high insult to the maker of the feast, nor would such excuses as those in the parable be more acceptable to a Druse emeer than they were to the lord of this "great supper;" but, however angry, very few would manifest their displeas-

ure by sending the servants into the highways and hedges after the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. All these characters are found in abundance in our streets, and I have known rich men who filled out the costume of the parable even in these particulars; it was, however, as matter of ostentation, to show the extent of their benevolence, and the depth of their humility and condescension. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to find enough of the drapery of this parable still practiced to show that originally it was, in all its details, in close conformity to the customs of this country.

The discussion the other evening about names interested me not a little, as illustrating ancient customs in this matter. Nearly all Bible names were significant, and were conferred with reference to some circumstance connected with the birth of the child. Such things carry one back to the households of the patriarchs. Leah called her first-born Reuben, for she said, The Lord hath looked upon my affliction; the second was named Simeon—*hearing*, for the Lord had heard her prayer; and thus it was to the end of the list.

The customs are identical, and so are many of the names; but the Arabs have others to which they are very partial. The non-Christian sects often give some derivative of Hamed —*praise*— now generally in honor of Mohammed, their prophet, but not so originally. All sects join the name of God to one of his attributes, or to some other word, in order to make agreeable names for their children. Thus, Fudle Allah—God's bounty; 'Abd Allah—servant of God. So the word deen—religion—enters into many favorite names, as Hasn ed Deen—beauty of religion; Ameen ed Deen—faithful in religion; Fukhr ed Deen—glory of religion; Sŭlah ed Deen—goodness of religion, contracted by us into Saladin, the antagonist of England's lion-hearted Richard, and the terror of Crusaders.

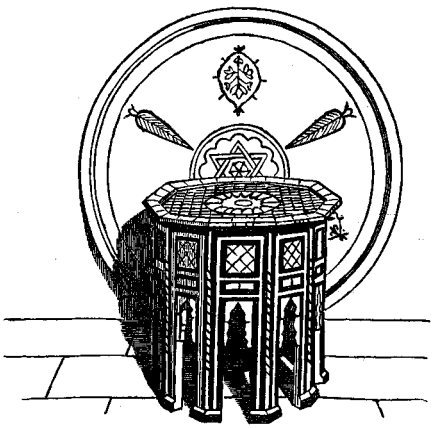
For daughters, the Arabs are fond of flowery and poetic names. We have all about us, among servants, washerwomen, and beggars, suns, and stars, and full moons, and roses, and lilies, and jessamines, and diamonds, and pearls, and every other beautiful epithet you can think of. And,

as the parents assume the names of their children, we hear these poor creatures addressed continually as *The-father-of-God's-bounty* (Abu Fudle Allah), and the *Mother-of-the-Full-Moon*, etc., etc., through the whole list of poetic fancies.

There are many minor matters in which the East and the West are as far apart socially as they are geographically. For example, a whole family, parents, children, and servants, sleep in the same room, and with slight change of garments, or none at all. Both these customs are alluded to in the Bible. The first in the plea of the lazy man in the parable about importunity: My *children are with me* in bed; I can not arise and give thee;[1] and the second is implied in the reason assigned by Moses for the return of a garment taken in pledge from a poor man *before the sun goes down:* It is his covering of his flesh; wherein shall he sleep?[2] The long, loose garments worn by this people remove, or at least mitigate, the impropriety of this practice; but, with all that, it is objectionable. So, also, a whole family continue to reside under the same roof, father, sons, and grandsons, in one common household. This also is ancient; but it is very repugnant to our ideas, and has many disadvantages. Nor does the fact that they can live cheaper by such a common-stock arrangement compensate for the confusion and want of family government occasioned by the system. There never can be well-regulated households until this custom is broken up, or so modified as to call forth greater personal responsibility and independence in the younger branches of the family.

Orientals are also far behind the day in almost every branch of domestic economy, especially in table furniture and their mode of eating. The general custom, even of the better classes, is to bring a polygonal stool, about fourteen inches high, into the common sitting-room. On this is placed a tray of basket-work or of metal, generally copper, upon which the food is arranged. The bread lies on the mat beneath the tray, and a cruise of water stands near by, from which all drink as they have need. On formal occasions,

[1] Luke xi. 5–8. [2] Ex. xxii. 27.



SCAMLA OR TABLE.

this is held in the hand by a servant, who waits upon the guests. Around this stool and tray the guests gather, sitting on the floor. The dishes are most generally stews of rice, beans, *burgul* (cracked wheat), with soups or sauces, as the case may be, in deep dishes or bowls. Some use wooden or metal spoons for their stews and thick soups, but the most common mode is to double up bits of their thin bread, spoon fashion, and dip them into the dish. There is frequent reference to this custom in some of the most interesting and some of the most solemn scenes of the Bible. The richer sort use silver spoons; but they have neither knives nor forks, nor do they know how to use them. This is a very meagre set-out, certainly; but they will tell you that it is all they want, and is every way more convenient than our custom, and immeasurably less expensive. High tables and chairs would not only be out of place at the time, but in the way at all times. They do not have a separate dining-room, and hence they want an apparatus that can be easily brought in and removed, and this they have. They all eat out of the same dish, and why not? It is within reach, and it gives a better relish to dip their thin bread into the general hot mess, than to take out a portion on separate plates and use spoons. As their meat is always cut up into stews, or else cooked until it is ready to fall to pieces, knives and forks are useless; and when they have chickens, they are easily torn to pieces with their fingers. Nor do they see any vulgarity in this. The *very* polite *à la mode* Oriental will tear up the best bits, and either lay them next you, or insist on

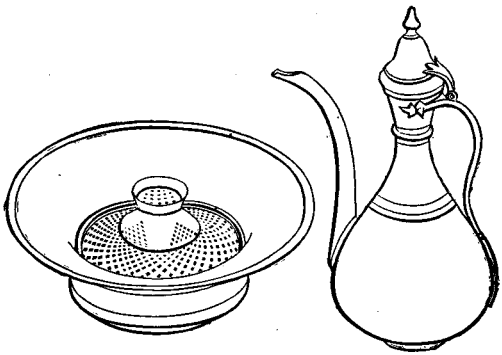


PARTY AT DINNER.

putting them into your mouth. I have had this done for me by digits not particularly fair, or even clean. You observe that things correspond with one another. And there is this great economic advantage in their way, that it demands much less labor than ours. If our system was introduced at once, and the females of the family (who do all the work) were required to carry it out correctly and decently, their labor would be increased tenfold. Not only must an entirely new apparatus be procured, and kept clean and bright, but also the table, table-linen, and chairs, and the separate room must be provided. Indeed, an entirely new and foreign department must be instituted, and maintained under every disadvantage. Where this has been attempted in the families of native consuls, and others aping European manners, it has generally proved a miserable failure. The knives, forks, and spoons are rusty; the plates, dishes, and glasses ill assorted, dirty, badly arranged, and not in sufficient quantity; the chairs are rickety, and the table stands on legs spasmodic and perilous. The whole thing, in short, is an uncomfortable burlesque or a provoking caricature. Then the cookery must be Frank as well as the furniture, which is worst of all. I have stood in terror before some

of these compounds of dyspepsia and nightmare. No, no; let the Arabs retain their own commissary and dietetic regulations, at least until things are better prepared for a change than at present. In their own way their cooking is good, and their set-out respectable.

Of course, after such a meal as we have described, washing the hands and mouth is indispensable (it ought to be before, but is not), and the ibrîek and tûsht—their pitcher and ewer—are always brought, and the servant, with a napkin over his shoulder, pours on your hands.



TUSHT AND IBRIEK.

If there is no servant, they perform this office for each other. Great men have those about them whose special business is to pour water on their hands. Thus it was in ancient times. One of the servants said to Jehoshaphat, Here is Elisha, the son of Shaphat, which poured water on the hands of Elijah.[1] It was an apparatus somewhat like this tûsht and ibrîek that our Lord used at the close of his last supper with his disciples, when he girded himself with a napkin, and washed, not their hands, but their feet, and thus gave the most affecting lesson on humility the world has ever seen or heard.

There are many minor contrasts, some of which are rather amusing. When friends meet, they do not *shake* hands, but strike the tip of the fingers together, and sometimes grasp

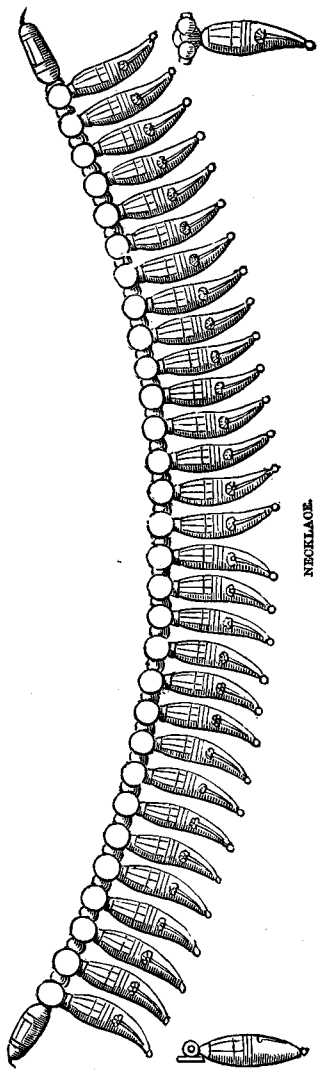
[1] 2 Kings iii. 11.



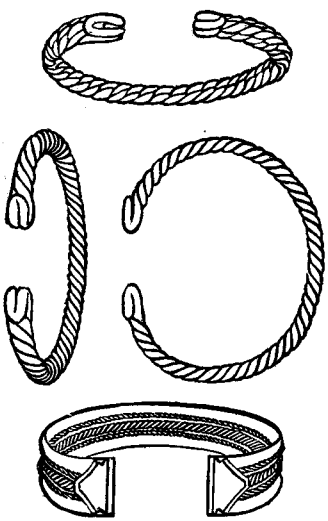
WASHING HANDS.

tightly the whole hand. If it is a priest, emeer, or high officer of any kind, the back of the hand must be kissed. This is strictly enforced, and the neglect or refusal is a great offense. The clergy are particularly stringent in claiming this mark of respect. The more common mode of salutation is to raise the hand to the breast, or to the lips and forehead. Friends who have been long separated embrace, and kiss either one or both cheeks, and generally each shoulder. This kissing among men strikes us as very odd, but there are numberless references to it in the Bible. The "brethren" are often enjoined by the apostles to salute one another with the kiss of brotherly love and holy charity. The women kiss each other on all occasions, and *ad nauseam;* but the different sexes are very reserved in their mutual salutations, and do not even touch each other's hands.

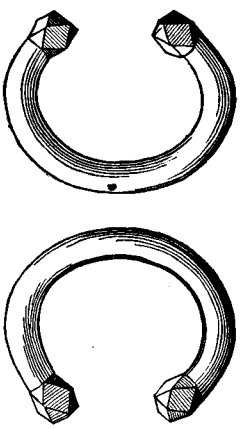
Arab ladies, particularly the married, are extravagantly fond of silver and gold ornaments; and they have an endless variety of chains, bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and rings. It is also quite common to see thousands of piastres, in various coins, around the forehead, suspended from the neck,



NECKLACE.

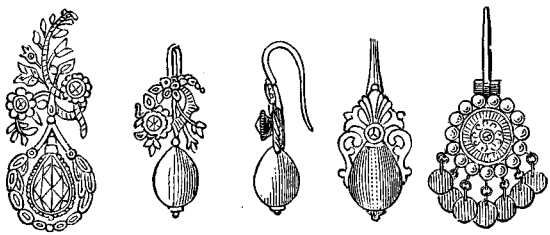


BRACELETS.

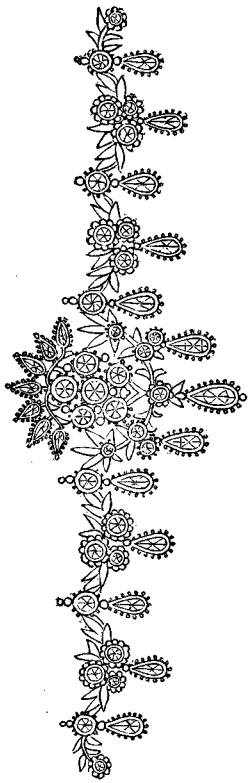


ANKLETS.

and covering a system of net-work, called sŭffa, attached to the back of the head-dress, which spreads over the shoulders, and falls down to the waist. These jewels can not be taken for the husband's debts. A poor man often



EAR-DROPS.



NECKLACE.

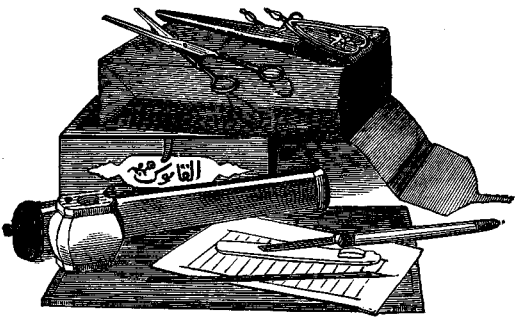
goes to prison for a few piastres, while thousands glitter and jingle on the dress of his wife. This is very provoking to the creditor, who knows that his money has been purposely attached to these inviolable ornaments, so that he may not get hold of it. Married women are much more eager after ornaments than unmarried. The former also adorn themselves more elaborately, and endeavor to add to their beauty by wearing gay flowers, by painting their cheeks, putting kahl around their eyes, and arching their eyebrows with the same, and by staining their hands and feet with *henna*. It is considered indelicate for the unmarried thus to deck themselves, and conveys an impression highly injurious to the girl's moral character. They do not even wash their faces, or at least not openly. It is one of the strange anomalies of Oriental society that the tailors make the ladies' dresses; but, as their garments are infinitely large, and never designed to fit, there is no measuring needed, nor trying on of garments under the hand and eye of the tailor. This, in some degree, removes

the objections on the score of delicacy, but not on that of propriety and economy.

Oriental women are never regarded or treated as equals by the men. This is seen on all occasions; and it requires some firmness to secure to our own ladies proper respect, especially from men-servants. They pronounce women to be weak and inferior in the most absolute terms, and in accordance with this idea is their deportment toward them. Even in polite company the gentlemen must be served first. So the husband and brothers sit down and eat, and the wife, mother, and sisters wait and take what is left. If the husband or the brothers accompany their female relatives any where, they walk before, and the women follow at a respectful distance. It is very common to see small boys lord it over both mother and sisters in a most insolent manner, and they are encouraged to do so by the father. The evils resulting from this are incalculable. The men, however, attempt to justify their treatment of the women by the tyrant's plea of necessity. They are obliged to govern the wives with the utmost strictness, or they would not only ruin their husbands, but themselves also. Hence they literally use the rod upon them, especially when they have, or imagine they have, cause to doubt the wife's fidelity. Instances are not rare in which the husband kills the wife outright for this cause, and no legal notice is taken of the murder; and, in general, the man relies on fear to keep the wife in subjection, and to restrain her from vice. She is confined closely, watched with jealousy, and every thing valuable is kept under lock and key; necessarily so, they say, for the wife will not hesitate to rob her husband if she gets an opportunity. There are many pleasing exceptions, especially among the younger Christian families. But, on the whole, the cases are rare where the husband has not, at some time or other, resorted to the lash to enforce obedience in his rebellious household. Most sensible men readily admit that this whole system is a miserable compensation to mitigate evils flowing from the very great crime of neglecting the education of females; and, during the last few years, a

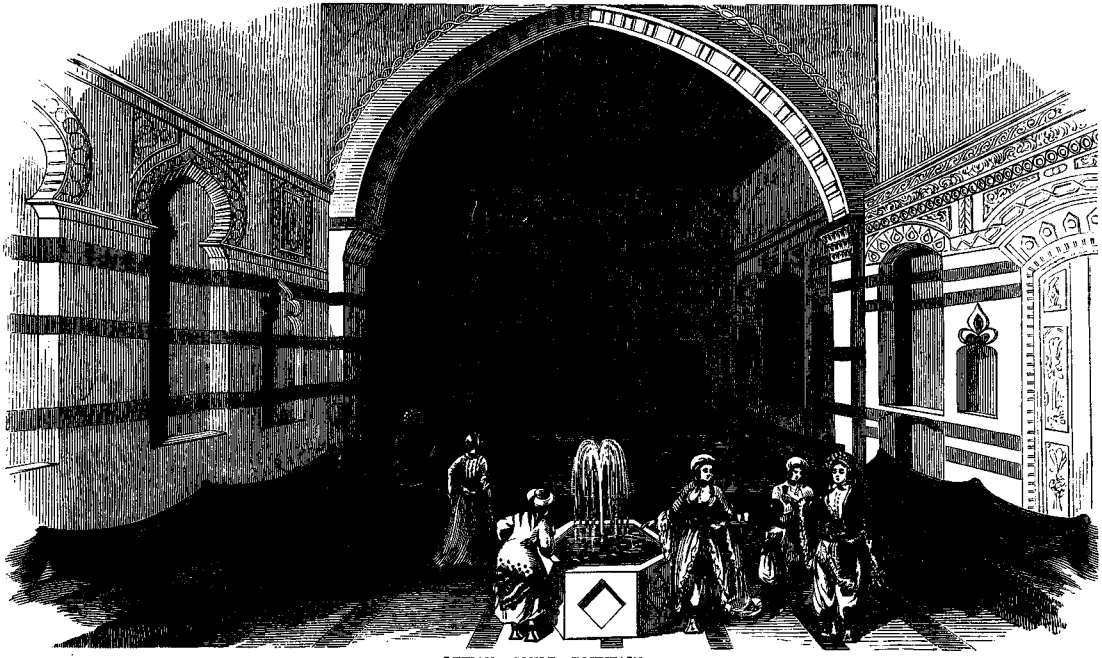
change has taken place in public sentiment on this subject among the intelligent Christians in Lebanon and the cities along the coast, and a strong desire to educate the females is fast spreading among them.

Among these minor manners and matters, we are always struck with their writing materials, and their mode of using them. They do not carry ink-horns now, as the prophets and scribes of old did, but have an apparatus consisting of a metal or ebony tube for their reed pens, with a cup or bulb of the same material, attached to the upper end, for the ink.



WRITING MATERIALS.

This they thrust through the girdle, and carry with them at all times. When they are to write a letter, for example, they open the lid of the ink-bulb, draw out a long reed pen from the tube, double over the paper, and begin from the right side of the page, holding the paper in the hand, without any other support. They have a stereotyped introduction, overloaded with flowers and compliments, and richly seasoned with love, no matter to whom they are writing, friend or enemy. After this rigmarole, which, if it have any meaning, is an egregious lie, they make a formal epitome of the letter which they are to answer, repeating it, word for word, as is so often done in the Bible. They date at the bottom, but rarely mention the place; and I have often been at a loss to discover who the writer was, and where to address my reply. Young men of business in the cities are adopting our mode of dating. Nearly every body wears a



LEWAN—COURT—FOUNTAIN.

seal-ring on the finger, suspended from his watch-chain, or attached to his purse, having his name engraven upon it; and this he affixes to all important letters and papers—another Biblical custom preserved in all its extent. If you wish to be very respectful, you must take a large sheet, and the lines should incline upward toward the left corner of the paper. It must be folded long, like documents on file, placed within a nicely-cut envelope made for the occasion, and the address written across the letter. It *must be sealed.* The *open* letter, therefore, or paper sent by Sanballat to Nehemiah (vi. 5) was an insult. Arabic books, both manuscript and printed, begin where ours end, their first page being our last.

The females in many places wear only sandals, which they easily drop whenever they step on a mat or rug. In other places they walk on "kŭbkobs," a wooden sandal, elevated on upright bits of board, sometimes, as in Damascus, a foot high, which make a great clattering and stamping on the pavement. These are dropped at the door of the room, and the lady descends from what seems rather a perilous elevation. The Damascus kŭbkobs are very prettily ornamented with mother-of-pearl, and the band which passes over the foot is often worked with pearls and other rich ornaments. Ladies standing upon them appear around the fountain in the grand saloon, or court, in the opposite engraving. The scene, with its fountain, divans, and costumes, is eminently *Damascene.*

The people of this country *sit* at all kinds of work. The carpenter saws, planes, and hews with his hand-adze sitting on the ground or upon the plank he is planing. The washerwoman *sits* by the tub; and, in a word, no one stands where it is possible to sit. Shopkeepers always sit; and Levi *sitting* at the receipt of custom is the exact way to state the case.[1] There are no ladies' saddles in Syria, and the women ride just as do the men, which appears to us not only ungraceful, but not even modest. Though Orientals are very jealous of their privacy, yet they never knock when about

[1] Matt. ix. 9.

to enter your room, but walk in without warning or ceremony. It is nearly impossible to teach an Arab servant to knock at your door. They give warning at the outer gate, or entrance, either by calling or knocking. To stand and *call* is a very common and very respectful mode; and thus it was in Bible times, and to it there are many very interesting allusions. Moses commanded the holder of a pledge to stand without, and call to the owner thereof to come forth.[1] This was to avoid the insolent intrusion of cruel creditors. Peter stood knocking at the outer door,[2] and so did the three men sent to Joppa by Cornelius.[3] The idea is that the guard over your privacy is to be placed at the entrance to your premises. But this discussion of manners and customs has taken a very wide range, and grows heavy on our hands. It is a topic, however, which will be constantly suggested by what passes before our eyes, and it is well to become familiar with it at the outset.

[1] Deut. xxiv. 10. [2] Acts xii. 13, 16. [3] Acts x. 17, 18.

X. SIDON—SARAFEND.

February 14th.

He maketh the storm a calm.—Ps. cvii. 29.

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity."

Every vestige of yesterday's commotion has disappeared, and we are riding along this celebrated "coast of Tyre and Sidon," with "the body of heaven in his clearness like a paved work of sapphire" overhead, and the Mediterranean, but now so agitated and angry, lying at our feet gentle and calm as infancy asleep. No wonder that Hebrew poets refer to sea and storm to illustrate the might and majesty of Jehovah.

Yes; and it was this very sea that kindled their inspiration—this Mediterranean, lashed into fury by such a storm as we have witnessed, that made the sweet singer of Israel exclaim, The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the mighty waves of the sea. Thou stillest them.[1]

David, I suppose, was no sailor, never saw the ocean, and yet his sea-storm in the 107th Psalm is unrivaled in beauty, fidelity, and spirit. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep; for He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them to

[1] Ps. xciii. 3, 4.

their desired haven. And how appropriate the closing reflection, O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men!

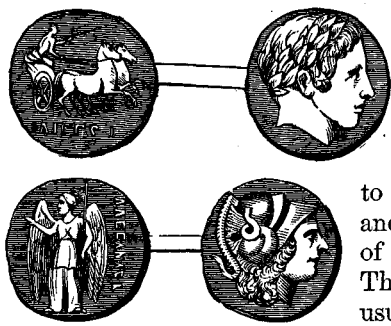
It is indeed simple, natural, devout. David had witnessed the beginning, middle, and end of just such a storm as has been raging on the Mediterranean for the last fifteen days, or he would not have written this very graphic picture; and yet this is not the wildest specimen which our sea can offer. During the last days of eighteen hundred and forty, there was one far more terrific and destructive. The British and allied fleets were then riding at anchor in the roadstead at Beirût, and the largest three-deckers were tossed about by the mighty billows like bits of cork. Many ships were thrown out on to the shore in that sort of contempt which means "there let him lay," according to Byron. The snow also came down the mountains, at that time, nearly to the shore, while now there is none on these lower ranges, though they are a thousand feet high and more.

Let me call your attention to this curious avenue of acacia-trees, the largest of the kind, I venture to say, that you have ever seen.

They are certainly remarkable specimens of vegetable architecture. Their crooked stems and muscular arms bend and twist in all directions after a fashion altogether original.

You may connect them in your memory with a circumstance which made no small stir in our good city of Sidon. About three years ago, some workmen, digging over the ground of this garden on our left, found several copper pots, which contained a large quantity of ancient gold coin. The poor fellows concealed the discovery with the greatest care; but they were wild with excitement, and, besides, there were too many of them to keep such a secret. The governor of the city heard of it, apprehended all who had not fled, and compelled them to disgorge. He recovered two of the pots, placed them beside him, and required them to re-fill them with coin. In this way he obtained between two and three thousand, but it is certain that there remain hundreds, if not thousands, which he could not get. The French consul told

me that the whole number was over eight thousand. They are all coins of Alexander and his father Philip, of the most pure gold, each one worth a little more than an English sovereign. As there is no mixture of coins later than Alexander, the deposit must have been made during his reign, or immediately after. I suspect it was royal treasure, which one of Alexander's officers concealed when he heard of his unexpected death in Babylon, intending to appropriate it to himself, but, being apprehended, slain, or driven away by some of the revolutions which followed that event, the coin remained where he had hid it. If we remember how much more valuable gold was then than now, the amount of this deposit will surprise us, nor does it seem likely that any private man in Sidon could have gathered what was probably at that time equivalent to forty thousand pounds, and all of this particular coin of Philip and Alexander. The latter appears as he is usually figured, and his face is too familiar to need explanation. Philip I had not seen before, and was particularly pleased to find him associated with the chariot and horses, of which he was so proud and so vain.



COINS OF PHILIP AND ALEXANDER.

There are frequent allusions to hid treasure in the Bible. Even in Job, the oldest book in the world, we read that the bitter in soul dig for death more earnestly than for hid treasures.[1] There is not another comparison within the whole compass of human actions so vivid as this. I have heard of diggers actually fainting when they have come upon even a single coin. They become positively frantic, dig all night with desperate earnestness, and continue to work till utterly exhausted. There are, at this hour, hundreds of persons thus engaged all over the country. Not a

[1] Job iii. 21.

few spend their last farthing in these ruinous efforts. I heard a respectable man in Sidon declare that if he had been one of these fortunate diggers in this garden, he would have killed all the rest, and fled with the treasure out of the country. These operations are carried on with the utmost secrecy, accompanied with charms and incantations against the jan and other spirits which are said to keep guard over hid treasures. The belief in the existence of these guards, and of their dangerous character, is just as prevalent now as in the time of the Thousand Nights. Intelligent and respectable people have assured me that they have come upon slabs of stone, closing up doors to secret chambers, which no power on earth could remove, because the proper password or charm is lost. Others soberly assert that they have been driven away by terrible jan, who threatened them with instant death if they attempted to force the doors. They evidently believe what they say, and I suspect that their fears are not always imaginary. Persons are watching their midnight labor, and when any thing is found they suddenly show themselves, dressed as ghouls or jan, and thus frighten them out of the pit, and out of their wits as well. The wild excitement, the gloomy darkness, and the firm faith in the existence of these creatures, render the workmen wholly incapable of detecting the artifice. The Arabs universally believe that the Western nations, particularly the Greeks and the Mugharaby, possess certain *daleel*, or guides, by which they discover these treasures; and many of these vagabond Greeks cheat the ignorant and the credulous out of large sums by contracting to lead them to the proper spot to dig; and it is remarkable that they rarely point out a place entirely destitute of concealed chambers and other curious indications. These, I suppose, are detected by some peculiarity in the sounds when the surface is struck or stamped upon above them. At any rate, they are sufficiently successful to keep up their credit, although I never knew an instance where any thing of value was obtained from the places indicated by these daleels. On the contrary, these deposits are always found by accident; and this is the more

remarkable when it is remembered that multitudes are either secretly or openly searching for them all over the land. We shall be annoyed in all our rambles over ruins by the suspicion, almost universal among the people, that we are "seeking for hid treasures." Hence they will watch us, follow us, and, whenever a private opportunity offers, will endeavor to enter into partnership with us in the search.

Solomon has drawn a proverb from this practice. If thou seekest her (understanding) as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.[1] Alas! how few manifest any of this earnestness in seeking for wisdom.

Our blessed Lord also founds one of his divine parables on this same custom. The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which when a man hath found he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field.[2] Many such transactions are still negotiated in secret. It is extremely difficult, and even dangerous, to remove treasure thus discovered in another person's field; but, having purchased it, you can wait in safety, work in secret, and the coveted treasure is yours.

It is not difficult to account for this hid treasure. This country has always been subject to revolutions, invasions, and calamities of various kinds, and hence a feeling of insecurity hovers over the land like a dismal spectre. The government robs, and so do the nobility and the clergy; Arabs rush in from the desert and plunder; warriors and conquerors from every part of the world sweep over the land, carrying every thing away that falls into their hands. Then there are, and always have been, intestine commotions and wars, such as laid Lebanon in ruins in 1841, and again in 1845. At such times multitudes bury their gold and jewels, and in many cases the owners are killed, and no one knows where the treasure was concealed. Then, again, this country has ever been subject to earthquakes, which bury every thing beneath her ruined cities. On the first day of 1837, Safed was thus dashed to the ground in a

[1] Prov. ii. 4. [2] Matt. xiii. 44.

moment, house upon house down the steep mountain side, and many entire families were cut off. Some were known to have had money, and it was a shocking spectacle to see hardened wretches prowling about under the ruins, amid putrefying carcasses, in search of these treasures. The whole population from the surrounding villages, undeterred by the awful judgment which had laid their own buildings in heaps, and buried many of their families alive, rushed into Safed to dig out the entombed riches of the Jews; nor was the search in vain. The same shocking spectacle is witnessed in times of plague or cholera. People hide their money to keep it from those miscreants who take advantage of the general consternation to break into houses and rob. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that this country abounds, and ever has abounded, in hid treasure. No custom can be found among any people so firmly rooted as this, of searching for hid treasure, without some real foundation for it. Lay this aside as a rule, which may be safely applied on all occasions and to all questions.

Let us turn now to something more interesting than this search after hid treasure. Yonder on our left is Mûgharet Tubloon, one of Sidon's most ancient cemeteries. The Phœnicians took immense trouble to secure their dead from being disturbed, but in vain, as we shall see. They first cut away the rock at Tubloon, so as to make a large surface perfectly level. This has long been the general threshing-floor for those who farm this beautiful plain; beneath it, however, are countless chambers for the dead—vast catacombs, in fact, arranged after a very peculiar fashion. A square shaft was sunk through the rock, ten, twenty, or thirty feet, according to the taste or ability of the maker. From this, doors at different depths opened into halls and rooms, around the sides of which were cut the niches for the dead. To make assurance doubly sure, some niches were sunk in the floor of the chambers, the sarcophagi there deposited, and then the whole was leveled off, and a hard stone flooring laid on above. But even these have been discovered and rifled during the long ages of earnest search for treasure.

Two years ago, on the morning of January 20th, our city was startled out of her ordinary quietude by the report that an extraordinary sarcophagus had been uncovered, which had a long inscription in an unknown character on the lid. All Sidon flocked to see it, and I among the rest, but with expectations very moderate. I had been disappointed too frequently to place much confidence on native reports. Judge, therefore, of my surprise and delight to find that this unknown character was Phœnician. I at once became as deeply excited as the gold-digger or treasure-hunter, for I had searched in vain, during twenty years, for a single word in this character.



SARCOPHAGUS.

The lid of this sarcophagus is wholly peculiar, and the upper end of it is wrought into a human figure, with a countenance and costume every way remarkable. It is somewhat colossal, and the features are large and prominent. The forehead is rather low, the eyes almond-shaped, but full and protruding, the nose broad and flat, the lips very thick, like the Ethiopian or negro, the chin quite short, and the ears too large and conspicuous for beauty. A sweet smile is spread over the countenance, and the features are expressive, and not at all disagreeable. The whole execution is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind in this country. It *seems*

to be the figure of a female (though this is not certain); perhaps it may stand for the ideal of Sidon's far-famed goddess, Ashtaroth. Something depends from the chin, like a beard, but I suppose it belongs to the head-dress, which closely resembles that frequently seen on ancient Egyptian mummy cases. On each shoulder sits a bird, probably a dove, and the tout ensemble is striking and impressive. The lid, and consequently the figure upon it, is too wide for symmetrical beauty. It is four feet broad, and only about seven in length. The material is blue-black basalt, intensely hard, and takes and keeps an excellent polish. The inscription is in twenty-two long lines, and the letters, though never cut deep, are in perfect preservation, and as easily read as the day they were engraven. There is nothing like it in the whole compass of Phœnician remains. I sent a copy of it to Chevalier Bunsen, who immediately transmitted it to Professor Dietrich, then engaged in editing a new edition of Gesenius's learned work on the Phœnician language and antiquities. This gentleman published a translation, with an elaborate critique upon it. Other copies were sent to France, England, and America, and the learned of every land have tried their skill upon it.

Translation of the Phœnician Inscription.

A somewhat free rendering of this curious record, after the French version, runs thus: "In the month Bul, in the fourteenth—xiv.—of my reign, King Ashmunazer, the King of the Sidonians, son of Tabnith, King of the Sidonians, King Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians, spake, saying, I am snatched away before my time, like the flowing of a river. Then I have made a house for my funeral resting-place, and am lying in this sarcophagus, and in this sepulchre, the place which I have built. My prohibition to every royal person, and to every man, not to open my sepulchre, and not to seek with me treasures—for there are no treasures with me—nor to take away the sarcophagus of my funeral couch, nor to transfer me with my funeral couch upon the couch of another; and, if men command to do so, listen not to their opinion, because every royal person, and every man who shall open this funeral couch, or who shall take away the sarcophagus of this funeral couch, or who shall transfer me with the funeral couch, he shall have no funeral with the dead, nor be buried in a sepulchre, nor leave behind them son or posterity; and the holy gods, with the king that shall rule over them, shall cut off that royal person, and that man who has opened my couch, or who has abstracted this sarcophagus, and so also the pos-

terity of that royal person, or of that man, whoever he be; nor shall his root be planted downward, nor his fruit spring upward; and he shall be accursed among those living under the sun, because I am to be pitied—snatched away before my time, like a flowing river. Then I have made this edifice for my funeral resting-place, for I am Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians, son of Tabnith, King of the Sidonians, grandson of Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians; and my mother, Immiastoreth, priestess of Astarte, our sovereign queen, daughter of King Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians. It is we who have built this temple of the gods * * * * * in Sidon by the sea, and the heavenly powers have rendered Astarte favorable. And it is we who have erected the temple to Esmuno, and the sanctuary of Ene Dalil in the mountain. The heavenly powers have established me on the throne; and it is we who have built the temples to the gods of the Sidonians in Sidon by the sea (or maritime Sidon): the temple of Baal-Sidōn, and the temple of Astarte, the glory of Baal, lords of kings who bestowed on us Dor and Joppa, and ample corn-lands which are at the root of Dan; extending the power which I have founded, they added them to the bounds of the land, establishing them to the Sidonians forever.

"My prohibition upon every royal person, and upon every man who shall open upon me, or uncover me, or shall transfer me with this funeral couch, or take away the sarcophagus of my funeral couch; lest the holy gods desert them, and cut off that royal person, or that man, whoever he may be, and their posterity forever."

The renderings of different savants in Europe and America vary largely, but the list of great names on the tablet can not be questioned: Baal and Ashtaroth, the gods of the Zidonians in the days of Joshua; Dor, and Joppa, and Dan, cities and territories which Ashmunazer seems to have conquered. If this be correct, then we may find in these historic facts some hint to guide to the probable age of Ashmunazer. *When* was there a king of Sidon so powerful as to subdue Dor, and Joppa, and Dan? I know not; but it is plain, from the narrative of the conquest of Laish by the Danites, recorded in Judges, 18th chapter, that it then belonged to Sidon. That it ever did after that, remains to be proved. The manner in which it is described on our tablet is very accurate: "Ample corn-lands at the root of Dan." The Hûleh spreads out from the very root of Dan (Tell el Kady), the richest grain-field that I am acquainted with in any country.

Poor Ashmunazer seems to have had the utmost horror of being disturbed, and multiplied his maledictions upon

whomsoever should do it. These imprecations will scarcely be visited upon Louis Napoleon, or the officers of the French corvette La Sérieuse, on board of which the sarcophagus was carried to France; for it had been opened by some former rifler of tombs, probably in search of treasure, notwithstanding the declaration of the king that there were none with him. It is curious to notice this anxiety so early in man's history, proving that the custom of digging for hid treasures, as Job has it, and rifling the tombs of kings for the same purpose, is extremely ancient.

Another thing interested me very much in this tablet. Many of the letters so closely resemble those of our own alphabet that one can scarcely be mistaken in tracing ours up through the Romaic and the Greek to that of Phœnicia; and this accords with, and confirms the ancient tradition in regard to the origin of the Greek alphabet. Still more interesting is the fact that the characters on this stone are so like the old Hebrew as to establish their close relationship, if not their actual identity. If this be so, then we have on this tablet of Ashmunazer the very alphabet that God employed to preserve and transmit to us the priceless gift of his divine law. It farther appears that the language of the two peoples, as well as their alphabet, were identical. And this, too, accords with our most ancient history. In all the incidental notices of intercourse between the patriarchs and their descendants, and the inhabitants of Palestine, this fact is assumed or necessarily implied. It is only in Egypt that they heard a language which they could not understand (as David has it in the 81st Psalm), and conversed through an interpreter—a character and office never mentioned in Palestine. It is, perhaps, not necessary to suppose that either borrowed from the other, but that both inherited from their common ancestor. At any rate, it is scarcely possible that the Phœnicians could borrow their language and literature from the Hebrews. They were the more ancient people, and had attained a high civilization while the patriarchs still abode in tents and tended cattle.

In regard to the temples mentioned by Ashmunazer, I

have the idea that Baal-Sidon was that which once covered the old mazar, or shrine now called Sidōne, a short distance southeast of the upper castle of the city. The Ene Dalil on the mountain may have been this temple of Mŭnterah on the bold promontory above the Sanîk. The position, and the apparent signification of both names, would point to it. There are also traces of more than one temple at Tubloon itself—one over the spot where the sarcophagus was found, and another farther south.

But here is one of Sidon's antiquities by the road side which claims a passing notice. Those two mighty emperors, Septimius Severus and Pertinax Arabicus, sought to immortalize their august names by graving into this granite column the important fact that they mended this road. And this brings us to the little river Sanik, somewhat swollen by the heavy rains. I will tell you something about this river when we get settled in our tent this evening. In the mean while, notice its exit from the mountains a mile to the east of us, through that fine gorge, with a village in its mouth, called, by some strange whim, Durb es Sîn, or road to China, to translate according to sound. That ruined temple on the promontory above is Mŭnterah, commanding the noble prospect I spoke of the other day. There are many tombs in the rock thereabouts, and one so large that it is still used occasionally as a church. In my rambles I once bolted into it, horse and all, and was surprised to find myself before an altar with a crucifix, an old picture of the Virgin, and a greasy earthen lamp. I subsequently learned that it was dedicated to Mary, and, on a certain day of the year, a great feast is celebrated at it to her honor. That large village with white domes, a little farther south, is called Gâzzîyeh, which Maundrell spells Korie. William of Tyre, and other Crusaders, make equally shrewd approximations to the reality. Those domes cover the shrines of reputed prophets, or holy men; a sort of patron saints very common in this region. Each village has one or more, and, besides these, every conspicuous hill-top has a *willy* or *mazar*, beneath a spreading oak, to which people pay religious visits, and thith-

er they go up to worship and to discharge vows. All sects in the country, without exception, have a predilection for these "high places," strong as that of the Jews in ancient times. The most pious and zealous kings could not remove the high places from Israel, and most of them not only connived



WILLY OR MAZAR.

at, but shared in this superstition, and frequented these shrines. They were generally surrounded with a grove, or at least, had one or more shade-trees planted near them, and so they have to this day. The customs are identical. There is one of these high places, with its grove of venerable oaks,

on the very summit of Lebanon, east of Jezzîn. It is of an oval shape, corresponding to the top of the mountain, and the grove was planted regularly around its outer edge. When I stood within this mystic circle of mighty oaks, and looked over the vast plain of Cœle-Syria, northeast to the temple of Baalbek, and then southwest to ancient Tyre, I fancied that this had been a connecting point between the two great temples of Baal and Belus. The first rays of the "God of Day" would glance from the gilded dome in Baalbek to this high place, and thence into the grand portal of Belus at Tyre. Many of these mazars, whose history no one knows, have probably come down from remote antiquity, through all the mutations of dynasties and religions, unchanged, to the present hour. We can believe this the more readily, because they are now frequented by the oldest communities in the country, and those most opposed to each other. For example, Neby Seijûd, which you see crowning yon southern peak of Lebanon, is resorted to by Jews, wild Arabs of the desert, Moslems, Metāwelies, and Christians. We have, therefore, in these places, not only sites of the very highest antiquity, but living examples and monuments of man's most ancient superstitions; and, if this does not add to our veneration, it will much increase the interest with which we examine them. If it does not soften our condemnation, it may at least lessen our surprise.

This little brook is called Meshûn, and here the road to Hasbeiya takes off to the southeast, over those swelling hills on our left. After crossing the River Zahrany, it winds up a conical hill nine hundred feet high, to Khan Mohammed Ali, where is a fountain with a Greek inscription. Farther on are rock-tombs, and other indications of an ancient city, near the present village of Zifty. An ancient road continues due east past Deîr Zahrany and Tell Hŭbbush to the Jermŭk, a beautiful vale, which leads down to the Litany, at the ford called Tamra—seven and a half hours from Sidon. The modern road, however, passes south of this, through the long wady Kafûr to Nebatîyeh, and thence to the bridge Khŭrdîleh, below the great castle of Shŭkîf,

which is about eight hours from Sidon. Beyond the Litany the road divides to various parts of Ijon, Wady et Teim between the two Lebanons, to the Hûleh and the Hauran. In those days when Sidon possessed Dan, and the fertile plains of Merom, this was an important highway, and was well kept, furnished with cisterns of water, and paved in places which required it. I trust we may be able to visit Shŭkîf on our return. It is the castle of Bellefort, or Beaufort of the Crusaders, and commands a magnificent panorama of mountains, plains, rivers, and lakes.

Our present path has brought us to a second milestone, with a Latin inscription, which we need not stop to copy, as it is a fragment which reveals nothing worth remembering. That pretty river before us is the flowery Zahrany, with a broken bridge of three arches embosomed in a wilderness of oleanders. We shall have something to say about this river also in the evening. In the mean while, we will examine that Tell, which rises like a huge haystack on the very margin of the sea. It is called Tell el Burak, from those very ancient cisterns east of it, in which was collected the water from fountains that rise out of the plain above it.

What is that man quarreling about with his companion? Shall I translate this last explosion of his wrath? "May God curse your grandfather, and the father of your great grandfather! *Can't you give a man time to pray? I want to pray.*"

Preposterous!

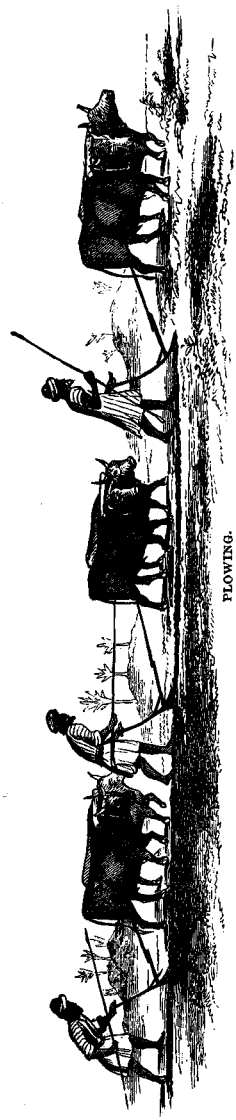
Which—the swearing or the praying?

Both.

Both together are certainly preposterous enough; and yet this scene and language are so familiar that I should not have noticed them if you had not called my attention that way.

But what makes the man so pertinaciously resolved to pray at this hour and place?

Perhaps he has made a vow to say his prayers at this time of day, *wherever he may be*, and if he fails he must do penance or pay a piastre, which is worse. Alas! religion in the East has always been joined in fellowship with many



PLOWING.

strange and monstrous things. This man may have been prompted to get off his donkey and pray merely because it is now the 'asr—the regular hour for afternoon prayer; and this little river furnishes water for the necessary ablutions.

I am surprised to see the plain covered with men plowing and sowing at this late season.

This is common, and will continue all winter. It has always been so, I suppose. Solomon says the sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold, or *winter*, as the margin has it, therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing.[1] Our farmers do actually plow in the severest weather. I have often seen them shivering with cold, and contending with wind and rain, quite enough to discourage those who are not sluggards. But time has become precious and critical, and he who expects to reap must sow, no matter how tempestuous the weather. He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.[2] This hard necessity of winter-work is mainly owing to the wretched implements used, and to a strange deficiency in agricultural science and skill. If the farmers had good plows and adequate teams, they might break up and prepare their ground in fair weather, and then, when sufficient rain had fallen, they would sow the whole crop in a few days.

[1] Prov. xx. 4.

[2] Eccl. xi. 4.

But these men, with their frail plows and tiny oxen, must wait until the ground is saturated and softened, however late in the season that may be. Then they can not sow and plow in more than half an acre per day, and few average so much, and hence the work is dragged along for months. They know nothing about the harrow, and merely plow under the seed, and leave it to take its chance. Job, however, speaks of the harrow; and, if our translation be correct, it is one of the oldest agricultural implements in the world.[1]

We have another Biblical illustration before us. In 1 Kings xix. 19, we read that Elijah found Elisha, the son of Shaphat, plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. We are not to suppose that he had a team of twelve yoke of oxen before him. If you count these here at work, you find seven separate plows following one after another as closely as possible; and I have seen more than a dozen of them thus at work. To understand the reason of this, several things must be taken into account. First, that the arable lands of nearly all villages are cultivated in common; then, that Arab farmers delight to work together in companies, partly for mutual protection, and in part from their love of gossip; and, as they sow no more ground than they can plow during the day, one sower will answer for the entire company.

Their little plows make no proper furrow, but merely root up and throw the soil on either side, and so any number may follow one another, each making its own scratch along the back of the earth, and when at the end of the field, they can return along the same line, and thus back and forth until the whole is plowed. It was well that Elisha came the last of the twelve, for the act of Elijah would have stopped all that were in advance of him. They can not pass one another. Such brief hints let us far into the interior of ancient manners and customs. We may fairly conclude that Elisha's plow and oxen were much like those in this field, that the people worked in companies as they do now, and probably for the same reasons. These reasons suggest pain-

[1] Job xxxix. 10.

ful thoughts about insecurity, and oppression, and robbery; about the tenure of land; the mode of raising taxes and collecting rents, and I know not what besides. Why are lands now worked in common? Because they belong not to the farmers, but to feudal lords, or to government, which claims a certain part of the produce. In short, a vast concatenation of causes and effects, reaching up to the remotest ages of Biblical antiquity, is suggested by the manner in which these simple plowmen perform their labor.

To return to our Tell. It once formed the acropolis of a city whose shapeless remains are scattered over the plain. I have often seen these mounds near fountains which they were probably designed to command. Water is of the utmost importance to the inhabitants of all towns in Syria, and their fountains must be protected at any cost. All these things, however, speak unmistakably of misrule and danger, even far beyond any thing known to the present generation. Bad as the times are, the former were worse. It was infinitely worse when every hill-top was covered with a castle armed for defense, and when every farmer was at the same time a soldier.

This little river Burikîyeh drains the wady Kafûr, and during heavy rains is sometimes troublesome to travelers. The Romans found it so, if we may judge from these heavy abutments of a bridge built by them, but broken by the violence of the brook long ages ago. The next stream is callel 'Akabîyeh, and is spanned by a natural bridge at its mouth. I have ridden over it, though it is not more than three feet wide in the narrowest part. The road crosses higher up. This Wady el 'Akabîyeh runs far into the interior, across the district of Shûmar into that of Shŭkîf. I have followed it to Nsar, en route to Safed. This Nsar was once a large town, and about it are many rock-tombs and other indications of antiquity. The country in that direction is wild and uncultivated. The inhabitants are Metāwelies, and great growers of tobacco.

One of St. Helen's towers stands on that projecting headland. It is also called 'Akabîyeh, probably from this brook.

And there, by the sea-side, is our tent, pitched under the tall tamarisks of 'Ain el Kŭnterah. Near it is an apology for an inn, from which we can get barley for our horses, and eggs and lebn for ourselves; and, what is better, there is much to interest us hereabouts, for Sarepta's ruins cover the whole plain for more than a mile to the south of our camp-ground, but we will postpone the examination of them till to-morrow. The sun is sinking quietly to rest in the sea, beneath a glowing canopy of crimson, gold, and blue, and there will be fair weather for many days to come. Such signals never deceive, and we can discern the face of the sky as well as the Jews, and the signs of the times far better than did that wicked and adulterous generation, that did not know the day of their merciful visitation.

XI. SIDON—SARAFEND—*Continued.*

Our evening turns out as lovely as the day—quite too pleasant to be wasted in the tent. Let us take a stroll along this quiet and solitary shore.

As you please; but first wrap your cloak about you: the air is cool, and we have come from the shelter of home too recently to encounter it with safety. Let us go out to those white rocks which protect this little cove on the north.

This is indeed charming. The tired sea gently heaves its broad bosom, and the surf sobs and sighs along the shore like a vexed child sinking to sleep. And how gloriously the full-orbed moon rises over Lebanon! How many miles may those majestic mountains be from us?

The nearest, fifteen; the most distant, sixty at least; but, light as are our nights, you would not see them thus distinctly were it not for their robes of fresh snow. Those mountains remind me of my promise to tell you something about the two rivers we crossed on our way from Sidon.

In the wildest of those gorges, whose outlines lie in misty shadows along the south end of Lebanon, bursts out a copious spring called Neb'a et Tāsy—Fountain of the Cup. It is the source of the Zahrany. The ancient Sidonians coveted this ice-cold water, and did actually lead it to their city,

along a line of canal which might well confound the boldest engineer. A channel was hewn in the rock, into which the new-born river was turned, and thence carried down the gorge southward until it could double the promontory of Jerju'a, after which it meandered as it could northward for eight miles, spanning deep ravines over high arches, and descending into Wady Kefrah, below Jeba'ah. Beyond this, the aqueduct was led along frightful cliffs, where goats can scarcely keep their feet, for more than a mile, and thence it followed the ridge of Kefr Milky, past the village, into the wady of the Sanîk, where it was joined by another aqueduct from Neb'a er Râhib, the source of that river. The two canals were taken thence down the river, but separately, one about fifteen feet above the other. The system of arches by which these works were carried across the ravines and rivers is still almost perfect, and the cliffs to which they cling are absolutely perpendicular for miles together. As there are no traces of arches by which the water was led across the low plain up to the city, it has been conjectured that the Sidonian engineers were acquainted, at that early age, with the principle in hydrostatics that water will rise to the level of its source. People also tell me that fragments of earthen pipes, incased in lead, have been dug up in the gardens, in the probable line of these canals. These may have served to conduct the water to the city.

This great work, thus briefly described, reflects much cred it not only on the ancient inhabitants of Sidon, but also on the science, skill, and courage of her engineers. The proposition to carry the water of Neb'a et Tāsy from its source, in the wild ravine of Jebel Rihan, to Sidon, would make even a New York engineer hesitate. Who constructed these canals, and when, are questions which can not now be answered. They bear the name of Zobeida, but this affords no clew to the mystery; the only Zobeida known to Arab history, I believe, was the wife of Haroun el Raschîd, a sort of Moslem St. Helena, author of every ancient work except those built by "Suleiman bin Daûd, upon whom be peace." It is certain, however, that this lady did not construct these

aqueducts. They were broken antiquities long before she was born. Every thing about them bears witness to their extreme age. Examine a specimen of the work above Kefr Milky: the cement of the canal has turned to actual stone, or has been coated with a calcareous deposit as hard, so that the whole wall looks like an unbroken crystalline rock, as compact as the mountain limestone about it. But this will not help us to a date, nor will the very ancient-shaped arches which span the ravines. At Jerjua, a village near Neb'a et Tāsy, a tombstone was lately dug up, having the figure of a boy carved upon it, with a Greek inscription by the side of him; but it reveals nothing as to the origin of the canals.

The air grows chilly as the land-breeze reaches us from the snow-clad mountains, and we shall find the tent both safer and more comfortable.

My thoughts go back to Sidon, and the kind friends within her old walls. Your divan is now in full session.

Yes, and very likely we are the first topic discussed by every fresh arrival, and every thing which can be said about us will be repeated twenty times at least, mingled with prayers for our safety and prosperity.

I was greatly interested last night in your discussion about demonology, enchantment, charms, etc., etc., but, as my young dragomen were too much absorbed in it themselves to translate very adequately, I should like to go over the subject at our leisure. Indeed, I put this down on my list of subjects to study when I first decided to make this pilgrimage. The references to it in the Bible are many, and often not a little obscure. Do you find any thing in the country at this day which throws light on the question of demoniac possessions?

Nothing very decided or satisfactory; and yet, perhaps, if we had the touchstone of a divine presence walking among us, this might bring out some very wonderful developments. The basis, so to speak, of these possessions, in all their variety, is still to be met with. In Sidon there are cases of epileptic fits which, in external manifestations, closely resemble that mentioned in Mark ix. 18, Matt. xvii. 15,

and Luke ix. 38. These fits have seized a young man in my own house repeatedly: And lo! the spirit taketh him, and he suddenly *crieth* out, and *foameth* at the mouth, and gnasheth with his *teeth*, and is cast down wherever he may be seized, and pineth away until you would think he was actually dead. Matthew calls him a lunatic, but according to Mark it was a dumb spirit. And there are cases in which the disease referred to accompanies, and in others it obviously occasions dumbness. I will not say that such unfortunate creatures are tormented by an evil spirit, but I am sure that no caviling skeptic can *prove* that they are not. The instance mentioned in Mark v. 2–16, and in Luke viii. 26–36, was most remarkable, but there are some very similar at the present day—furious and dangerous maniacs, who wander about the mountains, and sleep in tombs and caves. In their worst paroxysms they are quite unmanageable, and prodigiously strong. And this, I suppose, is about what the evangelists mean by their breaking the chains and fetters with which they had been bound. Mark and Luke certainly do not mean that no chains could hold them, but merely that those commonly used to confine such people were not sufficient for these infuriated demons. It also appears that they went naked; for when they were healed they were found *clothed* and in their right mind. And it is one of the most common traits in this madness that the victims refuse to wear clothes. I have often seen them absolutely naked in the crowded streets of Beirût and Sidon. There are also cases in which they run wildly about the country and frighten the whole neighborhood. These poor wretches are held in the greatest reverence by Moslems, who, through some monstrous perversion of ideas, believe them to be inspired and peculiarly holy. It would certainly be rash to decide that this calamity was the work of evil spirits, and yet the manifestations are so inhuman and satanic, and the real causes so mysterious, that I am not much disposed to dispute the point with the natives of the country, who ascribe the mischief to supernatural agency.

But this was not exactly the subject discussed last night.

The conversation was started by one of the company reading Deut. xviii. 10, 11: There shall not be found among you any one that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. His wish was to have these names in his Arabic Bible explained, many of which were unintelligible to him. Our first effort, you remember, was to affix definite ideas to the words themselves, and, with the aid of the doctor and our Syrian friend, we made quite a critical coterie in appearance with our English, Arabic, Syriac, Vulgate, Septuagint, and Hebrew. The results, however, were not very striking or important.

The first of these names we concluded was applied to any person who prophesied or uttered oracles, the means by which he obtained them being immaterial. The Septuagint translators seem thus to have understood it.

The second seems to look toward the clouds, and probably the professors of this art dealt in lucky and unlucky days, expounded omens, and prognosticated future occurrences mainly by observing the clouds. We have this sort of witchcraft in abundance.

The third is rendered by the Seventy, and those who followed them, by a word signifying to augur, from the flight of birds; but the Hebrew seems to connect it with serpents. Our translation is near the truth in calling these enchanters. Probably they employed serpents in their enchantments.

The fourth is obviously from a Hebrew root, which signifies to uncover, reveal, and may refer to fortune-tellers, revealers of stolen goods, hid treasure, and the like. The Seventy have Pharmakos, a compounder of drugs and magic charms, but by what authority I know not.

The fifth is Hobair Hŭber. In Arabic this would mean a repeater of news, and may refer to giving forth auricular responses, or to a repetition of invocations and incantations.

The sixth name in our list the Seventy seem to have thought meant ventriloquism; and 'aobe may mean belly; but our English translation is probably correct, a consulter

with familiar spirits. It is not unlikely, however, that these diviners, by means of ventriloquism, pretended to converse with their "familiars," and to receive audible responses from them. Even the wise Socrates laid claim to the aid of some such spirit.

The seventh were those esteemed supernaturally wise, magicians perhaps, and such as performed wonderful tricks by sleight of hand, superior cunning, or profounder insight into the mysteries of nature. And the eighth was a necromancer, a consulter of the dead, like the witch of Endor, and our modern dealers in "spiritual rappings."

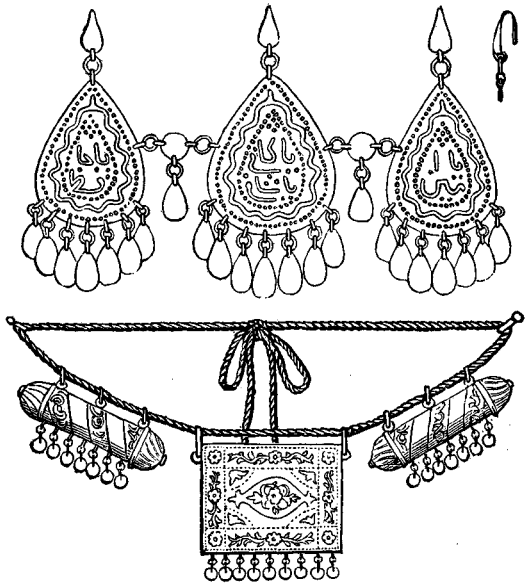
Besides these, there are other kinds of divination, and other names employed in the Bible, whose signification is doubtful. The magicians mentioned in Gen. xli. 8, and Ex. vii. 11, and 22, do not appear to have belonged to any of these classes. Probably they were originally Egyptian priests, who alone understood the art of writing and interpreting their sacred hieroglyphics. It is plain, however, that they professed to work wonders by their occult sciences, of whatever sort they were. Joseph pretended to divine by the aid of his cup,[1] and Isaiah mentions astrologers, star-gazers, and monthly prognosticators. Daniel several times speaks of the Assoppim, which the Seventy have rightly called magi or wise men. Our translators render it astrologers.

Well, have you been able to identify these ancient kinds of divination with practices still found in these countries? It occurs to me, however, that several of them are closely related, and that it is not necessary to suppose that the professors of these occult sciences were restricted to any one kind. On the contrary, they would resort to all, or to as many as they were masters of. Thus an astrologer would not only draw his astrolabic figures and diagrams, but observe times, compound magical drugs, recite incantations, write charms, and so on, through all the labyrinths of the black art.

Doubtless; for we find this true at the present day among the clumsy imitators of those ancient adepts. Perhaps the

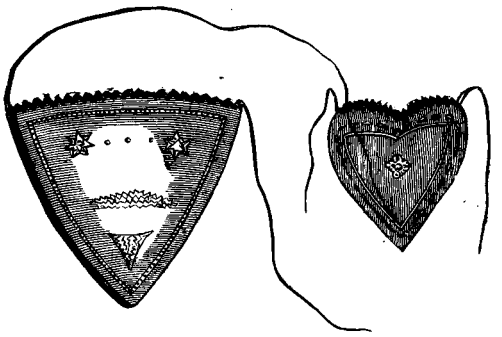
[1] Gen. xliv. 5, 15.

superstition most common at present is that of charms. People of every rank and station in society, and of every creed and sect, employ them for themselves, their children, their houses, their horses and cattle, and even for their fruit-trees. Amulets and charms are hung around the neck, or hid away in the bosom; they are suspended from the arch of a newly-built house; they dangle from the throat of horses and cattle; and fig and other trees have cabalistic signs drawn upon them to guard against the evil eye.



AMULETS.

The charms most in repute among all sects are brief sentences from their religious books, written with certain formalities, and frequently accompanied with cabalistic diagrams, drawn by those skilled in these magic mysteries. I have examined many of them. They are sewed up in small sacks, generally heart-shaped, and suspended from the tarbush of infants, round the necks of larger children, and about grown-up people according to their particular fancy.



CHARMS.

Like nostrums in medicine, these amulets are believed to defend the wearer from sickness and accidents, from the malice of enemies, from balls in a battle, from robbers by the way, from the evil eye, evil spirits, and, in short, from every species of calamity. There are some so potent that the possessor is rendered invisible to robbers, is perfectly safe in the hottest battle, and need fear neither jan, ghoul, nor devil by night or day. While I was wandering about with the Egyptian army during the revolt of Palestine against Ibrahim Pasha in 1834, I was assured by officers of respectability that Ibrahim would come in after a skirmish with the rebels, loose his girdle, and shake out the balls which had been aimed at him, beaten quite flat, but none of them had injured him. This was ascribed to the potency of the charms about his person. The Moslems generally wear portions of the Korân, which they call hejabs, or they write an endless string of the names and attributes of the deity, or the equally numerous titles of Mohammed. These curious and absurd combinations are deposited in tin or leather cases by the poor, and in silver and gold by the wealthy. The Moslems, Druses, Metāwelies, Nusaireans, Ismailîyehs, Yezidies, Bedawîn, Nowr, Jews, and Christians, all have not only their peculiar charms, but also their separate counter-charms, to defeat and neutralize those of their enemies. Any one who has read the Arabian Nights, with Lane's notes, will have obtained a tolerably complete acquaintance with this whole

subject, and the customs are identical down to the present hour.

Another kind of charm, very common, seems designed not so much to ward off the approach of evil as to relieve from its actual presence and pressure. Thus, when a person is sick, the relatives place at his head a copy of their most sacred books, Koran, Bible, Church book, or whatever they most reverence, a picture, image, or relic, or some treasure brought from Mecca or Jerusalem, or from the tomb of some dead saint, or the body of some living one. In the absence of Doctor V——, I was lately called to see the sick son of one of the most respectable Moslems of Sidon. At his head was an old rotten rag, as filthy as the vilest hermit could make it. This could on no account be removed. It was part of the sheet of a very holy man now living in Joppa. It had cost several thousand piastres, and was possessed of most potent efficacy. The child, however, died, greatly to the dismay of the father. About the same time, a Christian father called me to visit his son, dangerously ill. I found a peculiarly-formed gold button placed under the lad's cap, in order to charm away the disease. He recovered, and I suppose the button will be famous a long time to come. I was once dragged in the utmost haste to see an Arab friend, said to be bleeding to death at the nose. The friends had stuck various Arabic seals about his *tarbush*, and *the blood stopped*, as they said, through their potency.

This sort of superstition is not confined to the East. Scott's fair lady of Branksome's Tower, when she drew the splinter from the breast of bold Deloraine, performed her magical rites: "And with a charm she stanched the blood." Indeed, Scott himself seems to be more than half a believer in his own prodigies; and Scotland and Ireland boast of as many, as potent, and as complicated charms as any country in the world. They are equally rich in medicinal and magical compounds. Most of them, it may be, are made and used without any definite reference to invisible beings, good or bad, but others are done with their avowed assistance. And so it is even among the Christians of this country.

The belief in the malignant potency of the evil eye is very prevalent with all classes of Syrian society. So ridiculously afraid are they of this blight, that if you merely *look* at a child, especially if it be pretty, you must repeat the name of the Prophet, of God, or of the Virgin, with a brief petition for protection, or at least say Mâshallah (an exclamation of admiration or praise to God). If you extol the beauty of a horse, you must immediately spit on it, and the same is done sometimes to a child; more frequently, however, they merely blow in its face and repeat a charm. The bright red or white figures made on fig-trees are designed to attract the eye from the fruit, lest it should wither and fall. In short, against this mysterious source of evil there are countless charms and counter-charms.

Another superstition is that of fortune-telling. This is practiced mainly by female gipsies, as in other countries, and with the same fooleries. Nor need we wonder that this world-wide practice should prevail in the semi-civilized East, since it is found in such countries as England, France, and America. Who has not read the story of the Empress Josephine and her fortune-telling negress?

There are many who pretend to discover thieves and stolen goods by incantations and other means. I spent the summer of 1835 at Brummanah, and my Moslem servant, without my knowledge, resorted to an old sheikh, with a present, to inquire after some spoons which had been stolen from my house. He made his rude diagrams in the sand, muttered his cabalistic adjurations, and engaged that the stolen property would be returned to a specified place at a given time. I have forgotten the particulars, and also the explanation by which the servant accounted for the failure of the operation without casting discredit upon the supernatural powers of the sheikh. Men who acquire a reputation for success in this business are greatly honored, and resorted to from all quarters. One of our Protestants in Merj Aiyûn was formerly celebrated for skill in this department. Of course he has renounced all such practices now, and also denounced them, but he has often amused me with anec-

dotes about this trade. Once he was returning home through the Hûleh, and found a poor woman at a mill on the upper Jordan beating herself in despair because some one had stolen her meal-bag. There were Arab tents not far off, and, as Arabs are by profession thieves, he suspected that one of them had the missing bag. Calling them all before him, he told them his suspicion, and declared that he had an infallible test by which to detect the thief, and to it they must submit, or he would lodge a complaint against them with the governor. They all stoutly denied the charge, and offered to submit to his test. He then cut bits of straw, equal in number to that of the Arabs, all of the same length, and kept the measure himself, giving a bit to each of them. "Now," said he, in his most imposing manner, "keep these bits till the morning, *each one by himself;* then bring them to me, and I will measure them; if any one of you has the bag, his stick will have grown longer *by so much.*" Of course, each hid his splinter in his bosom, and in the morning one was found as much *too short* as he said it would *grow* while in possession of the thief. The credulous rascal, not doubting but that it would actually grow, had broken off just the length which he supposed had been added during the night. When thus detected, he confessed the theft, and restored the poor woman her bag.

Our friend was an adept in all sorts of divination. On a certain occasion, when traveling in Belad Beshara, he met a man on his way to consult another celebrated thief-detector. Greatly rejoiced to meet our friend, he earnestly requested him to return and spend the night at his house, in order to detect who had stolen from him a bag containing a hundred Spanish dollars. He found him living in a large house, with three brothers, all married, and he suspected that one of the wives had stolen the money. When evening was far advanced he told his suspicion, and demanded that the women should be brought before him, each one alone. Putting on his most terrific look, he ordered each one to turn from right to left, then from left to right, to sit down, get up, stand still, etc., muttering all the while some horrible gibberish in a

hollow, sepulchral voice. One of them became deadly pale, and trembled exceedingly. This he fixed on as the thief. Watching his opportunity, he gave her a significant look, and then said aloud, "I find the house very hot"—it was summer—"and I shall sleep on the terrace, under the vine-arbor." As he expected, about midnight the woman crept stealthily to him, bringing the bag of money, and begging him to keep her secret. He did so, and the next morning gave the man his money, but would answer no questions as to how he got it. This man is doctor after the Arab fashion, and often resorted to magical combinations and charms to eke out his small pharmacopœia and more scanty knowledge. He did this more especially in his treatment of maniacs, and those supposed to be bewitched, and he has had surprising success, mainly, I suppose, on the principle that "faith worketh wonders." These poor people and their friends had unbounded confidence in his ability to relieve them; hence they did just as he directed, and his general prescriptions were quite judicious.

He was also an adept in astrology, so far as that very ancient science, falsely so called, is found in Arabic books. There are but few who now practice it, but I lately had a call from an old Moslem who wished to ascertain the exact latitude of Sidon, as he needed this item to complete one of his astrological combinations. There are many more who practice alchemy; indeed, not a few have spent their life and fortune in costly experiments in search of the universal *alkahest* by which all metals are to be transmuted into gold, and all diseases cured. They uniformly deal in charms and incantations.

One of the names in our catalogue has reference to serpents, and David, in Psalm lviii. 4, 5, speaks of serpent-charming, as does Solomon in Ecclesiastes x. 11, and Jeremiah viii. 17; and this kind of enchantment is still practiced.

I have seen many serpent-charmers who do really exercise some extraordinary power over these reptiles. They carry enormous snakes, generally black, about them, allow them to crawl all over their persons and into their bosoms, always,

however, with certain precautions, either necessary, or pretended to be so. They repeatedly breathe strongly into the face of the serpent, and occasionally blow spittle, or some medicated composition upon them. It is needless to describe the mountebank tricks which they perform. That which I am least able to account for is the power of detecting the presence of serpents in a house, and of enticing or "charming" them out of it. The thing is far too common to be made a matter of skepticism. The following account, by Mr. Lane, is a fair statement of this matter: The charmer professes to discover, without ocular perception (but perhaps he does so by a peculiar smell), whether there be any serpents in the house, and if there be, to attract them to him, as the fowler, by the fascination of his voice, allures the bird into his net. As the serpent seeks the darkest place in which to hide himself, the charmer has, in most cases, to exercise his skill in an obscure chamber, where he might easily take a serpent from his bosom, bring it to the people without the door, and affirm that he had found it in the apartment, for no one would venture to enter with him, after having been assured of the presence of one of these reptiles within. But he is often required to perform in the full light of day, surrounded by spectators; and incredulous persons have searched him beforehand, and even stripped him naked, yet his success has been complete. He assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with a short palm stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise with his tongue, and spits upon the ground, and generally says, I adjure you by God, if ye be above or if ye be below, that ye come forth; I adjure you by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth, and if ye be disobedient, die! die! die! The serpent is generally dislodged by his stick from a fissure in the wall or from the ceiling of the room. I have heard it asserted that a serpent-charmer, before he enters a house in which he is to try his skill, always employs a servant of that house to introduce one or more serpents; but I have known instances in which this could not be the case, and am inclined to believe that the dervishes above-mentioned are

generally acquainted with some physical means of discovering the presence of serpents without seeing them, and of attracting them from their lurking-places.



SERPENT-CHARMERS.

What these "physical means" may be is yet a secret, as also the "means" by which persons can handle live scorpions, and can put them into their bosom without fear or injury. I have seen this done again and again, even by small boys. This has always excited my curiosity and astonishment, for scorpions are the most malignant and irascible of all insects. The Hindoos, and after them the Egyptians, are the most famous snake-charmers, scorpion-eaters, etc., etc., although gipsies, Arabs, and others are occasionally found, who gain a vagabond livelihood by strolling round the country and confounding the ignorant with these feats. In Psalm lviii. 4, 5, 6, there is evidently an allusion to certain kinds of serpents which can not be charmed: Their poison

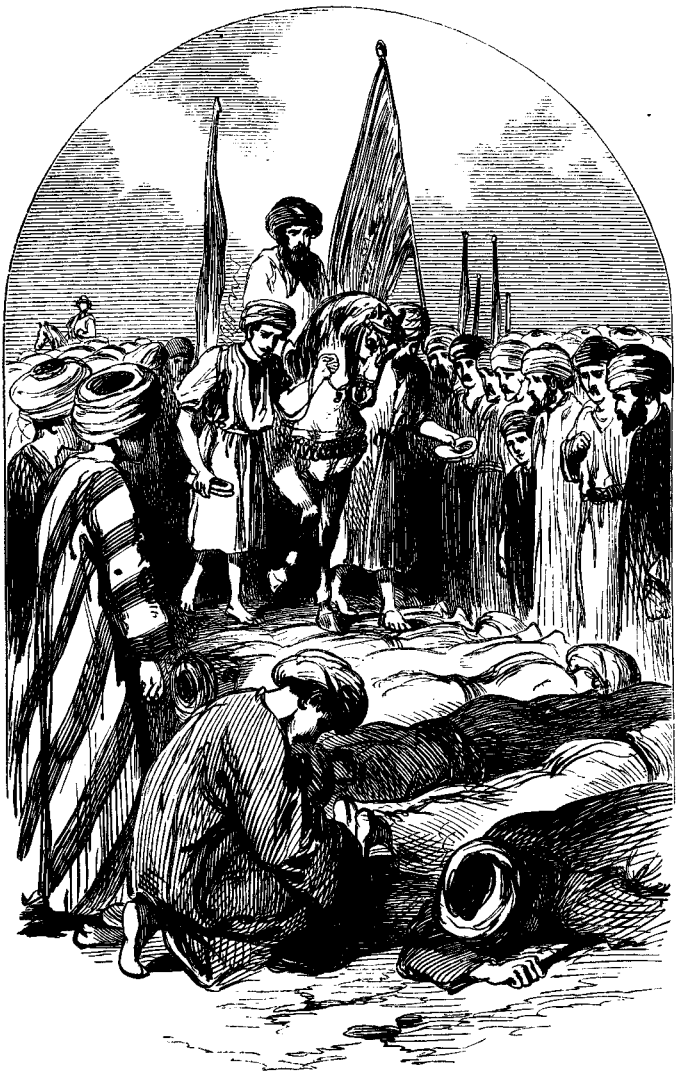
is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely. Jeremiah refers to the same fact: Behold I shall send serpents, cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you, *saith the Lord.*[1] Such an assertion would scarcely be made in the *name of the Lord* if the fact was not well established. So Solomon says, Surely a serpent will bite without enchantment.[2] Such serpents there still are, which the charmer can not subdue; and instances are related in which they have fallen victims to their daring attempts to conquer these deaf and obstinate cockatrices.

There is also current an opinion that the adder will actually stop up his ear with his tail, to fortify himself against the influence of music and other charms.

Exorcism of demons and evil spirits is still practiced, and with many superstitious rites and magic charms. But this is so common in all the ancient churches that it needs no illustration. We meet with it frequently in the history of the apostles, and it would seem that the eclat of working real miracles induced many to imitate them by exorcism and other magic operations. Thus, at Ephesus, certain of the vagabond Jew exorcists took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus, whom Paul preacheth.[3] Exorcists are still very common, and their exploits are silly enough.

The dervishes and Moslem sheikhs make some bold attempts at supernatural operations, and with singular success. Take the following. Early on the morning of May 9th, 1837, the people of Beirût were seen hurrying along the road toward Sidon, evidently intent upon some great affair. I soon ascertained that two celebrated pilgrims were returning from Mecca, and that the dervishes were to perform extraordinary feats on the occasion. The whole city, male and female, rushed along the road to meet them, accompanied with banners, drums, cymbals, and other musical instru-

[1] Jer. viii. 17. [2] Ec. x. 11. [3] Acts xix. 13.



THE DOUSEH.

ments, singing, dancing, clapping hands, and whirling round and round like a top as they passed. In about an hour they returned. The crowd was now immense, and the countenances of many exhibited signs of the most intense exaltation. In front of the procession came four flags of green, white, and black, the flagstaffs being surmounted with a double crescent of metal. Behind these marched a number of dervishes from a distance, dancing with all their might, and performing their most fanatical and fantastic pranks. They were naked to the waist, wore a tall, conical cap of drab felt, and were the vilest and most savage-looking creatures I ever saw. Two of them carried long iron spikes, the head of which was a ball as large as an orange, and with many chains attached to it. The sharp end of this instrument they struck with great violence into their cheeks and *eyes*, and so deeply that it hung suspended without being held by the hand. I know not by what trick this is performed, though I have often seen it done, and have carefully examined the instrument. Two others had long, spindle-like spikes thrust *through the cheeks*. This was a fact, and I saw it done by a dervish in my own house; but he had long before made holes through his cheeks, which had healed up, like those in the ears for rings. These his bushy beard completely concealed. After these savages came four more flags; then two very holy dervishes, riding on small horses. They pretended to be altogether absorbed and wrapped up in devotion, prayed incessantly with their eyes closed, and took no notice of the vast and tumultuous crowd around them. The frantic people prostrated themselves on the ground before them, kissed their broad stirrups or the flags, but most of all the two pilgrims, who now made their appearance, and seemed to be fagged out, and in danger of being kissed to death.

Just at the entrance into the open medân, south of the city, a long pavement of boys was formed in the following manner: the first lay on his face, with his head to the south; the next with feet to the south, and so on, heads and feet, to the end of this living corduroy causeway, the people crowd-

ing them as close to one another as possible. A dense wall of spectators on either side made a lane, along which the two dervishes actually *rode on top of the boys from end to end.* I stood directly above them, and saw the operation fairly performed, and saw the boys jump up again apparently unhurt. My own Moslem servant was one of them, and he assured me that the sheikh's horse was not heavier than a cat. The thing is not difficult to explain. The boys were close together, the ground soft and sandy, the horse small, his shoes flat and smooth, and he walked as if treading on eggs; and yet many of the lads, I have ascertained, were really bruised, and some seriously injured. The whole scene, however, was demoniacal in the extreme. It is called Douseh, and is accompanied with a multitude of magical and superstitious ceremonies.

There is now, or was until recently, in Cairo, a magician called 'Abd el Kāder el Mugraby, who performed wonderful feats of magic, so like our modern mesmerism that I must ascribe to him the priority in this species of witchcraft. I have conversed with gentlemen, both English and others, who give the most extraordinary accounts of their interviews with this man. But, lest they may have exaggerated, or, perhaps, might not wish to figure in such society, I will refer to Mr. Lane's book. His account is abundantly full, and undoubtedly authentic, and throws light on the matter in hand.

In preparing for the experiment of the *magic mirror of ink*, the magician first asked for pen and ink, a piece of paper, and a pair of scissors, and, having cut off a narrow slip of paper, wrote upon it certain forms of incantation, together with another charm, by which he professed to accomplish the experiment. He did not attempt to conceal these, but said that the object in view was accomplished through the influence of the first words—Turshoon and Turyooshoon—which were the names of two genii, his "familiar spirits." Here is the translation:

> Turshoon, Turyooshoon, come down,
> come down. Be present. Whither are gone

the prince and his troops? Where are el Ahhmar
the prince, and his troops? Be present,
ye servants of these names. And this is the removal, and we have removed from thee the veil, and thy sight to-day is piercing—*correct, correct.*

Having written these, the magician cut the paper containing the forms of incantation into six strips. He then explained that the object of the latter charm was to open the boy's eyes, and make him see into what is to us the invisible world.

Mr. Lane had prepared, by the magician's directions, some frankincense and coriander-seed, and a chafing-dish with live coals in it. These were brought into the room, together with the boy, who was placed on a seat, with the magician before him. Some frankincense and coriander-seed were put into the dish, and then, taking hold of the boy's right hand, the magician drew in the palm of it a magic square, and wrote in it certain Arabic numerals. In the centre he poured a little ink, and desired the boy to look into it, and tell him if he could see his face reflected in it. The boy replied that he saw his face clearly. *The magician, holding the boy's hand all the while,* told him to continue looking intently in the ink, and not to raise his head.

He then took one of the little slips of paper inscribed with the forms of incantation, and dropped it into the chafing-dish upon the burning coals, and, as he did this, he commenced an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or tell him what he was to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Koran he placed inside of the fore part of the boy's cap. He then asked if he saw any thing in the ink, and was answered *No;* but, in about a minute after, the boy, trembling and affrighted, said, I see a man sweeping the ground. When he has done sweeping, said the magician, tell me. Presently the boy said, He has done.

The magician again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what bairuk (flag) was, and being answered yes, desired him to say, Bring a flag. The boy did so, and

soon after said, He has brought a flag. What color is it? said the magician. The boy replied *red.* He was told to call for another flag, which he did, and soon after said he saw another brought, and that it was *black.* In like manner he called for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, which were white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him, How many flags have you now? Seven, answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the several slips of paper, upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing-dish, and fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. The boy was next desired to say, Bring the Sultan's tent, and pitch it. This he did, and about a minute after said, Some men have brought the tent—a large green tent; they are pitching it; and presently added, They have set it up.

Now, said the magician, order the soldiers to come and pitch their camp around the tent of the Sultan, which was done immediately. The magician, putting the fourth and fifth slips into the fire, said, Tell some of the people to bring a bull. The boy gave the order, and said, I see a bull; it is red; four men are dragging it along. At his command they killed, cooked it, and then ate it up before his eyes. They have done, said the lad, and are washing their hands. The magician then told him to call for the Sultan, and, having done so, he said, I see the Sultan riding to his tent on a bay horse, and he has on his head a high red cap; he has alighted at his tent, and sat down in it.

Desire them to bring coffee to the Sultan, said the magician, and to form the court. These orders were given and obeyed. The magician had put the last of the six little strips of paper into the chafing-dish, muttering nothing but the words of the written invocation, except on two or three occasions, when he said, If they demand information, inform them, and be ye veracious.

Here ends the long preparation, and it certainly was magical enough. All was now ready, and Mr. Lane proceeded to

test the boy by a variety of questions, the answers to which were often strikingly correct, but he does not seem to have been as successful that time as at some others which have been described to me. I have never heard any thing like a satisfactory explanation of this matter, and have none of my own. There are magicians in Egypt now, as there were in the days of Moses, and their achievements fill a reflecting mind with very serious thoughts. This description of Lane covers the whole series of magical forms and ceremonies practiced by others, for other purposes, with but slight variations.

I asked one in Sidon whether these names, Turshoon and Turyooshoon, were known and employed by him, and he said they were. In short, this whole subject is involved in no small mystery. It exercises a prodigious influence on Oriental society, and always has, and merits a thorough examination. The boy evidently saw just such scenes as are depicted in the wildest stories in the Thousand Nights, and I suspect that this very art was in greater perfection then than now, and that the gorgeous creations of that work were, in many cases, mere verbal pictures taken from the magic mirror of ink.

But our conversation is running deep into the hours of rest, and the subject is almost boundless. We may meet with it again. Let us now seek protection from Him who slumbers not, both from actual evil, and from hideous visions of the night, while we resign ourselves to "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

XII. SARAFEND—TYRE.

February 15th.

What snow-capped peak is that which appears beyond these nearest mountains?

That is the very head of old Hermon. You have been out among Sarepta's ruins, I perceive, for from these only is the point you mention visible. But few travelers see it, nor would you, if it had not been covered with fresh snow, and lit up by the rising sun.

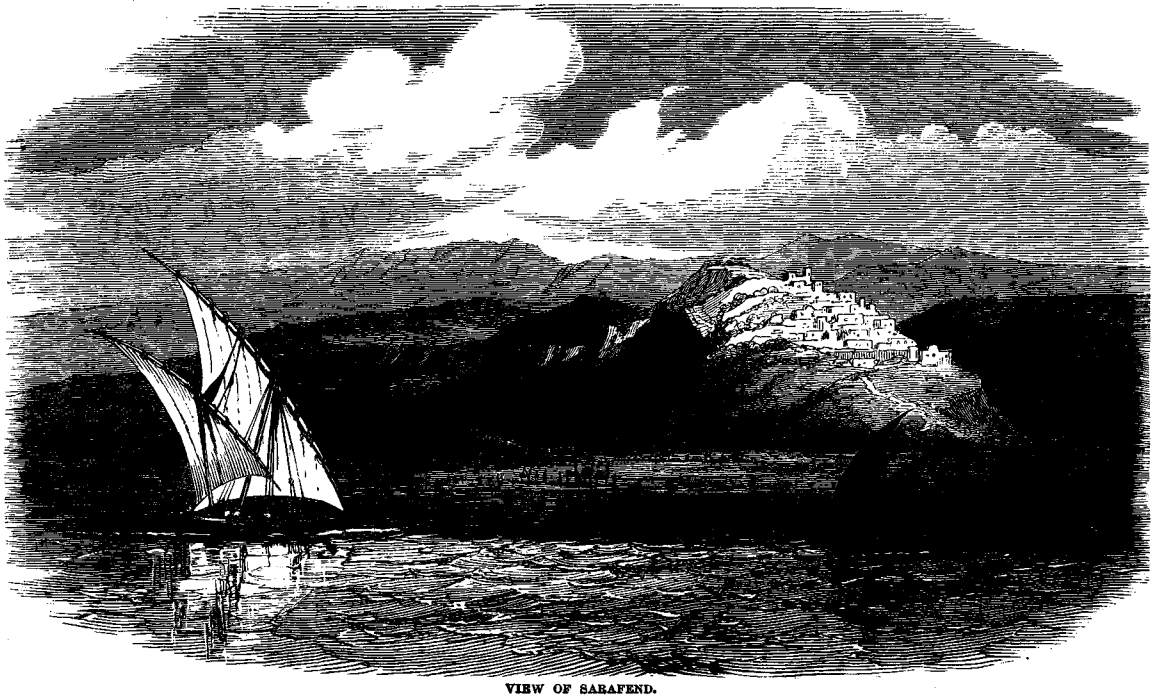
These sights and names make me realize with delightful certainty that I am actually within the Holy Land.

However that may be, it is nearly certain that our blessed Lord once walked over this very plain, and gazed on those identical hills. I have the impression that it was to Sarepta he came, in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,[1] to visit, perhaps, the place where his great forerunner, Elijah, lived and wrought miracles; and that the woman of Canaan, whom Mark calls a Syro-Phœnician,[2] belonged to the city of that poor widow with whom the prophet resided. *He* raised her son from death.[3] The Saviour delivered this one's daughter from the power of the devil.

This small village on the hill to our left, called Sarafend, is the modern representative of Sarepta. It seems to have been built there after the twelfth century, for at the time of the Crusades the city stood on the shore. Of course the widow's cave, and all other ancient sites now shown under the hill of Sarafend, are apocryphal.

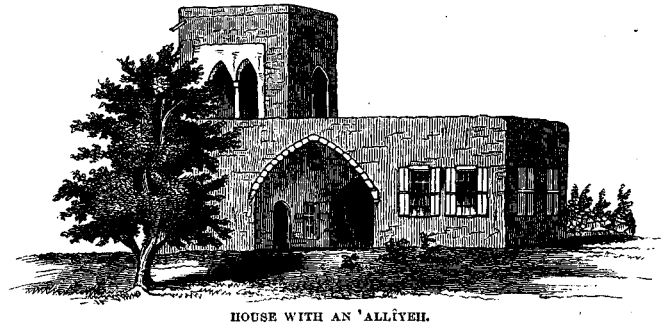
Those who merely ride along the common road form too low an estimate of the size of the ancient city. There are two distinct groups of ruins. One on the headland, immediately west of this, 'Ain el Kŭnterah. This may have been the harbor of Sarepta; and here, I suppose, was the fortress which Phocas mentions in the twelfth century, and also the chapel erected over the reputed house of the widow. Some of those old foundations which we have just examined may mark the exact spot. Our translation makes

[1] Matt. xv. 21. [2] Mark vii. 26. [3] 1 Kings xvii. 17–23.



VIEW OF SARAFEND.

Elijah live in a loft, but not very accurately. In Hebrew it is 'allîyeh, and this is the common Arabic word for the upper rooms of houses. This 'allîyeh is the most desirable part of the establishment, is best fitted up, and is still given to guests who are to be treated with honor. The women and servants live below, and their apartment is called ardîyeh, or ground floor, in common parlance simply *beit* or house. The poorer sort have no 'allîyeh. We may infer several things from this *word:* that the mode of building in Elijah's time, and the custom of giving the 'allîyeh to the guest were the same as now; also, that this widow woman was not originally among the very poorest classes, but that



HOUSE WITH AN 'ALLÎYEH.

her extreme destitution was owing to the dreadful famine which then prevailed. The little chamber made for Elisha by the Shunamite[1] is also called 'allîyeh, and was therefore an upper room, respectable and comfortable. They are more retired than the lower apartments of the house, and, of course, appropriate for the resting-place of prophets.

The main ruins of Sarepta extend southward for a mile or more, and are very considerable. They are now being dug over, perhaps the twentieth time, for stone to build the barracks at Beirût. Observe what masses of rubbish are heaped up over the plain, among which appear broken columns, marble slabs, sarcophagi, and other relics of a flourishing and wealthy city. That dome, surmounting the tomb of Khŭdr Abu Abbas, is supposed by Dr. Robinson to be

[1] 2 Kings iv. 10.

the successor of the Christian chapel built by the Crusaders, and this may be so, though Khŭdr is the Moslem name of St. George, for which somewhat fabulous saint the Mohammedans have very great respect.

One ought not to pass away from this remarkable spot without laying up in his inner heart the noble lesson taught by the widow and her barrel of meal. In her utmost want —about to cook her last morsel and die—she yet listens to the call of humanity, brings water for the thirsty prophet, and shares with him her final meal. Go and do likewise. In hours of greatest darkness and destitution, share with those more needy than yourself, and let the morrow take thought for itself. Who does not often need the lesson to prompt his reluctant soul to deeds of charity, and the result to fortify his feeble faith? How many poor Gentile sinners have urged the plea of the Syro-Phœnician woman for the crumbs of mercy which fall from their Lord's table,[1] and have been dismissed with the like benediction.

Lonely and lowly Sarepta! scene of stupendous miracles, fare thee well! The Saviour of the world has set his seal of immortality on thee. Thy name will ever teach the great truth that the favor of our common Father above was never confined within the narrow limits of Jacob's seed; for unto no city of all the tribes of Israel was Elijah sent, but unto a poor widow within thy walls.[2] Let them of the "synagogue" be "filled with wrath," but we shall cherish thy memory all the more for the sweet lesson.

This low, flat Tell, with its ruined khan, is called Khaizeran, and so is the brawling brook south of it. The plain, and rocky hill side are covered with the remains of a large place, and on the very top of that rugged promontory are ancient sarcophagi, cut in the live rock, and the base of the mountain between it and Sarafend abounds in old quarries, with their accompanying houses for the dead. This fine plain before us reaches to the cave and tombs of 'Adlûn, some three miles ahead. The ruins about the cave are identified with the Ornithon of the Greek geographers, and

[1] Mark vii. 24–30. [2] Luke iv. 25–29.



COAST OF TYRE AND SIDON.

tesselated pavements and other remains of ancient habitations appear in many places along the shore.

I find it difficult to realize that we are passing over, and so quietly too, a region whose eventful story runs back to the earliest records of our race. Is there any reason to doubt that it was originally settled by the immediate descendants of Canaan?

Herodotus opens his celebrated history with this singular sentence: "The more learned of the Persians assert the Phœnicians to have been the original exciters of contention. This nation migrated from the borders of the Red Sea to the place of their present settlement, and soon distinguished themselves by their long and enterprising voyages," etc., etc. This assertion of the historian rests on no proof that I know of, and is not countenanced by the account of this matter found in the 10th chapter of Genesis. It is possible, however, that the grandson of Noah went first to the Red Sea, and afterward came to this coast, and thus both records be true, but it is extremely improbable. Those who adopt the story of Herodotus generally attach little importance, I suppose, to the statement of Moses; with us, however, it is decisive. This is a very wide subject, rather dry, too, for discussion on horseback, but it is eminently Biblical—stands connected with almost every page of the sacred records, and we must study it carefully if we would make ourselves masters of Bible history and geography; and, since there is nothing of special importance to claim attention in this neighborhood, we may while away the time and the road with a lesson in man's most ancient history.

Josephus, without hesitation or qualification, asserts that Canaan, the fourth son of Ham, settled this country, and gave it his own name; and entering into details, he mentions the different sons of Canaan, and where they dwelt. Thus, Sidonius built Sidon, Amatheus founded Amath or Hamath, Arudus had the island Aradus, and Arucus built Arca. Of the remaining sons he is not so particular, but Moses, from whom he derived his information, mentions them repeatedly—Heth, and the Jebusite, and the Amo-

rite, the Girgashite, the Hivite, and the Sinite, and the Zemarite; and adds that the border of the Canaanites was from Sidon, as thou comest unto Gerar unto Gaza, as thou goest unto Sodom and Gomorrah, and Admah and Zeboim, even unto Lasha.[1] The general boundaries of their country can not be questioned, nor can we doubt that they were the first settlers after the Deluge, without disregarding the sacred record.

The history of these various families differs widely. Those who settled in Palestine multiplied rapidly, and soon became wealthy, powerful, and extremely corrupt. They were the Hittites, Girgashites, Amorites, *Canaanites*, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites—seven greater and mightier nations than the Hebrews. Their cities were great, and fenced up to heaven.[2] A people great and tall, the children of the Anakims, whom thou knowest, and of whom thou hast heard say, Who can stand before the children of Anak?[3] These were all destroyed or expelled from Canaan, and their land given to the Hebrews. The Sidonians, Arkites, Arvadites, Zimrites, Sinites, and Hamathites, whose territories lay north, and without the narrower limits of the promised land, long continued to flourish, and were often in alliance with the kings of Judah and Israel.

The exact *locale* of the Canaanitish tribes that were destroyed can not, in all cases, be determined. The Hittites, we know, from the history of the patriarchs, lived in the neighborhood of Hebron.[4] The Jebusites possessed Jerusalem until the time of David;[5] and in Numbers xiii. 29, we read that the Amorites dwelt in the mountains not only of Palestine proper, but of Gilead and Bashan, east of the Jordan, while those who were called *Canaanites*, by way of eminence, occupied the sea-board and the regions near the Jordan. These *Canaanites* were probably a mixture of different tribes, who took the name of their common ancestor. The Amorites, we may suppose, became the most numerous, powerful, and corrupt of all the race, for they are frequently

[1] Gen. x. 19. [2] Deut. vii. 1, 2. [3] Deut. ix. 2.
[4] Gen. xxiii. 7. [5] 2 Sam. v. 6.

made to represent the whole. Thus, in Genesis xv. 16, it is said, The iniquity of the Amorite is not yet full; and so in 1 Kings xxi. 26 they have the same bad eminence assigned them. Og, king of Bashan, and Sihon of Heshbon, were Amorites. They were the ruling tribe in the southwest of Judea, as we learn from Judges i. 34–36. The Amalekites dwelt in the land of the south. There is some uncertainty about the origin of this people, although they figure long and largely in Hebrew history. It is evident that if a *tribe* of Amalekites is mentioned in Genesis xiv. 7, they could not have been descended from the grandson of Esau, the brother of Jacob. In Genesis xxxvi. 12, Moses tells us that Amalek was the son of Eliphaz by a concubine, and Josephus adds that a part of Idumea was called Amalekitis, from the descendants of this grandson of Edom. The "country of the Amalekites" which Chedorlaomer smote in the days of Abraham, I therefore take to be the district that was really inhabited by Amalek when Moses wrote, but those who dwelt there when Chedorlaomer ravaged that country were of some other race. Moses, in that passage, speaks of the *country*, not of the people. The Amalekites spread over the whole southern desert, and even into Palestine proper. They were a fierce, warlike race, and manifested the most inveterate hostility to the Jews throughout all their history, and for their ferocity and cruelty they were utterly excluded from mercy. While of Edom in general it is said, Thou shalt not abhor an Edomite, for he is thy brother.[1] of Amalek, the Lord said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua, for I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven.[2] This terrible sentence was again repeated to Saul: Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have.[3] And Saul, in executing the command, says to the Kenites (ver. 6), Go, depart; get you down from the Amalekites, lest I destroy you with them. Thus the land of this latter people was also forfeited to Israel, according to the promise in Genesis xv. 19, though they always

[1] Deut. xxiii. 7. [2] Ex. xvii. 14. [3] 1 Sam. xv. 3.

continued on friendly terms with the Jews. Of the Kenizzites nothing is known, nor are they heard of in the subsequent history of the Bible.

The Kadmonites are supposed to have resided about the head-waters of the Jordan, under Hermon. This name is still preserved among the Nusairîyeh north of Tripoli, and they have a tradition that their ancestors were expelled from Palestine by Joshua. It is curious, also, that a fragment of this strange people still cling to their original home at 'Ain-Fît, Zaora, and Ghŭjar, near the foot of Hermon. I have repeatedly traveled among them in their own mountains, and many things in their physiognomy and manners gave me the idea that they were a remnant of the most ancient inhabitants of this country. We may yet become better acquainted with them before our pilgrimage is completed. The Rephaims are often mentioned as giants and rulers among the people of the land. King Og was one of them, and so, I suppose, was Goliath. A tribe of them resided, long before, in the north of the Hauran, and were defeated and subdued by Chedorlaomer.[1] They also dwelt in the south of Judea even down to the time of David, if not later. The Perizzites seem to have been a mingled race like the *Canaanites*, and their residence was in the mountains of Judea, and northward in Ephraim as far as the plain of Esdraelon.[2] We learn, from Josh. xi. 3, and Judg. iii. 3, that the Hivites dwelt mainly along the western base of Hermon, and up the great Wady et Teim, between the two Lebanons, unto the entering in of Hamath, toward Baalbek. There is good reason to believe that, with the seven Canaanitish families condemned to extermination for their pre-eminent wickedness, there were various other tribes mingled, especially on the outskirts of the Hebrew territory: the Kadmonites and Rephaims, as we have seen, on the east; the Moabites and Arabs on the southeast; the Amalekites on the south; the Philistines from Egypt on the southwest; the Phœnicians of Sidon, Tyre, Dor, etc., on the west, and the Maacathites and Geshurites on the north; and still beyond these were

[1] Gen. xiv. 5. [2] Judg. i. 4; Josh. xvii. 15, 17.

the Arkites, Arvadites, Zimrites, Sinites, and Hamathites. These were not attacked by Joshua, and doubtless multitudes of their brethren from the south escaped and took refuge among them. Nor are there wanting faint traditions to confirm this supposition. I have visited the primeval seats of all these old tribes—Hamath, Sin, Zimri, Ruad, and Arca. The tenacity with which these and other places cling to their ancient names is truly wonderful. One is not only surprised, but startled, to hear ignorant peasants pronounce, without an effort or a moment's hesitation, over shapeless ruins, the very names by which they were called by Moses and Abraham three or four thousand years ago.

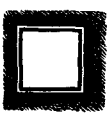
Do you suppose that the Phœnicians, so celebrated in ancient story, the inventors of commerce, of manufactures, and of letters, and the founders of so many splendid colonies, were really Canaanites, and consequently the descendants of Ham?

I do, and that notwithstanding what has been written by learned men to prove that they came from the shores of the Red Sea, or from the Arabian, or even from the Indian Ocean. The Bible is now almost our only authority, and it is explicit. Josephus, who lived in this country nearly two thousand years ago, and had access to documents which have long since perished, does not even allude to a suspicion of such an immigration from the south; and if there are, or ever have been cities and temples on the Persian Gulf or along the Arabian Ocean with names similar to those of the Phœnicians, it is much more likely that those who built them were emigrants from this country than that this country was colonized from them. It is extremely probable that the Phœnicians did establish colonies in those parts. Their general practice was to form permanent settlements wherever they carried on commerce—in the islands of the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor, in Greece, and in Spain, possibly in England, certainly at Carthage, and along the northern coast of Africa. We know also from the Bible and from other sources that they traded extensively in the Red Sea, and along the southern shores of Arabia and Africa,

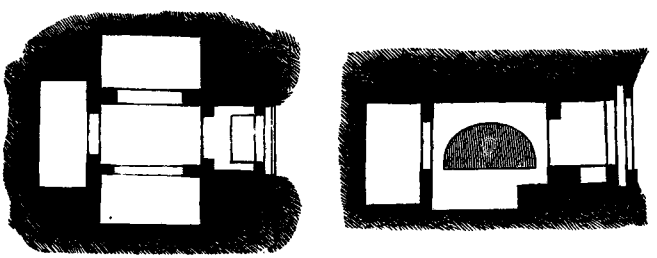
and are therefore quite prepared to find traces of them along those coasts. The fountain-head of the Phœnicians, however, was Sidon and her renowned daughter Tyre.

I see that the name Canaan is derived by some critics from a Hebrew root said to signify *low land*, and it is maintained that it was given to the inhabitants of this country because they dwelt on the sea-board, and not because they were descended from the son of Ham.

Such philological criticism, when applied to questions of this kind, is far from satisfactory; and in the present case, if it could be proved that there is such a Hebrew word, it is obvious that it could not be applied to the Canaanites with any propriety, for they resided in all parts of the land, and not merely on the shore and the low plains, and from them the whole country, though very mountainous, was called Canaan. In short, we have from the remotest antiquity, and on the very best authority, the origin of this name in that of the great ancestor of the several tribes that settled the country soon after the Deluge; and one can scarcely avoid the suspicion that it is because this authority is the Bible that certain savans have called it in question, and have rummaged among Hebrew roots and doubtful scraps of heathen authors, who knew nothing about the matter, in order to cast suspicion upon the sacred records



But here is something more interesting than dry historical discussions. Let us turn aside, and examine these gray resting-places for Phœnicia's ancient dead.



TOMBS AT ʿADLÛN.

This cave, with its mouth blackened by the smoke of gipsies, is, of course, chiefly natural, though it was formerly plastered, in part at least, and fitted for a dwelling, or possibly a cistern, like those at Beit Jibrîn. The tombs were cut by quarriers who lived in the town whose ruins are scattered over the plain. These quarries extend for miles southward, and are crowded with sepulchres. The inhabitants seem to have done nothing but quarry stone for other cities, and cut sepulchres for themselves. Many of these tombs are as perfect as when first made, but the doors are all gone, and the tombs empty, and were so, most likely, two thousand years ago. They are nearly all of the same pattern, having a small ante-room in front, and a door leading from that into the body of the tomb, which is about six feet square, with niches on three sides for the dead, the door occupying the fourth. Some of them are cut into the rock where it is nearly horizontal, in which case a square shaft was sunk about three feet deep, and from that a low window leads into the tomb. A deep groove ran round the face of the rock above, to turn the water away from this entrance. There are a few words of a Greek inscription over that tomb just south of this cave. The rest are absolutely destitute of architectural ornament, device, or inscription of any kind. The ancient Phœnicians delighted to cut their tombs in the perpendicular faces of the rock left in quarrying, as is seen on all this coast, and particularly at Tortosa, Ladakîyeh, and Suadea.

Did Phœnicia extend as far north as Ladakîyeh?

The people did, whatever may be said of the country. The Sinites settled, I suppose, along the River Sin, and doubtless they spread round the shore to Ladakîyeh, and may have even reached to the mouth of the Orontes. This would agree with Strabo. The largest extent of Phœnicia, therefore, was from the Sinites on the north, to Dor on the south. Phœnicia proper, however, reached no farther northward than to the Eleutherus, the modern Nahr Kebîr, in the plain of Akkar. The width of territory belonging to these small states differed greatly. The plain of Jebilé, where

the Sinites dwelt, runs far back into the interior. The Zimrites, or Zemarites, had scarcely any level land, for the mountains shut down upon the very margin of the sea. So also the Arvadites were probably confined to a narrow strip along the coast; but the Arkite had the magnificent plain of June. The plains of Tripoli, Bŭtrone, Jebail, Beirût, Sidon, and Tyre, are comparatively narrow, but that of Acre is twenty miles long, and from six to ten broad. No doubt the Phœnicians possessed also the western slopes of the mountains, and the Sidonians and Tyrians extended their territorial limits to the Ijon and the Hûleh, perhaps still farther to the east. The average breadth of their estates, however, could not have been more than twenty miles.

Syria has always been cursed with a multiplicity of tribes and religions, which split up the country into small principalities and conflicting classes—the fruitful parent of civil war, anarchy, and all confusion. Nor has this source of mischief been materially mitigated down to the present hour. This will appear but too evident from the following statistics. The Moslems, who are the ruling class all over the country, except in Lebanon, may number about . 800,000
They are divided into two principal sects—the Sunnites and Shïïtes. There may be 50,000 Kurds 50,000
The Nusairîyeh occupy the mountains north of Tripoli, and may amount to 150,000
The Ismailîyeh and Yezzîdy are too few to merit specific attention, and the same may be said of the Nowar or gipsies, who are found in all parts. They will not amount to more than 20,000
The Druses occupy the southern half of Lebanon, extend over to Hermon, and out into the Hauran—a few thousand reside in Jebel el 'Alah, west of Aleppo, and on Carmel and the mountains above Acre. They number about . . . 100,000
The Jews are about 25,000. In Jerusalem 7000, in Damascus 5000, Aleppo 4000, Safed 2000, Tiberius 1500, Hebron 600, and the remainder in Beirût, Sidon, etc., etc. 25,000

The Maronites, chiefly of Lebanon, may be . . . 200,000
The orthodox Greeks, in all parts of the country . 150,000
Armenians 20,000, Jacobites 15,000 35,000
There are Papal offshoots from these sects, which may number 70 or 80,000 80,000
There are a few Latins in most of the large cities, and also Protestants in various parts.

This gives a total of 1,610,000, which, of course, is only as close an approximation as the very imperfect statistics of the government and of the different sects enable us to make.

In this enumeration, the Arab tribes that roam over the deserts are not included. Very little is known about their numbers, and estimates by different individuals vary surprisingly. They may be two hundred thousand, possibly half a million. It is interesting to notice how these various populations are distributed over the country. Lebanon has about 400,000 inhabitants, gathered into more than six hundred towns, villages, and hamlets. Of the cities of Syria, Damascus is the largest, as it is the oldest—perhaps it is the most ancient city in the world that is now flourishing and populous. It numbers about 120,000. Jerusalem, the most interesting city on the globe, has only about 18,000, Aleppo has 70 or 80,000, Beirût from 40 to 50,000, Hamah 33,000, Hums 25,000, Antioch 20,000, Tripoli and Harbor 18,000, Edlip 10,000, Ladakîyeh 6000, Sidon 10,000, Tyre 3500, Acre 5000, Khaifa 3000, Nazareth 3000, Safet 4000, Tiberias 1500, Jennîn 2500, Nablus 12,000, Jaffa 11,000, Ramleh, 4000, Gaza 16,000, Hebron 6000, Bethlehem 3500. In Lebanon, Zahleh is the largest, and has about 11,000 inhabitants. Deir el Kamar has 7000, Hasbeiya, in Hermon, has about 6000, and Rashaia 2500. I need scarcely remind you that the entire population is gathered into towns and villages.

The various religions and sects live together, and practice their conflicting superstitions in close proximity, but the people do not coalesce into one homogeneous community, nor do they regard each other with fraternal feelings. The Sunnites excommunicate the Shïïtes—both hate the

Druse, and all three detest the Nusairîyeh. The Maronites have no particular love for any body, and, in turn, are disliked by all. The Greeks can not endure the Greek Catholics—all despise the Jews. And the same remarks apply to the minor divisions of this land. There is no common bond of union. Society has no continuous strata underlying it, which can be opened and worked for the general benefit of all, but an endless number of dislocated fragments, faults, and dikes, by which the masses are tilted up in hopeless confusion, and lie at every conceivable angle of antagonism to each other. That omnific spirit that brooded over primeval chaos can alone bring order out of such confusion, and reduce these conflicting elements to peace and concord.

Another curious fact is, that, with the exception of the Jews and Bedawîn Arabs, no one can trace back his own origin to any ancient race or nation. The general mass of the Moslems are the mingled descendants of the various races who composed the population of the Greek empire at the time of Mohammed, and this original confusion of races has been infinitely augmented during the twelve centuries of their lawless occupation. In all the Christian sects there has been the same blending of primitive races, and a large infusion of foreign and European blood during the times of the Crusades, and subsequently even to our day, so that the most intelligent and learned admit that it is absolutely impossible now to ascertain their true national origin. The Maronites, as a body, may have descended from the ancient Syrians. The Nusairîyeh suggest the idea that they are the miserable debris of the accursed Canaanites. The Metāwelies appear to have immigrated from Persia; they have a decided resemblance to the Jews. The Moslems of Palestine, and particularly from Carmel southward, have largely intermingled with the Egyptians. Perhaps some of their peculiarities of manners, countenance, and language may have been derived from the old Philistines, who came originally from Egypt, as I believe, and not from Cappadocia or Cyprus. In the inhabitants of Lebanon and the plains at its base we may possibly find some traces of the original Phœ-

nicians. The Druses are Arabs, who came from the eastern confines of Syria, and settled in Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon within the last nine hundred years.

No other country in the world, I presume, has such a multiplicity of antagonistic races, and herein lies the greatest obstacle to any general and permanent amelioration and improvement in their condition, character, and prospects. They can never form one united people, never combine for any important religious or political purpose, and will therefore remain weak, incapable of self-government, and exposed to the invasions and oppressions of foreigners. Thus it has been, is now, and must long continue to be—a people divided, meted out, and trodden down.

From these tombs of 'Adlûn to the Kasimîeh, the plain is called Abu el Aswad, from a brook of that name which cuts through the centre of it, or both plain and brook derive this name (Father of Black) from the extreme blackness of the soil. There are three paths—one along the base of the hills, the main road through the centre of the plain, and a third by the sea-shore. We take the latter to avoid the mud. From the brook southward, the regular road is now soft black mire, in the depths of which every vestige of the old Roman pavement (if there ever was one) has entirely disappeared.

Have these ruins along the shore no name? To judge from the extent of ground covered with foundations, fragments of Roman brick-work, tesselated pavements, and general rubbish, there must have been a large city here.

They probably mark the site of the ancient Ornithon, though this is not certain. They now have no other name but that of 'Adlûn. We shall pass many other sites, for the entire coast was once a continuous village, like the Bosphorus above Constantinople, and this renders the present utter desertion of the coast the more remarkable. From Sidon to Tyre there is not a single hamlet on the shore, and these plains are all cultivated by people who reside on the mountains.

Have the inhabitants retreated to the hills to enjoy a

cooler climate, or for the sake of protection from bands of lawless soldiers passing up and down the coast?

As far back as the time of Thucydides at least, the people in many parts of the Mediterranean were accustomed to build their towns at a considerable distance from the shore, and in strong positions, to escape the visits of pirates who then infested the sea. Any city exposed to these lawless attacks, and unable to defend itself, must of course be abandoned so long as this liability continues; but as soon as the sea is cleared of pirates, the inhabitants return and rebuild, except where some cause more permanent leads to final desertion. Such causes have long since reduced Cæsarea, Askelon, and other important places to utter and hopeless desolation.

I suppose the main reason for the total desertion of this particular coast is to be found in an entire change of employment. The Phœnicians were mariners, and hence, wherever there was a sandy beach upon which to draw up their small craft, or a sheltered cove where they could ride at anchor, there a village sprang up and flourished. Now there are no mariners; not a boat is owned by any of these peasants; they are exclusively given to agriculture, and have no occasion to dwell near the shore. Of course it is better for them to reside on the hills, as you see they do, in those prettily-posted villages on the mountain side. That white dome south of 'Adlûn covers the tomb of a saint called Zare. A weather-beaten, surly sheikh of the village told me that Zare was the grandson of Joshua (on whom be peace). As such, I am willing to leave him in unquestioned possession of his sepulchre and pedigree, honored as a great saint by these semi-savage Metāwelies. It is decidedly interesting, however, to hear these austere disciples of 'Ali, as ignorant of history as the oxen they are punching along with their goads, repeat these venerable Bible names as familiar "household words."

We must take care how we cross this Abu el Aswad, for there are quicksands at its mouth. My horse once sank to his belly, and plunged desperately before he brought me

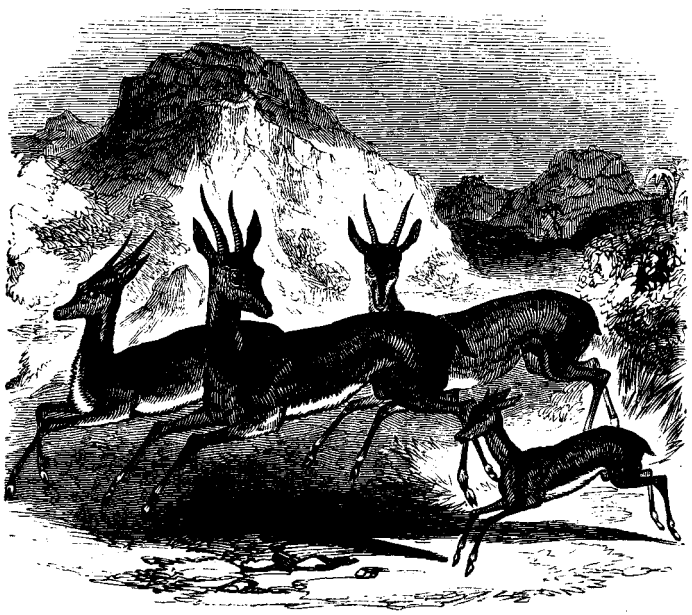
to the other side. Here is a safe ford, however. Above us you see that noble arch of a Roman bridge. It is quite perfect, but the embankment on either side has long since been washed away, so that it is useless. From this on, much of the plain is impracticable marsh in winter. In the centre of it are large springs, which were once surrounded by masonry like those at Ras el 'Ain, near Tyre, and for the same purpose. The work is now broken, and, indeed, most of the plain is overgrown with thorns and abandoned to Arabs. A group of their tents spreads along the base of the hills on our left.

If those of Kedar were no more attractive than these of Abu el Aswad, the Bride in the "Song of Songs"[1] has fallen upon a very lame comparison for her charms.

Ay; but observe, it is she that is black, not the tents of Kedar, perhaps; not the curtains of Solomon, certainly. These may have been extremely beautiful. But even black tents, when new, and pitched among bushes of liveliest green, have a very "comely" appearance, especially when both are bathed in a flood of evening's golden light. And here we have started up, and sent leaping over the plain, another of Solomon's favorites. What elegant creatures those gazelles are, and how gracefully they bound! My beloved is like a roe or young hart; behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.[2] These lovely harts are very timid, and descend at night to the plains to feed among the lilies until the day break and the shadows flee away.[3] This is alluded to in the charge to the daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love till he please.[4] We shall meet these graceful gazelles all through Syria and Palestine, and the more you see of them the greater will be your admiration. Solomon is not alone in his partiality. Persian and Arab poets abound in references to them. The fair ones of these fervid sons of song are often compared to the coy gazelle that comes by night and *pastures* upon their hearts. These "cruel gazelles, with graceful gait and liquid

[1] Song i. 5. [2] Song ii. 8, 9. [3] Song ii. 17. [4] Song iii. 5.

eye," are found in other lands, and graze on other hearts besides those of Persian poets. The sacred writers frequently mention gazelles under the various names of harts, roes, and hinds. They are celebrated for their activity. Thus Jacob says of Naphtali, He is a hind let loose,[1] and his mountains abound in gazelles to this day. Asahel was light of foot as a wild roe.[2] And David sings, He maketh my feet like hind's feet, and setteth me upon my high



GAZELLES.

places.[3] I have often stopped to admire the grace, and ease, and fearless security with which these pretty animals bound along the high places of the mountains. They are amiable, affectionate, and loving, by universal testimony; and accordingly Solomon says, Let her—the wife of thy youth—be as the loving hind and pleasant roe;[4] and no

[1] Gen. xlix. 21.
[2] 2 Sam. ii. 18.
[3] 2 Sam. xxii. 34.
[4] Prov. v. 19.

sweeter comparison can be found. It is implied in Jeremiah xiv. 5 that the hind is particularly fond of her young, for the prophet illustrates the severity of the threatened dearth and famine by declaring that the very hinds forsook their young in the field, because there was no grass. David compares his longing for the living God to the panting of the hart for the water-brooks.[1] I have seen large flocks of these panting harts gather round the water-brooks in the great deserts of Central Syria, so subdued by thirst that you could approach quite near them before they fled. But here we are on the banks of the Kāsimîeh, and yonder, at the foot of the bridge, our lunch awaits us. This bridge, which now springs quite across the river by one bold and lofty arch, is not old, for Maundrell, in 1696, found the ancient one broken down, and he and his party had great difficulty in crossing, and so should we without a bridge.



BRIDGE OVER THE LITANY.

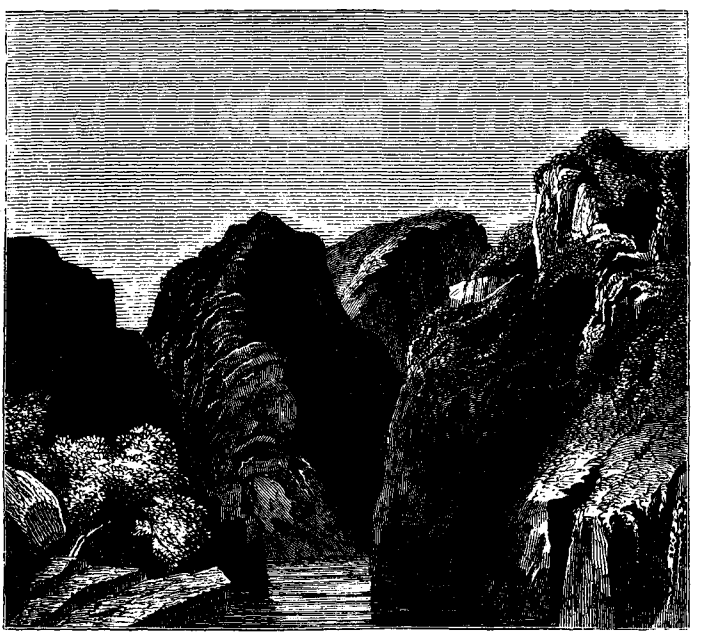
So I should judge, for it is the largest river I have seen in this country, and appears to be full to the brim. You call it Kāsimîeh?

It is the ancient Leontes, and its present name, except just

[1] Ps. xlii. 1, 2.

at this place, is Litany, apparently a corruption of the Latin—or perhaps that is merely a Latinized form of Litany. It is by far the largest stream that empties into the head of this sea, except the Orontes. Both these rise in the great plain of Cœle-Syria, and close together. The Orontes flows north, the latter south and southwest. The watershed of the valley between the two Lebanons is somewhere about Lebweh, but the farthest permanent source of the Litany is the copious 'Ain es Sultan at Baalbek. Even this is entirely used up during the season of irrigation, and not a drop of its water reaches the sea. Numerous fountains, however, rise out of the centre of the plain, and being joined, first by the strong stream of Zahleh, and afterward by the much larger one from 'Anjur (Ain Jur), the united river meanders through the lower Bŭk'ah in a southwestern direction, some fifteen miles, to Jûb Jennîn. Below that it flows in a constantly narrowing vale for six or seven miles, to Jisr Kŭráone. Not far from this bridge its volume is increased by the stream from the noble fountains of Mushgharah. From this onward the Litany is engaged in a furious struggle with Lebanon for a passage to the sea. It has cut out for itself a narrow groove in the solid strata so deep that no one at a little distance aside from it would suspect that a powerful river rushed between him and the opposite rocks. Yet there it is at the bottom of the chasm, all in a foam of vexation, leaping, darting, roaring along. Now it whirls round the jutting base of some mighty cliff so sharply that you are sure it bursts from the rock itself. Below, it runs madly against another towering wall, from which you see no escape; but *it* does, and, darting along the base at a terrific rate, launches its whole force against a similar barrier, only to recoil in shattered fragments, and shoot like an arrow down some secret pathway, quite hidden by overhanging rocks and interlacing sycamores. After about ten miles of this work, it does, in reality, come forth from the dark mouth of the mountain. At a place called Kûweh—window—it has tunneled through a rock more than ninety feet thick, and comes out quietly at the bottom of this solemn

chasm. Not long to rest, however, for immediately afterward it springs madly down among large boulders, reduced in width to half a dozen feet, but of depth unknown. The road passes over this natural bridge from Wady et Teim to Nihah, on Lebanon. Some six or eight miles farther south, the road from Jezzin to Hasbeiya crosses at Jisr Bûrgûs, and there the traveler has a fine specimen of our river and its behavior among the rocks. But you must look upon it from the cliffs of Blat, some five miles below, where it is



SCENE ON THE LITANY.

eight hundred feet beneath you, tearing at the very roots of Lebanon, and rasping out a passage for itself with mighty din and desperate haste. I have sat for hours in a sort of dreamy ecstasy, gazing into this chasm—have let myself down from crag to crag until I stood all alone at the bottom—have reclined midway up its walls upon some projecting shelf, and watched, now the timid conies creep out

and sun themselves, and now the bold eagles going and returning to their eyries in the cliffs. There are thousands of them, and their manœuvres, particularly when coming home, are very entertaining. There comes a pair of them, just visible in the blue depths of heaven. See how they sail round and round, in ever-narrowing gyrations, as Milton's Prince of Darkness,

"Down from the ecliptic
Threw his steep flight in many an aery wheel."

And now, right over the chasm, they poise themselves a



EAGLE AND NEST.

moment; then, like a bolt from the clear sky, down, down they come, head foremost, with wings collapsed; sinking far below their eyrie, they *round* to in a grand parabola, and then, with two or three backward flaps of their huge pinions to check their fall, like the wheels of a steam-boat reversed, they land in safety among their clamorous children.

Now take the glass, and see how they divide among their gross and greedy chicks the prey which they have brought from far. Come to Blāt, vain man, and answer thy Maker. Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey; her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood, and where the slain are, there is she.[1]

Moses, in that beautiful ode which he spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel, refers to the habits of the eagle in a way which I have never understood: As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord did lead him.[2] Do you suppose that the parent eagle literally beareth her young on her wings?

It is not necessary to press every poetical figure into strict prosaic accuracy. The notion, however, appears to have been prevalent among the ancients, that the eagle did actually take up her yet timid young, and carry them forth to teach them how, and embolden them to try their own pinions. To this idea Moses seems to refer in Exodus xix. 4: Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself. The fact is not impossible: the eagle is strong enough to do it, but I am not aware that such a thing has ever been witnessed. I myself, however, have seen the old eagle fly round and round the nest, and back and forth past it, while the young ones fluttered and shivered on the edge, as if eager, but afraid to launch forth from the giddy precipice. And no wonder, for the nest "is on high," and a fall from thence would end their flight forever. If Moses was not the author of Job, they seem both to have been familiar with this bird and his habits. One allusion is very striking: Her eyes behold afar off.[3] The power of vision in the eagle is amazing, almost incredible. No sooner does a kid fall in the wilderness among the thick bushes, than some of

[1] Job xxxix. 27–30. [2] Deut. xxxii. 11, 12. [3] Job xxxix. 29.

these keen-sighted hunters after prey notice it from their pathway in mid-heaven, and, circling round and round, they pounce down upon, and bear it away to their nest. This appears to be done purely by sight.

To what fact in the life of the eagle does the Psalmist refer in the promise to the righteous that they shall renew their youth like the eagles?[1]

Perhaps merely to his coming forth in a fresh costume, and in youthful beauty after the moulting season; or it may refer to the fact that this royal bird is long-lived, and retains his vigor to extreme old age.

But we have not yet done with our river. Turning westward, below Blāt, it has cut a channel across the southern end of Lebanon, at a place called the Khŭtweh, some two hundred feet long, and so very narrow that I have sat on the west side and laid my hand on the opposite precipice, which rises at least one hundred feet perpendicular above the water. The river darts, swift as an arrow, through this groove, and, like the shuddering visitor, seems to hold its breath in terror. From this onward for a few miles the scenery is less wild, until it turns the corner, south of the castle of Shŭkîf, and makes hitherward toward the sea. This last descent of eighteen or twenty miles abounds in noble scenery, but it must be seen to be appreciated. The whole length of the Litany, with its countless doublings, can not be less than one hundred and twenty miles, and in that distance it descends full four thousand feet. European engineers have entertained the idea of carrying a railway up the Litany to the Bŭk'ah, from whence it could easily pass to Hamath, Aleppo, and the Euphrates, and also to Damascus, Palmyra, and Bagdad; but no one will dream of such an enterprise who has explored the long, wild gorge, and found out what it really is. This river is not mentioned in the Bible. Perhaps it is too far north to come in the way of Biblical narrative. It seems to have formed the northern boundary of the territory *actually subdued* by Israel, for I can not find a single city on this side of it inhabited by

[1] Ps. ciii. 5.

either Naphtali or Asher, though David and Solomon may have held a temporary and not very well defined sway over some places farther north than even Sidon. Thus Josephus seems to imply that Arca, beyond Tripoli, was subject to Asher; but the identity of the place referred to with the seat of the Arkites may well be doubted. Nor does the fact that the border of Asher reached to Zidon prove that the line of actual possession crossed the Litany, for no doubt Zidon extended her rule down to it, and thus the border would reach that of Sidon on the banks of this river. Whether the line of *permanent* possession corresponds with the utmost limits included in the original promise, is a question which we may examine at some future stage of our pilgrimage.

This khan is now much dilapidated, and was ancient two hundred and forty years ago, when Sandys passed this way. It has been a castle as well as khan, and served not merely to protect the traveler, but to command the road and the bridge over the river. In its present form it may have been built by the Crusaders, but there are traces of more ancient work about it. The name suggests, or rather coincides with, the idea that this river, with its most impracticable gorge, was the dividing line between the territory of the Jews and that of Sidon. Kasimîeh signifies *division*, or that which divides, and it appears always to have separated the governmental districts from each other, and does so now. There is no ascertained Jewish site in Belad es Shukîf, whereas Belad Besharah, on the south of the river, abounds in them. Asher and Naphtali came *to* the Kasimîeh, and we can trace their actual possessions thus far, but no farther; and we have, therefore, in this river, the Divider, a sort of second Jordan to the Holy Land.

To avoid the mud in the plain, we will take down to the shore, and follow its windings to Tyre, a pleasant ride of not more than two hours. How the river meanders and doubles, as if reluctant to lose itself in the sea. Were not this low plain unhealthy, there would be a large town near the mouth of the river. It is the best fishing-ground in all

this part of the coast, and the markets are often supplied from here, even so far north as Beirût. The direct road to Tyre passes below some ruins on the hill side, called Mûhaibeeb, and there are many evidences thereabout of a former population thick as bees.

Farther toward the city is the fountain Babûk, which Pocoke calls Bakwok, and around it are traces of an ancient city. An aqueduct once carried the water over the southern plain, but, like most other works of utility in this land, it is now destroyed. Here we have a considerable ruin on the shore, and another ahead of us, which must have been a large city. These fragments of unfortunate ships along the beach show that this celebrated mart of trade has but an insecure roadstead. The only protection for vessels, except the island itself, is that wall of rocks, which extends from the northwest corner of the island a mile or more into the sea, in a line parallel to the coast; but they are not continuous, and are too low to present any adequate obstacle to the waves during a storm. In 1834 I lay eleven days behind them in a crazy Italian brig, and found it a most insecure berth. We were often in the utmost danger of coming on shore. In ancient times, however, the smaller shipping then in use found shelter in a harbor within the city, where boats still ride in perfect safety during the wildest gales. Benjamin of Tudela, in his usual style of exaggeration, says that this was the finest harbor in the world. It was, no doubt, larger in the eleventh century, when that traveler saw it, than at present; deeper also, and much better protected; still, it must always have been too confined and shallow for any but small coasting craft.

Look now at Jebel es-Sheikh, towering above the mountains to the northeast. This is one of the most striking and impressive views of Hermon you will ever have. You observe that the north end is much higher than the south, and the centre is lower than either. The old Sheikh, therefore, seems to have at least two heads, and this may be the reason why the name is sometimes plural, or dual, in the poetic books of the Bible.

Who can realize that yon insignificant village is Tyre, the city that said, I am a god; I sit in the seat of God?[1]

It is all that remains of her. But weep not for Tyre. This very silence and solitude are most eloquent and emphatic on themes of the last importance to the repose of Christian faith. True, indeed, the imagination is disappointed. There is nothing here of that which led Joshua to call it the strong city more than three thousand years ago[2]—nothing of that mighty metropolis which baffled the proud Nebuchadnezzar and all his power for thirteen years, until every head in his army was bald, and every shoulder peeled in the hard service against Tyrus[3]—nothing in this wretched roadstead and empty harbor to remind one of the times when merry mariners did sing in her markets—no visible trace of those towering ramparts which so long resisted the utmost efforts of the great Alexander. All have vanished utterly like a troubled dream. But the Christian would not have it otherwise. The very veracity of Jehovah stands pledged, or seems to be, to keep it so. Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up; and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers. I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. And it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea, for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God.[4] As she now is, and has long been, Tyre is God's witness; but great, powerful, and populous, she would be the infidel's boast. This, however, she can not, will not be. Tyre will never rise from her dust to falsify the voice of prophecy. Nor can I make any lamentation for her; she is a greater blessing to the world now than in the day of her highest prosperity.

[1] Ezek. xxviii. 2.
[2] Josh. xix. 29.
[3] Ezek. xxix. 18.
[4] Ezek. xxvi. 3–5.

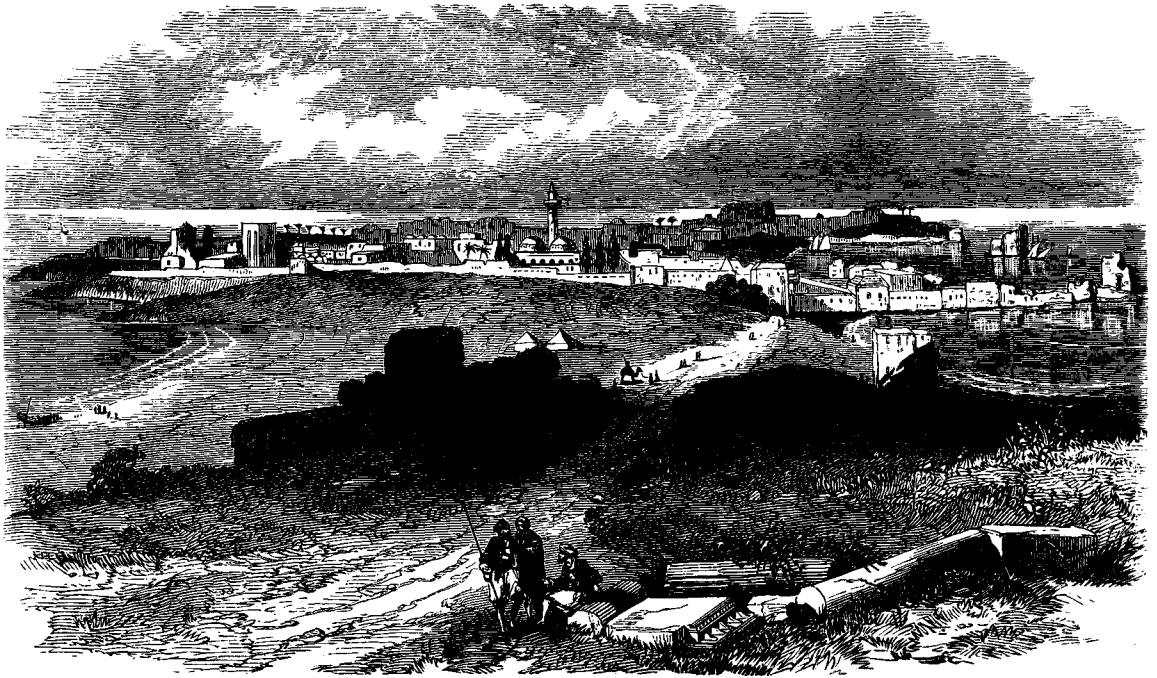
XIII. TYRE.

February 27th.

We have now been two days wandering over the ruins of Tyre, and I understand the topography of the whole neighborhood perfectly; indeed, Dr. Robinson had made me better acquainted with this place and its surroundings than any other which we have yet visited.

His description, though the best we have, will nevertheless bear amendment. For example, the land does *not* project to the south of the causeway, as he represents, but it does to the north and northwest. The west end of the island is not wholly a ledge of ragged, picturesque rocks; there are a few such, however, at the southwest corner. And again, it does not correspond very closely with fact to represent this as originally a *long*, *narrow* island. It was scarcely a mile in length, and not much less in breadth, measuring, from the extreme angle of the island, some four hundred paces to the east of the present wall of the city. To be very accurate, it is thirteen hundred and twenty-five paces one way, and ten hundred and thirty-six the other.

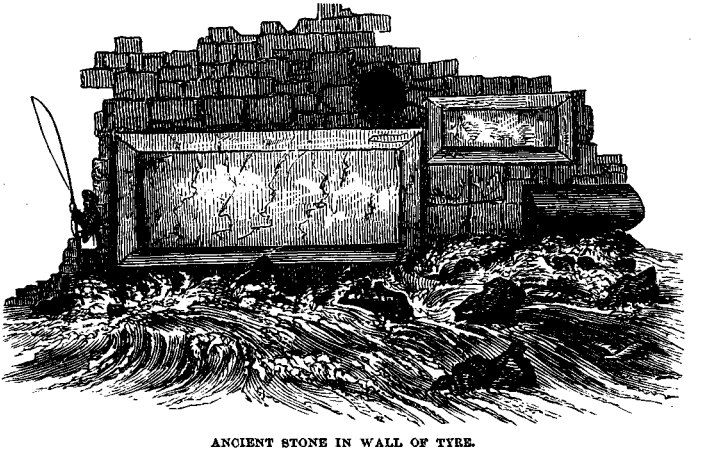
The causeway does not "lie between the shore and the northern part of the island," and it would not have reflected much credit upon the sagacity of Alexander's engineers to have carried it in that direction, because the strait is broader, and the sea deeper there than toward the south end. Alexander would, of course, build his work where there was the least depth and shortest distance. The point of the island which extended farthest toward the main land lies directly east of the *fountain* nearly three hundred paces, as appears from the remains of Tyre's most ancient wall at that place. These very interesting remains were uncovered by quarriers some three years ago, but as the stone were too heavy for their purpose, they left them, and they are now nearly buried again by the shifting sand. From this point the island fell back rapidly toward the northwest, and more gradually toward the southwest. I doubt not but that Alexander's work first touched this projecting angle. The



TYRE, FROM THE EAST.

largest part of the causeway, however, lies to the south of it, and the wind from that direction has there thrown up the greatest amount of sand.

There yet remains one solitary specimen of Tyre's great sea-wall, that mighty bulwark which no enemy could overthrow. At the extreme northern end of the island, a stone nearly seventeen feet long and six and a half thick, rests just where Tyrian architects placed it thousands of years ago. As in every case that I have examined, the foundation laid for these gigantic blocks is made with stone comparatively small. When the sea is quiet we will visit this interesting portion of the old wall.



ANCIENT STONE IN WALL OF TYRE.

I do not believe that there ever was an available harbor south of the island. Not only is the water too shallow, but the southwest and west winds render it utterly unsafe to anchor there. When, therefore, authors speak of two, I suppose they must refer to the *inner* harbor and outer roadstead, both of which are on the north of the island. The natives, it is true, have a tradition that there was a harbor on the south, but their story is connected with incredible fables about a wall built by Alexander through the deep sea to Ras el Baiyod, a distance of eight or ten miles!

The number of granite columns that lie in the sea, particularly on the north of the island, is surprising. The east wall of the *inner* harbor is entirely founded upon them, and they are thickly spread over the bottom of the sea on every side. I have often rowed leisurely around the island to look at them when the surface was perfectly calm, and always with astonishment. Tyre must have been a city of columns and temples par excellence. The whole north end appears to have been one vast colonnade.

The land along the western shore, and the entire south half of the island, is now given up to cultivation, pasturage, and the general cemetery of the town; and here are found the remains of those splendid edifices for which Tyre was celebrated. About three years ago, the quarriers who were digging out stone for the government barracks at Beirût uncovered a large *hajarîyeh*—floor—a few feet below the surface. Descending through rubbish some ten feet farther, they came upon a beautiful marble pavement, among a confused mass of columns of every size and variety of rock. I went down and groped about amid these prostrate columns, and found the bases of some still in their original positions—parts of what was once a superb temple. One fragment of verd antique was particularly beautiful. In an adjoining quarry they had just turned out a marble statue of a female figure, full size, modestly robed, and in admirable preservation. May not this be the site and the remains of the famous temple of Belus, or of Jupiter Olympus, both mentioned by Dios; or of Astarte, or Hercules, described by Menander? It is the centre and highest part of the island, and must have been very conspicuous from the sea. The mind becomes quite bewildered with the mighty revolutions and desolations which such excavations reveal. The floor above these remains is the same in kind as those now made in Tyre, but the house to which it belonged has wholly disappeared, and must have been destroyed before the city of the Middle Ages was built, for it is outside of the walls; and yet the ruins of this temple were then buried so deep below the surface that the builder probably had not the

slightest idea of their existence. This collection of columns and marble floors was again covered up by the quarriers in their search for available stone, and the unconscious tourist now walks heedlessly over wrecks of ancient splendor, which astonished and delighted even the well-traveled "Father of History" four centuries before the birth of Christ. The entire southern half of the island is buried deep beneath just such ruins, and I hope the day is not distant when others will explore them besides poor quarriers, rummaging for building-stone at so many piastres per hundred.

Should any one ask incredulously where are the stones of ancient Tyre—where, at least, the remains of those lofty towers and triple walls which so excited the wonder and admiration of the Crusaders only some seven centuries ago, the preceding incidents will furnish a satisfactory reply. They are found in this depth of ruins, spread over the island, and over the causeway of Alexander. They are found in her choked-up harbor, and at the bottom of her sea. They are at Acre, and Joppa, and Beirût, and in the *rubbish* of all those cities. In fact, the only wonder is that so much still remains to reveal and confirm the ancient greatness of this Phœnician capital.

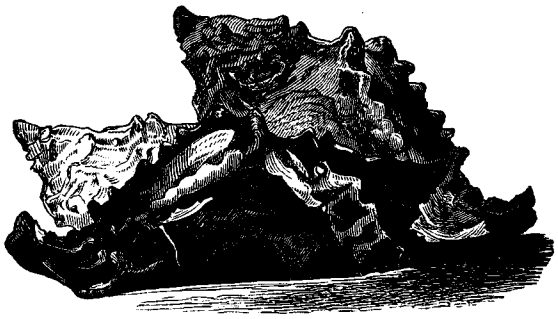
Do you suppose that the fountain outside of the gate has any connection with Ras el 'Ain?

The period of Tyre's greatest extent and glory was before the causeway was made, and it is not probable that an aqueduct was carried under the sea; and, besides, this fountain is not on the edge of the island nearest the main land, as it would have been had such an aqueduct been constructed, but three hundred paces farther west, in the interior of the original island. There is no need of such an hypothesis to explain any apparent mystery about this fountain. The strata along the coast dip toward the sea, and *pass under it.* Where they terminate abruptly at the shore, innumerable streams of water run out on a level with the surface, and below it. There are hundreds of such streams along this coast, and some of them very large. A little north of Ruad —the Arvad of the Bible—a fountain bursts up from the

bottom of the sea of such enormous size and power during the rainy months as to make the whole surface boil like a caldron. Now apply this to our fountain. The strata of the plain opposite the city dip under the sea at a very small angle, and, of course, pass below the island. A shaft sunk only a few feet deep will reach a stratum that extends to the main land, and water running beneath that stratum will pass under the island. Cut off such a stream by your shaft, and the water will rise as high as the conditions of the strata on the neighboring plain will admit. Accordingly, the people will tell you that water can be found on any part of the island by digging to the proper depth. It will generally be somewhat brackish, and this is to be expected from the close proximity to the sea. These facts explain, as I believe, how it was that the Tyrians could sustain such protracted sieges, as we know from history they repeatedly did. They appear never to have been straitened for water, because they had a supply on their own little island which the besiegers could not cut off.

Have you ever seen the shell-fish from which the far-famed Tyrian purple was obtained?

That variety of the Murex from which this dye was procured is found all along this coast, but it abounds most around the Bay of Acre. So, also, the Helix Janthina, from which a blue, with a delicate purple or lilac tinge may be extracted, is equally abundant. After a storm in winter you may gather thousands of them from the sandy beach south of Sidon. They are so extremely fragile that the waves soon grind them to dust. A kind of Buccinum is found here at Tyre, which has a dark crimson coloring matter about it, with a bluish, livid tinge. According to ancient authors, this was used to vary the shades of the purple. Pliny says the Tyrians ground the shell in mills to get at the dye. This could not have been the only process, because the remnants of these shells found in pits along the southeastern shore of our island were certainly broken or mashed, and not ground, and the same is true with the shells on the south of the wall at Sidon.



BROKEN PURPURA.

This Tyrian purple was celebrated in Greece, even in the remote age of Homer, who sings of

"Belts,
That, rich with Tyrian dye, refulgent glowed."

The references to these colors of red, purple, and scarlet in the Bible are more ancient still; indeed, from Genesis to Revelations they are so numerous, and so mingled and blended together, that it is almost impossible to particularize them; nor is it necessary; the merest child can turn to a score of them. And these colors are equally prevalent and popular at the present day among all classes of Orientals.

These and other matters which connect the history of Tyre with that of the people of God are invested with peculiar interest, and I have long desired to become intimately and accurately acquainted with them. I encounter a difficulty at the very beginning of her story. Isaiah calls Tyre the daughter of Sidon;[1] and Joshua mentions the "strong city Tyre" in describing the boundary of Asher,[2] from which it is certain that she was not a very young daughter even at the conquest of Canaan by the Jews; yet Josephus, in stating the exact time in which Solomon's temple was built, says there had passed two hundred and forty years from the founding of Tyre to the building of the temple; but Joshua lived more than four hundred years before Solomon. Here is a discrepancy of more than two hundred years.

[1] Isa. xxiii. 12. [2] Josh. xix. 29.

There is; and it is possible that Josephus wrote four hundred and forty instead of two hundred and forty. Such errors in copying might easily occur. But Josephus lived after the beginning of the Christian era, and may have had in his mind the city that then existed, and all agree that *it* was built long after continental Tyre. This Palai Tyrus had been totally subverted for seven hundred years when the Jewish historian wrote, and he may have dropped it out of view entirely, and spoken only of that city concerning which the Roman world would feel interested. Insular Tyre was very likely not built more than two hundred and forty years before the time of Solomon. At any rate, the testimony of Joshua that there was a Tyre in his day is decisive, and if the statement of Josephus could in no way be reconciled with it, we should not hesitate which to believe. I understand him, however, to refer to different cities, and thus there is no contradiction.

Where do you find the site of continental Tyre?

It extended, I suppose, from the great fountains of Ras el 'Ain northward, included the long, low Tell Habeish as its acropolis, and in its greatest prosperity probably reached the shore opposite the island. The whole of the *Tell* is full of buried foundations. Reschid Pasha, the present grand vizier, has purchased this neighborhood, and within two years has planted fifty thousand mulberry-trees, besides olives and fruit-trees, and seems determined to revive the place again. But the people say the enterprise must fail, because God has declared that Tyre shall never be rebuilt. Thus far the success is not very satisfactory. The mulberry-trees flourish well enough, but the place has proved so unhealthy that the peasants refuse to reside there. Last summer the Pasha's agent had workmen erecting houses on Tell Habeish, and I was greatly interested to see that wherever the men dug for foundations, they came upon old works, which must have belonged to what Diodorus called Palai Tyrus in his day. Pliny says that it was thirty furlongs from insular Tyre to the south, which agrees with this locality, and with no other.

This was that joyous city, whose antiquity was of ancient days, even when Isaiah sang the burden of Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth.[1] The Lord of hosts proposed by this utter overthrow to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth. It is of this city that Ezekiel says, Thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt be any more.[2] And, so far as one can judge, it will never be a city again. Alexander, as Arrian relates, scraped off the very dust of old Tyre to build his causeway, and now you can find none of the remains except by digging below the surface. Even this feeble attempt of Reschid Pasha to revive the site of old Tyre has proved a losing speculation. It is so sickly that not even a village of any size can be established there, and, should the plain become again densely peopled, the villages will be built at a distance from this fatal spot.

In the prophecies relating to Tyre, there seems to be a blending together of the continental and the insular city, so that it is often difficult to distinguish which of the two is meant.

There is; but this is in entire accordance with the general method of prophetic announcements. Those of our Saviour in regard to the destruction of the city and temple of Jerusalem are mixed up with other matters connected with, or analogous to that great event, and it is impossible now to assign to each its proper part. There is, in reality, a propriety in thus joining together continental and insular Tyre. The same people—guilty of the same vices—they deserved and received the same judgments, though in different degrees and at various times. The one was totally destroyed, never to rise again; the other repeatedly overwhelmed, but again partially reviving, just as the whole drift of the prophecies would lead us to expect. Indeed, it is nearly certain that the two cities were actually connected long before Alexander joined the island to the coast, and thus there would be no impropriety in speaking of them as

[1] Isa. xxiii. 7, 8, 9. [2] Ezek. xxvii. 36.

one great whole. Josephus, in his controversy with Apion, states distinctly, on the authority of Dius, who, he says, wrote the Phœnician history accurately, that Hiram joined the temple of Jupiter Olympus, which stood before on an island by itself, to the city by raising a causeway between them. There never has been more than one island here, and the causeway must have joined that to the main land. Thus the ancient city and the island were connected even in the time of Solomon; nor would the work be very difficult, owing to the shallowness of the water. This, with other notices of Tyre by Menander the Ephesian, render it highly probable that continental Tyre extended along the shore from Ras el 'Ain to the island; and this, again, agrees with the statement of Pliny, that Tyre was nineteen miles in circumference, including old Tyre, but without it about four. A line which would now include the island and Ras el 'Ain might easily be so drawn as to be nineteen miles long, while the utmost extent of the walls around the island alone would be nearly four miles, as Pliny has it.

The history of this fallen representative of ancient wealth, commerce, and civilization spreads over so many ages of stirring activity—there is so much to be seen, and so many are the reflections suggested by what is no longer to be seen, that one becomes quite bewildered.

It is, indeed, long since Joshua divided yonder hills and valleys between Asher and Naphtali, and during a large portion of this time Tyre was the most splendid city, perhaps, in the world. In the days of David and Solomon she was able not merely to maintain her independence in presence of these mighty conquerors, but by her unrivaled skill in arts and architecture she became an honored ally and necessary partner in the enterprise of building a temple for the Most High to dwell in. From this time she is associated, more or less intimately, with the history of God's chosen people for a thousand years. They had, in general, the same enemies, and, to a certain extent, shared the same fortunes. When the kings of Nineveh, or Babylon, or of Egypt came against the land of Israel, they attacked Tyre

also. Yet, in spite of all her enemies, she flourished beyond a parable. The Hebrew historians, prophets, and poets constantly allude to her power, wealth, luxury, and vices, and Ezekiel seems to tax the entire geography of the known world to set forth the extent of her commerce and the multitude of her riches. It would take a volume to trace the varied fortunes of Tyre through Egyptian, Chaldean, Macedonian, Roman, Saracenic, Frank, and Turkish dynasties, down to the present wretched representative of so much greatness and glory. With but few exceptions, it is now a cluster of miserable huts, inhabited by about three thousand five hundred impoverished Metawelies and Arab Christians, destitute alike of education, of arts, and of enterprise, carrying on with Egypt a small trade in tobacco from the neighboring hills, and of lava mill-stones from the Hauran. This is a sorry schedule for the name of Tyre, but it is about all she can exhibit:

"Dim is her glory, gone her fame,
Her boasted wealth has fled;
On her proud rock, alas! her shame,
The fisher's net is spread.
The Tyrian harp has slumbered long,
And Tyria's mirth is low;
The timbrel, dulcimer, and song
Are hushed, or wake to woe."

It is, indeed, a fearful falling off from the catalogue in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel. Can you follow the geography of the prophet with any degree of certainty?

Not in all cases, but we can make a nearer approximation than might be supposed. It well deserves a careful study; for, judged by its undoubted antiquity, it is the most important geographical document, and by far the most suggestive commercial tariff in existence; and now is the time, and this the place, to examine it with pleasure and profit. Undeterred, therefore, by its length, let us read over this 27th chapter of Ezekiel, and a few very brief additions to the text will show how many of the countries named are now known, and how far the commodities and the characteristics ascribed to them still hold good.

O thou that art situated at the entry of the sea—beautifully significant of continental and insular Tyre united—a merchant of the people for many isles, thus saith the Lord God: O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. They have made all thy ship boards of fir-trees from Senir (Mount Hermon), and of cedars from Lebanon have they made thy masts. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars, and thy benches of ivory brought out of the isles of Chittim (Cyprus and the Grecian islands). Fine linen, with broidered work from Egypt, was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail—and Egypt still deals largely in linen, though not remarkably "fine"—purple and scarlet from Elishah (Greek islands and neighboring nations) was that which covered thee. The inhabitants of Sidon and Arvad were thy mariners (Arvad is now wholly inhabited by mariners). The ancients of Gebal were thy calkers (and their city is still found on the shore north of Ruad; or, if Jebeîl be meant, tar and pitch for calking are made on the mountains above it). They of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut were in thine army (Phud and Lud were in Mesopotamia[1]). Tarshish (Tarsus in Cilicia, possibly Tartessus in Spain) was thy merchant, with silver, iron, tin, and lead (and in both these regions rich mines of these metals abounded in ancient days, and are still found). Javan, Tubal, and Meshech (Northern Asia Minor, Georgia, and Circassia) traded the persons of men (as they still do, or more frequently the persons of women). They of the house of Togarmah (Armenia) traded in thy fairs with horses and mules (and this country is still celebrated for its horses). The men of Dedan (Ethiopia and along the Red Sea) brought thee for a present horns of ivory and ebony. Syria occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple, and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate. Judah and the land of Israel traded in thy market wheat of Minnith and Pannag (in the Howran[2]), and honey, and oil, and balm. Damascus was thy merchant in wine of Helbon (Aleppo, or more probably from a city some twenty miles north of Da-

[1] Judith ii, 23.

[2] Josephus v, 7, 10.

mascus) and white wool. Dan and Javan going to and fro (Arabs from the Persian Gulf) occupied in thy fairs: bright iron, cassia, and calamus. Dedan in South Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, occupied with thee in lambs, rams, and goats (and Southern Palestine is now supplied with them from the same regions). The merchants of Sheba and Raamah occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones and gold. (The Abyssinians claim Sheba, and Raamah was probably in the same region, where spices grow and precious stones are gathered.) Haran and Canneh, Eden and Sheba, Asshur and Chilmad (which ends the list, were countries and cities along the Euphrates and Tigris), they were merchants in all sorts of things, blue cloths, broidered work, and chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar. The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market, and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas.

Thus extensive was the commerce of Tyre. From Abyssinia and Arabia on the south, to Armenia and Georgia on the north, and from the frontiers of India to the utmost islands of Greece, and, indeed, far beyond both, came to this little spot—the caravans by land and the ships by sea—a commerce rarely exceeded in extent and variety—a concentration of wealth and luxury which few cities of any age or country could boast. No doubt her merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable men of the earth. How impressive the change! Well might the isles shake at the sound of her fall.[1] Her present utter prostration and poverty are abundantly sufficient to meet the demands of prophecy, even without reference to continental Tyre, which has been literally wiped off the map of the earth. She has sunk down to the dust beneath the heavy "burden" of prophecy; nor can she ever recover her ancient glory without a succession of mighty physical, moral, and political miracles, such as the world has never seen, and which we have no reason to expect.

Must we not allow a very wide application to some of

[1] Ezek. xxvi. 15–21.

Ezekiel's names, in order to compass the entire range of Tyrian commerce?

No doubt; and therefore great latitude must be given westward to Elishah, Chittim, and Tarshish, and northward to Javan, Tubal, and Togarmah; to Aram, Persia, and Dedan eastward, and to Sheba and Raamah toward the south. Many of these names were probably applied in a loose way to regions but little known and of vast extent. Hiram had ships that traded from Ezion-geber, at the head of the Gulf of Akabah, out into the Indian Ocean, and brought from Ophir, once in three years, almug-trees, precious stones, silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks.[1] And so, also, through Carthage and Cadiz, their commerce spread along the whole northern coast of Africa and southern shores of Europe, and even to Ireland and England. Ezekiel could not have been ignorant of this, and it is fair to explain his catalogue according to this large interpretation.

After all, the commerce of Tyre was very limited in *variety* as compared with that of modern times—neither cotton, nor silk, nor rice, nor Indian corn, nor sugar, nor coffee, nor tea, nor tobacco, nor potatoes, nor oranges, nor any of the almost countless fruits and nuts which enrich our markets of the present day. It is fair to conclude that there has been a very great advance in all the arts of life since that early day.

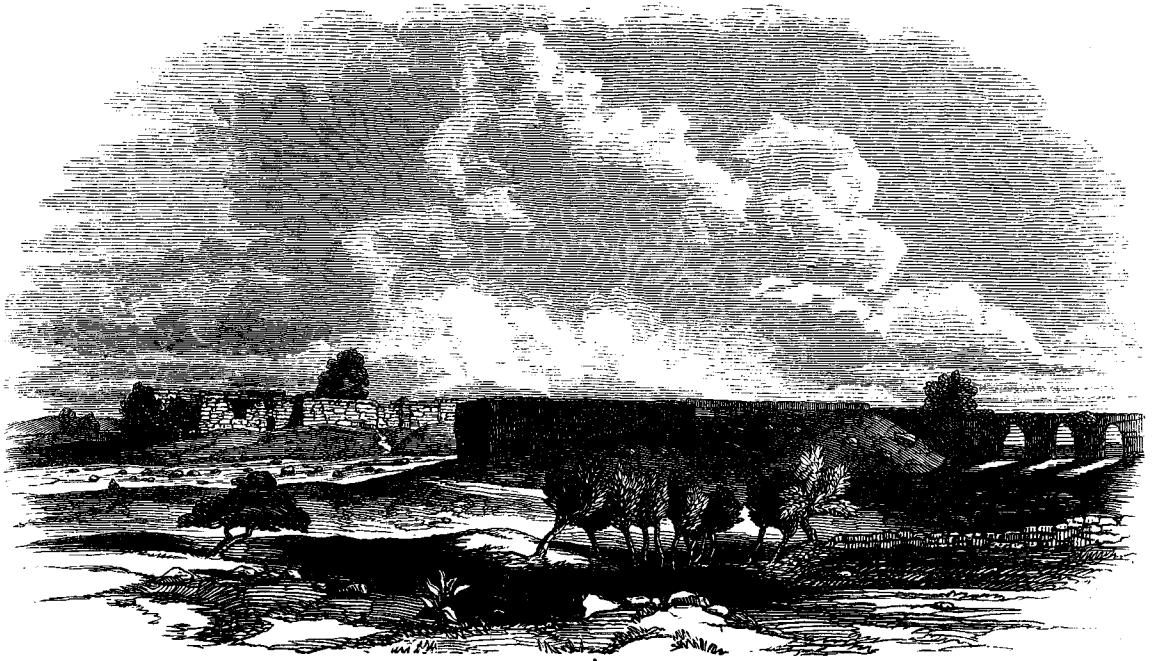
28*th*. It has taken just an hour to ride from our tent to this celebrated Ras el 'Ain.

And, as our pace has been more rapid than usual, the distance is full thirty furlongs, and our ride has thus corroborated the statement of Strabo in regard to the central site of continental Tyre, though the whole distance from this to the island must have been occupied by the city and suburbs in the days of her greatest prosperity and largest extent.

These pools—*birkehs* you call them—are, indeed, extraordinary structures, and appear to be very ancient.

As old, perhaps, as the Pools of Solomon, in which case they may have been erected by Hiram himself, the friend

[1] 1 Kings ix. 26–28; and x. 11, 22.

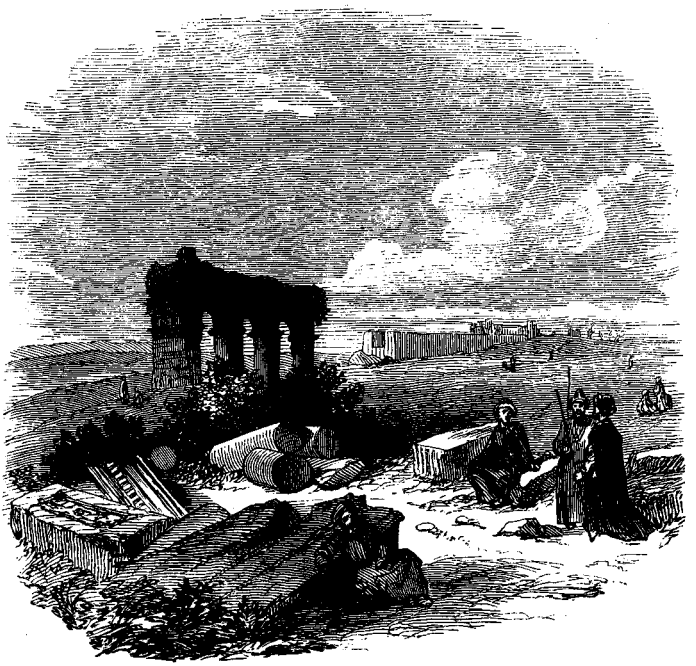


RAS EL 'AIN.

and ally of the wise king. These vast masses of tufaceous deposit bear convincing evidence of extreme antiquity. They mark the line of the aqueduct which connected this lowest birkeh with the canal which led the water from the other two northward over the plain. It must have taken hundreds, if not thousands of years, to deposit such hills of tufa, and yet this canal itself has been entirely broken away for centuries, no one knows how many. The supposition that Alexander built these pools can not be maintained with any probability. He was here too short a time, and in no mood of mind to benefit or adorn the place with such noble cisterns. They are much more ancient than his day. I have the impression that the old aqueduct, which we shall trace out on our return along the upper edge of the plain northward to that fine Tell called Mashûk, describes the circuit, in that direction, of the ancient city in its largest extent. In the mean while, you observe that this most seaward cistern is octagonal, about eighty feet in diameter, and twenty deep. This large volume of water is now of no farther use than to drive those mills attached to its walls, after which it flows down directly into the sea. Anciently, however, it was connected with the great canal which carried the water of all three birkehs to the city and over the plain. The other two cisterns are some twenty rods farther east, and close together.

These fountains rise from the bottom of this shallow vale, which descends toward the sea. The geological cause I suppose to be the obtrusion here of a thick formation of that unstratified sandstone which abounds all along this coast. The water, descending from the eastern mountains, meets at this point with this formation, and is compelled to rise to the surface to find a passage to the sea. These pools were built around the separate fountains to elevate the water sufficiently high to irrigate the plain, and it might be raised still higher, I presume, if there was any occasion to do so. These two are not so large as the one below, and the water of both is not equal to that alone. The upper of these is fifty-two feet by forty-seven, and twelve deep, and

the other fifty-two by thirty-six, and sixteen deep; and the channel connecting them is forty-three feet long. The water enters the canal from the second, and is carried over the whole plain northward to Tell M'ashûk, and in ancient days to the city itself. At present, however, as there is no need of irrigation, it passes out by three separate channels, and drives as many mills. From the upper one, also, the water is let into the aqueduct, which crosses the wady southward on that row of arches. This is not a very ancient work; and, indeed, the birkeh itself seems more modern than the other two. The walls of the second birkeh vary in thickness from twenty-three to twelve feet, and much of the heavy casing-stone has been carried away. Still, it will stand for thousands of years to come, if not purposely destroyed. The water is largely impregnated with lime and earthy mat-



RUINS OF ANCIENT AQUEDUCT.

ter, and is called thukîl (heavy) by the Arabs. It is considered unhealthy, and the locality hereabouts is so to a proverb; nevertheless, it is a beautiful place, and might be made a very paradise were it not for this single difficulty. But Eden itself, with ague and jaundice, would be a miserable abode. These fine geese and ducks, however, are more than contented with it; and to see any thing so truly American, so clean, and so happy, is quite worth the ride here from the city.

Where is the district of Cabul, which Solomon gave to Hiram in return for his cedar and fir trees out of Lebanon?

The account of this matter in 1 Kings ix. 11–13 is remarkable, and reads like an addition to the history by a later hand. Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities in the land of Galilee, and, as they did not please him, he called the land Cabûl *unto this day.* What day? that on which the record was made, I suppose. These twenty cities were mere villages, of course, and it is a genuine Eastern trick to dignify a small present with a pompous name. And so the remonstrance of Hiram with Solomon is very natural, "What cities are these which thou hast given me, *my brother?*" and then he fastens upon the gift a name of contempt, Cabûl, vile or displeasing, a mode of expressing and of perpetuating dissatisfaction eminently Oriental. Josephus says that these cities were not far from Tyre, but this throws very little light on the locality. There is a village in Wady Shaghûr, east of Acre, bearing this very name. This may have been the largest, and the other nineteen were probably small places immediately adjacent to, and dependent upon it. Cabûl certainly belonged to Galilee, and this is the only place in that district bearing that name. This identification seems to make the dominion of Hiram extend southward at least to Acre; nor is this unlikely, for the sea-coast was never in actual possession of the Jews. And so Hiram must have ruled over Lebanon above Sidon, and even much farther north, for the cedar and fir which he furnished to David and Solomon grew on the mountains east and northeast of Sidon. We may safely conclude that at that early day Tyre

had entirely eclipsed the mother city, if she had not actually reduced Sidon to a mere dependency of her own.

I have been out examining the remains of the cathedral mentioned by most visitants to Tyre. It must have been a noble edifice. Is there any reason to doubt that these ruins belonged to that grand basilica built by Paulinus, and so pompously described by Eusebius in his speech at the consecration of the edifice?

None that I know of or can suggest. He says it was by far the most noble in Phœnicia, and the present remains justify the assertion. The foundation of no other ancient church in this country can compare with it. The whole consecration speech of Eusebius is well worth a careful study, not so much for its inflated oratory, as for the light which it throws on the style of ecclesiastical architecture at the beginning of the fourth century. "It appears to be superfluous," says he, "to describe the dimensions, length, and breadth of the edifice, the grandeur that surpasses description, and the dazzling aspect of works glittering in the face of the speaker, the heights rising to the heavens," etc. Now I wish he had performed just this superfluous work. It is not easy to ascertain these facts at present. My measurements give for the length two hundred and twenty-two feet, and for the breadth a hundred twenty-nine and a half; and by estimation from the spring of the arch at the east end, the height to the dome must have been at least eighty feet. Native ecclesiastical traditions assign a far greater elevation, probably suggested by the words of Eusebius, "the height rising to the heavens." I have been gravely assured that Cyprus could be seen from the top, which, under the most favorable circumstances, requires a stand-point not lower than eighteen hundred feet. The tradition is therefore incredible and absurd.

Our largest dimensions I understand to include that "wider space, the outer inclosure, strengthened with a wall to compass the edifice, that it might be a most secure bulwark to the whole work." The south and east of this outer bulwark can still be measured quite accurately. The entrance was,

of course, from the west, and into "a large and lofty vestibule." Passing through this, the worshiper found himself in a "quadrangular space, having four inclined porticoes, supported and adorned with pillars on every side;" and there stood those noble rose-granite columns, specimens of which now lie half buried beneath the ruins at the west end. I suppose others would appear if the modern huts, and hills of rubbish which now choke up the whole area, were cleared away. We can not follow Eusebius through all the intricacies of an ancient cathedral, but, having noticed so much as still remains for the tourist to examine and compare with his description, we take our leave, commending the oration to the study of the curious about such matters.

We may, of course, infer that Tyre early became a Christian city?

No doubt. Indeed, it is clear from Acts xxi. 3–7 that Paul found a considerable number of disciples here on his visit to Jerusalem from Greece. He remained with them a week, and when he left, "they all brought us on our way, with their wives and children, till we were out of the city, and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed." I have often been reminded of this interesting scene when taking leave of my Tyrian friends outside of the city, on the same sea-shore. These people of modern Phœnicia are especially given to such external manifestations of friendship. Leaving, they accompany you; returning, they go forth to meet and welcome you. It is, in fact, a stringent and tyrannical custom, the neglect of which is felt as an insult, remembered long, and paid back with interest on the first favorable occasion.

What does "yukta ámmrû" mean?

Hah! what are you driving at now?

Nothing in particular, only Salîm was dealing it out very plentifully just now in the market. The fact is, I have, for the first time in my life, come in personal contact with that very ancient law concerning things clean and unclean, and have been surprised and somewhat scandalized to find myself classed among the latter.

Indeed! so you have been among the Metāwely shopkeepers?

Yes; and a queer set they are. Walking through the market, I picked up a specimen of dried figs to examine, when the owner shouted out something very savage at me, which I took to mean put it back, and, in all haste, was going to do so, to avoid a brawl in the streets; but at this he was more furious than before. I looked to Salîm for an explanation, and he said, "Yukta ámmrû!" half a dozen times, and then told me that the owner says you have "nejest" it. "And what is that?" "Why, only, sir, that you make it dirty—no, not that, you make him unclean, sir." "How! I make him unclean?" "Yukta ámmrû! he tink so by his religion." "Oh, I understand. According to his creed, I have defiled his figs by touching them." "Yes, sir; yukta ámmrû!" and he kept on growling to himself as he walked the street, "You one gentleman Amelican defile this Metāwely beast! yukta ámmrû!"

There, that will do. This is a favorite form of cursing, which Master Salîm would not have used so freely if I had been present. This people are fearfully profane. Every body curses and swears when in a passion. No people that I have ever known can compare with these Orientals for profaneness in the use of the names and attributes of God. The evil habit seems inveterate and universal. When Peter, therefore, began to curse and to swear on that dismal night of temptation,[1] we are not to suppose that it was something foreign to his former habits. He merely relapsed, under high excitement, into what, as a sailor and a fisherman, he had been accustomed to all his life. The people now use the very same sort of oaths that are mentioned and condemned by our Lord.[2] They swear by the head, by their life, by heaven, and by the temple, or, what is in its place, the church. The forms of cursing and swearing, however, are almost infinite, and fall on the pained ear all day long.

If the laws of Moses concerning things and persons unclean were intended to keep the Jews from mingling with

[1] Matt. xxvi. 74. [2] Matt. v. 34–36.

the surrounding nations, nothing more effectual could have been devised for this purpose. I know by experience that it even renders it very unpleasant to reside in a Metāwely village, and is an effectual barrier against forming any intimate relations with them. You never contract friendships with persons who will neither eat, drink with, nor visit you, and into whose houses you can not enter without contracting or imparting defilement. The law must be broken down before people thus situated can either unite in religious ceremonies or contract family alliances. These Metāwelies do thus live separated, both in fact and feeling, from their neighbors, hating all, hated by all. Of course, they refuse to eat with all classes except themselves, and so it was with the Jews. Even the Apostles esteemed it a thing unclean to associate or to eat with one of another nation. Peter said to Cornelius, Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company or come to one of another nation;[1] and it required a voice from heaven thrice repeated to convince him that he should not call any man common or unclean. Nor did this divine vision permanently cure him of this deeply-rooted feeling, for not long after it he separated himself, and refused to eat with Gentile converts at Antioch, and was led into a guilty dissimulation in consequence, which Paul openly and sternly rebuked.[2] We need not, therefore, be surprised at the strength of this custom among these poor Metāwelies.

From whom did they derive this law?

It is impossible to ascertain. In its details it so closely resembles the Mosaic precepts concerning ceremonial defilements as to suggest the idea that they have borrowed it from the Jews. Their rules are almost exactly the same as those found in the 11th chapter of Leviticus, even to the breaking of earthen vessels which have become defiled. And this resemblance is carried into many other things besides clean and unclean meats, drinks, apparel, and vessels for household use. The law which obliged persons affected with loathsome diseases to dwell without the camp[3] is still

[1] Acts x. 28. [2] Gal. ii. 12, 13. [3] Levit. xiii. 46.

in force, not merely among tent-dwelling Arabs, but also with these people. We spent the hot summer months of 1852 in a village above Sidon. The inhabitants are nearly all Metāwelies, and very fanatical. On a rocky hill south of our house, a poor woman was thus separated, living in a booth of green branches. She was not allowed to leave her solitary shelter, and no one was permitted to visit her but the person who carried her daily allowance of food. There she passed her wretched days and nights until death delivered her from this dismal solitude. We remonstrated with the people against this barbarity, and the *men* consented to have her brought into a room hired for the purpose, where we could provide suitable food, and Dr. Van Dyck prescribe for her disease. But the *women* rose in furious clamor and rebellion against the proposal, and we were obliged to abandon it. We did this more willingly when we ascertained that the dying wretch herself would neither take the medicines nor taste our food, and yet she was being devoured by that horrid disease generated by vice and pollution. I was amazed at the barbarity and hypocrisy of the women. Sternly they passed her by, day after day, until she died; but then they assembled in troops, and screamed, and tossed their arms, and tore their hair in boisterous grief. There is a sad callousness in the composition of this people; at least they lack those beautiful traits of kindness and sympathy with the diseased and wretched which so adorn Christian countries, and fill them with hospitals, societies, and committees to shelter, aid, and cure them. Religion makes the difference; not that the Metāwelies are without religion, and plenty of it too. While the above tragedy was slowly enacting before our eyes, the feast of Ramadan was kept in its utmost stringency, though it was blazing midsummer, and the people nearly perished with thirst. They neither ate, drank, nor smoked for more than fourteen hours of fierce sunshine, and even young children were forced to go through this long fast. There was public prayer, too, in abundance, a sort of Metāwely protracted meeting.

Even the women assembled daily at the fountains, per-

forming their ablutions, and going through their genuflections and prostrations beneath the noble walnut-trees which adorn the hill sides of beautiful Jebaah. Nowhere else have I seen Moslem women thus pray in public, and the whole performance is immodest and disgusting. They are a sallow, forlorn, and ill-conditioned generation, every way inferior to the Christian women who dwell by their side. It is religion that makes the difference, even though the Christianity known there is little better than a caricature of the religion of Jesus.

Before leaving these Metāwelies, I must call your attention to the remarkable resemblance between them and the Jews. They have the Jewish contour and countenance, and even cultivate their love-locks after the same fashion. They are also alike in one other respect: though both are afraid to associate with you lest you contaminate and pollute them, they are both so intolerably filthy in all their habits and habitations that it is no great trial to avoid and be avoided by them.

In the 11th chapter of Leviticus and the 14th of Deuteronomy we have an extended enumeration of things clean and unclean, of what might be eaten and what not: are these laws and customs still in force in this country to any considerable extent?

Those distinctions are still kept up among various classes of people, but not exactly as Moses ordained. The camel was forbidden to the Jews, and it is still rejected by all except the wild Arabs. The cony is so rare that I have not heard of its being eaten, but suppose it would be allowed, as it resembles the rabbit, which few, except Jews, hesitate to eat. Swine are still held in abomination by Moslems, Jews, Druses, and most Orientals. Even some Christians refuse swine's flesh. Except by the Jews, there is no attention, apparently, paid now to the distinction between what has and what has not scales, but any thing from the sea fit to eat is used without hesitation. The eagle, ossifrage, and osprey, vultures, hawks, kites, owls, ravens, and crows, after their kinds, are all rejected. The stork is sometimes

eaten by Druses. Swans, geese, ducks, snipes, and all kinds of pigeons, doves, partridges, quails, larks, and an endless variety of small birds, are highly prized. The locust is still eaten by Bedawin Arabs; so is the snail; but I have never heard that beetles were used for food, and suppose it to be a mistranslation in Leviticus xi. 22. Bats, rats, mice, the tortoise, hedgehog, squirrels, ferrets, and lizards of all varieties, are rejected; "whatsoever goeth upon his *paws*, among all manner of beasts that go on all four, those are unclean," and they are generally so to this day.

We have one curiosity of Old Tyre yet to examine, and had better devote this fine morning to it. I wish to show you some of her most ancient walls. They lie buried beneath those sand-heaps where the causeway is joined to the island. The workmen sent to open the entrance for us say they have found the place, and, while they are clearing away the sand, we will trace the line of the wall from sea to sea. This large mass of old rubble-work marks the southeast angle, and from it the direction of the original wall along the margin of the island, toward the north, is easily followed to the opposite bay, and by descending into this vault we can see what sort of workmanship it was. Take off your coat, and slide down after me, crab-fashion, and with as much caution as you have at command, and now you stand beneath the most ancient vault that ever spread its arch over your head. Stop a moment until we light our tapers, for the interior is as dark as the centre of a tar-barrel.

We are nearly on the water-line, and are passing along the extreme eastern ledge of the island. The main wall is on our left, protected outside by this strong arched culvert, which rests against it, forming a vast vault, which probably extended the whole length of the island from south to north. In it thousands of soldiers could stand in safety and shoot through these lancet loopholes. Here were congregated those bold Tyrians who so long and so desperately resisted the fierce Macedonian, and so often thwarted his efforts by destroying his works. Give your particular attention to the *bevel* of these great stones in the main wall. Let your eye

become familiar with it, for you will learn to look with the respect due to most venerable antiquity upon every stone that has this mark upon it.

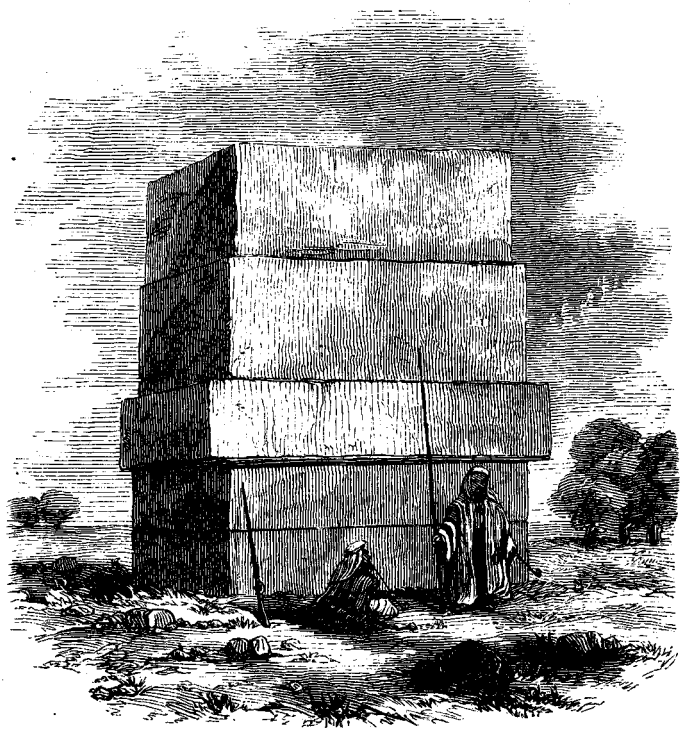
It would be easy to open a ditch along the line of this wall from south to north, and thus again make Tyre an island. Indeed, William of Tyre says that in his time this was actually done. He calls the ditch a "vallum late patens," something more than an ordinary fosse, and into it the sea could be introduced from both sides. I regard this section of the old wall as by far the most interesting relic of ancient Tyre.

XIV. TYRE TO KANAH.

March 1st.

It is delightful to be again on our journey, and the more so that the region into which we are about to penetrate is absolutely unknown to me.

We are now crossing the territory of Asher toward the Kanah, which belonged to that tribe; but it is not probable that the Jews ever had possession of this plain, nor even certain that Kanah itself was inhabited by them. East of it lies the country of the warlike tribe of Naphtali, where Jews always resided from the days of Joshua until several centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem; and even yet they cling to certain places in it with invincible tenacity. How beautiful the sea, the city, and the plain from these hills! and as the eye runs along the sloping declivities north and south, it rests on many a ruin which bears indubitable marks of Phœnician origin. I have wandered from place to place among them, hoping to find inscriptions in that ancient language, but in vain; and since they have no historic interest, it is useless to load the memory, or cram one's note-book with long lists of unpronounceable names. Here, however, is something which merits attention. That singular structure is called Hiram's Tomb, upon what authority, except native tradition, I know not. But as there is nothing in the monument itself inconsistent with the idea that it marks the final resting-place of that respectable friend of Solomon, I am inclined to allow the claim to pass unquestioned. It bears about it unmistakable marks of extreme antiquity. The base consists of two tiers of great stones, each three feet thick, thirteen feet long, and eight feet eight inches broad. Above this is one huge stone, a little more than fifteen feet long, ten broad, and three feet four inches thick. Over this is another, twelve feet three inches long, eight broad, and six high. The top stone is a little smaller every way, and only five feet thick. The entire height is twenty-one feet. There is nothing like it in this country, and it may well have stood, as it now does, ever since the days of Solomon.



TOMB OF HIRAM.

These large, broken sarcophagi scattered around it are assigned by tradition to Hiram's mother, wife, and family. Concerning them nothing need or can be said. This whole neighborhood abounds in Phœnician remains, and it is quite natural that it should be so. The situation is beautiful; near enough, and sufficiently high, to command the then glorious prospect of plain, city, and crowded harbor; and no doubt the country-seats and summer residences of Tyre's "merchant princes" crowned these hills. This village of Hanaweih is built out of the ruins of such palaces, and similar remains lie scattered over all the neighborhood.

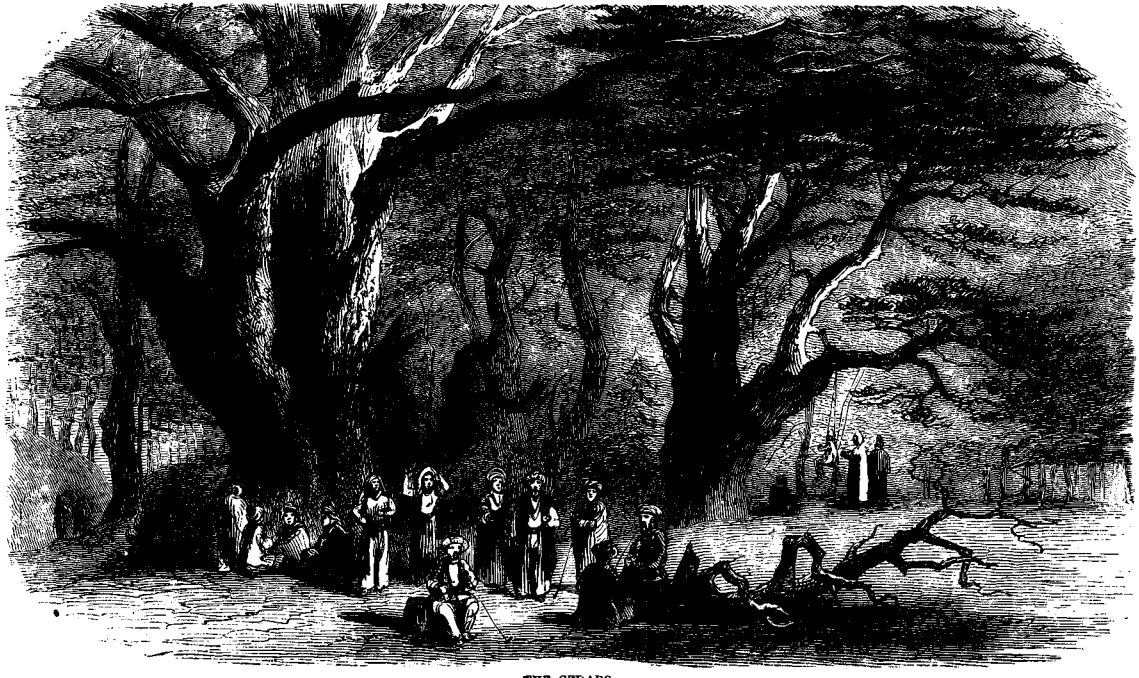
Are there any of the cedar-trees which Hiram transported by sea to Joppa still found on these mountains?

I do not suppose there ever were any, for Lebanon terminates with Jebel Rihan, far to the northeast of Tyre. These lower mountains, comprising the territories of Asher and Naphtali, are the favorite zone of the oak and the terebinth. Even the pine is rarely seen, and the cedar never. It is only on the loftier ranges of Lebanon that they flourish, and the true Biblical cedar is now confined to a single locality.* Hiram, I suppose, had the control of these mountains, and brought the cedar-tree to the coast at Tripoli, Batrone, Jebail, or Beirût.

Have you ever visited these cedars?

Many times. They are situated high up on the western slope of Lebanon, ten hours southeast from Tripoli. Besherrah is directly west, in the romantic gorge of the Khadîsha, two thousand feet below them, and Ehden is three hours distant on the road to Tripoli. In no other part of Syria are the mountains so Alpine, the proportions so gigantic, the ravines so profound and awful. You must not leave the country without visiting the cedars. There are several routes to them, and all wild—exciting—delightful. One of the most romantic is to climb Lebanon from Beirût quite to the base of Jebel Knîseh, then wind northward around the heads of the stupendous gorges made by the rivers of Beirût, Antelîas, Dog River, Nahr Ibrahim, Nahr el Jous, and the Khadîsha. I have repeatedly followed that wildest of routes, with or without a path, as the case might be, clinging to the shelving declivities midway to heaven, with a billowy wilderness of rocks and ravines sinking away westward down to the sea. The very thought of it at this minute is positively intoxicating. The platform where the cedars stand is more than six thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and around it are gathered the very tallest and grayest heads of Lebanon. The forest is not large—not more

* Those travelers who speak of finding these cedars in abundance on other parts of Lebanon are simply mistaken in the tree. There are considerable groves of cedar in various places, generally along the very highest range; for example, north of Tomat Niha, above Barûk, Aphcah, and other similar localities, but they are quite different from *the* cedar of Lebanon.



THE CEDARS.

than five hundred trees, great and small, grouped irregularly on the sides of shallow ravines, which mark the birthplace of the Khadîsha, or Holy River.

But, though the space covered by them does not exceed half a dozen acres, yet, when fairly within the grove, and beneath the giant arms of those old patriarchs of a hundred generations, there comes a solemn hush upon the soul as if by enchantment. Precisely the same sort of magic spell settles on the spirits no matter how often you repeat your visits. But it is most impressive in the night. Let us by all means arrange to sleep there. The universal silence is almost painful. The gray old towers of Lebanon, still as a stone, stand all around, holding up the stars of heaven to look at you, and the trees gather like phantoms about you, and wink knowingly, or seem to, and whisper among themselves you know not what. You become suspicious, nervous, until, broad awake, you find that it is nothing but the flickering of your drowsy fire, and the feeble flutter of bats among the boughs of the trees. A night among the cedars is never forgotten; the impressions, electrotyped, are hid away in the inner chamber of the soul, among her choicest treasures, to be visited a thousand times with never-failing delight.

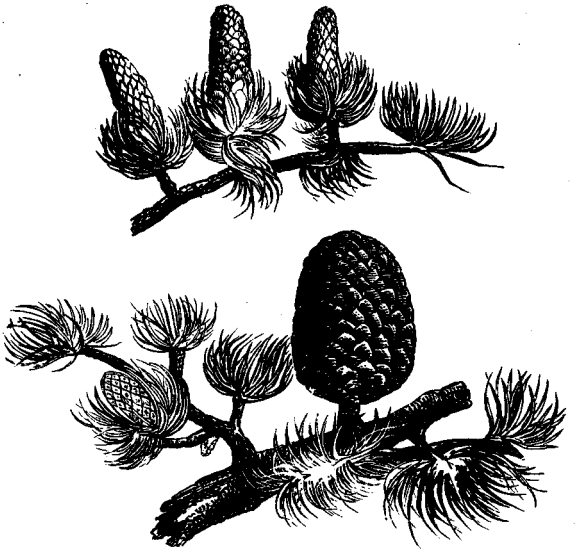
There is a singular discrepancy in the statements of travelers with regard to the number of trees. Some mention seven, others thirteen — intending, doubtless, only those whose age and size rendered them Biblical, or at least historical. It is not easy, however, to draw any such line of demarcation. There is a complete gradation from small and comparatively young to the very oldest patriarchs of the forest. I counted four hundred and forty-three, great and small, and this can not be far from the true number. This, however, is not uniform. Some are struck down by lightning, broken by enormous loads of snow, or torn to fragments by tempests. Even the sacrilegious axe is sometimes lifted against them. But, on the other hand, young trees are constantly springing up from the roots of old ones, and from seeds of ripe cones. I have seen these infant cedars in

thousands just springing from the soil; but, as the grove is wholly unprotected, and greatly frequented both by men and animals, they are quickly destroyed. This fact, however, proves that the number might be increased ad libitum. Beyond a doubt, the whole of these upper terraces of Lebanon might again be covered with groves of this noble tree, and furnish timber enough not only for Solomon's Temple and the house of the forest of Lebanon, but for all the houses along this coast. But, unless a wiser and more provident government controls the country, such a result can never be realized, and, indeed, the whole forest will slowly die out under the dominion of the Arab and Turk. Even in that case the tree will not be lost. It has been propagated by the nut or seed in many parks in Europe, and there are more of them within fifty miles of London than on all Lebanon.

We have seen larger trees every way, and much taller, on the banks of the Ohio, and the loftiest cedar might take shelter under the lowest branches of California's vegetable glories. Still, they are respectable trees. The girth of the largest is more than forty-one feet; the height of the highest may be one hundred. These largest, however, part into two or three only a few feet from the ground. Their age is very uncertain, nor are they more ready to reveal it than others who have an uneasy consciousness of length of days. Very different estimates have been made. Some of our missionary band, who have experience in such matters, and confidence in the results, have counted the *growths* (as we Western people call the annual concentric circles) for a few inches into the trunk of the oldest cedar, and from such data carry back its birth three thousand five hundred years. It may be so. They are carved full of names and dates, going back several generations, and the growth *since* the *earliest date* has been almost nothing. At this rate of increase they must have been growing ever since the Flood. But young trees enlarge far faster, so that my confidence in estimates made from such specimens is but small.

The wood, bark, cones, and even leaves of the cedar are saturated, so to speak, with resin. The *heart* has the red ce-

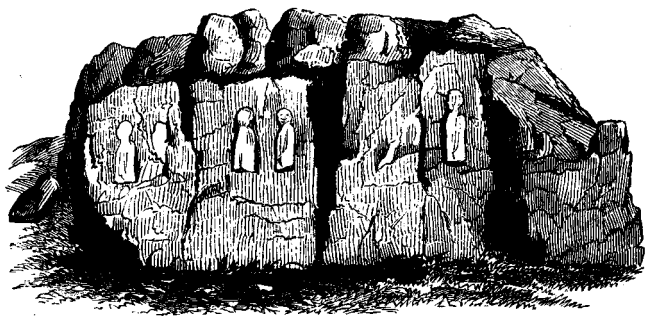
dar color, but the exterior is whitish. It is certainly a very durable wood, but is not fine grained, nor sufficiently compact to take a high polish; for ordinary architectural purposes, however, it is perhaps the best there is in the country. There is a striking peculiarity in the shape of this tree which I have not seen any notice of in books of travel. The branches are thrown out horizontally from the parent trunk. These, again, part into limbs which preserve the same horizontal direction, and so on down to the minutest twigs, and even the arrangement of the clustered leaves has the same general tendency. Climb into one, and you are delighted with a succession of verdant floors spread around the trunk, and gradually narrowing as you ascend. The beautiful cones seem to stand upon, or rise out of this green flooring.



CEDAR CONES.

I have gathered hundreds of these cones for friends in Europe and America; and you will see them in private cabinets more frequently than any other memento of the Holy Land.

We will now turn to the left, and visit some curious sculptures in the face of the rocks on the south side of this ravine which comes down from Kanah. Here they are, some twenty figures of men, women, and children, rudely carved in alto rilievo when no great progress had been made in sculpture. They may be of any supposable age, and were probably cut by Phœnician artists, before Tyre had any such masters as that Hiram who was filled with all wisdom to work all cunning work,[1] whom Solomon employed to beautify the temple of the most high God.



ANCIENT FIGURES ON ROCKS AT KANAH.

And that is Kanah spreading down the mountain to the east. It is a village of not more than two thousand inhabitants, and I see no evidence of antiquity about it.

That may be accounted for from the nature of the stone, a white marl, barely hard enough to be wrought, and which soon dissolves into soil when exposed to sun and rain. There is a ruin about a mile north of it, called 'Em el 'Awamîd, which was built of hard rock, and there are ancient remains in abundance — foundations, columns, oil-presses, cisterns, and posts of houses scattered far and wide over the face of the mountain. There, too, are some well-preserved specimens of Cyclopean architecture, such as I have seen nowhere else in this country. The original name is lost, and the present one, "mother of columns," has been given by the Arabs on account of the columns which form so con-

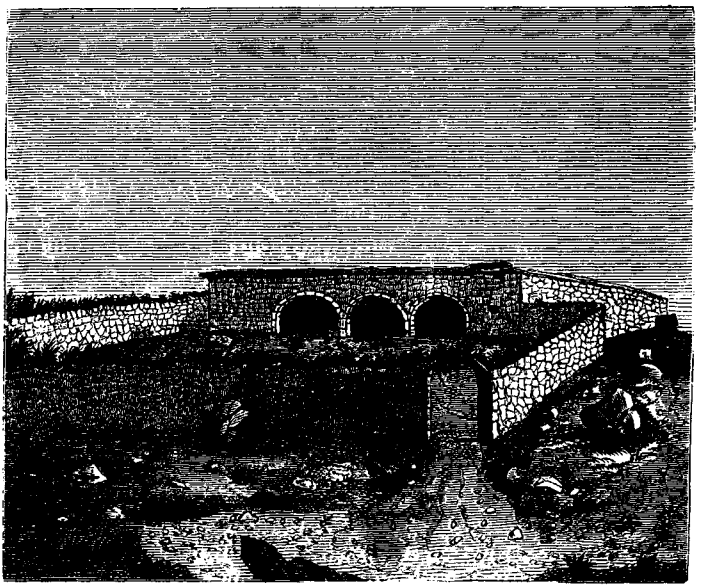
[1] 1 Kings vii. 14.

spicuous a feature in its ruins. From the great number of old oil-presses at this place, and others north and south, it is evident that those now naked hills were once clothed with olive-trees. And that is probable enough, for this chalky marl is the best of all soils for the olive. When thus cultivated and adorned, this part of Asher must have been most beautiful. So thought that crowning city, Tyrus, and in her self-complacent vanity exclaims, "I am of perfect beauty."

We will now pass into the wady on the east of Kanah, where the servants are expecting us. With our wanderings and explorations, the ride from Tyre has taken three hours, but it can easily be done in two. Though it is early in the afternoon, we shall spend the night here, for there is no suitable place to encamp between this and Tibnîn.

Owing to the wild wadies covered with dense forests of oak and underwood, the country above us has ever been a favorite range for sheep and goats. Those low, flat buildings out on the sheltered side of the valley are sheepfolds. They are called mârâh, and, when the nights are cold, the flocks are shut up in them, but in ordinary weather they are merely kept within the yard. This, you observe, is defended by a wide stone wall, crowned all around with sharp thorns, which the prowling wolf will rarely attempt to scale. The nimer, however, and fahed—the leopard and panther of this country—when pressed with hunger, will overleap this thorny hedge, and with one tremendous bound land among the frightened fold. Then is the time to try the nerve and heart of the faithful shepherd. These humble types of Him who leadeth Joseph like a flock[1] never leave their helpless charge alone, but accompany them by day, and abide with them at night. As spring advances, they will move higher up to other mârâhs and greener ranges; and in the hot months of summer they sleep with their flocks on the cool heights of the mountains, with no other protection than a stout palisade of tangled thorn-bushes. Nothing can be more romantic, Oriental, and even Biblical than this shepherd life far away among the sublime solitudes of goodly

[1] Ps. lxxx. 1.



MARAH—SHEEPFOLD.

Lebanon. We must study it in all its picturesque details. See, the flocks are returning home as the evening draws on, and how pretty the black and spotted goats, with their large, liquid eyes, and long, pendent ears—now in bold relief on the rocks, now hid among the bushes, but all the while rolling along the hill side like a column of gigantic ants! If some sharp-witted Jacob should take all the spotted, ring-streaked, and speckled of these flocks, he would certainly get the lion's share;[1] nor do I wonder that the countenance of that money-loving father-in-law of his should not be toward him as yesterday and the day before.[2] These bushy hills are the very best sheep-walks, and they are mostly abandoned to herds and flocks. They are now converging to this single point from all quarters, like the separate squadrons of an army. The shepherd walks before them, and they follow after, while the dogs, that Job talks of, bring up

[1] Gen. xxx. 35. [2] Gen. xxxi. 2.

the rear.[1] These Oriental shepherd-dogs, by the way, are not, like those in other lands, fine faithful fellows, the friend and companion of their masters, and fit to figure in poetry. This would not suit Job's disparaging comparison. They are a mean, sinister, ill-conditioned generation, kept at a distance, kicked about, and half starved, with nothing noble or attractive about them. Still, they lag lazily behind the flocks, make a furious barking at any intruder among their charge, and thus give warning of approaching danger.

As you mentioned at the Damûr the other day, I notice that some of the flock keep near the shepherd, and follow whithersoever he goes without the least hesitation, while others stray about on either side, or loiter far behind; and he often turns round and scolds them in a sharp, stern cry, or sends a stone after them. I saw him lame one just now.

Not altogether unlike the good shepherd. Indeed, I never ride over these hills, clothed with flocks, without meditating upon this delightful theme. Our Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them, and they follow.[2] This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained that they *follow* their keeper with the utmost docility. He leads them forth from the fold, or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. As there are many flocks in such a place as this, each one takes a different path, and it is his business to find pasture for them. It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the unfenced fields of corn which lie so temptingly on either side. Any one that thus wanders is sure to get into trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but, if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and, if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. This is not the fanciful costume of a parable; it is simple fact. I have made the experiment repeatedly. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is practicable and safe. He

[1] Job xxx. 1. [2] John x. 4.

is armed in order to defend his charge, and in this he is very courageous. Many adventures with wild beasts occur not unlike that recounted by David,[1] and in these very mountains; for, though there are now no lions here, there are wolves in abundance; and leopards and panthers, exceeding fierce, prowl about these wild wadies. They not unfrequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd, and he must be ready to do battle at a moment's warning. I have listened with intense interest to their graphic descriptions of downright and desperate fights with these savage beasts. And when the thief and the robber come (and come they do), the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hand to defend his flock. I have known more than one case in which he had literally to lay it down in the contest. A poor faithful fellow last spring, between Tiberias and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedawîn robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their khanjars, and died among the sheep he was defending.

Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favorites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully, and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. These are the contented and happy ones. They are in no danger of getting lost or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their own pleasures or selfish interests. They run from bush to bush, searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or, rather, where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion remark in their little community, or rebuke from their keeper. Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into every body's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, whence they often fall and break their limbs. These cost the good shepherd incessant trouble. Then there are others incurably reckless, who stray far away, and are often utterly lost. I have repeatedly seen a silly goat or sheep

[1] 1 Sam. xvii. 34–36.

running hither and thither, and bleating piteously after the lost flock, only to call forth from their dens the beasts of prey, or to bring up the lurking thief, who quickly quiets its cries in death.

Isaiah has a beautiful reference to the good shepherd: He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.[1] Have you ever noticed these actions mentioned by the prophet?

Yes, in every particular. In ordinary circumstances the shepherd does not *feed* his flock, except by leading and guiding them where they may gather for themselves; but there are times when it is otherwise. Late in autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter, in places covered with snow, he must furnish them food or they die. In the vast oak woods along the eastern sides of Lebanon, between Baalbek and the cedars, there are then gathered innumerable flocks, and the shepherds are all day long in the bushy trees, cutting down the branches, upon whose green leaves and tender twigs the sheep and goats are entirely supported. The same is true in all mountain districts, and large forests are preserved on purpose. Life in these remote and wild woods is then most singular and romantic. The ring of the axe, the crash of falling trees, the shout of the shepherds, the tinkling of bells and barking of dogs, wake a thousand echoes along the deep wadies of Lebanon. I have ridden five hours at a stretch in the midst of these lively scenes, and the mere remembrance of them comes back now like distant music dying out sweetly along the solemn aisles of the wood. From early boyhood there has been within me an earnest sympathy with the mighty forest—something ever ready to sigh for such boundless contiguity of shade as these wide sheep-walks of Lebanon and Hermon afford. Can any thing be more poetic than this life of the Syrian shepherd? It ought to be religious too. Far, far away, out on the lone mountain, with the everlasting hills around, and heaven above, pure, blue, and high, and still. There go and

[1] Is. xl. 11.

worship free from the impertinence of human rhetoric, and the noisy cadences of prima donnas courting applause—in spirit and in truth worship—in solemn silence and soul-subduing solitude worship the most high God in his temple not made with hands. There

> His varied works of wonder shine,
> And loud declare the hand divine
> That made the day, and made the night,
> And sowed the sky with diamonds bright;
> And bade old ocean in his might,
> And mountains bathed in golden light,
> The ever-present God proclaim—
> Holy and reverend be His name!

Did you ever see a shepherd gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom?

Often; and he will gently lead along the mothers in those times, when to overdrive them even for a single day would be fatal, as Jacob said to his brother when he wanted to get rid of him: My lord knoweth that the flocks and herds with young are with me, and if men should overdrive them one day, all the flock would die.[1] This, by the way, proves that Jacob's flight was late in the autumn, when alone the flocks are in this condition. The same is implied in his immediately building booths at Succoth for their protection during the winter.[2]

Micah, perhaps, had noticed the flocks feeding in the wilderness somewhat as you describe them along the slopes of Lebanon. He says, Feed thy people with thy rod—the flock of thy heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood in the midst of Carmel; let them feed in Bashan and Gilead as in the days of old.[3]

No doubt the reference is to the same thing. Large parts of Carmel, Bashan, and Gilead are now covered with just such forests, which, at the proper season, are alive with countless flocks, which live upon the green leaves and tender branches.

How do you explain the expression, Feed—with thy rod? The word signifies both to feed and to rule, and both

[1] Gen. xxxiii. 13. [2] Gen. xxxiii. 17. [3] Micah, vii. 14.

ideas are natural. The shepherd invariably carries a staff or rod with him when he goes forth to feed his flock. It is often bent or hooked at one end, which gave rise to the shepherd's crook in the hand of the Christian bishop. With this staff he rules and guides the flock to their green pastures, and defends them from their enemies. With it, also, he corrects them when disobedient, and brings them back when wandering. This staff is associated as inseparably with the shepherd as the goad is with the plowman. David, in the 4th verse of the 23d Psalm, has an extended reference to the shepherd and his kind offices, and among them is an allusion to this rod: "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me"—in every way in which these are employed by the good shepherd in the discharge of his office.

And now the lights are out in the village, the shepherds are asleep by the side of their flocks, the tinkling bell from the fold falls faintly on the still night air, and the watch-dog bays drowsily from his kennel at the gate. Good-night, fair world; 'tis time to seek repose, and

> "The timely dew of sleep,
> Now falling with soft slumbrous weight,
> Inclines our eyelids."

Let us first read, and meditate a while upon that delightful chapter in John,[1] where our blessed Saviour appropriates all these characters of a good shepherd to himself.

XV. TIBNIN—HUNIN.

March 2d.

Either from association of ideas, or from the barking of dogs, the wailing of jackals, and the tinkling of bells, my head has been crowded with visions of shepherds, and flocks, and wild beasts, and wild Arabs, all night long. Then, ere it was fully light, the reality was before me, and I have been out watching an Oriental village wake into life as the morning comes on. There were some astir long before the dawn, loading donkeys and camels, and setting off as if going to market. Then come plowmen, goad in hand, and plow and

[1] John x. 1-29.

yoke on the shoulder, driving their tiny oxen afield. Later still, women and girls descended to the fountain with their "pitchers" to draw water; and as the sun rose over these dark mountains of Naphtali, the doors were thrown open, and forth from the folds poured thousands of goats, sheep, and young cattle, radiating in all directions, and spreading themselves over the hills in eager haste to crop their fragrant food while the dew lay upon it. The whole scene has been one of entire novelty in my experience.

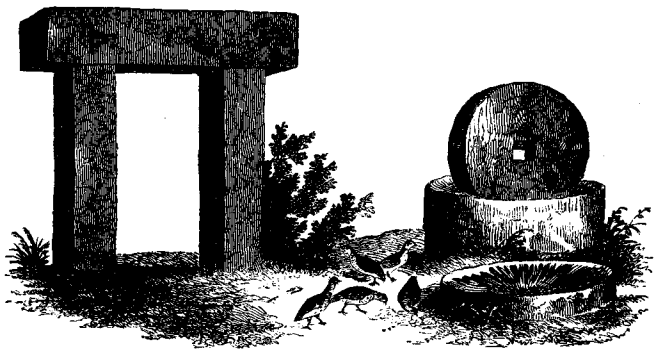
Here, now, is another, equally novel, perhaps, and quite as agreeable. Salîm has placed our breakfast, smoking hot, on this great rock, that the muleteers, while we enjoy it, may strike the tent and prepare for marching. In a few minutes our tabernacle will disappear from its place entirely and forever. It is to this that Hezekiah compares his life in the cutting off of his days: Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent—suddenly and wholly, leaving not a trace behind.[1] And such is life at the best and longest—a pilgrimage in tents soon to be struck, folded up, and vanish away "till the heavens be no more."

We may leave the servants to pack up and pursue the regular route over that hill to the northeast on the road to Tibnin, while we take down that wady Shimaliyeh, and thence northward to the ruins of Em el 'Awamîd. In no other place will you find such perfect specimens of ancient oil-mills and presses—in a word, such a complete exhibition of what a large Phœnician agricultural village was. That road which passes over the hill to the south leads up a long ravine to Yathîr, thence into the great wady 'Aiyûn, which it follows for many miles, past the site of Hazor, past Rumeîsh, and Kefr Bûr'îam, and Gish, to Safed and Tiberias. There are many ruins along it; indeed, every village occupies the site of an ancient town. We shall visit some of them on our return.

And this is Em el 'Awamîd—the mother of columns—and a curious place it is. But nearly all these pillars are square. These are the upright posts of the oil-presses. You ob-

[1] Is. xxxviii. 12.

serve that they stand in pairs about two feet apart, having a deep groove in the inner faces, running from top to bot-



ANCIENT OIL-MILLS AND PRESSES.

tom. In this groove moved the plank on the top of the olive *cheeses*, forced down by a *beam*, as a lever, acting against this huge stone which lies on the top of the columns. Here is the stone trough into which the oil ran, and close by are two immense basins, in which the olives were ground to a pulp by the stone wheel that was rolled over them. This basin is nearly eight feet in diameter, and it must have cost no small labor to cut it out of the mountain and bring it to this spot. It is polished perfectly smooth by long use. Here is another basin, smaller and more concave. It may have served to *tread* the olives with the feet—a process not now used, but to which there is an allusion in Micah vi. 15: Thou shalt tread the olives, but thou shalt not anoint thee with oil.

Were all these upright and prostrate columns parts of oil-presses?

Most of them. A few seem to have belonged to houses, or were the posts of gateways, but the great majority were presses, and they speak of vast olive-orchards, not a trace of which now remains. When we reflect that these ruins have been broken up, and carried off to the surrounding villages from time immemorial, we may well be astonished at the number which still remain. And here let me inform you,

for your guidance among ruins, that it does not follow that every village whose houses are built, in whole or in part, of large old stone, must necessarily be ancient, not even if it should itself be now a ruin. That village to the west of us is almost entirely made of such stone, *taken from here*, and it is fast falling into decay, though it may not be five hundred years old.

What a wild, broken region spreads up the mountain to the east of us!

Those ravines are different branches of the great wady Jelo, which enters the plain of Tyre nearly opposite the city. Our road lies in the bottom of this branch from the south-east, called wady Habis, and it is time we should descend into it and prosecute our journey; and, when in, we shall not get out for two hours, but must wind about according to its own eccentricities, sometimes between cliffs perpendicular and bare, at others less precipitous, and clothed with beautiful oak woods. Here comes in the road from Kanah, and high up the face of this rampart on our left is a tomb cut in the rock. He who made it must have been, like Edom, ambitious to place his nest as high as the eagle; and yet, saith the Lord, I will bring thee down from thence.[1] And, long ages ago, his dust was scattered in this brawling brook, and swept away to the sea of Tyre. Here is an extraordinary growth of cactus, climbing the face of the cliff for many hundred feet, the only thing of the kind I have seen in Syria. We begin to hear the tinkling of our mule-bells, and now and then the song of the driver comes echoing down between these gigantic cliffs. And there is the sharp crack of Salîm's gun. They are evidently enjoying our romantic valley and this delicious air.

What bird is that whose call rings responsive from side to side?

The red-legged partridge, of which there are countless flocks in these hills and wadies of Naphtali. It is at them that Salîm is exercising his skill. Should he succeed we shall have the better dinner, for they are twice as large as

[1] Jer. xlix. 16.



PARTRIDGE.

our American quail, to which, in other respects, they bear a close resemblance. Hear how they cackle and call to one another directly above our heads. They are very wary, however, and often lead the vexed hunter over many a weary mile of rough mountains before he can get a shot at them. The emeers and feudal chiefs of the country hunt them with the hawk, and keep up, with great pride, the ancient sport of falconry. The birds are generally brought from Persia and the cold mountains of Armenia, and do not thrive well in this climate. They are of two kinds, a large one for woodcock and red-legged partridges, and a smaller for the quail.

The Beg at the castle of Tibnîn which we are now approaching, always keeps several of these large falcons on their perches in his grand reception-hall, where they are tended with the utmost care. I have been out on the mountains to see them hunt, and it is a most exciting scene. The emeers sit on their horses, holding the birds on their wrists, and the woods are filled with their retainers, beating about and shouting, to start up and drive toward them the poor partridges. When near enough, the falcon is launched from the hand, and swoops down upon his victim like an eagle hasting to the prey.



FALCON.

After he has struck his quarry, the falcon flies a short distance, and lights on the ground, amid the redoubled shouts of the sportsmen. The keeper darts forward, secures both, cuts the throat of the partridge, and allows his captor to suck its blood. This is his reward. Notwithstanding the exhilaration of the sport, I could never endure the falcon himself. There is something almost satanic in his eye, and in the ferocity with which he drinks the warm life-blood of his innocent victim. I once saw some men of Tortosa catching the Syrian quail with a small hawk. This was done on foot, each sportsman carrying his bird on the right wrist, and beating the bushes with a stick held in his left hand. These quails are less than the American; are migratory, coming here in early spring, and passing on to the north. They hide under the bushes, and will not rise on the wing unless forced to do so by a dog, or by the hunter himself. I was surprised to see how quickly and surely the little hawk seized his game. His reward, also, was merely the blood of the bird. I do not know whether or not the Jews in ancient days were acquainted with falconry, but David complains that Saul hunted for his blood as one doth hunt for a partridge in the mountains;[1] and this hunting of the same bird on these mountains, and giving their *blood* to the hawk, reminds one of the sad complaint of the persecuted son of Jesse.



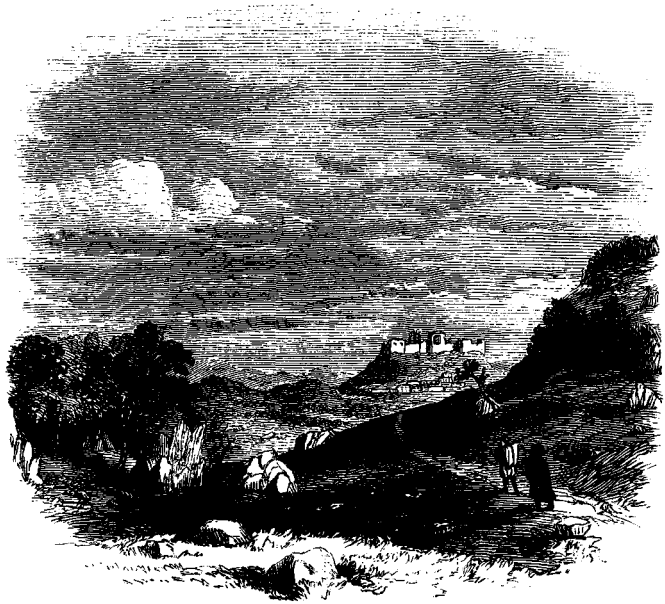
FALCON.

In the neighborhood of Aleppo the smaller falcon is taught to assist the sportsman to capture the gazelle. Neither horse nor greyhound can overtake these fleet creatures on the open desert, and therefore the Arabs have taught the hawk to fasten on their forehead, and blind them by inces-

[1] 1 Sam. xxvi. 20.

sant flapping of their wings. Bewildered and terrified, they leap about at random, and are easily captured. They are also trained to attack the bustard in the same region. This bird is about as large as a turkey, and highly prized by the lovers of game; but as they keep on the vast level plains, where there is nothing to screen the cautious hunter, it is almost impossible to get within gunshot of them. When they rise in the air, the little falcon flies up from beneath and fastens on one of their wings, and then both come whirling over and over to the ground, when the hunter quickly seizes the bustard, and delivers his brave bird from a position not particularly safe or comfortable. They will even bring down the largest eagle in the same way; but in this desperate game they are sometimes torn to pieces by the insulted majesty of the feathered kingdom.

And now we have gained the summit of this long ravine, let me inform you that it is but one of many which cut down, in all directions, from the high plateaus of Naphtali. We shall be obliged to regulate our march in all cases according to their dictation. Yonder is Tibnîn, crowning the top of a lofty Tell, partly natural and partly artificial. It rises like a huge haystack at least two hundred feet above all its surroundings. The present buildings are comparatively modern, but it figured in the wars of the Crusaders, by whom it was called Toron. No doubt those mailed champions of the Cross often dashed up Wady Habis in a style very different from our peaceful and pleasant saunter, and on a very different errand, for they had to encounter the victorious squadrons of the terrible Saladin. Toron is not, probably, the most ancient name of this castle. A place so conspicuous, so strong, and so central must have always been occupied, as it is now, by the family that governed the province around it, and there are not wanting traces of that more ancient castle. The top of the Tell is perforated like a honey-comb with old cisterns; and on the east side are heavy foundations, the stones of which have the Phœnician *bevel*. They may have been there at the time of Joshua, and Tibnîn probably represents some one of the places given to



CASTLE OF TIBNIN.

Naphtali, though what one it is impossible to determine. The Beg informed me that Jezzar Pasha of Acre destroyed this castle, broke down the wall, and filled up the ditch, which ran quite round the Tell. He did the same to Hûnîn, and, indeed, to all the castles in these mountains, and killed or expelled the native chiefs. If the *Butcher* had done nothing worse, he would have deserved praise rather than censure. After his death, however, the feudal lords returned more greedy and tyrannical than ever.

The present head of the house of Aly es Sughîr pretends that his ancestors were made governors of Belad Bsharah by the great Saladin himself. This may be fairly doubted, though I do not know when they actually rose to power in the country.

Shall we call on this governor in the castle?

By no means. There would be no getting away until tomorrow. Two years ago I spent the night there with my

family, and that will last me all my life. I had no intention of doing such a foolish thing then, but began to pitch the tents in some threshing-floors which overlook the wady on the north of the castle. The Beg had seen us pass, and dispatched a messenger to invite us to his palace. I sent an apology. Then came a deputation "more honorable," his secretary and a near relative, with a note from the Beg, urging the invitation so earnestly that I felt obliged to comply. This sending honorable princes to press the request reminded me at the time of the way in which Balak overcame the real or pretended reluctance of Balaam. He sent again princes more and more honorable than they; and they said to him, Let nothing, I pray thee, hinder thee from coming unto me.[1] This is a very ancient and very common custom. Every thing is done by mediation. Thus the centurion sent unto Jesus elders, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant.[2] In a hundred instances I have been pressed and annoyed by these mediating embassadors. Their importunity takes no denial. To save ourselves from such a siege, we will keep quite clear of the castle, and go on about half an hour to a well at the bottom of that wady east of us, and there take our lunch. In the mean time I will give you an account of that visit, as the cheapest way into the interior of a Metāwely governor's palace.

The old Beg received me with the utmost politeness, descended from his divan, kissed me on both cheeks, and insisted on my sharing his elevated seat. To the best of my knowledge, it was the first time I ever saw him, but he insisted that he had been at my house in Beirût some fifteen years before, and that I had done him a very important service by speaking a word in his behalf in the right quarter. It may have been so; at any rate, he was as kind as he knew how to be—gave me a Metāwely dinner, and kept me up till late, talking about all sorts of topics before a full divan of his relatives and retainers, and then had my bed spread on the same divan. According to *court* etiquette at Tibnîn, the ladies of my party had their own apartment, and,

[1] Numb. xxii. 15, 16. [2] Luke vii. 3.

after being served with dinner, they called on the great *sit*, or lady of the Beg, whose apartments were in another section of the castle. It would be tedious to detail all they saw and heard; but they were much pleased with some of the "harem," who appeared modest, lady-like, and pretty. Others, however, were coarse and ill-bred enough.

I was greatly disappointed in the Beg. His conversation was incessant, loud, and often utterly absurd. We fell at last into a rambling and useless discussion about religion, in which Mohammed's character and prophetic claims were handled rudely enough, to the great scandal of the dervishes present; and at midnight I was glad to break up the divan and try to sleep—no easy task, or, rather, it was impossible. The visitors had filled the divan with fleas, and the wind, which began to blow hard before we left our tents, proved to be one of those siroccos which make all sorts of vermin doubly active and man excessively nervous. The whole night was passed in fruitless skirmishes with these contemptible enemies, and the suffocating wind whistled and piped most doleful tunes through every chink and cranny of the old castle. The ladies had fared even worse than myself, and the morning found us dejected, *headachy*, and quite discouraged. Having with difficulty achieved a breakfast, in the midst of confusion which reminded me of Scott's Highland stories, we took a guide from the Beg and started for Hunîn, where we expect to get to-night.

I shall never forget the experience of that dismal night, nor the charming ride of that day through these romantic wadies of old Naphtali. We filled our water-bottles at these very wells where we are now quietly taking lunch, and then rode over that hill east of us. Beyond it our guide turned suddenly to the left down a shallow ravine, but one that deepened every moment, until we were completely shut in between lofty walls of gray rock. Deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth we dived for more than an hour, to where two other wadies joined ours—one from the south, the other from the east. The three in one trend off toward the north, and, under the name of Hajeîr, descend to

the Litany at Jisr K'ak'aîyeh. The one from the south passes by an ancient castle called Dubay, about which nothing need be, and very little can be said. We took the eastern ravine, called Hûla (from a village at the head of it)—strange, wild, romantic. For miles the path was literally roofed over with a dense canopy of trees and bushes, forming, with the bed of the brook whose windings we had to follow, a sort of tunnel wholly peculiar. We were often obliged to lie flat on the necks of our horses, and be drawn through this verdant vault by main force. At the end of two hours we emerged from this labyrinth, and climbed a steep and lofty hill to the village of Hûla—the same name, nearly, as that of the lake below Hunîn. We intended to rest a while there; but such a mob of rude Metāwelies, of every age and sex, beset us, clamorous to see the *seigniorât*—as they call Frank ladies—that we were compelled to decamp immediately, and, after another hour's pleasant ride, we pitched our tents among the oaks, olives, and terebinths on the western margin of the vale of Hunîn.

And now, lunch over, let us ride, and to the southeast for half an hour, to avoid the wady in which our story has been entangled. We are passing through the very heart of Naphtali, wild and savage, just fitted to be the home of that warlike tribe. No European, and but very few native travelers, ever venture along this desolate road. We shall soon get down to an old guard-house called Beer en Nŭkkar, erected for the protection of the traveler through this dangerous district. Off yonder to the southwest is 'Ain'ata, supposed to be the Anatha or Beth-Anath given to Naphtali, and half an hour farther south is Bint Jebail—daughter of a little mountain (to translate), and the capital of this region. To the left of us, in the woods, is a ruin with columns, and foundations of old temples, called Kŭbrîkha, and the entire neighborhood is crowded with ancient but deserted sites. A long, rocky ascent eastward now leads us to Neby Mûhaîbeeb—a celebrated saint of the Metāwelies—picturesquely perched upon a bold promontory. We pass north of it on the direct road to Mais el Jebel, which is just

visible yonder to the northeast of us. Let me call your attention to this very unromantic, non-poetic pool. Every village in this region has one or more of them for their herds and flocks. In very dry seasons they entirely fail, and there are frequent allusions to such a calamity in the Bible. It is among the threatened judgments upon unbelieving Israel that the Lord will dry up all their pools.[1]

Do the people drink this composition of nastiness?

Many do, and all use this water for culinary and other household purposes. Nothing is more common than to see flocks and herds standing up to their bellies in these pools, and the people filling their jars in the midst of them. I have been obliged to drink it myself when of the color of soapsuds, full of living animalculæ, and with a strong smell of the barn-yard. I once gave five piastres to get a jar of good water at this Hunîn where we are to spend the night, was cheated at last, and compelled to drink this abominable decoction. The Jews of all this region must have been supplied with water in the same way. Natural fountains are very rare, nor can wells be dug with success. The ancient inhabitants, however, depended greatly upon cisterns, and there are countless numbers of them about these old sites. But the water, even in these, is filthy, and full of vermin, unless great care be taken to keep them clean and sweet.

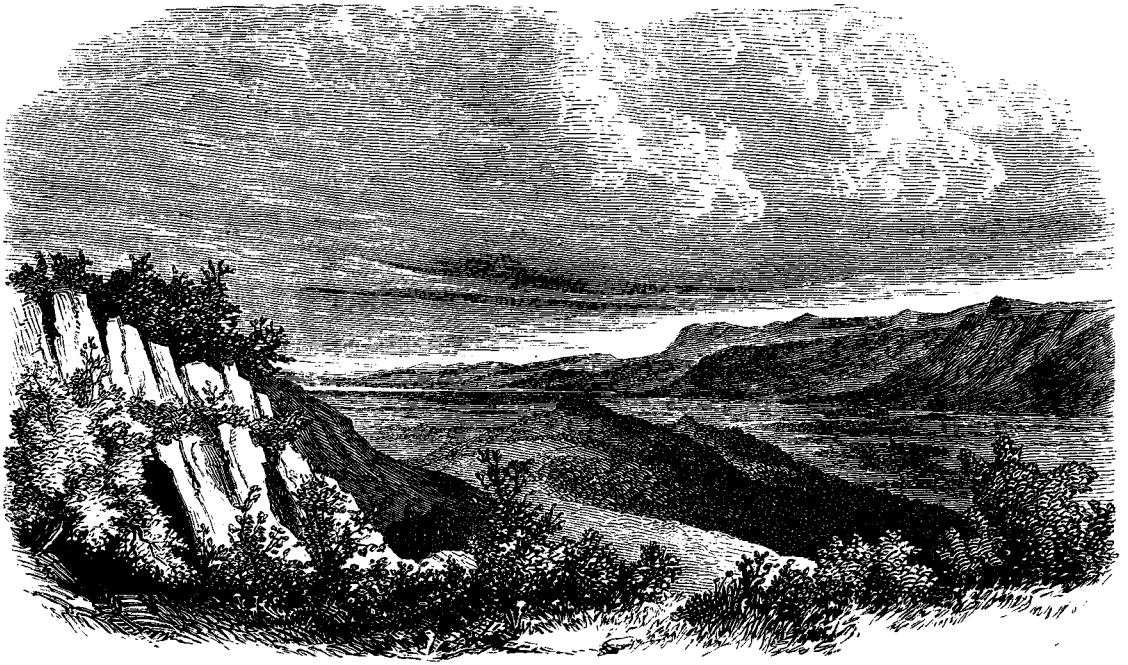
That is quite sufficient on this topic. There seems to be a castle here. Has the place any historic name?

Not that I know of. The castle, at least in its present form, is comparatively modern. There are traces, however, of genuine antiquity about this Mais, and I doubt not there was once a Jewish town here. But we must pass on to our camp-ground at Hunîn, which is still an hour and a half to the northeast of us.

How charming these hills, clothed with evergreen oaks, terebinth, and bay trees!

This may be my twentieth visit, and yet they appear as lovely now as on the day I first saw them. Such beauty never wearies the eye—always rejoices the heart. Let the

[1] Is. xlii. 15.



UPPER 'ARD HÛLBH.

muleteers go on and pitch the tent, while we turn up to this ruin on our right, called Mŭnârâh. Step out now upon this rocky platform, and enjoy at your leisure and in silence a panorama more beautiful and as vast as that which Moses saw from the top of Pisgah.

Well! I have never seen any prospect to equal that.

I presume not. The declivity sinks beneath our feet down—down, sheer down fifteen hundred feet and more, to the plain of the Hûleh, and when you can withdraw your gaze from this scene of utmost loveliness, turn to that which surrounds it. Lofty Lebanon stretches northward to the snowy summit of Sūnnîn, which looks down on Cœle-Syria and the ruins of Baalbek. Before us Hermon lifts his head to heaven in solemn and solitary majesty. Those sugar-loaf hills on that vast plateau to the east and southeast are so many landmarks in the misty and mysterious Hauran, with the Great Desert of Arabia behind and beyond. Those shadowy lines that bound the hazy horizon to the south are Gilead and Bashan, the territories of old Sihon and Og, kings of the Amorites. On our right are the mountains of the Galilees and Samaria, while behind us the hills of Naphtali and Asher sink, by successive terraces, down to the sea-coast of Acre, Tyre, and Sidon. What countless thoughts cluster around such a group of things and names as this!

Not to confuse the mind with dim distances and immeasurable magnitudes, let us study a while this noble vale beneath us. It is the basin of the Jordan, the birth-place of that sacred river in which the Son of God was baptized. During the rainy months of winter it receives a hundred little tributaries from those snowy ravines around the north end of Hermon. From thence it cuts its way through dark beds of lava, some twenty miles, to the great fountain of Fuarr, below Hasbeiya, which is its most distant *permanent* source. With the name of Hasbāny it passes southward to this plain and marsh of the Hûleh, receiving on its way the stream from Shib'ah, the great fountain of Sureîd, beneath Kefr Shûb'ah, and the Luisany at El Ghŭjar. Thus augmented, it penetrates the marsh about five miles, when it is

joined by the Leddan, from Tell el Kady, and the Baniasy, from Banias, united a short half mile north of the Tell called Sheikh Yusûf. Of these main branches of the Jordan, the Hasbāny is the longest by forty miles, the Leddan is much the largest, and the Baniasy the most beautiful. Besides these, a considerable stream comes from the plain of Ijon, the joint contribution of the Derdarah and Ruahîny, west of Abel. Several immense fountains also burst out along the base of this mountain on which we are standing, and send their streams through the marsh to the river and the lake. The largest are those of Blât and El Mellahah. The lake itself may be eight miles long, and six broad across the north end, but it runs to a point southward, where the Jordan leaves it. This is the Merom of Joshua, the Samechonitis of the Greeks, the Hûleh of the Arabs. The plain and marsh above it are about ten miles square. The eastern half is sufficiently dry for cultivation, and is, in fact, the great granary of the surrounding country, and the boast of the Arabs. The climate is warm, the soil fat as that of Egypt, and the whole is irrigated by innumerable canals from the Hasbāny, the Leddan, and the Baniasy.

In the centre rises the Leddan, at the base of that circular mound which you can trace by the line of trees around its outer margin. It marks the site of the Sidonian Laish, the Dan of the Bible. Often have I sat under its great oak, and gazed in dreamy delight upon the luxuriant plain of the Hûleh. No wonder the spies exclaimed, We have seen the land, and, behold, it is very good: a place where there is no want of any thing that is in the earth.[1]

We have spread out before us one of the great battle-fields of the Bible—a vast theatre built by the Architect of the universe, and upon its splendid stage has many a bloody tragedy been played out in downright earnest. In the opening scene the chief actor is no less a personage than the "Father of the Faithful," scattering to the winds those hard-named confederates who conquered Sodom, and carried away righteous Lot, with his family, captive. Abraham was

[1] Judg. xviii. 9, 10.

sitting in his tent door, under the great oak of Mamre, when a fugitive from the vale of Siddim brought the tidings of his nephew's captivity. This was no time for rending of garments and fruitless lamentations. Arming his own servants—three hundred and eighteen—and sending a hasty summons to Mamre, and his brothers Escol and Aner, to join him, he set off in hot pursuit. Passing Bethlehem and Salem, he swept over the mountains and along the plains of Sychar and Esdraelon, and at the close of the fourth day (Josephus says he attacked them on the fifth night) he was probably climbing these hills of Naphtali. From these bold headlands he could see with perfect distinctness the enemy carousing in careless security around the fountain of Leddan. Having made the necessary dispositions for the attack, he waits for the veil of darkness; then, like an avalanche from the mountains, he bursts upon the sleeping host. The panic is immediate and universal, the confusion inextricable, the rout wild and ruinous. No one knows friend from foe. They trample down and slay each other, are swamped in miry canals, and entangled and torn to pieces in the thorny jungles of the Baniasy. Terror lends wings to the fugitives. They climb Castle Hill, rush along the vale of Yafûry, and, descending to the great plain by Beit Jenn, cease not their frantic flight until they reach Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus.[1] Abraham returns victorious to Laish, which is Dan; the captives are released, and the goods collected. None have perished; nothing is lost. In triumph, and with devout thanksgiving, he, who through faith waxed valiant in battle,[2] marches back by Jerusalem to his tent on the plain of Mamre. Thus falls the curtain on the first act.

When it is again lifted the theatre is crowded with a mighty host. The Canaanite from the east and the west, the Amorite, the Hittite, and the Jebusite from the mountains, and the Hivite under Hermon—much people, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many.[3] Far as the eye can reach, the

[1] Gen. xiv. 15. [2] Heb. xi. 34. [3] Josh. xi. 1-5.

plain is darkened by countless squadrons of the heathen. Confident in their numbers, they dream not of danger, when Joshua, with his valiant men of war, falls suddenly upon them. The mighty shout strikes terror into every heart. The shock is irresistible. Jabin, with his confederate kings, wakes only to join the universal rout. This vast theatre of plain and marsh, and valley and mountain, is covered with fugitives and their fierce pursuers. Those whose homes lay beyond the mountains to the north and east, sought them by the great wady of the Upper Jordan, now Wady et Teim, or out east of Hermon, in the Hauran, the land of Mizpeh. Those from the sea-coast of Acre and Carmel fled over these hills and down southwest by Hazor to Mishrephoth-Maim,[1] on the north border of the plain of Acre, now called Musheirifeh. Thence they dispersed to their homes along the sea-board as far south as Dor. Joshua himself chased a third division along the base of our mountain northward, past Abel Beth Maacah, through the plain of Ijon, down the tremendous gorge of the Litany to the ford at Tamrah, or the bridge at the Khŭtweh, and thence over the wooded spurs of Jebel Rihan toward great Zidon, behind whose lofty walls the flying host could alone find safety. Returning southward, he recrossed the Litany, stormed Hazor, the capital of King Jabin, and utterly consumed the city with fire.[2] The shapeless ruins may still be seen a few miles west of us, with the identical name, and having a celebrated mazar, sacred to Joshua, the son of Nun. The curtain drops over the burning capital.

And now it rises once more, revealing a scene of dark treachery and cruel slaughter. See that band of daring Danites creeping stealthily around the reedy margin of the marsh toward Laish. Will no one sound the alarm? Alas! the indolent, luxurious, demoralized citizens slumber in fatal security, soothed by the murmurs of their magnificent fountain. And now the mound is gained, the walls scaled, the gates burst open, the city on fire, and men, women, and children fall in indiscriminate butchery. There is no help—no

[1] Josh. xi. 8. [2] Josh. xi. 13.

mercy. They are far from their parent city, Sidon—have no business with any body, no friends, no allies.[1] The foul work over, the murderous band sit down in quiet possession, rebuild, and call the city Dan, after the father of their tribe. Henceforth it is famous as the boundary on the north of the Promised Land, and from "Dan to Beersheba" becomes the proverbial limit of Israel's inheritance.[2]

I read this tragedy with feelings of indignation and abhorrence. True, these Phœnician dwellers in Laish were every way ripe for destruction. *They were lazy*, dwelling carelessly, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure. *They had nothing to do.* They had no business with any one. *They had no government and no moral character.* There was no magistrate in the land that might put them to shame in any thing.[3] They deserve little commiseration, no doubt, but then these Danites were thieves and robbers, "bitter and angry fellows," ready to run upon and murder poor Micah, whom they had plundered of his property.[4] They were also traitors to their religion and the God of their fathers. Immediately they set up the graven image stolen from Micah; and the golden calves of Dan became a snare to all Israel, until they were carried captive by Shalmaneser, and placed in Halah and in Habor, by the River Gozan.[5] Dan has ceased to be a city for ages. Not one solitary habitation is there. The fountain still pours forth its river of delicious water, but herds of black buffaloes wash and wallow in its crystal pools. You can not even examine the site with satisfaction, so dense is the jungle of briers, thorns, and thistles which have overspread it.

One more act, and our play is ended. A man of Belial —Sheba, the son of Bichri—blew a trumpet, and said, To your tents, O Israel. We have no part in David, neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse.[6] David was extremely disturbed at this rebellion of the son of Bichri, and Joab, the bloody murderer but mighty captain, was sent in pursuit of him through all the tribes of Israel; and he came

[1] Judg. xviii. 28. [2] 1 Sam. iii. 20. [3] Judg. xviii. 7
[4] Judg. xviii. 22–25. [5] 2 Kings xvii. 6. [6] 2 Sam. xx. 1.

and besieged him in Abel of Beth-Maacah. There it is, on that long oval mound to the northeast of us. I have repeatedly ridden round it, and stood on the top, trying to realize the scene. Taking advantage of an oblong knoll of natural rock that rises above the surrounding plain, the original inhabitants raised a high mound sufficiently large for their city. With a deep "trench" and strong wall, it must have been almost impregnable. The country on every side is most lovely, well watered, and very fertile. The Derdâra, from Ijon, falls from that plain by a succession of cataracts, and glides swiftly along the western declivity of the mound, and from the neighboring mountain gushes out the powerful stream of Ruahîny. Such fountains and brooks would convert any part of this country into a paradise of fruits and flowers, and such, no doubt, was Abel, when she was called "a mother in Israel." But the iron hoof of war tramples all in the dust. The besiegers cast up a mount against the city, and it stood in the trench, and all the people that were with Joab battered the wall to throw it down. Then cried a wise woman out of the city, Hear! hear! Say, I pray you, unto Joab, Come near hither, that I may speak with thee. And when he was come near unto her, the woman said, Art thou Joab? and he answered I am he. Then she said, Hear the words of thy handmaid; and he answered, I do hear. Then she spoke, saying, They were wont to speak in old times, saying, they shall surely ask counsel at Abel, and so they ended the matter. I am one of them that are peaceable and faithful in Israel. Thou seekest to destroy a city, and a mother in Israel. Why wilt thou swallow up the inheritance of the Lord? And Joab answered and said, Far be it, far be it from me to swallow up or destroy. The matter is not so; but a man of Mount Ephraim, Sheba, the son of Bichri, by name, hath lifted up his hand against the king, even against David; deliver him only, and I will depart from the city. And the woman said, His head shall be thrown to thee over the wall. Then the woman went to all the people in her wisdom, and they cut off the head of Sheba, the son of Bichri, and cast it out to Joab; and he blew a

trumpet, and they retired from the city, every one to his tent, and Joab returned to Jerusalem unto the king.[1] Thus ends the last act of our tragedy. The curtain falls, and we must retire to our tent, as did the host of Joab.

I trust you will not be greatly scandalized, but, fascinated with the theatre and the stage, I have been a very heedless listener to your Biblical tragedy.

I am not at all surprised. The first time I gazed upon this scene I should have felt any thing an impertinence that disturbed the pleasing trance. But seek not a closer acquaintance. 'Tis distance lends enchantment. Abel itself is a sad example of the utter decay and ruin that has "swallowed up the inheritance of the Lord." The present village, far from being a mother in Israel, occupies only a small portion of the mound, and wisdom and counsel will be sought in vain at the hands of the peasants who lounge in rags and filth upon the dunghills which barricade their streets and doors. And now the green hills of Naphtali are casting their shadows over the lovely Hûleh as the sun sinks to rest in the distant sea, and we must hasten to our camp under Hunîn.

[1] 2 Sam. xx. 15–22.

XVI. HUNIN—BANIAS.

March 3d.

I have been out examining this castle and its surroundings. The view from some of the towers over the Hûleh and the eastern mountains is very grand. What place do you suppose it may have been in olden time?

Many years ago I thought it might mark the site of Hazor, but since then have discovered that place, as I believe, a few miles back in the interior; and, on the whole, I have been inclined of late to identify it with Beth Maacah. The small province of which this city was the capital is associated in the Bible with Abel, and must have extended round the head of this great marsh to the vicinity of Hunîn, for Abel is just below it. Dr. Robinson makes this Beth Rehob; but Dan, which is Tell el Kâdy, is said to be in the valley that lieth by Beth Rehob, and this more naturally points to Banias, as you will see hereafter. It is difficult to believe that either of the Rehobs given to Ashur was at this place, for Hunîn is in the territory of Naphtali. Dan, however, and the plain around it, including Banias, seems to have belonged to Sidon, and that city, with its territory, was assigned to Ashur. If Banias, therefore, is Beth Rehob, it might have been given to Ashur in the original distribution, but it never was really in their possession; for we know from Judges i. 31 that they could not subdue it. So doubtful, however, is the location of these cities, that, if Rehob be Hunîn, I should place Beth Maacah at Banias, and vice versa.

This castle has a very imposing appearance from the plain below, owing to its position, and the round towers which defend the southern portion of it. These are, however, comparatively modern. The only part really ancient is the north end, which is about three hundred feet square, and surrounded by a fosse cut in the solid rock, forty feet wide and twenty deep. The original wall was built of large beveled stone after the Phœnician manner, and bound together

by iron cramps, as may be seen in a few places under the modern ruins.

Though we have made an early start, these farmers are in advance of us, and are actually sowing barley at this late season of the year. Will it come to perfection during the brief space that remains between this and the harvest season in this country?

It is more than possible; but it depends entirely on the character of the coming spring. I have seen one winter, at least, when there was not enough rain to enable the farmers to sow their grain until the month of February, but then there followed an uncommonly cold and wet March. The mountains were covered, on the last day of that month, with a heavy fall of fresh snow, and by the end of April the fields were rejoicing in as rich a crop as ever gladdened the anxious husbandman. It may be thus this year, and it may not. Should the rains cease early, no reaper will fill his bosom with sheaves from these fields. These men are therefore sowing in hope in a very emphatic sense. There is, at least, an equal chance against them, and still they plow and sow on vigorously, with only this basis for their expectations.

It was upon facts such as these the wise man founded his admonition, In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.[1] Of course, the idea is, *sow early* and sow *late*, as opportunity offers or circumstances require. And the wise farmer, in this country, must thus act; for no human sagacity, no length of experience, will enable him to determine, in any given year, that what is sown early will prosper best. If the spring be late, wet, and cold, the early grain grows too rank, *lodges*, and is blasted, while the *late sown* yields a large harvest. This farmer tells me, in answer to my question, that they will be both alike good this year, or, as he expresses it, the late will *overtake* the early. This may be so, but, as Solomon says, he does not know it.

These men seem about to realize the prophecy of Amos:

[1] Eccl. xi. 6.

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper.[1] If I remember correctly, reaping will commence in the coming month.

Yes, in the valley of the Jordan, which is here just below us. No doubt this late plowing and sowing suggested the terms of the prophecy, and gave an air of verisimilitude to it. So, also, the next clause in this 13th verse, "the treader of grapes shall overtake him that soweth seed," derives its significance from facts in agricultural experience. The time for the treading of grapes comes on during the dry months of autumn, and is ordinarily soon over; but this promise implies that the vintage will be prolonged into the rainy season, when alone the husbandman can begin to sow his seed. This does not generally occur until November. In the good days of the promise, however, the vintage will be abundant and long, while the rains will be early and copious, and thus the treading of grapes will run on to the time when the fall crops are sown. This is never actually the case at present, yet, in seasons remarkably favorable, an approximation is seen sufficiently near to justify the allusion.

In Leviticus xxvi. 3, 5, there is the same promise: If ye walk in my statutes * * * the vintage shall reach unto the sowing-time. But here the preceding parallelism is varied. Instead of "the plow shall overtake the reaper," it is "your threshing shall reach unto the vintage." The *threshing* comes *between* the reaping and the treading of grapes, and the promise, therefore, covers another portion of the farmer's year. Reaping is done in April, May, and June, and the vintage is in September and October. Hence the harvest, according to the promise, is to be so heavy that it will take three or four months to tread out the grain. And here, again, actual experience suggested the costume of the prophecy. In very abundant seasons I have often seen the threshing actually prolonged until October. Take the three promises together, and they spread over the entire year of the husbandman. The plowman will continue his work until that which was first sown is ready for the sickle: the thresh-

[1] Amos ix. 13.

ing follows the reaper, and extends to the vintage; and then the treading of grapes reaches to the time to sow for the next crop. And such is the happy nature of this climate, that the whole series of promises is even now realized in those favorable years in which "the Lord gives rain in due season."

What a splendid day, and how warm too, for the first of March!

We are favored in that respect. I was once here with the Countess of Schlieffen and her son, when the ground was frozen hard, and flying clouds kept pelting me with sleet and snow as I rode back to Hasbeiya. Eighteen hundred and forty-nine had been swept away by a perfect deluge of rain and snow, and the new year came in clear and cold. Our German friends, who had been detained in my house for a month by sickness, had left us several days before, carrying the maid-servant on a kind of bier. As it began to rain violently soon after they started, we were quite anxious about them, and our solicitude was not relieved by the contradictory accounts brought to us by the peasants. After breakfast I set off in search of them. The Hasbāny was not fordable, and I rode to the bridge, where I had an opportunity to see the Upper Jordan rushing full and headlong over its rocky bed. The country was flooded with water, and yet the farmers were already out plowing and sowing on the mountain declivities. The truth is, that the long, pointed share of the native plow will root through mud and water without hesitation or encumbrance, and for such soil and climate this miniature machinery is just the article wanted. Moreover, their tiny teams could manage no other. I saw a man plowing with two donkeys, very small and poor. They looked sour and displeased, as though the yoke was degrading to their asinine sensibilities.

In three hours I reached Kûleîyeh, on the top of yon ridge that forms the western boundary of Ijon. There I found the countess and party in sad confusion. Their history, after leaving Hasbeiya, was briefly this: the men hired to carry the sick girl set down the bier in the mud, and ran

away. The rain came on in torrents, and the count had to summon, in the name of the government, the entire population of Kûleîyeh to their assistance. They finally reached the village about dark. Here they had been detained ever since by the storm, and in quarters as filthy and uncomfortable as even this wild country can furnish. Not being able to procure porters, the dragoman had left, two days before, for Safed, to hire carriers from that place. This morning, however, twelve men had offered to take the girl to Hunîn for 300 piastres, and the count had already set off with them, leaving his mother and Mr. Z——, their traveling chaplain, to come on as best they could.

It was now after 12 o'clock, and but little progress had been made in preparation. They were surrounded by a rude mob, screaming, scolding, and quarreling in the wildest uproar. The countess begged me to take the direction of matters, as she could not talk a word with the people, nor comprehend the reason of this hubbub and delay. After a sufficient amount of rebuke and threatening, the refractory muleteers loaded their animals, and we set off—a party of about forty, horses, mules, and donkeys, besides certain beasts so lank and filthy that it was not easy to decide to what particular family they belonged. I had made no arrangements to stay out over night, but could not leave the countess in such doubtful circumstances; so away we went, scattering all about the country in search of practicable paths, but in a general direction southward, along the ridge that divides the Litany from Ijon. Passing by Khŭreîbeh, on the brow of that hill north of us, we came along between Deir Mimas and Kefr Keely on the west, and that large Druse village, El Mutulleh, on the east. At the end of two hours we stopped to rest at this Neb'a en Nihah. Our party had taken different roads, and but few had followed our track. From this we toiled up to Hunîn, along the wild path which we have this morning descended. Just before reaching the castle we overtook Count William and his party, who had been all day in making this distance of nine miles. Hunîn, as you know, is inhabited by Metāwelies, an

inhospitable and villainous set. But the firman of the sultan, and the stringent orders of the pasha, were not to be resisted. The sheikh gave up his own room to the countess and her sick girl, while a poor widow vacated her habitation—about twelve feet square—for us gentlemen. These preliminaries settled, the loads began to come in, and by dark all had arrived except the cook and two or three companions of his. Having waited until after nightfall for our missing cook and party, we then roused the whole village to go in pursuit, when they were soon found and brought in safely. Both they and Mr. Z—— had been stopped by Arabs, and compelled to pay Bedawîn toll before they were allowed to pass. It was now very cold, and utterly dark. The wind howled along the mountain-tops, and tore to tatters the ponderous clouds, which pelted us with rain and snow whenever we ventured out of our retreats. With immense noise and confusion, we got the luggage stowed in the room of the countess, and our forty animals crammed into a large vault of the old castle, and fed, amid uproar, kicking, and fighting, in absolute darkness. By ten o'clock the cook had prepared some sort of dinner, and we spent an hour in talking over the adventures of the day and night. Then we lay down in our clothes and muddy boots, cold, wet, and without beds, and tried to sleep; but with dogs barking outside, cocks crowing overhead, fleas tickling, and other joint occupants of our twelve-foot room crawling over us, our sleep was none of the sweetest.

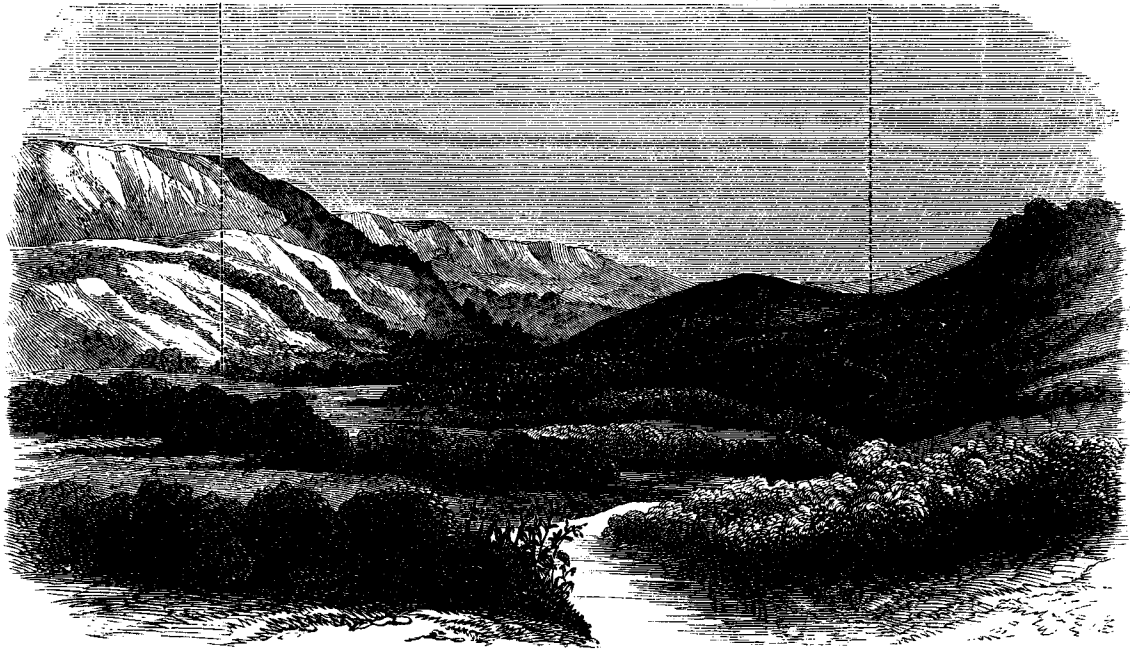
Morning came, however, at last. Our friends set off for Safed, and I returned to Hasbeiya. It is not easy to exaggerate the hardships and even dangers which such parties encounter at this season of the year. Tents can not be used, and they are therefore at the mercy of these lawless peasants. The amount of money which the countess spent could not have been less than fifty dollars a day, and yet the discomforts of her situation were enough to drive any ordinary person to despair. Houses not fit to put pigs in; every door-yard full of mire and filth; the joint contributions of sheep, goats, cows, donkeys, mules, horses, camels, men,

women, and children, worked up to a jelly by incessant rains and constant tramping. Through this ineffable mixture you must flounder, and into it your luggage will be tumbled. To add to your perplexity and distress, the villagers, of every size and sex, throng you like bees, and laugh at your expense. Dogs bark, donkeys bray, mules and horses kick and break bounds, servants are chaffering, and buying any kind of eatables that turn up, and at exorbitant prices; the poor are begging, and all are demanding *bukshish* for contributing their share to the intolerable annoyance. We went through all this, and more, for twelve hours at a stretch, and the marvel is that the sick girl survived it all, recovered, and returned to Germany. The countess remarked that she needed no other illustration of the admonition, Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter.[1]

If that was Banias which you pointed out nearly due east of Hunîn, we are making a long detour to the north.

Still, there is time enough to continue in the same direction to the top of the ridge before us, and my object is to give you a near view of the great castle of Shŭkîf, and of the pretty plain of Ijon. Look, now, across the profound gorge of the Litany, and you can see that fine old fort hanging on the very edge of the precipice. I have often visited it, and have spent several nights encamped in its ample fosse. The view from the top is magnificent, and the gulf, fifteen hundred feet deep, down to the river beneath, is frightful. I never visit it without playing the boy by rolling stones from the top of the castle, and watching their gigantic leaps from point to point, until they are lost in the bushes or the river at the bottom. The castle is the most conspicuous object in this region, and we shall have it looking out upon us in all our rambles hereabouts. The Crusaders called it Belfort, but they did not construct it. Indeed, I think it probable that a castle occupied this commanding position from remote antiquity. And here we have a fine view of the Ijon. The present name—Merj Aiyûn—is a mere variation of the Hebrew. It is about six miles long

[1] Matt. xxiv. 20.



UPPER JORDAN.

and two broad, with a regular descent southward from that great mound at the north end, called Tell Mamo, and sometimes Tell Dibbeen, from a village of that name beyond it. The top of the mound is covered with the rubbish of the ancient city, which spread over the plain to the northeast for some distance. Tradition makes this the site of Ijon, and I see no reason to question the fact. It was taken by Benhadad about the year 950 before Christ, and again by Tiglath Pileser some 200 years later.[1] There is a noble fountain in the centre of the Ijon, called Derdara, and we shall cross the brook that comes from it at the bottom of the plain.

Let me point your eye to those white hills on the northeast. Where they terminate in this direction are the famous Bitumen Wells. They are about three miles west of Hasbeiya. The rock is a chalky marl, exceedingly white. The shaft actually worked when I was last there was one hundred and sixteen feet deep to the bitumen. The thickness of the stratum varies. In some shafts it is fifteen feet, and in others it is not five. So, also, the quality varies. In some places it is extremely pure, like real jet, or black amber; in others, only a few feet distant, it is unctuous, earthy, and of the color of iron rust. The people that work the mine believe that new bitumen is constantly forming; and the fact that the entire area through which these *wells* are and have been sunk from remote ages does not exceed an acre in extent, strongly confirms the theory. The whole space must have been dug over many times, and yet they find it as abundant and perfect as ever. It is probable, therefore, that this mineral exists in vast quantities in the marly mountain north of the wells, and that it exudes slowly, in the form of semi-liquid petroleum, into this peculiar receptacle, and there, in time, hardens into bitumen. It is difficult to account for the continued supply on any other supposition.

The Arabs on the shore of the Dead Sea have a similar theory to account for the appearance of bitumen there.

[1] 1 Kings xv. 20; 2 Kings xv. 2, 9.

They say that it forms on the rock in the depths of the sea, and by earthquakes or other submarine concussions is broken off in large masses, and rises to the surface. A few miles north of these wells of Hasbeiya a new mine has been opened, not far from a village called Yahmûr. The shaft is sunk through hard rock, and the bitumen is found at different depths. It is actually semi-fluid, and exudes into the shaft from crevices in the rock strata.

Is bitumen ever mentioned in the Bible?

Very often, but under the name of pitch in our translation. I think it nearly certain that Noah *pitched* the ark within and without with a preparation of bitumen, although the Hebrew word in Genesis vi. 14 is not the ordinary Shemitic name for it. In the Septuagint, however, it is translated asphaltum. Very early after the Deluge, the immediate descendants of Noah were acquainted with, and used bitumen to bind together the bricks in building the Tower of Babel.[1] This is still seen in some of the ruins of old Babylon. Some two or three hundred years later, we find that the people of Sodom were in the habit of digging bitumen "wells" like those below Hasbeiya. Our translation has it "*slime-pits*,"[2] but the Hebrew is the same that our Arab friends now employ for these *wells*—Biâret Hŭmmar. It was probably an important article of merchandise, even at that early day, with Egypt, for the Egyptians employed it largely in embalming their dead. The mother of Moses also "daubed" her ark of bulrushes with slime and with pitch, as we have it, but in the Hebrew she *bitumed* it with bitumen, and tar or pitch.[3] This is doubly interesting, as it reveals the process by which they prepared the bitumen. The mineral, as found in this country, melts readily enough by itself; but then, when cold, it is as brittle as glass. It must be mixed with tar while melting, and in that way it forms a hard, glassy wax, perfectly impervious to water. I once covered the roof of a room that leaked like a sieve with such a preparation, spreading it on while the rain descended in torrents, and yet with perfect success. The basket of

[1] Gen. xi. 3. [2] Gen. xiv. 10. [3] Ex. ii. 3.

bulrushes for the infant Moses, when thoroughly bitumed, was well adapted to the object for which it was made. Our translation of this passage is deficient in clearness. The bulrush—gomeh—is the Egyptian papyrus. Taboth—ark—is the Arabic word for *coffin*. Slime and pitch are bitumen and tar. The whole was made like a coffin, to deceive the watchful officers of government with the appearance of a funeral. This, too, would appeal more tenderly to the daughter of Pharaoh, and there is a sort of typical signification in it. The saviour of Israel was laid in a coffin, and taken from a watery grave. The Saviour of the world rose from a rock-sepulchre in Jerusalem.

This plain of Ijon has lately been rendered famous by a most extraordinary storm. It was on the 28th of December. Some friends of mine, from Hasbeiya, were coming down the hill by Kefr Keely, that village west of Mutulleh, when one of them called their attention to tall columns of mist over the marsh of the Hûleh. They came this way very rapidly, and soon broke upon them with awful fury. Those of the party who were from Khyam, on the east side of this plain, fled homeward. My friends from H—— were driven before the blast to Khureibeh, that little hamlet just north of us, and with difficulty escaped to it. Those who attempted to reach Khyam perished in the plain, although it is not more than two miles wide, and in full view of their houses. Thus ten men died in a few minutes from the mere chill of this wonderful wind. There was no snow, no frost, and not much rain, but the wind was perfectly awful, driving and upheaving every thing before it. These cold winds draw out all animal heat with amazing rapidity. Not only were these men chilled to death almost instantly, but eighty-five head of cattle also perished before they could be brought to the village. The inhabitants have no tradition of a similar catastrophe. People often perish in snow-storms on the mountains, and on the vast desert of the Hauran, but it was never known before that a mere wind, and that down on this low plain, could chill people to death. The storm scattered and dispersed in various directions. It

did much mischief here on the hills of Naphtali, and over yonder on the Jaulan several people perished by it, and many cattle. It was felt along the sea-board; and I myself caught a violent cold riding from Beirût to Sidon on that day. I examined into the accuracy of these facts on the ground, and know them to be true. My Hasbāny friend, who is a sort of traveling merchant, sold the shrouds of the victims, and saw nine of them buried the next morning. I have often felt the extreme power of these winds to cool down the vital heat of the body, but never encountered any thing like this. It reminds one of David's horrible tempests.

This Ijon is a very fertile plain, and, when clothed with golden harvests, it must be charming. And here are the cascades you spoke of, I suppose.

Yes; and by a singular succession of them, the stream leaps down to the level of Abel, and is there joined by the Ruahîny, which you can see bursting out at the base of the western mountain. Those cliffs are covered for a long distance by the ruins of an extremely old town, for which I can get no other name than that of the fountain. The whole distance around and south of it is also called Ard er Ruahiny. Let us now incline to the northeast to visit the artificial caves and tombs called Serada, which are at the southern termination of that rock ridge of Khyam. I had another object in making this detour. You must know that the Hûleh is my pet lake—under my special protection. I am self-constituted cicerone, and jealous of her reputation. By right of office, I maintain that the Hûleh is unrivaled in beauty, no matter when or from what point beheld — from the distant heights of Hermon, the hills of Naphtali, the plain of Ijon, or the groves of Banias, in mid-winter or mid-summer, in the evening or in the morning—Stop just where you are. There lies the Hûleh like a vast carpet, with patterns of every shade, and shape, and size, thrown down in Nature's most bewitching negligence, and laced all over with countless streams of liquid light. Those laughing brooks of the Hûleh, in straight lines drawn and parallel,

or retreating behind clumps of nodding shrubbery, in graceful curves, to tie up love-knots in sport; here weaving silver tissue into cunning complications, there expanding into full-faced mirrors. The Arab tent is there, and the war-horse, with his wild rider. The plain is clothed with flocks, and herds of black buffalo bathe in the pools. The lake is alive with fowls, the trees with birds, and the air with bees. At all times fair, but fairest of all in early spring and at eventide, when golden sunlight, through many a mile of warm ethereal amber, fades out into the fathomless blue of heaven. Such is the Hûleh: behold, it is very good; a place where there is no want of any thing that is in the earth.[1]

But here we are at the caves of Serada. They are now used to store away grain and tibn (chaff), and to shelter the herds of these miserable Arabs. Serada was once a large town, and inhabited by people who took a pride in rock tombs for their dead. They were probably Phœnicians, for their sepulchres are exactly like those of Tyre and Sidon. Besides these, there is nothing to detain us, and we may pursue our journey. It is an hour from this to the Hasbāny at El Ghŭjar, by a blind path over and among boulders of black lava. On this side of the river is the small Arab village Luisa, and below it are large fountains called Luisany, which add greatly to the size of the Hasbāny. The channel of the river is one of the curiosities of this region. During the countless ages of the past, it has cut a tortuous canal through the hard lava at least two hundred feet deep, and in many places the distance from bank to bank is not much greater.

This, then, is the most distant branch of the Jordan. It is really a respectable stream even here, and the only one I ever saw in such a dark volcanic gorge; beautifully adorned, too, with oleanders, willows, and sycamores, and alive with fish. Altogether, I am not disappointed in it. Is it fact, or a mere fancy of mine, that these people of El Ghŭjar have a physiognomy quite peculiar, and so unlike the Arabs as to indicate a different origin?

[1] Judg. xviii. 10.

They are Nusairîyeh, and there are but two other villages of them in this part of the country. The great body of this tribe reside in the mountains above Tortosa, Mulkŭb, Jebile, and Ladakîyeh. There are many of them also in Antioch, and they spread around the northeast end of the Mediterranean toward Tarsus and Adana. It is impossible to ascertain their number, but they have more than a thousand villages and hamlets, and have been estimated as high as two hundred thousand. I have repeatedly traveled among them, and coincide in the general verdict rendered against them by those best acquainted with their character. They are the most ignorant, debased, and treacherous race in the country. Their religion is a profound secret, but is believed to be more infamous than even their external morals. The skill with which they evade any approximation toward a disclosure of their religious mysteries always excited my astonishment. My party and I once stopped to rest under the shadow of a great rock between Jebile and Ladakîyeh, and, while quietly taking lunch, a company of these people came up. Their sheikh, learning from the muleteers that one of us was a doctor, made very earnest and respectful applications for medicine. While the hakim was preparing it, I began with the old man, gradually and very cautiously approaching the delicate subject of his religion. As the questions came more and more directly to the point, he grew restive, and fearing that he would decamp even without the coveted medicine, I cut right across to the matter in hand by asking him what sort of people inhabited the mountains above us.

Oh! they are fellaheen.

I know that very well; but what is their religion? (This, you are already aware, is the first question in this country.)

Religion! said he; what need have fellaheen of religion?

Certainly, every body has some sort of religion, and so have you, I am sure. What is it? Whom do you follow? What prophet do you love?

We rather love Ali; but whom do *you* follow?

We are Christians; we love Jesus Christ, and our religion is contained in the New Testament.

Very well; we also love Jesus Christ, and curse Mohammed. We and you are *one.*

No, no, you are not Christians.

Why not? We love Christ and Moses: your religion and ours are exactly the same; and, snatching up his medicine, he made off as fast as possible.

The governor of Hamath sent a horseman to guide and protect us across the wild mountains between that city and Tripoli. Our guide compelled a man from a village of this people to accompany us, and, as he could not run away, I determined to pump him about his secret faith. I gave him my horse to lead, lighted a pipe for him to smoke, and, walking by his side, made myself as agreeable as possible. We soon became quite at our ease, and talked away, without reserve, on all sorts of subjects, I approaching the ticklish point in circles, like a moth does a lighted candle. At length I told him something about my religion, that of the Druses and the Hindûs, with all which he seemed much interested. Finally, in a careless and indifferent manner, I put the question about his faith. I am a *fellah*, said he. I know you are a farmer; it was not your occupation, but your religion I asked after. Come, now, we are alone; nobody will hear us; do tell me something about your faith. *I* am a Christian. I tell you what I believe and how I worship; so will the Moslem, the Jew, the Hindû, and even the poor savage in the centre of Africa. Why will not you do the same?

We are fellaheen, that is enough. What do we want of religion?

I know you have a religion of your own, why should you keep it secret?

Do you see that white tomb on the top of that hill? It is Sheikh Ibrahîm el Hakîm. If any one has sore eyes, and visits that mazar, he will get well.

We will talk about that good doctor by-and-by, if you please; but now I want an answer to my question.

May God curse the father of that donkey!

Never mind the donkey, he will go well enough; and you should not curse the poor beast; besides, you mentioned the name of God: who is he? what do you believe about him?

Is it not near noon? We have four hours yet to Hŭsn from that ridge ahead of us.

This is a specimen of a long trial, in which I was completely baffled by an ignorant fellah from the wild mountains of the Nusairîyeh.

This remarkable people have no known forms of prayer, no times or places of worship, and no acknowledged priesthood. At weddings and funerals they sometimes use Mohammedan prayers, but only when in the vicinity of Moslem towns. They practice polygamy, and marry very near relatives—the nearest of *all*, according to the reports of their neighbors. They themselves deny that a Nusairîyeh can marry his own mother. However this may be, the marriage relation is very loose among them. I could not learn whether they believed in the immortality of the soul and a future state of rewards or not, but they hold to transmigration of souls somewhat as do the Druses. They seem to have derived some of their customs and reputed tenets from Persia. The truth probably is, that whatever of Mohammedanism has been incorporated with their original superstition was borrowed from the followers of Ali; and they are, to this extent, a heretical sect of Moslems. But many things led me, when among them, to suspect that they were fragments of Syria's most ancient inhabitants—descendants of those sons of Canaan who were in possession of Arka, Arvad, Zimra, and Sin, on the shore west of their mountains; and of Hamath, on the east, when Abraham "came from Ur of the Chaldees." Expelled by foreign nations from their primeval seats, they retired to the inaccessible mountains, where they now live. These are so situated that they were never penetrated by any great military roads or mercantile routes, and never will be. Perhaps many of their brethren, when driven from the south by Joshua, took

refuge with them. I was struck with the prevalence, all over those mountains, of names of men, and mountains, and castles, and villages, which were identical with those once common in Palestine.

As Christian missions are now established among them, we may hope, ere long, to be better acquainted with the origin, history, manners, customs, and religion of this remarkable people. I have seen a few books which pretended to give an account of their faith, but the Nusairîyeh themselves would not acknowledge them. They are not to be trusted, and, besides, they throw very little light on the matter. They have countless sacred tombs called Mazars, to which they resort on various occasions, but their ceremonies there are always performed in secret. Should any of their number divulge their mysteries, he would be assassinated without remorse, mercy, or delay. This is certain; and this horrible fact may have given rise to the stories about the *assassins*, for it was on these mountains that those somewhat fabulous monsters are said to have resided.

But enough of the Nusairîyeh for the present. 'Ainfit and Z'aora, on the mountain south of Banias, are the only other settlements of this people in this region.

What noble oak glades spread over these hills before us! Indeed, this whole scenery is more park-like than any I have seen in Syria.

Or will see. The peasants of Banias, however, are cutting away these magnificent trees, and in a few years this part of the grand platform of old Panium will be stripped quite naked. You will observe that we have been riding over the ruins of the ancient city for some time, and there is its modern representative, half buried beneath shapeless ruins, which are quite overgrown with bushes, briers, and creepers. We must wade through this rattling river, and find our way to that fine old terebinth, where our tents are waiting our arrival. I, at least, am quite ready for them, and for what our good cook will spread before us.

Curiosity is an overmatch with me just now for fatigue, and even hunger. I must look upon the birth-place of the

Jordan, and have a draught of its water before night closes upon us.

That is soon done. Follow the path to that cliff, and you may have the whole fountain to yourself.

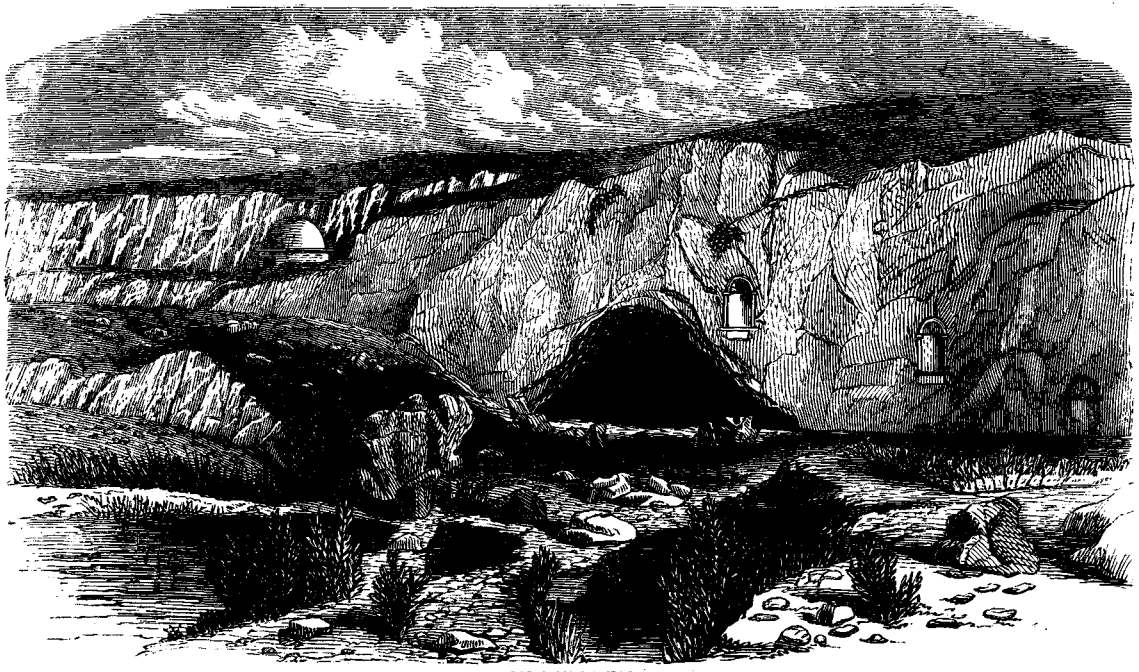
Well, have you seen and tasted?

Is it not magnificent? the fountain, I mean. But let us address ourselves to dinner. The new-born river will sing to us. Hark how its merry laugh floats out on the evening air, and swells up the sides of the echoing hills! Our ride to-day has been perfectly delightful through and to scenes and sites of most romantic interest. There can be no doubt, I suppose, but that this is the source of the greater Jordan, mentioned by Josephus, and this mass of rubbish below the cave, through which the fountain pours its hundred streams, is the debris of the temple of Panium.

Those Greek inscriptions on the face of the cliff confirm the fact. But we are now on ground much more sacred than mere classic association can render any place. Our blessed Lord has been here, has drank of this same fountain, and looked upon this lovely scene. With His usual compassion, he taught the people and healed their diseases. Eusebius says that the woman cured of an issue of blood[1] belonged to this city, and he thus writes on this subject: They say that her house is shown in the city, and the wonderful monuments of our Saviour's benefit to her are still standing. At the gate of her house, on an elevated stone, stands a brazen image of a woman on her bended knees, with her hand stretched out before her, like one entreating. Opposite to this there is another image of a man erect, of the same material, decently clad in a mantle, and stretching out his hand to the woman. This, they say, is a statue of Christ, and it has remained even until our times, so that *we ourselves saw it* when staying in that city.[2] Who knows but that these statues are still buried under this rubbish, and may some day be brought to light. Theophanes, however, says that Julian the Apostate broke them to pieces. It would be like him, if he ever happened to see them.

[1] Luke viii. 43.

[2] Euseb., book vi., chap. xviii.



CAVE AT BANIAS.

The same author thus discourses about the cave and the fountain: "At Cæsarea Philippi, which is called Panias by the Phœnicians, they say there are springs that are shown there at the foot of the mountain called Panias, from which the Jordan rises, and that on a certain festival day there was usually a victim thrown into these, and that this, by the power of the demon, in some wonderful manner entirely disappeared. The thing was a famous wonder to all that were there to see it. Astyrius (a pious Roman of senatorial rank) happening to be once present at these rites, and seeing the multitude astonished at the affair, pitied their delusion. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he implored the God over all through Christ to refute the seducing demon, and to restrain the delusion of the people. As soon as he prayed, *it is said* that the victim floated on the stream, and that thus this miracle vanished, no wonder ever more occurring in this place." The latter remark is probably true, whatever we may think of the rest of the story. These passages, however, are curious, as showing what the traditions concerning this place were at the close of the third century, when Eusebius visited it. Josephus thus describes this locality in Ant., b. xv. ch. x. v. 3: he calls it Panium: "This is a very fine cave in a mountain, under which there is a great cavity in the earth, and the cavern is abrupt, and prodigiously deep, and full of still water. Over it hangs a vast mountain, and under the cavern arise the springs of the River Jordan. Herod adorned this place, *which was already* a very remarkable one, still farther by the erection of this temple, which he dedicated to Cæsar." There is a close resemblance between these stories of this fountain and that of Josephus in his Wars of the Jews, book i. ch. xxi. v. 3: "And when Cæsar had farther bestowed on him (Herod) another additional country, he built there also a temple of white marble, hard by the fountains of the Jordan. The place is called Panium, where is the top of a mountain that is raised to an immense height, and at its side, beneath, or at its bottom, a dark cave opens itself, within which there is a horrible precipice that descends abruptly to a vast depth. It contains a

mighty quantity of water, which is immovable, and when any body lets down any thing to measure the depth of the earth beneath the water, no length of cord is sufficient to reach it." Making all due allowance for subsequent changes, it is still impossible to clear our author of great exaggeration. He probably never saw Banias himself, and took the extravagant stories of others for truth.

It is evident that Banias was a remarkable place before the age of Augustus. Philip the Tetrarch called it Cæsarea in honor of Tiberius, and Philippi in his own and to distinguish it from Cæsarea Palestina. Herod Agrippa beautified it, and complimented that monster Nero by giving it the name of Neroneas. But all these foreign titles soon fell off, and it resumed its old name, Banias, by which alone it is now known. For its history during the Roman empire, and under the Saracens, Crusaders, and Turks, you must consult more authors than I can now mention. Reland's Palestina and Robinson's Researches will serve as guides to the original sources of information.

Great changes have happened to the cave since these authors wrote about it. Probably the earthquake which overthrew the temple may have filled up the depths spoken of. It was here that Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem, was feasted by Agrippa for twenty days, and in this temple he "returned public thanks to God for the good success he had in his undertakings."

If all that is recorded in the 16th and 17th of Matthew in immediate connection with the visit of our Saviour actually occurred in this neighborhood, it has been the scene of some very remarkable transactions. Among them was the Transfiguration, and this Panium may have been that high mountain apart into which our Lord took Peter, James, and John, and was transfigured before them.[1] I have supposed, ever since my first visit to Tabor, that that could scarcely have been the place, for the whole summit was covered by a vast castle, which we know was occupied, if not then, yet shortly after, by soldiers. It is true that Josephus

[1] Matt. xvii. 1–13.

says he built the castle, the only foundation for which assertion being that he repaired one that had been there for ages. Moreover, that locality does not suit the accounts given of events immediately connected with the Transfiguration as recorded by the Evangelists, though it must be confessed that these are not definite or very decisive. I would not, therefore, contend with those who prefer the old tradition in favor of Tabor, and yet I think it probable that it was somewhere in this direction, and see no good reason why it may not have been on this lofty and lonely Panium, or rather Hermon, of which it forms the southern termination.

Here also occurred that remarkable discourse with the disciples, in which Simon Peter answered our Lord's question by the solemn assertion, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God, and received in reply, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.[1] Could the claims of Banias to this wonderful discourse be established, it might vastly enhance the interest of the place in the eyes of those who have made so much capital out of the power of the keys here conferred. We leave the hint for those whom it more immediately concerns.

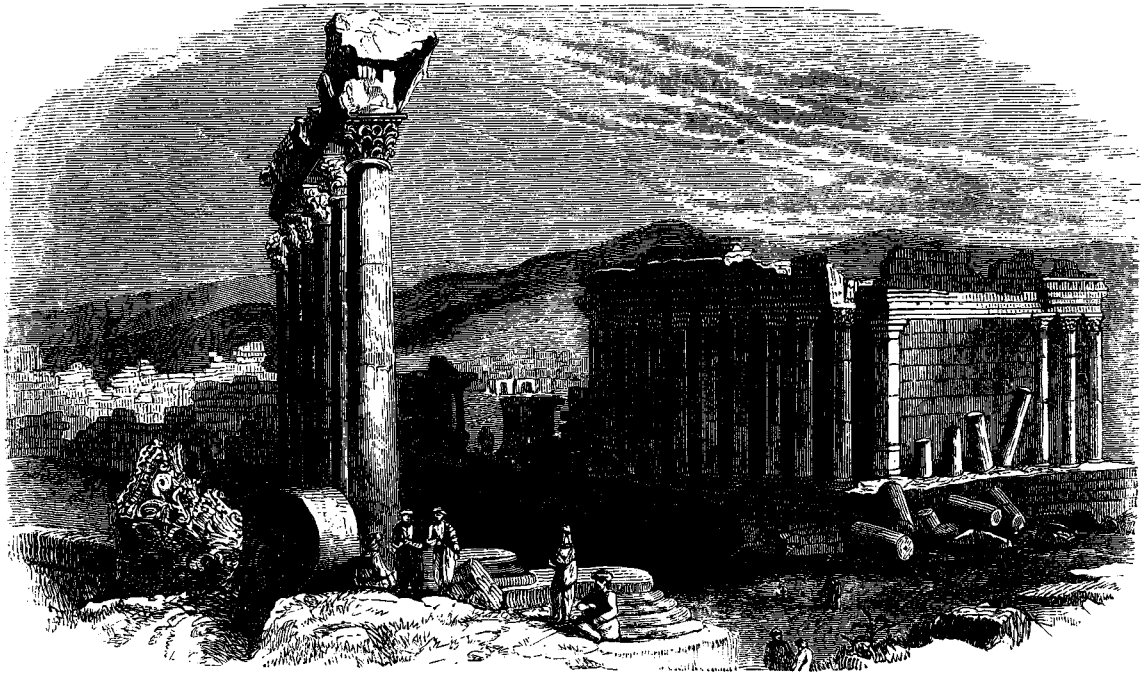
There must be something about this Upper Jordan and its surroundings particularly calculated to call out and foster the religious or the superstitious propensities of our nature. Tell el Kady, four miles west, was the great seat of false worship, from the days when the Danites conquered it, and there set up their teraphim, a graven image and a molten image.[2] Long after this, Jeroboam placed golden calves in Dan, which thing became a sin, for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan.[3]

Then this Banias itself was always celebrated for its worship of Pan, and as we follow up the country we meet with heathen temples all over these mountains. There are ruins of several at a place called Bustra, not far from Kefr Shûbah; another on the high point of Mûtaleîh, above Rashaiet el Fŭkhār; and one at Sed Dan, farther in the mountains.

[1] Matt. xvi. 16, 17. [2] Judg. xviii. 14–20. [3] 1 Kings xii. 29, 30.

A short distance northeast of Rashaiet el Fŭkhār is the fine temple of Hibbarîyeh, with a Greek inscription, much defaced. Two miles farther north are the ruins of another, and higher up still is the temple of Ain Hershah, with Greek inscriptions. Then come those of 'Aihah, Kefr Kûk, Rakhleh, Deir 'Asheîr, Burkûsh, Bekkeh, Munseh, and several others; and across Wady et Teim, west of Rashaiet el Fokah, is the fine temple at Tilthatha, called Neby Sŭfah. Certainly no part of Syria was so given to idolatry as this region round the head-waters of the Jordan. These temples fronted the east, and were probably devoted to the worship of Baal. A description of one or two will answer for all. That at Hibbarîyeh is a fair specimen. It is fifty-eight feet long, thirty-one wide, and to the top of the frieze on the west side is thirty-two feet. It is built of large, well-cut stone, some of them fifteen feet long. The interior, as usual in such edifices, was divided into three parts: that of the altar, at the west end, considerably raised, and eleven feet deep; that of the *temple, nave,* or body of the edifice, twenty-three feet; and the portico, nearly sixteen feet, with columns in front. The temple at Rakhleh is eighty-two feet eight inches long and fifty-seven wide. The altar is semicircular, like that of ancient churches, and with apses on either side. A double row of Ionic columns extended from the altar to the entrance. This edifice is thrown down nearly to the ground. On the southeast corner is a stone belonging to the original wall, about six feet square, and having a circular wreath on the face of it five feet in diameter. Within this is another circle four feet in diameter, and this surrounds the colossal face of an image handsomely carved in bold relief. The length of the face, from the chin to the top of the hair, is three feet four inches, the width two feet four inches. It has been purposely disfigured, but the features are still very distinct and striking. It is probably an image of the god of the temple, perhaps the face of *old Baal himself.*

The temple at Deir 'Asheîr stands upon an elevated platform, ornamented with a frieze and cornice of its own. It is one hundred and twenty-six feet long and sixty-nine



TEMPLES AT BAALBEK.

wide. The length of the edifice built upon this platform is eighty-nine feet, the breadth about forty, and the height to the top of the cornice fifty-four. The interior is divided like that at Hibbarîyeh. The style of architecture resembles the Ionic, and the egg and cup, or cup and ball ornaments occur every where, as at Baalbek. There are other ancient buildings at this Deir 'Asheîr, and the place is well worth a visit.

Proceeding farther north, there are remnants of small temples at various points along the slopes of Anti-Lebanon. At Neby Sheet is the tomb of Seth, under a vaulted room more than one hundred feet long. The tomb is about ten feet broad, extends the entire length of the vault, and is covered with a green cloth. This prophet Seth is the third son of Adam, transformed into a grand Moslem saint, with three hundred wives, and children without number. Opposite to his tomb, on the west side of the Bŭk'ah, is that of Noah, at Kerak. It is a little more than one hundred and thirty feet long, and even at that accommodated the tall patriarch who stepped across the Deluge, only to the knees, the remainder being provided for by a deep pit sunk perpendicularly into the earth. But this entire system of fanes and temples received its grandest enunciation in the wonderful structures at Baalbek, on the eastern side of the Bŭk'ah.

Is Baalbek the Baal-gad of the Bible?

The main reasons for the support of this opinion are that the names are very similar: the first half identical in form, the other probably so in significance, and both correctly translated by Heliopolis, City of the Sun. Then, again, the notices of it in the Bible lead us to search for Baal-gad in the direction and neighborhood of Baalbek: In the valley of Lebanon, under Hermon, and the entrance into Hamath:[1] these are the geographical indications. That it is in *the* valley of Lebanon can not be questioned; that it is under Hermon is equally certain; and that it is at or on the road to the "entrance into Hamath," my explorations in that direction have fully satisfied my own mind. This "entrance," so

[1] Josh. xi. 17, and xiii. 5.

conspicuous in ancient Biblical geography, was the province at the north end of the Bŭk'ah, drained by the sources of the Orontes, *the* river of Hamath. This province was reached from the west or sea-board by the passes over the low mountains of Akkar, at the north end of Lebanon, which I take to be the Mount Hor of Numbers xxxiv. 7, 8. This, says Moses, shall be your north border: from the great sea ye shall point out for you Mount Hor (Heb. Hor Hahor), and from Mount Hor ye shall point out your border unto the entrance of Hamath. Of course the *kingdom*, not the *city* of Hamath, is meant in all cases, and the southern province of it would be reached through the Bŭk'ah, past Baalbek, and from the sea through Akkar, as just described. This theory ascertains the line of Israel's northern boundary, and at the same time corroborates the idea that Baal-gad is identical with Baalbek. Let any one ride from Baalbek northward to Lebweh or 'Ain, or, better still, to Kamûa Hermel, and look off toward Hamath, and he will be struck with the propriety of the phrase, entrance into Hamath. From his stand-point the *valley* of the Bŭk'ah opens out like a vast fan on to the great plain of northern Syria, and he is at the gate of the kingdom. Baalbek being, therefore, in the neighborhood where we must look for Baal-gad, there seems to be no good reason to doubt their identity, for there is no rival to dispute the honor of the name and site.

The remains at Baalbek are adequate to meet the demands of any history, and some of them may claim an antiquity equal to any thing that even Egypt can boast. The substructures of the great temple can scarcely be of a later age than that of Solomon, and *may* have supported a magnificent edifice in the time of Joshua. If we reject this identification, what other name shall we or can we give to these wonderful ruins? I can think of none; and after traveling up and down, and across that whole region for twenty-five years, and studying every ancient site in it, I find no other Baal-gad, and ask for none.

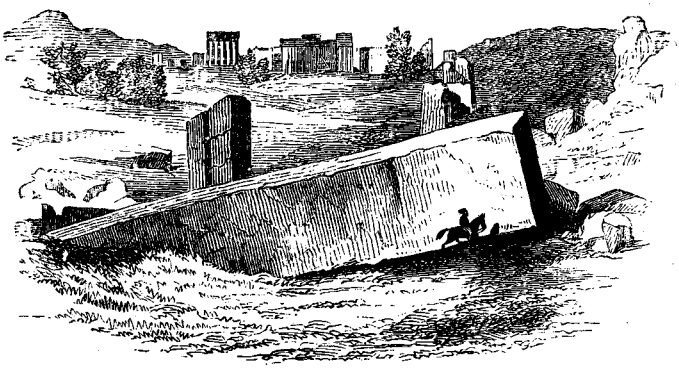
How much evidence is there that Solomon erected any of these temples at Baalbek?

The unanimous voice of Mohammedan romance and Oriental fable. That he should have had something to do with Baal-gad is, however, not incredible. His government included the Bŭk'ah; he was given to magnificent architecture; he built with great stones, quite equal, according to Josephus, to those in the sub-structures at Baalbek, and not much less, according to the Bible; and, finally, there is no other prince known to history to whom the most ancient parts can be ascribed with greater plausibility. If not this very Suleyman Bin Daoud of the Moslem, their author is absolutely unknown.

It is the general opinion, I believe, that the remains there are of very different ages.

It requires no great architectural knowledge to decide that point, but just how many ages and orders can be distinguished in the wilderness of present ruins I will not undertake to determine. The most ancient, no doubt, are the foundations seen on the west and north sides of the great temple to which the *six columns* belonged. The first tier above ground consists of stones of different lengths, but all about twelve and a half feet thick, and the same in width. Then come three stones, each more than *sixty-three* feet long, the largest blocks, perhaps, that were ever placed in a wall by man.* One of this class lies in the quarry, where it can be viewed all round, and measured easily. It is *fourteen* by *seventeen*, and sixty-nine feet long. Here is a drawing of it; and remember, as you look at it, that *three* very respectable rooms might be cut in it, and still leave partition walls three feet thick. How such blocks could be transported a mile over uneven ground to the temple, and elevated to their position on its platform, is yet an unsolved problem in the science of mechanical forces. But there is something about them still more wonderful. The corresponding surfaces of

* Dr. Robinson, the greatest master of measuring tape in the world, gives the dimensions of these three stones thus: One is sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three eight inches, and the remaining one sixty-three feet: the whole, one hundred and ninety feet eight inches. The height about thirteen feet, and the thickness perhaps greater.



GREAT STONE IN THE QUARRY.

these enormous stones are squared so truly and polished so smoothly that the *fit* is most exact. I was at first entirely deceived, and measured two as one, making it more than a hundred and twenty feet long. The *joint* had to be searched for, and, when found, I could not thrust the blade of my knife between the stones. What architect of our day could cut and bring together with greater success gigantic blocks of marble more than sixty feet long and twelve feet square?

It is admitted, is it not, that the temple for which this foundation was laid was never completed?

It is; but this does not prove it. That those who subsequently built upon the foundation did not occupy the whole of it, is evident enough. The portion left out is indicated by the tier of great stones on the northwest corner; but it is not certain that the remains of *the* most ancient temple were not taken, so far as needed, for the smaller structures of succeeding architects. I suspect that we now see the fragments of these blocks in the Grecian columns, capitals, and cornices which encumber the platform of the present edifices. The quality of the rock is identical, and there could be no reason why the Grecian architects should not appropriate to their use these *ruins*, just as they did so much of the *foundation* as suited their purposes.

Are there no inscriptions to aid in determining these doubtful points?

None older than the age of Antoninus Pius, I believe. The grand entrance to the platform of the temple was on the east side, fronting the city, and was adorned by twelve noble columns. On the pedestals of two of these columns are long Greek inscriptions, but they are so high in the wall that it is difficult to get at them. I was twice let down by ropes from the top of the wall, and copied them with no little pain and with some peril. As they have been often printed, you can study them at your leisure, if you have a fancy for such researches. I myself do not believe that Antoninus did much more than repair, or restore temples already there, and then, like modern Arabs, write his own name and deeds upon them.

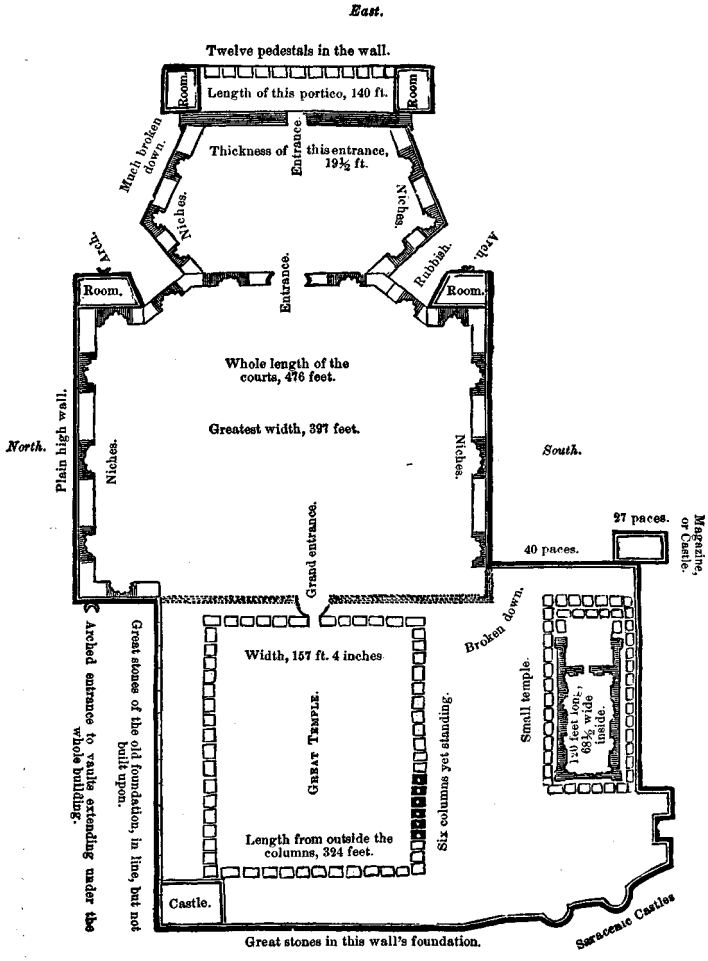
During the last thirteen centuries, the Mohammedans—fanatical haters of all temples, idols, and even innocent statues—have done what they could to deface and destroy the architectural and artistic beauties of Baalbek, and they have recorded their zeal and success in numberless pompous inscriptions; none of them, however, have much historic value. By these barbarians, the entire platform, vaults, temples, and all, were early converted into a strong fortress, and it is still known to them only as Kul'a et Baalbek—castle of Baalbek.

We have so many admirable drawings of these temples, and from so many different points, that I fancy myself perfectly acquainted with them.

True; but, like most other fancies, you will find very little correspondence between it and the reality, if your experience coincides with mine. As you approach from Zahleh, the columns come into view at a great distance, and appear small. Hour after hour you ride on in tedious monotony, and seem to get no nearer, the temples no larger. Half a dozen times you prick your horse into a gallop, expecting to dash right in among the columns, but hold up again to breathe your jaded nag, who has not one grain of your enthusiasm. At length, as his iron hoof clatters on the pavement at the gate, you exclaim in disappointment, almost vexation, Is *this* Baalbek? Yes, it is, sir; and now give

over the rein to the groom, and yourself to two days' diligent exploration and study. You will need all that time to master the problems before you; and when you have left, you will long to return, and will do so if you can. I have repeated my visits half a dozen times, and always find something new to admire. The first impression of disappointment runs rapidly into admiration and wonder. You go to the end of a prostrate column, and are almost startled to find that, on tiptoe, and with the hand at utmost stretch, you can not measure its diameter! You climb in between two of those standing columns, and feel instantly dwarfed into an infant. Looking up to the entablature with a shudder, you wonder how big it may be. A fragment lies at the base; you leap down and measure. It is fourteen feet thick! And such fragments and such columns are all around, and block up your way. Little by little, and with difficulty, you grasp the grand design, and, going out eastward into the centre of the broad platform, take your stand in front of the main entrance. With those six pillars to help your imagination, you reconstruct the whole noble edifice, with twenty such giants on a side! and there you may be safely left much longer than we have time to wait for you. It is growing late, and the subject tedious. If you want to study either Baalbek or Palmyra in detail, I commend you to the magnificent drawings of Wood and Dawkins. They visited Baalbek in 1751; but, though thus old, they are far more elaborate and minute than any others. Of written descriptions there are countless numbers, but the only way to become really possessed of Baalbek is to visit, explore, and study it for yourself. Dr. Robinson's admirable chapter on Baalbek, in his last volume of Researches, is the best and most comprehensive epitome of all that has been or can be said about these wonderful remains, and I advise you to study it attentively.

Here is a plan of the original platform, which I drew on the spot some twenty years ago, which will materially aid you or any one else to comprehend this now confused wilderness of ruins. The cause of greatest perplexity arises



PLAN OF TEMPLES AT BAALBEK.

from the many Saracenic castles and towers with which these barbarians have encumbered and disfigured every part of the grand platform. The entire length from east to west is about eight hundred and eighty feet, and the width across the central court nearly four hundred. The plan itself gives all the details and measurements which are necessary to render the design intelligible. To picture the whole magnificent group of portico, courts, towers, and temples as they once appeared to the proud citizens of Baalbek, one should stand some little distance in front of the main entrance, and restore, in imagination, the portico, one hundred and eighty feet long, adorned by twelve splendid columns, reached by a noble flight of steps. Landing among these columns, and stopping to admire the highly ornamented pavilions at each end, the visitor passes through the deep portals into the main court of the temple, nearly four hundred feet square, and surrounded on all sides by chapels, oratories, niches, and statues of exquisite workmanship. All these, however, will be unheeded at first, for at the south end of the vast court towers the peerless temple itself, with its statues, golden gates, and colonnades rising to the sky. This is a study by itself, and we shall let each one prosecute it as he likes. The smaller temple was an after-thought, perhaps erected from the ruins of the other; both, however, are of the same pale white limestone from the adjacent hills, which, though hard and durable, does not take a high polish. The architecture, as the drawings have taught all the world, is Corinthian, and the carving and ornamental tracing is rich and elaborate. The best specimens of this are seen in the entrance to the smaller temple. There are other remains about Baalbek which would merit and receive attention any where else, but in the presence of these gigantic works they are passed by unnoticed, nor can we spend time now in describing them. The visitor is surprised to see the fragments of granite columns scattered about the ruins, which must have been brought from Egypt, and transported over the mountains to this central and elevated spot by machinery, and along roads every trace of which has long since disappeared from the country.

This is quite enough about Baal-gad and ancient heathen temples; but the discussion has abundantly confirmed the remark made at the outset, that either there is something in the structure of these cliffs and valleys of old Hermon peculiarly suggestive of religious, or rather superstitious *edification*, or that there was something remarkably devotional in the character of the inhabitants of this mountain. All these temples belong to Anti-Lebanon, while Lebanon proper, though the more magnificent of the two, had scarcely any, and none that have become historic. There was a small one at Bisry, on the Owely; another at Deir el Kŭlah, above Beirût; one at Fakhrah, near the Natural bridge on Dog River; one at Aphcah, the source of the River Adonis; two rude oratories at Naous, above Deir Demitry; one at Nihah, facing the Buk'ah, and another on the north end of Lebanon, at a place called Deir; but none of these ever attracted much attention, or deserved to do it, while Hermon is crowded with them. I hope we may be able to visit them hereafter, but at present I am more inclined to visit the couch and seek repose. The young Jordan will sing our lullaby.

XVII. LAKE PHIALA—CASTLE OF BANIAS.

March 4th.

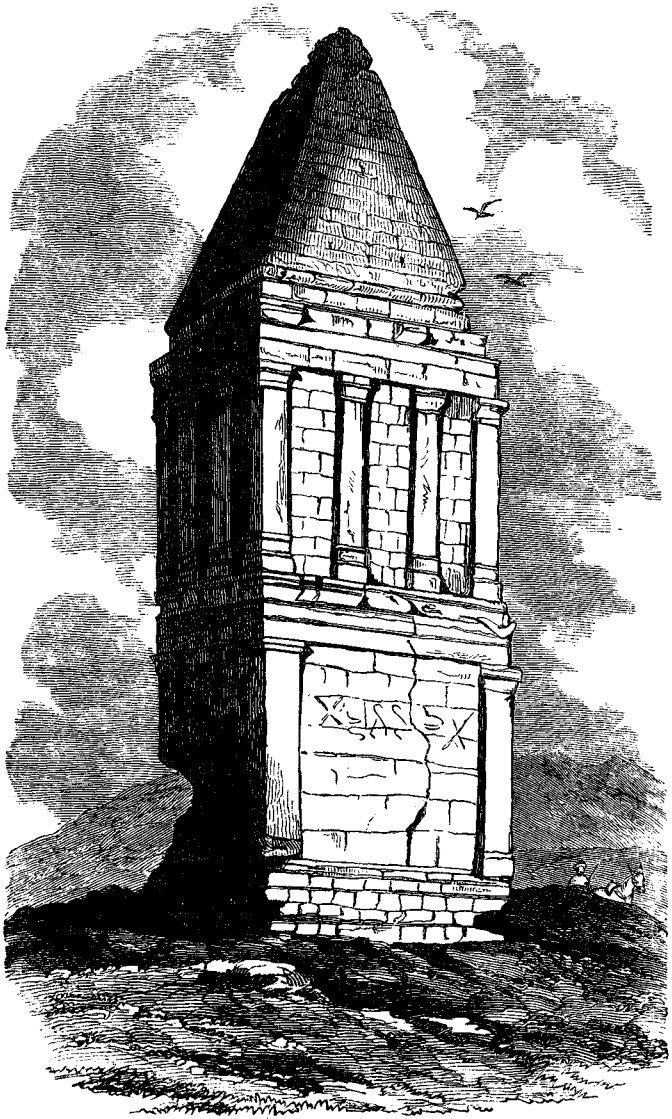
According to your location of the "entrance into Hamath" in our conversation of last night, I suppose you make the northern end of the Buk'ah the limit of Israel's inheritance in that direction?

I do not mean to be led into a discussion of this vexed question, as difficult to settle as any other boundary-line which has perplexed the politicians of Europe and America; but when I have stood at the Kamûa Hermel, and looked out northward and eastward over the vast expanded plain of Hamath, I have felt assured that I stood near that celebrated "entrance," and a careful study of all the passages in the Bible which deal with this question has confirmed the impression made by the eye and the scene.

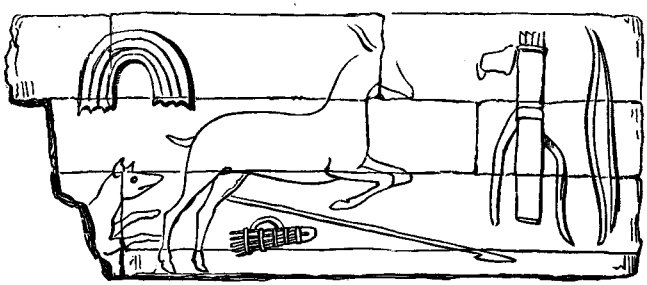
What is this Kamûa, which you have mentioned more than once?

Here is a drawing of it, which will convince you, at a moment's glance, that it is worthy of a visit.

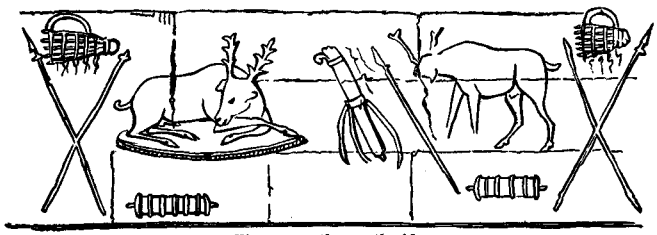
It is the most singular monument now standing in this part of Syria, and was probably erected by some of the Seleucidæ, kings of Antioch, but this is not certain. It seems to represent hunting scenes, and some of them were sufficiently fond of the chase to lead them to seek immortality in connection with its trophies. What else it was intended to commemorate can not now be ascertained, for the tablets of inscriptions, if ever there were any, are gone. The southwest corner has fallen down, showing the fact that the entire structure is built solid throughout. It is nearly thirty feet square and about sixty-five high, the latter fifteen of which is a regular pyramid; the remaining fifty feet is divided into two stories, with a pedestal of three feet and a half. There are square pilasters at the corners of the lower story, and additional ones in the centre of the upper story. Upon a broad belt of well-smoothed stones, near the top of the first story, are the animals and hunting imple-



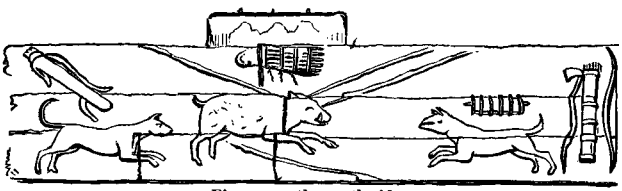
KAMUA HERMEL.



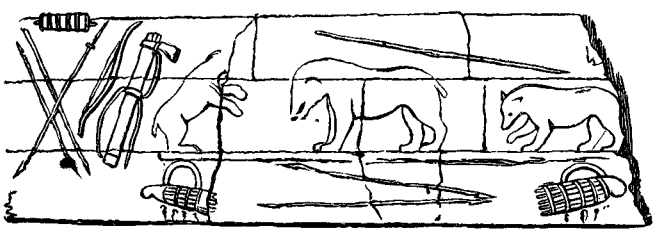
Figures on the west side.



Figures on the north side.



Figures on the south side.



Figures on the east side.

The figures on the monument are as large as life.

ments, drawn at about full size. The execution, though graphic and bold, looks toward the burlesque.

From its elevated position, I saw this curious monument, when coming from Aleppo in 1846, for a day and a half before I got to it, and wondered all the while what it could be, as no traveler had visited it or the region about it. Since then it has become a favorite detour from the regular route to the cedars from Baalbek, and I would advise all who can to make it, not merely to see the Kamûa, but also the sources of the Orontes at Lebweh, 'Ain, and Mugharet er Rahib, near Hermel. The ride to the cedars from this fountain, up Wady el Farr, is one of the most romantic in Syria or any where else. But it is high time we were in the saddle, for we have a smart ride, and plenty to see before us to occupy one day.

You had a long ramble this morning, or at least you forsook the pillow and the tent at a very early hour.

I am too deeply interested in these scenes to waste the morning hours in sleep. My first visit was to the fountain to bathe and drink. I shall not lose the memory of that hour, should I live a thousand years. Then I followed the brook, crossed over to the western side, and strolled away, I know not how far, among those venerable oaks. Returning, I climbed to the top of the castle on the northwest corner of the city, and looked into the wilderness of bushes and briers that hides the brawling river at its base. Descending to some mills, I forced my way through sharp thorns to the southwest corner, and then followed up the wall to the gate and bridge over the ravine called Sāāry, which, I suppose, formed the southern fosse of the city. From the southeastern corner I followed the ditch, which brought me back here to the tent.

You have made the entire circuit of the city, which, indeed, is not great; but as it was entirely surrounded by deep ravines, or by a ditch which could be filled with water from the great fountain, it must have been a very strong place; this, however, was merely the citadel: the city spread out on all sides far beyond these narrow limits. The traces

of this extension are found not only among the oak groves on the north and west, but also south of the brook es Sāāry, and on the plain to the east, as we shall see along our road to the Phiala, which is the limit of our excursion for to-day.

This lake, now called Burket Ram, is two hours nearly due east, and for the first hour, to 'Ain Kŭnyeh, the ascent is quite steep, and over vast formations of black basalt, and this whole region is of the same volcanic character down to the River Jermuk, southeast of the Lake of Tiberias. This brook, es Sāāry, has cut a deep channel in the trap rock, verifying the proverb of Job that the waters wear the stones,[1] even the hardest of them. The country hereabouts is very fertile, and, at the proper season, clothed with luxuriant harvests. Those olive-trees which climb the steep declivities on our left, quite up to the castle, I have seen bowing to the earth under a heavy load of oily berries, and every one is delighted with the variety and beauty of wild-flowers which in spring adorn these ravines: even now they begin to appear in profusion.

This 'Ain Kŭnyeh shows evident traces of antiquity. Is any thing known in regard to its past history?

Not that I am aware of. It was probably the country residence and health-retreat for the citizens of Cæsarea, and is, in fact, still celebrated for its good climate. There is yet another hour to the Phiala, and our path lies along the mountain side, above this noisy Sāāry. This oak wood on our right extends far south, and is a favorite resort for the flocks of those Arabs who occupy the western borders of the Jaulân. It is not particularly safe to explore this neighborhood, but I hear of no special danger at present; and the number of people from the lower villages who are out on the border of the forest burning and carrying coal, is a pretty certain indication that we can go to the lake without interruption. It is a wild and lawless region, however, and I never stay at Phiala longer than is necessary for my purpose. We must here cross the Sāāry at this mazar, called Mesâdy. The

[1] Job xiv. 19.

brook comes down from the southern extremity of Jebel es Sheikh, and across that plain of Yafûry on our left, so named from a saint, whose white-domed mazar is seen on the edge of it, about a mile north of Phiala. And here is the lake itself, round like a bowl, motionless as a molten mirror, but alive with frogs, ducks, and hawks. We must guide our horses carefully along the rim of this strange volcanic basin to some slope sufficiently gradual to allow us to descend to the water.

There is an air of mysterious solitude and desolation quite oppressive about this mountain lake.

Shall we ride round it?

As you please.

How great is the circumference?

That we shall know better after we get back. I have never made the circuit, and am not quite sure we shall find a practicable track all the way.

Large parts of its surface are covered with a sort of sea-weed, and upon it, and all round the margin,

"These loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring."

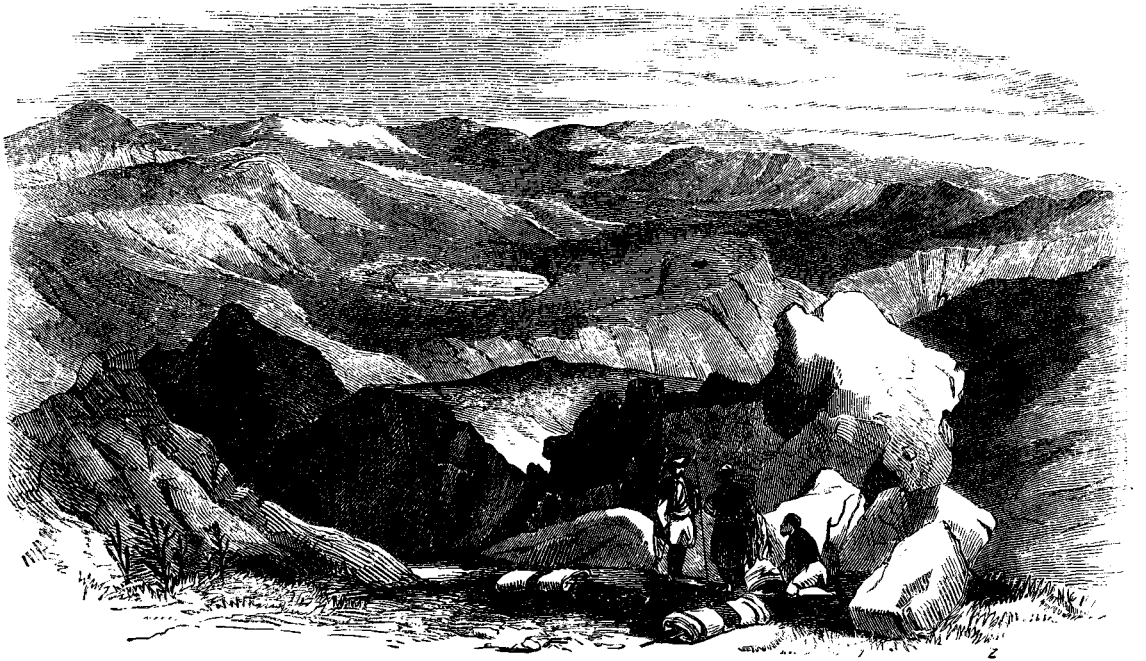
It seems to be the very metropolis of frogdom.

Yes, and upon this grass feed countless millions of leeches. The Phiala, in fact, has long furnished the chief supply of that insatiable mother, whose two daughters ever cry Give, give! Solomon says so.[1]

What are those large hawks after? They swoop down like a bolt from the clouds, just graze the surface, and rebound, as it were, again to the sky.

Don't you see how the frogs hush their clamor and dive under when this their great enemy makes a descent in their vicinity? My muleteer shot one of them on a former visit, which fell into the lake near the shore, and he attempted to wade in for it, but got entangled in this interminable grass, and we were glad to get him back in safety. Without a boat it is impossible to explore the lake to any considerable distance from the shore.

[1] Prov. xxx. 15.



VIEW OF LAKE PHIALA.

Do you believe that this water covers the bottom of an extinct crater?

It resembles one in all respects, and is like nothing else that I know of. This Phiala has neither inlet nor outlet; that is, no stream runs into it, and none leaves it. There must be large fountains, however, beneath the surface, for the evaporation in this hot climate is very rapid, and yet the lake is equally full at all times, or so nearly so as to sanction the native accounts to that effect.

What think you of the opinion of Josephus, that this is the more distant source of the fountain at Banias?

And that Philip proved the fact by casting chaff into the Phiala, which came out at Banias? I don't believe it, and I wish it were the only absurd thing to be found in his history. He thinks it worth while to mention a tradition that the fountain of Capernaum (probably that of Tabigah) comes from the Nile, because it produces fish similar to the coracinus of the lake near Alexandria. The Moslems about Tyre will assure you that Ras el 'Ain comes from the same river, and there are many other such stories equally absurd. In regard to this Phiala, it is impossible, from the geological construction of this region, that its waters could flow down to Banias. Then, also, this water is dark-colored and insipid, and abounds in leeches, while the Baniasy has none of them—is bright as sunlight, and deliciously cool and sweet. And still more to the point is the fact that the river which gushes out at Banias would exhaust this lake in forty-eight hours. And now we have made the circuit in fifty-five minutes; the lake is, therefore, full three miles in circumference. I had judged it to be at least that, merely from appearance. Our next point is the castle of Banias, and the path leads over the mountain to the northwest. This large village on our right is Mejdel es Shems, inhabited by Druses, a fierce, warlike race, sufficiently numerous to keep the Bedawîn Arabs at a respectful distance. We may stop in safety under these splendid oaks to rest and lunch.

This is certainly the finest grove of the kind I have seen. A solemn stillness reigns within it; and what a soft, relig-

ious light struggles down through the thick branches! It is not unlikely that this was one of those "high places" of idolatry which were always accompanied with groves.

It is still sacred. The mazar is in honor of one Othman el Hazûry, or Othman of Hazor, and some indistinct traces of a village between this and the castle still bear that ancient name. But this could not have been the capital of Jabin, as some have supposed. That city was given to Naphtali, and must have been situated somewhere in Upper Galilee. But your remark about the religious shade of this grove reminds me of a certain kind of superstition, as prevalent now in these parts as idolatry was in the days when those temples we spoke of yesterday were thronged with deluded worshipers. Ezekiel says, Then shall ye know that I am the Lord, when their slain shall be among their idols round about their altars, upon every high hill, in all the *tops* of the *mountains*, and under every green tree, and under *every thick oak*, the place where they did offer sweet savor to all their idols.[1] Not only did the heathen delight to build temples and rear altars in the tops of the mountains, as these ruins testify, but they worshiped their idols under every green tree, and especially under thick oaks. They do so still, in a modified form. These oaks under which we now sit are believed to be inhabited by Jan and other spirits. Almost every village in these wadies and on these mountains has one or more of such thick oaks, which are sacred, from the same superstition. Many of them are believed to be meskûn (inhabited) by certain spirits called Benat Yacobe—Daughters of Jacob—a very strange and obscure notion. The common people are afraid of these inhabited trees, and when they pass them hang on the branches a rag torn from their clothes, as an acknowledgment of their presence, and a sort of peace-offering to avert their anger. I have seen scores of such thick oaks all over the country, but could never obtain an intelligible explanation of the notions or traditions upon which this wide-spread custom is based. It has rather seemed to me to be an indis-

[1] Ezek. vi. 13.

tinct relic of ancient idolatry, which the stringent laws of Mohammed banished in form, but could not entirely eradicate from the minds of the multitude. Indeed, the Moslems are as stupidly given to this superstition as any other class of the community. Connected with this notion, no doubt, is the custom of burying their holy men and so-called prophets under these trees, and erecting *mazars* to them there. All non-Christian sects believe that the spirits of these saints love to return to this world, and especially to visit the place of their tombs. Nor can we restrict our remark to the heathen. It is difficult to distinguish between this, and the belief or feeling which lies at the bottom of all saint-worship. Isaiah speaks of a time when the people shall be ashamed of the oaks which they have desired.[1] May that day speedily dawn. It implies the spread of light and knowledge. No sooner is a man's mind even partially enlightened by the entrance of that word that giveth light,[2] than he becomes heartily ashamed of these oaks, and of his former fear and reverence for the beings supposed to inhabit them. I have witnessed some ludicrous displays of daring enacted about these old trees by Protestant Arabs just emancipated from this degrading superstition, and I can point you to many respectable people who have been all their lives long and are still held in bondage through fear of these imaginary spirits.

Scarcely any tree figures more largely in Biblical narrative and poetry than the oak, but I observe that certain modern critics contend that it is, after all, not the oak, but the terebinth.

The criticism is not quite so sweeping as that. It is merely attempted to prove, I believe, that the Hebrew word *alah*, which, in our version, is generally rendered *oak*, should be translated terebinth. *Allon*, they say, is the true name of the oak. It is not for us to settle such controversies, but I have not much confidence in the results. In fact, the Hebrew writers seem to use these names indiscriminately for the same tree, or for different varieties of it, and that was

[1] Isa. i. 29. [2] Ps. cxix. 130.



SYRIAN OAK.

the oak. For example, the tree in which Absalom was caught by the hair was the *alah*, not the *allon*, and yet I am persuaded it was an oak. That battle-field was on the mountains east of the Jordan, always celebrated for great oaks — not for terebinths — and this is true to this day. Again: that "wood of Ephraim," in which the battle was fought, and which devoured more people than the sword,[1] is called *yaar* in Hebrew, *waar* in Arabic — evidently the same word, and it signifies a wild, rocky region, overgrown with trees—mostly oak, *never* the terebinth. There is no such thing as a terebinth *waar*—no such thing in this country as a terebinth wood. And yet this *alah* which caught Absalom formed part of the wood of Ephraim. *It was an oak*, I firmly believe. There are thousands of such trees still in the same country, admirably suited to catch long-haired rebels, but no terebinths. Indeed, this latter tree does not meet the requirements of this catastrophe at all. I see it asserted by the advocates of this translation that the oak is not a common nor a very striking tree in this country,

[1] 2 Sam. xviii. 6–8.

implying that the terebinth is. A greater mistake could scarcely be made. As to strength, it is simply ridiculous to compare the terebinth with the oak, and the same in regard to size. The terebinth under which our tent is pitched down at Banias is the largest I have seen, and yet there are many oaks to which it is but as an infant. Still more surprising are the statements about the extent of oak forests in this land. Why, there are more mighty oaks here in this immediate vicinity than there are terebinths in all Syria and Palestine together. I have traveled from end to end of these countries, and across them in all directions, and speak with absolute certainty.

Besides the vast groves around us, at the north of Tabor, and in Lebanon and Hermon, in Gilead and Bashan, think of the great forests, extending thirty miles, at least, along the hills west of Nazareth, over Carmel, and down south beyond Cæsarea Palestina. To maintain, therefore, that the oak is not a striking or abundant tree in Palestine, is a piece of critical hardihood tough as the tree itself. And, finally, the terebinth is deciduous, and therefore not a favorite shade-tree. It is *very* rarely planted in the courts of houses, or over tombs, or in the places of resort in villages. It is the beautiful evergreen oak that you find there. Beyond a doubt, the idolatrous groves so often mentioned in Hebrew history were of oak. The straggling, naked terebinth is never selected for such purposes. It sheds down no soft twilight, suggests no religious thought, awakens no superstitious fears. It takes the dense, solemn, mysterious oak to do this. I confess that I never come within such a grove even as this without being conscious of a certain indescribable spell, a sort of silly timidity, tending strongly to religious reverence. With the ignorant this might easily be deepened into downright idolatry.

I do not believe that Abraham's celebrated tree at Hebron was a terebinth, as many now affirm without qualification. It is *now* a very *venerable oak*, and I saw no terebinth in the neighborhood. That there are mistakes in our translation in regard to the trees, as well as other things, I

would not deny, but until we have more light on this particular matter, and more decisive, let us continue to read out bravely the good old word *oak*, and never fear the smile of overwise critics.

But it is time to leave this fine grove for the castle of Banias. Prepare for one of the roughest scrambles you have yet encountered in the East, and look well to your clothes, or they will be left streaming on the sharp thorn-bushes through which we must force our way. And now, as we ascend Castle Hill, hold a steady rein, or you will meet with something far worse than thorns.

This is, indeed, a fearful ascent, and of itself enough to confound any assailing party, without the aid of walls and bulwarks.

Those who built the castle did not think so. But all danger is past, and our path lies along this south wall to that curious and well-defended entrance.

Is it probable, or even possible, that the Crusaders erected this prodigious fortification?

I think not. Doctor Robinson, with whom I once visited it, decided, without hesitation, that it was ancient. These deep grooves in the *posts* of this gateway show that the door did not open and shut, but was drawn up by machinery. To such an apparatus David, perhaps, alludes in the 24th Psalm: *Lift up* your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.[1] You will find no other good specimen of this kind of gateway in all Syria, and it is therefore the more worthy of special notice. It is also a tacit witness to the antiquity of these works.

Is not the entire castle too fresh, and in too high a state of preservation to accord with a very remote antiquity?

That is owing to the quality of the stone, which is very compact, and hard as adamant; it rings, when struck, like metal. Even those that have been thrown down in confusion for many centuries are as perfect as the day when they were cut from the mountains; they will last to the end of

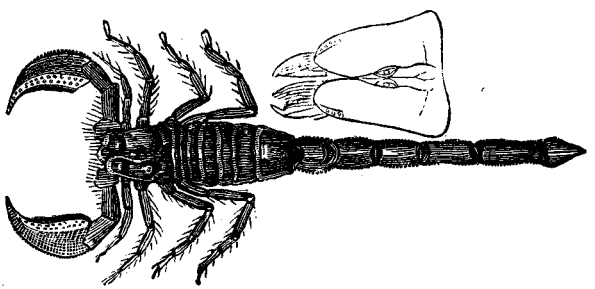
[1] Ps. xxiv. 7.

the world. But let us tie up our horses, for it will take hours to explore the place to your satisfaction. The site is admirably adapted for a castle. The ridge is high, sharp, and isolated, and at least seven hundred feet long from east to west. The two ends are much broader than the middle, and the whole summit is included within the walls. The east end is far the highest, and the fortifications there are exceedingly strong, commanding most effectually the steep declivity up which the road was cut. On the south and west the mountain sinks down steeply for a thousand feet to the plain of Banias, and on the north yawns the frightful gorge of Khushaib. It is thus unapproachable by an assailing force on all sides, and, until the invention of cannon, it could have been taken only by treachery or starvation; nor would it have been easy to starve the place into surrender, if properly victualed. There is space sufficient for a strong garrison, and they might even raise vegetables for their table, as the shepherds grow fine crops of tobacco at present; and, though there is no fountain, these immense cisterns would afford an abundant supply of good water. The native tradition is, that the dark stairway here at the west end, down which we groped our way into the vaults beneath, was a subterranean, or, rather, submontane path to the great fountain of Banias, by which the garrison could obtain both water and provisions; but as that is two miles distant, and a thousand feet below, the thing is scarcely credible. A respectable man of Hasbeiya, however, assured me that he once descended it a long distance, to where it was blocked up by the falling in of the roof. By my aneroid, the top of this castle is 2300 feet above the Mediterranean, being nearly the same elevation as that of Shukîf.

Is there no history of this remarkable place?

None that reaches much farther back than the time of the Crusaders. Under the name Subeîbeh it figures largely in the wars between the Saracens of Damascus and the Templars of Jerusalem, and these long Arabic inscriptions speak of repairing and rebuilding by Melek et Dâhar and others, some six or seven centuries ago; they, however, were not

the original architects of this great fortress. As it commands the pass from the Hûleh and the plains of the Jordan over Hermon to Damascus and the east, it must always have been a place of great importance. I have long suspected that this is the site of Baal Hermon mentioned in Judges iii. 3, and 1 Chronicles v. 23. From these notices it appears that Baal Hermon was at the south end of the general mountain of Hermon, and there is no other point in this whole region so important or so conspicuous as this. It is not possible, however, to identify some of these ancient sites with certainty, and this is one of the most doubtful. By leading our horses down the terraces through this olive grove, we shall shorten our distance to the town more than half. What a noble view over plain, and marsh, and lake, and mountain! and how sweetly reposes the village of Banias in this verdant and sheltered nook of Hermon! Its fifty tottering huts, however, form a wretched representative of ancient grandeur, and the place is now very unhealthy, especially in autumn. During the hot months the people erect booths on their roofs, elevated on poles, to escape from scorpions, of which there are countless numbers among the ruins. I have had them tumble down upon me while sitting under the terebinth-tree near our tent, and never pitch there in summer without carefully turning up every stone in search of those dangerous reptiles.



SCORPION.

I should like to see one of these stinging scourges. They are not a little celebrated in the Bible. An insolent allu-

sion to them cost Rehoboam the loss of ten tribes. They magnified the horrors of that "great and terrible wilderness," and are standing types of the wicked, whose torment is as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man.[1]

Return here three months hence, and your wish can easily be gratified. You may chance to get even more than you seek for.

Is there any resemblance between a scorpion and an egg, to suggest the antithesis in our Lord's question, If he ask an egg will he offer him a scorpion?[2]

There is no imaginable likeness between an egg and the ordinary black scorpion of this country, neither in color nor size, nor, when the tail is extended, in shape. But old writers speak of a *white* scorpion, and such a one, with the tail folded up, as in specimens of fossil trilobites, would not look unlike a small egg. Perhaps the contrast, however, refers only to the different properties of the egg and the scorpion, which is sufficiently emphatic.

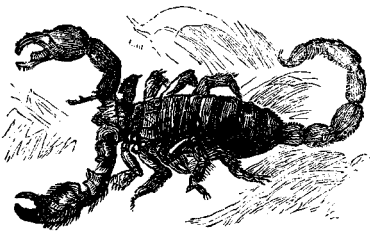
Our Lord says, Behold, I have given you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, etc.[3] Is this fact, literally understood, necessarily miraculous?

I have seen little boys draw out scorpions from their holes by thrusting in small sticks with wax on the end, into which their claws fasten. They then catch them in their fingers, and stick them on to a rod of bird-lime or common wax, until they cover the rod with them; nor do they seem to be afraid, but rub their hands up and down this string of scorpions without hesitation. We also hear of fanatics who actually crush them in their mouths and pretend to eat them. But it is to be remembered that the scorpion's sting is in its tail, with which it *strikes* its victim (as is correctly implied in the quotation from the Revelations), and that it can not strike *sideways*. If, then, it be properly held between the fingers, or so stuck into the bird-lime as not to admit its longitudinal stroke, there is no danger; and, moreover, the boys may have something on their hands or in the wax which "charms" or stupefies it. The pain from its

[1] Rev. ix. 5. [2] Luke xi. 12. [3] Luke x. 14.

stroke is very intense, but never fatal in Syria. Those on the northern coast of Africa are *said* to be larger, and the poison so virulent as frequently to cause death. At any rate, it is a hateful creature, crabbed and malicious in the extreme. I have tried the experiment of surrounding one with a ring of fire, and, when it despaired of escape, it repeatedly struck its own head fiercely, and soon died, either from the poison, its satanic rage, or from the heat, I could not be certain which, perhaps from all combined. For a minute description of this reptile you must apply to books of natural history, and to drawings of them, which can easily be procured.

We shall sleep all the more safely because, from hibernating instincts, they are now buried deeply beneath the rubbish of old Banias.



SCORPION.

XVIII. TELL EL KADY.

March 5th.

Our camp-ground to-night is at Kŭdes, the Kadish Naphtali of the Jews, and we are again favored with a superb day. It might have been otherwise, as I know by sad experience, and then the ride round this marsh is gloomy and disagreeable, as it is now bright and cheerful.

From the plateau south of the Sāāry I saw the world wake up this morning about old Hermon, and it was an hour never to be forgotten—universal nature at worship, harping on ten thousand harps the morning psalm.

Banias and her surroundings do in fact form one of nature's grandest temples, in whose presence those made by men's hands are a mere impertinence. These oak glades and joyous brooks, these frisking flocks and happy birds, all bear their parts in the service; and so, also, the mountains preach, the hills and valleys sing, and the trees of the field clap their hands. Thus the ancient prophets heard and interpreted the manifold utterances of nature: Praise the Lord from the earth, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, kings of the earth and all people, both young men and maidens, old men and children: let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven.[1] In these scenes and scenery of Hermon, there is not only poetry, but solemn mystery and suggestive types, and rich spiritual adumbrations; and he that hath an ear for such heavenly discourse may ever hear with ravishing delight. And now we are at Tell el Kady—Hill of Dan—the Judge—to translate both the Hebrew and the Arabic names at once.

And is this circular, semi-concave mound the site of that famous city? How utterly desolate!

Josephus calls it the source of the Lesser Jordan, with reference to others more distant, I suppose, for this is far the *largest* of them all. Look southward, and you see that the

[1] Ps. cxlviii. 7–13.

river runs in a straight course through marsh, and lakes, and sinking plain quite down to the dark and bitter sea in which it is finally lost. Dan and the Dead Sea—the cradle and the grave—the birth-place and the bourne! Men build monuments and rear altars at them, and thither go in pilgrimage from generation to generation. Thus it has been and will ever be. It is a law of our nature. We ourselves are witnesses to its power, drawn from the distant New World to this lonely spot, where the young Jordan leaps into life, by an influence kindred to that which led the ancients to build temples over it.

The young Jordan! type of this strange life of ours! Bright and beautiful in its cradle, laughing its merry morning away through the flowery fields of the Hûleh; plunging, with the recklessness of youth, into the tangled brakes and muddy marshes of Merom; hurrying thence, full grown, like earnest manhood with its noisy and bustling activities, it subsides at length into life's sober midday in the placid lake of Gennesaret. When it goes forth again, it is down the inevitable proclivity of old age, sinking deeper and deeper, in spite of doublings and windings innumerable, until finally lost in the bitter sea of death, that melancholy bourne from which there is neither escape nor return.

But surely the Jordan can teach other and happier lessons than these. It speaks to me and to all mankind of forgiveness of sin, of regeneration by the Spirit of God, and of a resurrection to everlasting bliss. Must this dear type of life and immortality be swallowed up forever by the Dead Sea?

Far from it. That is but the Jordan's highway to heaven. Purified from every gross and earthly alloy, it is called back to the skies by the all-attracting sun, emblem of that other resurrection, when Christ shall come in the clouds, and all the holy angels with him. May we be thus drawn from earth to heaven by the mighty attraction of that glorious Sun of Righteousness!

More than three thousand years ago a vast and mingled host encamped on the eastern bank of this river. There

was the mailed warrior with sword and shield, and the aged patriarch trembling on his staff. Anxious mothers and timid maidens were there, and helpless infants of a day old. And there, too, were flocks and herds, and all the possessions of a great nation migrating westward in search of a home. Over against them lay their promised inheritance,

"While Jordan rolled between,"

full to the brim, and overflowing all its banks. Nevertheless, through it lies their road, and God commands the march. The priests take up the sacred ark, and bear it boldly down to the brink; when, lo! the waters which came from above stood and rose up upon a heap very far from the city Adam, which is beside Zaretan; and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho.[1] And thus, too, has all-conquering faith carried ten thousand times ten thousand of God's people in triumph through the Jordan of death to the Canaan of eternal rest.

"O, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore."

I shall not soon forget this birth-place of the Jordan, nor the lessons which it can teach so well. But it is time we were prosecuting our long ride.

As we pass round this singular mound, you see that it resembles the rim of a crater. The fountain rises among those briers and bushes in the centre—at least that portion of it does which passes by this ancient oak, and drives these mills below it. Most of the water, however, glides through the volcanic wall, at the northwest corner of the Tell, into the pool beneath those wild fig-trees. If this be really the mouth of an extinct crater, it is probable that the water from the slopes of Hermon, following the line of the inclined strata,

[1] Josh. iii. 16.

met, far below, this obtrusion of trap, and, being cut off by it, rose to the surface in this volcanic shaft or chimney. At any rate, it first appears in the centre of the mound, and, of course, old Dan had an inexhaustible supply of excellent water within her walls.

I see very little evidence of the ancient city, unless the houses were built out of this shapeless lava over which we have been stumbling.

No doubt they were, in the main; and as basalt never disintegrates in this climate, we have them before our eyes just as they were three thousand years ago. Limestone exposed melts back to dust in a few generations. I was once here, however, when men were quarrying well-cut limestone from the rubbish on the north side of the Tell. Dan never became an important place after Benhadad smote it, nearly a thousand years before Christ.[1] When Tiglath Pileser took Ijon, and Abel, and all this region, some two hundred years later, this place is not even mentioned.[2] It may have sunk, by that time, to an unimportant village, known merely as a *mazar*, sacred to religious purposes.

This pool is crowded with buffaloes; and how oddly they look, with nothing but the nose above water!

Yes; and observe that their mouths are all turned up stream toward the fountain, and on a level with the surface, as if, like Job's behemoth, they trust that they can draw up Jordan into their mouths.[3]

Do you suppose that the buffalo is the behemoth of the Bible?

It is not easy to adjust Job's magnificent description in all the details to the buffalo, yet I am inclined to believe that these black, hairless brutes are the modern, though immensely belittled representative of that chief of the ways of God, who eateth straw like an ox, who lieth under the shady trees in the covert of the reeds and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow, the willows of the brook compass him about.[4] All these particulars are exact enough,

[1] Kings xv. 20.
[2] 2 Kings xv. 29.
[3] Job xl. 15–23.
[4] Job xl. 15, 21, 23.



THE BUFFALO.

and, indeed, apply to no other known animal that can be associated with the Jordan. Large herds of buffaloes lie under the covert of the reeds and willows of the many brooks which creep through this vast marsh, and we shall see them all day, as we ride round it, wallowing in the mire like gigantic swine. They are larger than other cattle of this region. Some of the bulls are indeed rough and monstrous fellows, with bones black, and hard "like bars of iron." With the aid of a little Oriental hyperbole I can work up these buffaloes into very tolerable behemoth. And in justification of our version of Psalm l. 10 may be cited the fact, that the general word for cattle in the dialect of this country is behîm or behaim, evidently from the same root as the Hebrew behemoth.

These circumstances and characteristics render it probable that these very unpoetic animals are the identical behemoth of Job. Buffaloes are not only larger, but far stronger than the ordinary cattle of Syria, and a yoke of them will carry a plow through tough sward or stiff soil which utterly balks the tiny ox. At times, too, they are unruly, and even dangerous. A friend of mine, near this village below us, saw a cow rush at a woman, knock her over, and then throw herself upon her with such fury that the poor creature was instantly crushed to death. The cow had been alarmed and

maddened by the seizure of her calf; and, unless greatly provoked, they are quiet and inoffensive.

The fact that the region east of the Hûleh was the land of Uz—the home of Job—coincides, at least, with the idea that the buffalo is the behemoth of his most ancient poem.

Is this an admitted geographical fact?

The tradition of antiquity was to that effect, and I see no reason to question it. To ridicule the extravagant mania for pilgrimages in his time, Chrysostom says that many people made long journeys into the Hauran to visit the dung-hill upon which the patient patriarch sat and scratched himself with a potsherd. This shows the opinion of that early day in regard to the land of Uz, and modern research confirms the tradition. With a little antiquarian generosity to assist me, I can locate the whole family of Aram. This Hûleh may have derived its name from Hul, the brother of Uz. If so, then they and their descendants must have been familiar with the reeds, and fens, and brooks of this great marsh, the chosen resort of the buffalo, and had often seen them, as we do to-day, lying at the birth-place of the young Jordan, as if they could draw him into their open mouths.[1]

Gether, the next brother, was probably the Gesher from whom the district immediately around the eastern side of this lake took its name. Maacah, wife of David, and mother of Absalom, was from this little kingdom, and hither that wicked son fled after the murder of his brother.[2] As for Mash, or Mas,[3] his name may be perpetuated in that *Mais*, or Mais el Jebel, which we passed the other day on our way to Hûnîn. It is proper to inform you, however, that these locations are somewhat hypothetical, and even similarity of names is no very safe basis for such theories. The word Hûleh, for example, is now applied to any low, marshy plain, like this on our left.

I thought that critics were pretty nearly agreed that the buffalo is the reem—the unicorn of the Bible?

And this may be so, though I have my doubts. The description of the unicorn in the 39th chapter of Job does not

[1] Job xl. 23. [2] 2 Sam. xiii. 37. [3] Gen. x. 23.

suit the buffalo: Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou trust in him, because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him? Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn?[1] Now it is implied by all this that the *reem* is a wild, stubborn, untamable animal, that utterly refuses the yoke and the service of man. This is inapplicable in every item to the buffalo, a patient servant of all work. Other references to the *reem* or unicorn speak of the *horn* in a way equally inapplicable to that of the buffalo. He has *two* instead of one, and they are ill-shaped, point backward and downward in an awkward manner, and are not particularly formidable as weapons, either offensive or defensive. They would hardly be selected for the poetic image of strength.

If, therefore, the reem be the buffalo, it must have been some other species than the one known in Egypt and this part of Syria. As to the *unicorn*, I think it more than doubtful whether there ever was such a beast, although there is a vague tradition of this kind among the Arabs of the Desert, and in some other parts of the East, and even in Africa. It may be a species of rhinoceros. If not altogether fabulous, such reports probably refer to some animal yet unknown to modern discovery. Certainly the fierce-looking monster on her majesty's escutcheon was never copied from these sluggish and disgusting friends of the marsh and the mud. If the Hebrew word translated *kine* in Pharaoh's dream will include the buffaloes, I should not hesitate to render it thus, because these animals are very common in Egypt, and delight to bathe and wallow in the Nile. It would be altogether natural, therefore, that the king should see *them coming up out of the* river; and certainly, when old and lean, they are the most "ill-favored" brutes in the world. The original word, however, is the name for ordinary cattle; and in these hot countries all kinds delight to stand in the rivers, not only to cool them-

[1] Job xxxix. 9-12.

selves, but also to keep off the swarms of flies which torment them. The conditions of the dream do not require that the *kine* should be buffaloes.

You say that these different branches of the Jordan unite into one river about five miles south of us.

I rode from Tell el Kady to the junction with Doctor Robinson in an hour and forty minutes. If it were not too muddy, and the streams too full for a pleasant excursion, we would have included it in our programme for to-day; instead of that, I can give you some account of that ride as we pass along. It was on the 26th of May, 1852. The first thing that struck me, on descending south of the Tell, was, that the trap formation ceased at once, and we came upon limestone. At that season, too, the bottom was firm, and the road good, whereas I had expected to flounder through deep mud. The time, however, was particularly favorable; the harvest was just ripe, and there was no irrigation. I never saw heavier crops of wheat than those on this plain, and particularly those about the site of Difneh, the ancient Daphneh of this neighborhood, twenty minutes south of the Tell. Passing some magnificent oaks, with countless birds' nests on the branches, we came, in fifty minutes, to Mansûra, a mill, with magazines for grain and straw (tibn) near it. Crossing the Baniasy at a well-wooded place called Sheikh Hazeîb, we came, in fifteen minutes, to the main branch of the Leddan, and in ten minutes more to another branch, with the name of Buraij. Half a mile from this all the streams unite with the Hasbāny, a little north of Sheikh Yusuf, a large Tell in the very edge of the marsh. Of these streams, the Leddan is far the largest; the Baniasy the most beautiful; the Hasbāny the longest. The Baniasy is *clear*, the Leddan *muddy;* the Hasbāny, at the junction, muddiest of all. Thus far the branches all flow, with a rapid current, in channels many feet below the surface of the plain, and concealed by dense jungles of bushes and briers. After the junction, the river meanders sluggishly through the marsh for about six or seven miles, when it blends insensibly with the lake. All ancient maps of this region and river are consequently incorrect.

The soil of this plain is a water deposit, like that of the Mississippi Valley about New Orleans, and extremely fertile. The whole country around it depends mainly upon the harvests of the Hûleh for wheat and barley. Large crops of Indian-corn, rice, and sesamum (simsum) are also grown by the Arabs of the Hûleh, who are all of the Ghawaraneh tribe. They are permanent residents, though dwelling in tents. All the cultivation is done by them. They also make large quantities of butter from their herds of buffalo, and gather honey in abundance from their bees. The Hûleh is, in fact, a perpetual pasture-field for cattle, and flowery paradise for bees. At Mansura and Sheikh Hazeîb I saw hundreds of cylindrical hives of basket-work, *pitched*, inside and out, with a composition of mud and cow-dung. They are piled tier above tier, pyramid fashion, and roofed over with thatch, or covered with a mat. The bees were very busy, and the whole region rang as though a score of hives were *swarming* at once. Thus this plain still flows with milk and honey, and well deserves the report which the Danish spies carried back to their brethren: A place where there is no lack of any thing that is in the earth.[1] I have the names of thirty-two Arab villages, or rather permanent encampments, in this flat plain, and this is not a complete list; but, as there is not a *house* in any of them, and all except Difneh are unknown to history, you can feel no interest in them.

Those white domes to the south, about three miles, are called Seîd Yehûda, and the place is worth visiting. There are three conspicuous domes over as many venerated tombs. That of Seîd Yehûda is in a room about eight feet square, and is covered with a green cloth. By the Arabs he is believed to be a son of Jacob, and all sects and tribes make vows to him, and religious pilgrimages to his shrine. A few rods south of this is an oblong room, whose dome, still perfect, is the best specimen of Roman brick-work I have seen. But the most remarkable remains are the ruins of ancient temples on a hill called 'Amery, about sixty rods

[1] Judg. xviii. 10.



SEÎD YEHÛDA.

east of these tombs. They are utterly demolished, and the columns and capitals lie scattered about the base of the hill on which they originally stood. Across a small wady directly north of them is a square building of very large well-cut stone, the object of which I was not able to make out. It may have been a temple, but if so it was after a very antique and unique model. Farther north, on a high natural mound, are the ruins of 'Azeizat, once a very considerable place, and all about are manifest indications of a former dense population. The Baniasy meanders through the plain directly below Seîd Yehûda, and upon it are situated the Towahîn Difneh—mills of Daphneh. The site of the ancient city is farther west.

Who was this Lord Judah—for such is the signification of the name—and what place is this? That it marks some

very ancient site is unquestionable; and I believe it is that "Judah on Jordan, toward the sun-rising," which Joshua mentions as the extreme northeastern point in the boundary of Naphtali.[1] If this identification be correct, it solves one of the greatest geographical puzzles in the Bible. It always seemed to me impossible that the border of Naphtali could touch that of Judah any where, certainly not "upon Jordan toward the *sun-rising*." But here we have an important ancient site called *Judah, on this most eastern branch of the Jordan*, at a point which must have marked the utmost border of this tribe eastward, if we admit that it came up to it, and I see no valid objection against this admission. Naphtali possessed the western side of this plain, and, if able, would certainly have extended their border quite across it to the foot of the mountains, just where this Seîd Yehûdah stands. I have great confidence in this identification, and regard it as another evidence that, as our knowledge of this country becomes more extensive and accurate, difficulty after difficulty in Biblical topography will vanish away until all are solved.

Before leaving this interesting neighborhood, I wish to call your attention to another question in Biblical geography. As stated in our conversation at Hunîn, I am inclined to place Beit Rehob in this vicinity. In Judges xviii. 28, it is said that Laish, alias Dan, alias this Tell el Kady, was *in the valley that lieth by Beth Rehob*. Now it is scarcely possible that Hunîn, *high on the mountains*, and many miles west of this, should be Beit Rehob. But this shallow vale, which comes down to our very feet from the mouth of Wady el 'Asil, northeast of us, is called Rûheîb, a name having all the radicals of Rehob in it; and upon the mountains above Banias, and near the castle, is a ruin named Deir Rahba, which also contains the radicals of Rehob. May not either Banias itself, or some other town in this immediate vicinity, have been the ancient Rehob? Banias is a foreign word of Greek extraction, and it is not improbable, to say the least, that the city, which certainly stood there long before the

[1] Josh. xix. 34.

Greeks entered this country, had an Aramaic name, which was exchanged, in process of time, for the foreign one, as has happened in a few other cases. And as Rûheîb and Rahba are found still clinging to sites both above and below Banias, may not this have been the true seat of the old Rehobites?

And now let us ride. It is twenty minutes to Jisr el Ghŭjar, over the Hasbāny. You will be struck with the picturesque beauty of the rocks, the river, and the bridge, and wish for a drawing of them to carry home with you. It is much more charming, however, in May, when these magnificent oleanders are all in a glow of rosy blossoms. I have spent hours here, gazing into the pools of the pretty Hasbāny, and watching the innocent sports of the fish, with which it at times is overcrowded. They come up from the marshes of the Hûleh in numbers almost incredible. But we have no time to waste on them now. Have you any curiosity to see a real Arab village?

By all means. That is one of the *points* which I have yet to make.

Turn down, then, to the left, and we will soon reach that encampment of Ghawaraneh, on the edge of this wet plain. You need not be alarmed by that troop of noisy dogs charging down upon us with open mouths. Their bark is worse than their bite—genuine Arab bluster, and nothing more.

Will these coarse mat walls and roofs shed rain and defend from cold?

Better than you imagine; still, they are a miserable abode for rational beings. These tribes are stationary fellaheen or farmers, and are therefore regarded with sovereign contempt by the true Bedawîn.

They are the most sinister, ill-conditioned race I have ever seen, and do not begin to fill my beau ideal of the free, proud denizen of the Desert.

Like most other beau ideals, this in regard to tent-dwelling Arabs would flatten down sadly by close acquaintance. Pshah! The Bedawîn are mere barbarians, rough when rational, and in all else vulgar brutes.

What are these women kneading and shaking so zealously in that large black bag, suspended from this three-legged crotch?

That is a bottle, man, not a bag, made by stripping off entire the skin of a young buffalo. It is full of milk, and that is their way of churning. When the butter "has come," they take it out, boil or melt it, and then put it in *bottles* made of goats' skins. In winter it resembles candied honey, in summer it is mere oil. This is the only kind of butter we have.

Do you mean to say that our cooking is done with this filthy preparation?

Certainly; and this Hûleh butter is the best in the country. Some of the farmers have learned to make our kind of butter, but it soon becomes rancid, and, indeed, it is never good. I believe it was always so; and thus, too, I suppose, they made butter in olden times. Solomon says, Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood.[1] But the word for "churning" and "wringing" is the same in the Hebrew. It is the *wringing* of milk that bringeth forth butter, just as these women are squeezing and wringing this milk in the "bottle." There is no analogy between *our* mode of *churning*, and pulling a man's nose until the blood comes, but in this Arab operation the comparison is quite natural and emphatic. The Arabic translation of this proverb is curious, and very far from the original: "He that wrings the *dûg* violently that he may bring out milk, brings forth butter, and he who milks harder still will bring out blood."

This little brook we are crossing comes from Ijon, by Abel. It is associated in my experience with the beautiful Hûleh lily, the flower, as I believe, mentioned by our Lord in that delightful exhortation to trust in the kind care of our heavenly Father. Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.[2] This Hûleh lily is very large, and the three inner petals

[1] Prov. xxx. 33. [2] Luke xii. 27

meet above, and form a gorgeous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under, even in his utmost glory. And when I met this incomparable flower, in all its loveliness, among the oak woods around the northern base of Tabor and on the hills of Nazareth, where our Lord spent his youth, I felt assured that it was to this he referred. We call it Hûleh lily because it was here that it was first discovered. Its botanical name, if it have one, I am unacquainted with, and am not anxious to have any other than that which connects it with this neighborhood. I suppose, also, that it is this identical flower to which Solomon refers in the "Song of Songs:" I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. The bride, comparing her beloved to a roe or a young hart, sees him feeding among the lilies.[1] Our flower delights most in the valleys, but is also found on the mountains. It grows among thorns, and I have sadly lacerated my hands in extricating it from them. Nothing can be in higher contrast than the luxuriant, velvety softness of this lily, and the crabbed, tangled hedge of thorns about it. Gazelles still delight to feed among them, and you can scarcely ride through the woods north of Tabor, where these lilies abound, without frightening them from their flowery pasture.

This long volcanic hill, running up north, is called Sinselet el Hîeyeh—chain of the serpent—from its serpentine shape; and the brook in the wady between it and Hunîn comes from a large fountain about two miles up it, called 'Ain et Dahab—gold fountain. Our road now turns south between the mountains of Kŭdes and this vast marsh which here comes up to the foot of the cliffs. This fountain is called 'Adely, and a much larger one ahead of us is named 'Amûdîyeh, where is the village, or, rather, encampment of Boizîyeh. From this to Blâtâ is half an hour, and there we shall rest and lunch.

There are traces of large buildings about this fountain.

Yes, and a wall with a ditch was once carried from the

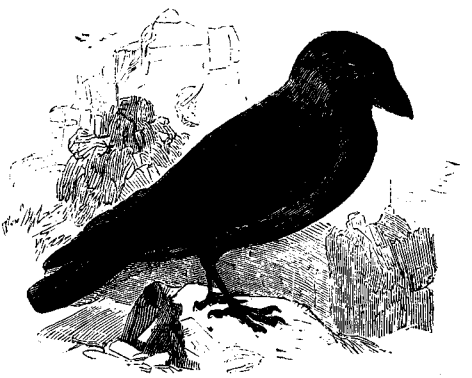
[1] Song ii. 1, 2, 16.

marsh to the mountain, and thus effectually commanded the road toward the south. Here is another pool crowded with buffaloes wallowing in swinish felicity, with only the tip of the nose above the muddy water.

From our present position we can look over the entire marsh north of the lake. If you are fond of solving geological problems, you may calculate the time it has taken to fill up this spongy plain to its present level and consistency. The great fountains of Banias, Tel el Kâdy and all the rest, are clear as crystal the year round, and would not deposit slime enough in a million of years to fill an acre of this ten-mile marsh. But the Sāāry, the Hasbāny, the Derdara from Ijon, and many small torrents from the mountains, are quite muddy during the winter rains, and their contributions have slowly gained upon the lake through past ages, crowding it southward into narrow and still narrower limits, and the time may come when it will be entirely obliterated. The infant Jordan seems in danger of suffocation in this tangled jungle of cane and bushes. I once asked an Arab if I could not penetrate through it to the lake. Looking at me keenly to see if I were not in joke, he slowly raised both hands to his head, and swore by "the great—the Almighty," that not even a wild boar could get through. And he spoke the truth. It is an utterly impassable slough, worse than Bunyan ever dreamed of. When encamped, two years ago, at this village which we have passed, I was tempted down to the verge of the jungle by a flock of ducks. With gun in hand and eye on the game, and not upon my footsteps, I cautiously advanced, when suddenly I was in oozy mud that seemed to have no bottom. Flinging the gun back and struggling desperately, I regained the bank, and ever after kept a sharp and suspicious eye upon its treacherous depths. But this very impenetrability to man and beast makes it the favorite retreat of crows and rooks; there they breed, and thither they return at night from their rambles over the country. Upon the mountain above Hunîn I have watched them at early dawn rising in clouds from this jungle. On they came, like wild pigeons in the West, only their line



THE CROW.



THE JACKDAW.

was not across the horizon, but like the columns of an endless army, stretching from the Hûleh up Wady et Teim farther than the eye could follow them; the column, however, grows less and less dense by the departure in every direction of small squadrons, according to some social regulations known only to themselves, until the whole is dissipated. These birds are the plague of the farmer. They light by thousands on his fields, and devour so much of the fresh-sown seed that he is obliged to make a large allowance for their depredations. It is utterly useless to attempt to

frighten them away. They rise like a cloud at the crack of your gun, wheel round and round for a few minutes, *cawing* furiously at you, and then settle down again to their work of robbery as if nothing had happened. They fly to an immense distance in their foraging excursions. I have met them at least fifty miles from this their roosting-place. It is curious to see them in the afternoon preparing to return hither from the wadies around the north end of Hermon. They assemble in groups, caw and scream, and wheel round and round in ascending circles, until almost lost in the blue depths of the sky; then they sail in a straight line for this marsh, chattering to each other all the way. Assembled in the evening, they report the adventures of the day in noisy conclave, loud as the voice of many waters.

But, lunch over, we must be on the march, for the sun will set ere we can visit the shore of the Hûleh and return to Kŭdes, on this high mountain west of us. Do you notice any thing peculiar in this clump of thorn-trees on our left?

Nothing, except that they seem to be stuffed full of dry stubble.

That is the deserted nests of the field-sparrow. The tree is called sidr, and abounds all over Palestine, but I have nowhere seen it so large as around the Hûleh. I passed this way last year on the twenty-first of May, and these trees were covered with those birds. There were literally thousands of them, and they were holding an angry and troubled consultation as to the safest means of expelling a couple of hawks that had called there for their breakfast. I drove away their enemies, and they speedily calmed down into comparative silence, though they are never absolutely quiet except when asleep.

This white-domed mazar above us, on our right, is Neby Hûshâ—Prophet Joshua—and is a place of great resort. A little farther on, the Wady el Mûaddumîyeh comes precipitately down from the mountains. Notice the immense quantity of boulders which this impetuous torrent has brought hither in the winter, and spread far and wide over the plain. We shall cross this wild wady to-morrow on our road to

Safed. From this to el Mellâhah is forty minutes: there the marsh ends, and the splendid plain of the Ard el Kheît begins. We have been more than two hours coasting the west side of the marsh, and have ridden hard; it can not, therefore, be less than ten miles long. Here is the celebrated fountain of el Mellâhah. The water is brackish and slightly tepid, and this is the reason why it is so crowded with fish. It is only a mile from the northwest corner of the lake, and from it, in cold weather, come up an incredible number of fish. The pool is about four hundred feet in circumference, and from it the whole country round is supplied with fish. The water is led directly from the pool on to these mills, which are now the only houses in this neighborhood, although there was once a considerable town here, as appears from the foundations of old buildings, and from the rock-tombs in these cliffs above the fountain. Let us hasten down to the shore of the lake, for time is precious, and the neighborhood is any thing but safe.

What a splendid plain! and evidently as fertile as it is beautiful.

I saw it last May covered with golden harvests ready for the sickle. There were then many tents pitched here and there for the reapers, who come from Kŭdes and other villages on the mountains. There is not an inhabited house on all this plain, and this is entirely owing to insecurity, not insalubrity. 'Ard el Kheît, as the district is called, is peculiarly exposed to incursions from the Desert east of the Jordan. I came near being plundered by Bedawîn from the Ghor the first time I visited the lake.

Here we are at the shore, and, though somewhat soft, it is as well defined as that of any other lake, and there is no difficulty whatever in reaching it. There are also many fresh-water shells along the bank.

Though the reports on this subject were great exaggerations, still it is quite impossible to get to the lake except on the east side and along this southwestern shore. From the utter desertion of this region, it has become the favorite resort of water-fowl, and they have it all to themselves. No



NORTH END OF LAKE HULEH—(HERMON IN THE DISTANCE).

boat is ever seen on the tranquil bosom of the Hûleh—no hunter disturbs them here. The plain down to the exit of the Jordan is level as a floor, and much of it is carpeted with the softest, richest sward in all the East. One feels tempted to leap from the saddle, and gambol and roll about on it like a little child. The lake ends in a triangular marsh, the largest part of which is on the eastern bank of the river. It is an impenetrable jungle of ordinary cane, mingled with that peculiar kind called babeer, from whose stems the Arabs make coarse mats for the walls and roofs of their huts. This cane is the prominent and distinctive production of these marshes, both at the north and south end of the lake. I have seen it also on the banks of brooks in the plain of Sharon, north of Jaffa. The stalk is not round, but triangular. It grows eight or ten feet high, and ends above in a wide-spreading tuft of stems like broom-corn, shooting out in every direction with surprising regularity and beauty. It imparts a singular appearance to the whole marsh, as if ten thousand thousand brooms were waving over it. Through this jungle the Jordan creeps slug-



BABEER CANE.

gishly for half a mile, and then glides tranquilly between green sloping banks for another mile to Jisr Benat Yacobe. Thence it commences its headlong race over basaltic rocks down to the Lake of Tiberias, a distance of about six miles,

and the descent, according to my aneroid, is ten hundred and fifty feet. Of course, it is a continued repetition of roaring rapids and leaping cataracts. I once rode, walked, and scrambled from the bridge down to the entrance into the lake—a wild, stern gorge, fit haunt for robbers, from whom it is never free.



JISR BENAT YACOBE.

The bridge is concealed from our view by that projecting hill on the south corner of this plain. It is not ancient —at least not in its present form—but is a very substantial affair, having three broad arches. A guard is always stationed at it, and a few Arabs generally pitch their tents near, to profit from the passing traveler by selling eggs and lebn, and by pilfering, as occasion offers. On the east of the bridge are the remains of an old khan, with a beautiful cistern of well-cut stone in the centre of the court. It had handsome basaltic columns at the corners, and was supplied with water by a canal from the mountains above. The whole road from the bridge to the khan, and thence up the eastern mountain, was once paved with large basaltic slabs. The road from Jerusalem to Damascus passes up it and out on to the wild rocky region of the Jaulān.

About a quarter of a mile south of the bridge are the ruins of a large castle, called now Kusr 'Atra. It is on the west bank, and was evidently built to command the ford at that place and above it.

This Hûleh—plain, marsh, lake, and surrounding mountains—is the finest hunting-ground in Syria, and mainly so because it is very rarely visited. Panthers and leopards, bears and wolves, jackals, hyenas and foxes, and many other animals are found, great and small, while it is the very paradise of the wild boar and the fleet gazelle. As to water-fowl, it is scarcely an exaggeration to affirm that the lower end of the lake is absolutely covered with them in the winter and spring. Here only have I seen the pelican of the wilderness, as David calls it.[1] I once had one of them shot just below this place, and, as it was merely wounded in the wing, I had a good opportunity to study its character. It was certainly the most sombre, austere bird I ever saw. It gave one the blues merely to look at it. David could find no more expressive type of solitude and melancholy by which to illustrate his own sad state. It seemed as large as a half-grown donkey, and when fairly settled on its stout legs, it looked like one. The pelican is never seen but in these unfrequented solitudes, and to this agree all the references to it in the Bible. It is sometimes called cormorant in our English translation.[2]



PELICAN.

There is an easy ascent to Safed from this plain of el Kheît. It is half an hour to a large winter torrent called

[1] Ps. cii. 6.

[2] Is. xxxiv. 11; Zeph. ii. 14.

Hendâj, and forty minutes farther to Wady el Wŭkkâs, at the foot of the mountains, where is a large Tell of the same name, more than seven hundred paces long and about one hundred feet high, with a miserable village on the east end of it. Thence the path ascends by Kûbbaah to Ain 'Askûl and upward toward the southwest, till, at the end of three and a half hours from el Mellahah, you are at Safed. Our present business, however, is to reach Kŭdes yonder, in that recess of the mountain to the northwest of us. It will take an hour of busy, earnest climbing; and the long ride and brisk mountain air will sharpen our appetites for dinner, which will no doubt be waiting.

It seems that we have rather suspicious neighbors; such, at least, is the apprehension of the muleteers. Kŭdes has, in fact, a bad reputation in more respects than one. It is so unhealthy that the Metāwely lords of these mountains find it difficult to get people to live here and cultivate the lands. They constantly leave, and it has then to be colonized anew. Those now here are strangers from the French colony of Algeria. Several thousands of the Algerines, to whom the French yoke was intolerable, obtained permission to settle in Syria, and a small body of them came here under the direction of Tamar Beg. I never saw a more forlorn band of pilgrims than they appeared to be when they landed at Beirût, and I fear this Kŭdes will prove but a poor city of refuge to them.

By the way, this is one of the cities of refuge. No better proof of antiquity and past importance could be desired.

Yes, this is that Kedesh in Galilee, in Mount Naphtali, which was given to the Levites of the family of Gershon,[1] and then selected to be the most northern city of refuge.

I somewhere read, when young, that these cities were seated on commanding heights, so as to be visible at a great distance; but this one, at least, is hid away under the mountain, and can not be seen until one is close upon it.

The idea, though common and even ancient, is certainly a mistake. Nablûs and Hebron, the other two cities west

[1] Josh. xx. 7, and xxi. 32.

of the Jordan, lie low in valleys, and it is evident that the selection was made without reference to elevation; they were central, however: this for the north, Nablûs for the middle, and Hebron for the south of Palestine. A few hours rapid flight would bring the unhappy man-slayer to one or other of these asylums. The Jewish writers affirm that it was the duty of the Sanhedrim to keep the roads to the cities of refuge in good repair, and to have guide-posts wherever needed, with the words *Refuge! Refuge!* written upon them, that there might be no mistake, no delay. If these things were not so, they ought to have been; and although we never read of any instance in which this provision for safety was embraced, yet no doubt it was; and whether or not, still, as good old Henry says, there is a great deal of excellent gospel taught or implied in this institution. The account of it is very fully given in the 35th chapter of Numbers and 19th of Deuteronomy.

Our ride for the last two days around the sources of the Jordan has reminded me of the words of Moses to the children of Israel in regard to this country: The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills.[1] Certainly this is a good land. I have never seen a better; and *none* where the fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills are so numerous, so large, and so beautiful.

And then remember that this is a climate almost tropical, where water is fertility and life, and the absence of it sterility and death, and the greatness of the blessing is vastly enhanced. The number of these fountains and depths is prodigious. Many of those whose united contributions make up the Jordan we have looked into during these last few days; but the whole land is full of them. Those of the Dog River; of the River of Beirût; of the Damûr; the Owely; the Zahrany; those of the Litany at Baalbek; Zahleh, 'Ainjar, and Mushgarah; the great Ras el 'Ain at Tyre; those of Kabery and the Naamany on the plain of

[1] Deut. viii. 7.

Acre; and of the Kishon at Jenîn, Lejjun, and Wady Kŭsaby; of the Zerka, near Cæsarea; and those of the Aujeh at Antipatris, and the Ras in Sharon. And thus we might go all through Palestine, on both sides of the Jordan, and enumerate hundreds of them—powerful fountains—the permanent sources of every river in the country. I have visited them often, and always with admiration and astonishment. Nor need we wonder that so much is made of them in the Bible: they are the glory and the life of the land, and they abound to an extent almost incredible. Many single villages in the mountains have scores of smaller springs, which run among the valleys, and give drink to every beast of the field. Some even boast of hundreds of these little sources of fertility.

Many of these fountains have some peculiar characteristic about them. Some are tepid, as those along the shore of Tiberias; many are slightly brackish, and not a few are remittent or wholly intermittent. Of this latter class is Neb'ah Fûârr, the source of the Sabbatic River; the Menbej, east of Beit Jenn, the head of the second river of Damascus. The main source of the Litany at 'Anjur is a remitting fountain of a very extraordinary kind. But we must not make a pleasant subject tedious by too much detail. Enough has been said to justify the declaration of Moses that this is eminently the land of fountains.

You mentioned the Sabbatic River just now, and I should like to know something about this rather apocryphal stream.

That of the Jews is, indeed, sufficiently apocryphal, but that of Josephus is not, though the phenomenon on which it is based is somewhat exaggerated in his hands. In book seven of his "Wars," he says, "Now Titus tarried some time in Berytus, as we told you before. He then removed, and exhibited magnificent shows in all the cities of Syria through which he went, and made use of the captured Jews as public instances of the destruction of that nation. He then saw a river as he went along, of such a nature as deserves to be recorded in history. It runs *in the middle*, between Arca, belonging to Agrippa's kingdom, and Rapha-

nea. It hath somewhat very peculiar in it, for when it runs its current is strong and has plenty of water, after which its springs fail for six days together, and leave its channel dry, as any one may see; after which days it runs on the seventh as it did before, and as though it had undergone no change at all. It has also been observed to keep this order perpetually and exactly, whence it is that they call it the Sabbatic River, that name being taken from the sacred seventh day of the Jews." So much for Josephus. Pliny also, in his natural history, very likely refers to the same river: "In Judeah rivus, Sabbatis omnibus siccatur." This makes it rest every seventh day, according to the fourth commandment. Pliny, however, knew less of the actual phenomena of the river than Josephus, and, in order to make it a consistent Jew, required it to rest on the seventh day.

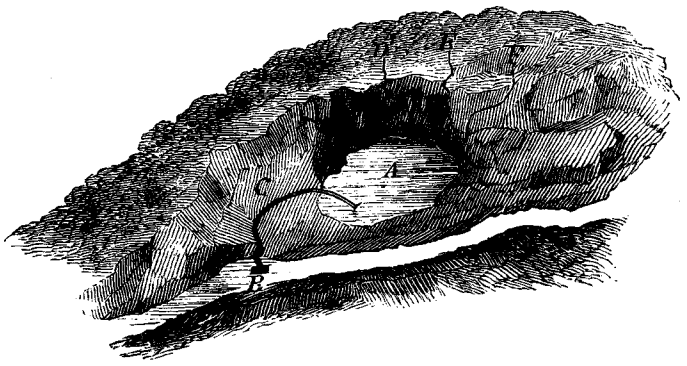
The translator of Josephus says that this famous river is extinct, and in this opinion the learned Reland concurs. Niebuhr, the celebrated Danish traveler, having discovered an independent tribe of Jews residing in Arabia, says, The circumstances of this settlement have perhaps given rise to the fable of the Sabbatic River. What those circumstances were he does not mention, nor is it easy to understand how he could venture to write such a sentence. He may have had some fable of the Talmud in his mind at the time. I discovered this river and its source in 1840. Let us return to, and examine the quotation from Josephus. From Beirût Titus marched northward to Zeugma, on the Euphrates. On his march he saw this river running between Arca, in the kingdom of Agrippa, and Raphanea. The mention of Agrippa's kingdom probably induced most travelers to look for the Sabbatic River somewhere in the south of Palestine, where it is not to be found, although there are traces of ancient cities in that region, with names similar to those of Arca and Raphanea. But the kingdom of Agrippa did actually extend, at one time, as far north, I believe, as the River Eleutherus, and therefore included Arca. At any rate, the account requires that we search for the Sabbatic

River between Arca and Raphanea, and there I found it. Arca, the capital of the Arkites, lies about half a day's ride to the northeast of Tripoli, and between it and Hamath, on the east of Jebel Akkar, is the site of Raphanea. A short distance west of Kŭlaet Hŭsn is the great convent of Mar Jirius, and in the wady below it is a fountain called Nebâ el Fûârr, which throws out, at stated intervals, an immense volume of water, quite sufficient to entitle it, in this country, to the dignified name of river. This site answers to the description of Josephus in all respects, but there are some discrepancies between the actual phenomena of this fountain and his Sabbatic River which require explanation.

In the first place, this Nebâ el Fûârr is now quiescent two days, and active on a part of the third. The account which the monks gave me of the matter was, that every third day St. George descends and forces out the water with great violence and loud noise, to irrigate the extensive plantations of this richest Syrian convent. The cave out of which the river flows is at the base of a hill of limestone, entangled in a vast formation of trap rock. It was a day of rest when I examined it, but evidently a large volume of water had rushed along the bed of the river only a few hours before. Now Josephus says that it rested six days and ran on the seventh; but Pliny makes it run six and rest on the seventh. At present it rests two days and runs on the third. These discrepancies admit of a probable explanation. Both historians appear to have depended upon report, and did not carefully examine the facts of the case for themselves. The numbers in both versions of the story were adopted in order to connect this singular phenomenon with the Sabbatic division of time, and it is not necessary to suppose that either of them was strictly accurate; if, however, we must admit that one or other was literally exact, the difference between the periods of resting and running eighteen hundred years ago and at present may still be accounted for.

It is well known that these intermitting fountains are merely the draining of subterranean reservoirs of water on the principle of the siphon. Let A in our diagram repre-

sent such a reservoir, filled by the veins DEF. Let S be the siphon, which, of course, must begin at the bottom of the pool, rise over the elevation at C, and end in the wady at B—lower than the bottom of the pool. Now the condition necessary to make the stream intermit is that the capacity of the siphon be greater than the supply from DEF. If the supply were greater, or exactly equal to this capacity, the pool would be always full, and there could be no intermission. The periods of intermission and the size of the stream depend upon the size of the pool A, the supply from DEF, and the calibre of the siphon S. If it required six days for DEF to fill the pool, and the siphon



FOUNTAIN OF SABBATIC RIVER.

could exhaust it in one, we have the conditions required by the statement of Josephus—a river running only on the seventh day. On the other hand, if DEF fill the pool in one, and their continued supply is so nearly equal to the draining power of the siphon that it requires six days to draw off all the water, then it will run six days, according to Pliny, and rest on the seventh. The fact *now* is, that the supply ordinarily fills the reservoir in about two days and a half, and the siphon drains it off in half a day. It results, of course, that the reservoir under the mountain of Mar Jirius must be very large to contain the vast amount of water that issues at B.

If the account of Josephus was strictly true when he

wrote, one of the following changes must have taken place during the eighteen hundred years which have since elapsed. Either the supply from DEF has increased so as to fill the pool in two days and a half instead of six, and the capacity of the siphon so enlarged as to exhaust this treble supply in half the time he mentions, or, the supply and the siphon remaining the same, the reservoir itself must have been reduced to about one third of its former capacity. The former supposition is not probable in itself, and is discountenanced by the fact that the amount of water was then so great that Josephus calls it a river, and it can only obtain that title now by courtesy. But we can readily admit that the pool may have become partly filled up by the falling in of its superincumbent roof of rock.

If Pliny was correct, then either the supply must be greatly diminished, or the reservoir much enlarged; for, according to his statement, it required but one day of rest to fill it, while now it takes two days and a half. Either of these hypothetical changes is possible, but none are very probable, nor are we obliged to resort to any of them. I suppose the Sabbatic River was always nearly what we find the stream below Mar Jirius now to be. The vagueness of general rumor, the love of the ancients for the marvelous, and a desire to conform this natural phenomenon to the Jewish division of time, will sufficiently account for the inaccuracies of these historians.

This account of the Sabbatic River furnishes the explanation of many similar fountains and streams in Syria. As stated above, the source of the Litany at 'Anjur is a remitting fountain of a very peculiar character. A constant stream issues from the pool; but there are frequent and vast augmentations in the volume of water, occurring at irregular periods, sometimes not more than twice in a day, while at others these augmentations take place every few hours. So, also, one of the largest fountains of the 'Aujah (the second river of Damascus) has singular intermissions, accompanied by loud noises, and other strange phenomena, on the return of the water. In Lebanon there are likewise fount-

ains which either entirely intermit at stated periods, or are subject to partial remissions. Such, too, is the Fountain of the Virgin, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. All such instances can be explained by supposing either that the entire stream is subject to this siphonic action, as at the Sabbatic River and at Menbej, or that the constant regular stream is at times augmented by tributary intermitting fountains, as at Anjar and Siloam.

XIX. KUDES—SAFED—KEFR BUR'IAM.

March 6th.

The existing remains of this city of refuge show that it was once a place of importance, but I know very little of its history.

It has one, however, and sufficiently ancient too. Barak lived here, and to this spot he and Deborah gathered that brave band of Naphtalites who routed the army of Sisera in the plain of Esdraelon.[1] This is also the Cydessa or Kedasa of later days, and Josephus often mentions it under one or other of these names. To it Titus retired with his army from Giscala, which lies over yonder to the southwest a few miles. Josephus says it was a "strong Mediterranean village of the Tyrians, which always made war with the Jews," a statement which needs qualification, as do many others of that historian. There seems to be no propriety in calling it a Mediterranean village at all, unless because its inhabitants at that time were from the sea-coast of Tyre. We may perhaps infer from this notice that the population, even in those olden times, was as fluctuating as in our days, and possibly owing to the same cause—the extreme unhealthiness of the site. In another place the Jewish historian says that Cadesh lies between the land of the Tyrians and Galilee. It was, therefore, a border town, and subject to all the vicissitudes of such unfortunate localities. And it is remarkable that, so far as the circumstances of the country admit of such a thing, it is still a border town, insecure, and often deserted.

The remains of its architecture bear witness to its varied fortunes. The hill on which the modern village stands was once fortified, and adorned with edifices very different from these wretched huts of mud and rubbish. Broken columns and handsome capitals indicate the presence of Greek artists; but the sarcophagi, and the ruins of large buildings on the plain down east of us, are certainly Jewish or Phœnician. They are, however, different from those at Maron, Ya-

[1] Judg. iv. 10–17.

ron, Tell Hûm, and other places in Galilee. The sarcophagi are very large, and some are double—a variety I have seen nowhere else in this country. The immense door-posts, twenty feet high, are doubtless of Jewish origin, and probably belonged to synagogues erected about the beginning of our era, possibly as late as the third century, at which period this region was crowded with Jews in peaceful and prosperous circumstances. In the mountain cliffs southwest of the village are many rock tombs, and altogether the marks of antiquity are numerous, and quite equal to the demands of her story.

Have you noticed the pretty plain sloping down to the northeast? Though on this elevated platform, so high above the Hûleh, it is wet and marshy in winter, and it is this, I suppose, that makes Kŭdes so unhealthy. It may be that plain of Zaanaim which is by Kedesh,[1] on which the Kenites pitched their tents; if, indeed, the *alon* in that verse should not be translated *terebinth* instead of plain. This is one of the passages relied on to determine the signification of that word, but it does not do it. There is a fine plain here, "*by Kedesh*," and therefore Heber may have pitched there; tent-dwellers, as he was, prefer the margin of such rich pastures. The Septuagint renders it *oak*, not *terebinth*, and Zaanaim it translates into robbers. So Heber pitched by the *oak* of the *robbers*. This very region, however, will favor those who wish to appropriate *alon* to the *terebinth*, for there are more of these trees on the hills between this and Mais el Jebel than in all the country besides. Ibrahim Pasha had them grafted with the pistacio from Aleppo, where that species abounds which bears the nut of the market. The peasants, however, destroyed the grafts, lest their crop of oil from the *berries* of these trees should be diminished, and thus this attempt at agricultural improvement was defeated.

It is very evident that Kŭdes and Zaanaim will never settle the controversy about the *alon;* so far as they are concerned, it may be a plain, or a terebinth, or an oak.

[1] Judg. iv. 11.



THE TEREBINTH.

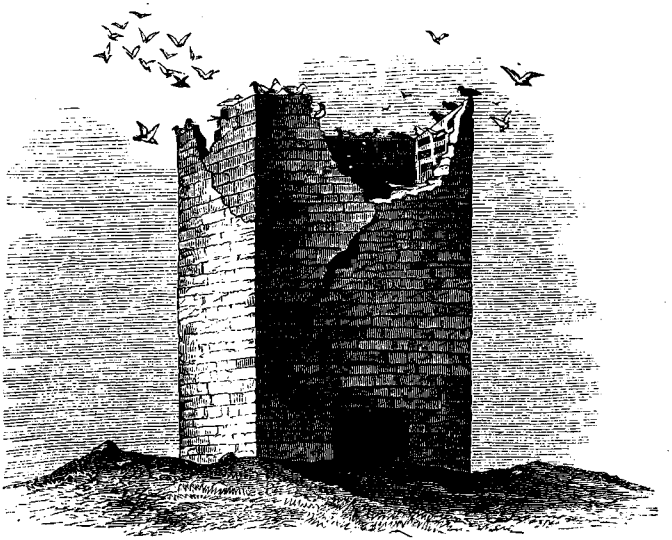
True enough; for there are magnificent *oaks* not far off, while the *plain* and the *terebinths* are in full view. And, finally, it is evident from Joshua xix. 33 that Alon Zaanaim was the *proper name* of one and the same place; and this is a matter of importance, as it gives us another point in the boundary of the tribe of Naphtali, for which any one who tries to run that line will be devoutly thankful.

I have directed Salîm to take a guide and go across the country to Kefr Bur'iam, where we are to spend the coming night. We will make a detour to the south, and visit Safed. Our route lies along the base of these cliffs, and we shall soon descend into the Muaddŭmîyeh, one of the wildest wadies of Naphtali. It comes down from Jish, and, indeed, from far above and beyond it westward, and its terrible cliffs are full of caves and crevices, the favorite home of hawks and eagles. And there goes a flock of stout, compact, iron-gray pigeons, flying as a cloud, and as doves to their windows.[1]

[1] Isa. lx. 8.

Is this the dove, and these clefts in the rock the windows referred to by the prophet?

The Hebrew word is the general name for the Columba family, of which there are many varieties in this country. Ezekiel, speaking of the destruction of the Jews, says, They that escape of them shall be on the mountains like doves of the *valleys*,[1] or, as it should be, I think, the *heights* or lofty cliffs. The doves do not ordinarily fly in "clouds," but this variety does; and supposing pigeons, and not turtle-doves to be intended, we have before us both the windows and the clouds which suggested the figures of the text. When traveling in the north of Syria many years ago, I noticed in certain villages tall square buildings without roofs, whose walls were pierced inside by numberless pigeon-holes. In these nestled and bred thousands of these birds. They are



PIGEON-HOUSE.

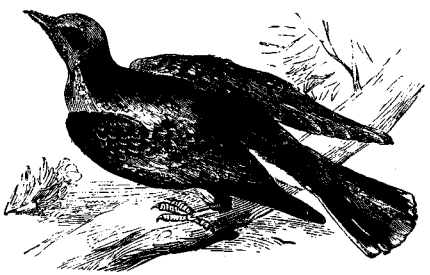
very strong, swift of wing, and extremely wild. Their foraging excursions extend many miles in every direction, and it is curious to notice them returning to their "win-

[1] Ezek. vii. 16.

dows" like bees to their hives, or like clouds pouring over a sharp ridge into the deep wady below. I then supposed it was to such pigeon-houses full of windows that Isaiah referred, and it may have been so, but I have never seen them in Palestine. Perhaps the pigeons would not occupy them in this region, as there are in all directions natural windows in lofty cliffs where they can find a safer and more congenial home.

This would agree with their habits, as implied in Jeremiah's exhortation to Moab: O! ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth.[1] Both Isaiah and Ezekiel speak of the mourning of the doves.[2]

Is there any thing peculiar in their note in this country? It is always mournful. The reference is to the turtle-dove, I suppose. Their low, sad plaint may be heard all day long at certain seasons in the olive-groves, and in the solitary and shady valleys among these mountains; I have, however, been more affected by it in the vast orchards round Damascus than any where else—so subdued, so very sorrowful among the trees, where the air sighs softly, and little rills roll their melting murmurs down the flowery aisles. These birds can never be tamed. Confined in a cage, they droop, and, like Cowper, sigh for



THE TURTLE-DOVE.

"A lodge in some vast wilderness—some boundless contiguity of shade;"

and no sooner are they set at liberty than they flee, as a bird, to their mountains.[3] David refers to their habits in this respect when his heart was sore pained within him: O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off and remain in the

[1] Jer. xlviii. 28. [2] Isa. lix. 11, and Ezek. vii. 16. [3] Ps. xi. 1.

wilderness.[1] And there you will meet these timid birds far away from the haunts of cruel hunters, of whose society they are peculiarly suspicious.

To what does Nahum allude when he says, And Huzzab shall be led away captive; she shall be brought up, and her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, tabering on their breasts?[2]

The prophet is probably not responsible for all this English; but I suppose that Huzzab is another name for Nineveh, who was to go into captivity, led by her maidens tabering on their breasts as doves do, for it was the mourners, and not the doves, who tabered; there is foundation, however, in the manners of our bird for the comparison. When about to utter their plaintive moan, they inflate the throat and throw it forward until the neck rests upon the bosom. Thus they "taber" on their breasts. Now, if you have ever read the Thousand Nights, you will readily recall the favorite mode of introducing the great ladies who figure in those gorgeous and luxurious scenes. They are preceded by troops of "high-bosomed" beauties—"a temptation to the servants of God"—bearing tabrets and other instruments, upon which they discourse soul-melting music. In the present case, these "high-bosomed" damsels, with tabrets resting on their breasts, sang sorrowful strains before their captive queen.

David speaks of a dove whose wings were covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.[3] I have seen none that could have suggested these comparisons.

He refers to a kind found at Damascus, whose feathers, all except the wings, are literally as yellow as gold; they are very small, and kept in cages. I have often had them in my house, but their note is so very sad that I could not endure it; besides, they keep it up by night as well as by day. Nothing can exceed the plaintiveness of their midnight lamentation.

Solomon repeatedly mentions the *eyes* of the dove. Behold, thou art fair, my love; thou hast doves' eyes.[4] And

[1] Ps. lv. 6, 7. [2] Nah. ii. 7. [3] Ps. lxviii. 13. [4] Song i. 15.



THE RING-DOVE.

again: Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks, which (singularly enough!) are as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead.[1] That is, her locks (not the doves' eyes) were jet, glossy black, like the Syrian goats; but all Oriental poets are fond of doves' eyes. The bride also repeats the compliment to her beloved, and even exaggerates it: His eyes are as the eyes of doves, by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.[2] There is a luxurious, delicious haze and indistinctness about such poetic extravagances which captivate the Oriental imagination. Nor is the comparison wholly extravagant. Doves delight in clear water-brooks, and often bathe in them; and then their liquid, loving eyes, "fitly set" within a border of softest skyey blue, do look as though just washed in transparent milk.

To the millions who devoutly sing of the

> "Heavenly Dove,
> With all his quickening powers,"

no other symbol either in or out of the Bible suggests so much precious instruction and spiritual comfort as this

[1] Song iv. 1. [2] Song v. 12.

sweet bird of ours. Pure and gentle, meek, loving, and faithful, the appropriate emblem of that Holy Spirit that descended from the opened heavens upon our blessed Lord at his baptism—O may that heavenly dove

"Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

Our pleasant discourse has brought us up from the depths of Muaddŭmîyeh to this poor village of Alma. Whether it be known to sacred history or not, its site is certainly that of a very ancient town. There is nothing of interest in the village itself, but those black tents which dot the hillside bring to mind the children of the Kenite, Moses' father-in-law, who left their original home in the Desert, entered Palestine with Israel, and settled first at Jericho, and then in the wilderness of Judah. Some time after this, Heber severed himself from his brethren, came north, and pitched his tent at Zaanaim—plain, oak, or terebinth—near Kŭdes. There is a curious tradition of this thing lingering among the dwellers hereabouts, though confused, and mixed up with incredible fables. An old Metāwely sheikh once greatly amused me with his version of the story. It is not worth telling, but it is nevertheless worthy of note that such a tradition is still kept alive in this very neighborhood, and it suggests the question whether these Arabs here may not sustain some remote relation to Heber and his heroic wife.

We are coming out upon a very naked and desolate country. It seems quite incapable of cultivation.

The path lies along the dividing ridge between the Hûleh and the great wady Leimûn, and such places are always barren. But if the peasants can not grow corn, they find coin. When I last traveled this road, some children had just discovered a large deposit of silver coin, of the Seleucidæ kings of Antioch, on the mountain a short distance ahead of us, and the whole country was in an uproar about it. I purchased some of the coin for the worth of the silver, which was a fraction less than a dollar. But there is Safed directly before us, with its castle rising conspicuous in the centre. As our visit is not to the people, but to see the town and

the magnificent prospect from the castle, we shall proceed at once to it. When I was here in 1833, the walls were entire, and the interior was a prison for political offenders against the recently established authority of Mohammed Ali. Not being of that class, I could not then gain admittance, but since that time I have often visited it, and the whole is perfectly familiar to me. Let us tie our horses in this interior fosse, and climb to the top. You observe that the shape of the hill is a well-described oval, and the wall corresponds to it. The bottom of the outer ditch is now a very flourishing vineyard, and the entire circuit is not far from half a mile. The wall is mostly modern, but built on one more ancient, portions of which can be seen on the east side. The interior summit rises about a hundred feet higher than this wall, and was a separate castle, strongly defended. By creeping under these broken vaults, you obtain a sight of the true antiquities of Safed. Here are *beveled* stones, as heavy, and as aged in appearance, as those of the most celebrated ruins in the country; and they prove that this has been a place of importance from a remote age.

Is Safed mentioned in the Bible?

It has been identified with the Bethulia of the Maccabees, but erroneously, of course. The fables of the rabbis do not deserve notice. Maundrell, Jowet, and others throw out the hint that this was the city set on a hill which could not be hid;[1] and if that greatest of sermons was preached on the horns of Hŭttîn, or near them, as tradition affirms, and if any *particular* city was referred to, there would be plausibility enough in the suggestion. These ancient parts of the castle render it all but certain that there was then a city or citadel on this most conspicuous "hill" top; and our Lord might well point to it to illustrate and confirm his precept. The present Hebrew name is Zephath, and may either refer to its elevation like a watch-tower, or to the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding prospects. Certainly they are quite sufficient to suggest the name. There lies Gennesaret, like a mirror set in frame-work of dark mountains and

[1] Matt. v. 14.

Baalbek

many-faced hills. Beyond is the vast plateau of the Hauron, faintly shading with its rocky ranges the utmost horizon eastward. Thence the eye sweeps over Gilead and Bashan, Samaria and Carmel, the plains of Galilee, the coasts of Phœnicia, the hills of Naphtali, the long line of Lebanon, and the lofty head of Hermon—a vast panorama, embracing a thousand points of historic and sacred interest. Safed is truly a high tower on which to set the watchmen of Zion. My aneroid makes it 2650 feet above the Mediterranean. Tabor looks low, and Hŭttîn seems to be in a valley.

For the history of this town you may consult Robinson, Wilson, or any of the tourists who enter into such matters. The important fact about it is that, although now one of the four holy cities of the Jews, it has become such only within the last five hundred years. The rabbis, therefore, know very little about its ancient story, and nothing is more unsatisfactory than their confused and contradictory fables about it. I am of opinion that the *castle* is that *Seph* which Josephus fortified in Upper Galilee. It is mentioned in immediate connection with the *rock Achabari* or *Akhbera*, that gigantic cliff down there to the south of us about five miles. (See Wars, b. ii. ch. xx. v. 6.)

There are no antiquities in the present town of Safed, and therefore we will take a survey of its immediate surroundings, and then prosecute our ride. I once came directly here from Khan Minieh, at the northwest corner of the lake, and without a guide. From our present stand-point it seems so near that one is tempted to pitch pebbles into it, and this castle has the same deceptive appearance from below. I thought I could come directly up to it, but soon got entangled in rocky wadies, and after immense fatigue, found myself, at the end of two hours, looking off from the great rock Akhbera. This terrific precipice can not be less than five hundred feet in perpendicular height, and it is traversed by interior passages, partly natural, partly artificial, quite to the top, with many windows in its face looking out upon the dizzy depth below. It was a famous den of robbers in olden time, but is now surrendered to bats, owls, and eagles.

At its base is a fountain called 'Ain Kehâly, and a single hut marks the site of an ancient town, with the Hebrew name of Hŭkŭb. The *village* of Kehâly lies in the wady above Akhbera, and beyond it the valley turns southwest, and unites with the Leimûny, which drains this broad and profound basin between us and that wooded mountain west of Safed, called Jebel Zebûd, and also Jermuk, from a village on its western slope. The great wady 'Amûd joins the Leimûny lower down, and the united stream issues, through a wild gorge, on to the plain of Gennesaret, and runs directly to the lake, without any connection with the Rŭbŭdîeh. The maps of this neighborhood are generally very inaccurate.

The main source of the Leimûny is the fountain called 'Ain et Jin, which rises in a rocky glen high up the side of Jebel Zebûd. It is a good mill-stream, but at certain seasons it entirely intermits, and hence the name *Jin*, because its irregularities are supposed to be occasioned by these capricious spirits. It flows near Meron or Marōn—as it is differently pronounced—which you can just see on the slope of Zebûd, about two hours to the west of us. I identify it with the Meroz, so bitterly cursed by Deborah, and I reach this conclusion thus: Barak resided in Kŭdes, from which we have just come. In his march to Tabor he would naturally pass under this Marōn, and would summon the inhabitants to join his expedition. They refused, probably with contempt and insult; hence the terrible imprecation in Deborah's triumphal ode: Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty.[1] It is rather a curious coincidence, if not an actual corroboration of this idea, that the Jews of this day have a tradition that Deborah actually passed by the place on her march with Barak to Tabor, and bathed in the fountain of Marōn, and hence they call it Deborah's fountain. The names Meroz and Marōn, or Meron, are almost identical, and the change of the final *nun* to zayn,

[1] Judg. v. 23.

in transcribing, might easily be made. The undoubted antiquity of Marōn, and its position on the direct road from Kŭdes to Tabor, lend additional probability to what I admit is, after all, only a fair guess.

I have a somewhat similar hypothetical identification of this Beerieh or Beria, on the north of Safed, with the site of those Beerites whom Joab summoned to aid him against Sheba, the son of Bichri, as we read in 2d Samuel xx. 14. This would be on his route to Abel, and there is no other Beer in all this region. Upon the same grounds, I suppose that the great host under Jabin, king of Hazor, that came to fight against Joshua at the waters of Merom, may have assembled at this place. Josephus thus speaks about this matter: "So the kings that lived about Mount Libanus, who were Canaanites, and those Canaanites that dwelt in the plain country, with auxiliaries out of the land of the Philistines, pitched their camp at Beeroth, a *city of Upper Galilee*, not far from Cadesh." Now there is no other Beeroth in Upper Galilee. This is evidently an ancient site; and Hazor, the capital of Jabin's kingdom, is at Hazere, some ten miles to the northwest, as I believe. If Jabin assembled his vast army there, he would naturally march this way to Merom. The mountain immediately above Beerieh takes its name from the village, but the ridge southeast of it is called Jebel Canaan. May not this name have been given to it from the fact that the grand army of the Canaanites pitched their camp there on that most memorable occasion? If those circumstances render the identification satisfactory, we are now looking upon one of the most ancient sites known to history. The fact that it is at present a small village, in humble dependence upon its younger and more prosperous neighbor, forms no objection. The land abounds in such examples. Hazor itself is utterly extinct.

This town of Safed wears a fresher and more lively air than any other in this region. To what is that to be ascribed?

It is, in fact, the newest. Not a house in it is twenty years old. The whole town was dashed to the ground in

half a minute by the earthquake in 1837, and these buildings have all been erected since that catastrophe. The prosperity of Safed is entirely owing to the constant influx of foreign Jews, drawn hither by the sanctity of the place. The population may be about five thousand, more than half of them Jews—a strange assemblage from most of the nations of Europe. I have no heart to enter into their history, or dwell on their absurd superstitions, their intense fanaticism, or their social and domestic institutions and manners, comprising an incredible and grotesque *melange* of filth and finery, pharisaic self-righteousness and Sadducean licentiousness. The following is a specimen of the puerilities enjoined and enforced by their learned rabbis. A Jew must not carry on the Sabbath even so much as a pocket-handkerchief, except within the walls of his city. If there are no walls, it follows, according to their perverse logic, that he must not carry it at all. To avoid this difficulty here in Safed, they resort to what they call Erŭv. Poles are set up at the ends of the streets, and *strings* stretched from one to the other. This string *represents a wall*, and a conscientious Jew may carry his handkerchief any where within these strings. I was once amused by a devout Israelite, who was walking with me, on his Sabbath, toward that grove of olive-trees on the north of the town where my tent was pitched. When we came to the end of the street the string *was gone*, and so, by another fiction, he supposed he was at liberty to go on without reference to what was in his pocket, because he *had not passed the wall*. The last time I was here they had abandoned this absurdity, probably to avoid the constant ridicule it brought upon them.

A profane and most quarrelsome fellow once handed me his watch to wind just after sunset on Friday evening. It was now his Sabbath, and he could not work. Thus they still tithe the mint, and anise, and cummin, and teach for doctrines the commandments of men, making void the law of God by their traditions. It was such perverse traditions as these that our Lord rebuked when he declared that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

And now, free from this singular place, we must descend into this profound wady Leimûn, around whose upper expansions are seated half a score of villages, with hard names not necessary to repeat. Our path leads directly under Kŭditha, that wretched hamlet of black basalt immediately before us. It was utterly destroyed by the earthquake of 1837.

As we are in the centre of that awful catastrophe, I should like to hear some account of it.

These terrible calamities have often occurred in this country, and are frequently alluded to in the Bible. At the giving of the Law, Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.[1] Then the earth shook, sings Israel's great poet; even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God—the God of Israel. The mountains skipped like rams, the little hills like lambs.[2] On that memorable day when Jonathan overthrew the Philistines, the earth quaked, so it was a very great trembling.[3] And when the Lord appeared to Elijah, a strong wind rent the mountains, and beat in pieces the rocks, and after the wind an earthquake.[4] Isaiah also threatens Ariel, the city where David dwelt, with this awful judgment; and Amos says, I was with the herdmen of Tekoa two years after *the* earthquake;[5] to which Zechariah refers when he says, Yea, ye shall flee like as ye fled from before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah.[6] And so, too, our blessed Lord and his apostles familiarly allude to these dreadful visitations of God. Indeed, a large class of poetic imagery and prophetic commination is based upon them. They give point and emphasis to the most alarming threatenings of divine indignation, and, so far as my knowledge goes, they are, in this land of heavy stone houses, by far the most awful of all. Before them the very "knees of terror quake." When He arises to shake terribly the earth, all hearts fail, all faces gather blackness.

[1] Ex. xix. 18. [2] Ps. cxiv. 4, 6. [3] 1 Sam. xiv. 15.
[4] 1 Kings xix. 11. [5] Amos i. 1. [6] Zech. xiv. 5.

Courage is of no avail; the boldest fly, just as the feeble and timid do. *Why*, our narrative will abundantly show.

It was just before sunset on a quiet Sabbath evening—January 1, 1837—when the shock occurred. A pale, smoky haze obscured the sun, and threw an air of sadness over the closing day, and a lifeless and oppressive calm had settled down upon the face of nature. These phenomena are, however, not very uncommon in this country, and may have had no connection with the earthquake. Our native church at Beirût were gathered round the communion-table, when suddenly the house began to shake fearfully, and the stone floor to heave and roll like a ship in a storm. "Hezzy! hezzy!"* burst from every trembling lip as all rushed out into the yard. The house was cracked from top to bottom, but no farther injury was sustained. The shock was comparatively slight in Beirût, but still many houses were seriously shattered, and some on the river entirely thrown down. During the week succeeding this Sabbath there came flying reports from various quarters of towns and villages destroyed, and lives lost; but so slow does information travel in this country, especially in winter, that it was not until eight days had elapsed that any reliable accounts were received. Then letters arrived from Safed with the startling intelligence that the whole town had been utterly overthrown, and that Tiberias, and many other places in this region, had shared the same fate. Some of the letters stated that not more than one in a hundred of the inhabitants had escaped.

As soon as these awful facts had been ascertained, collections were made at Beirût to relieve the survivors, and Mr. C—— and myself selected to visit this region, and distribute to the needy and the wounded. Passing by Sidon, we associated with ourselves Mr. A—— and two of his sons to act as physicians. In Sidon the work of destruction became very noticeable, and in Tyre still more so. We rode into the latter at midnight over her prostrate walls, and found some of the streets so choked up with fallen houses that we could not pass through them. I shall retain a vivid

* "Earthquake! earthquake!"

recollection of that dismal night while life lasts. The wind had risen to a cold, cross gale, which howled through shattered walls and broken windows its doleful wail over ruined Tyre. The people were sleeping in boats drawn up on shore, and in tents beside them, while half-suspended shutters and doors unhinged were creaking and banging in dreadful concert. On the 17th we reached Rumaish, where we met the first real confirmation of the letters from Safed. The village seemed quite destroyed. Thirty people had been crushed to death under their falling houses, and many more would have shared the same fate if they had not been at evening prayers in church. The building was low and compact, so that it was not seriously injured. After distributing medicine to the wounded and charity to the destitute, we went on to Jish. Of this village not one house remained; all had been thrown down, and the church also, burying the entire congregation of one hundred and thirty-five persons under the ruins. Not one escaped except the priest, who was saved by a projection of the arch over the altar. The entire vaulted roof, with its enormous mass of superincumbent stone and earth, fell *inward* in a moment, and of course escape was impossible. Fourteen dead bodies lay there still unburied.

On the morning of the 18th we reached Safed, and I then understood, for the first time, what desolations God can work when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. Just before we began to ascend the hill we met our consular agent of Sidon returning with his widowed, childless sister. Her husband, a merchant of Safed, had been buried up to the neck by the ruins of his house, and in that state remained several days, calling in vain for help, and at last perished before he could be reached and set free. As we ascended the hill we saw large rents and cracks in the earth and rocks, and, though not so large as a chasm at Jish which I examined in the morning, still they gave fearful indications of what was to be expected. But all anticipation, every imagination was utterly confounded when the reality burst upon our sight. I had all the while refused to give

full credit to the reports, but one frightful glance convinced me that it was not in the power of language to overdraw or exaggerate such a ruin. We came first to the Jewish half of the town, which contained about four thousand inhabitants two years before when I was there, and seemed like a busy hive of Israelites; now not a house remained standing. The town was built, as its successor is, upon the side of the mountain, which is so steep that the roofs of the houses below formed the street for those above; when, therefore, the shock dashed all to the ground, the highest fell on the next below, that upon the third, and so on to the bottom, burying each successive row of houses deeper and deeper under accumulated masses of rubbish. From this cause it happened that many who were not instantaneously killed perished before they could be rescued, and others were rescued five, six, and even seven days after the earthquake, still alive. A friend of mine told me that he found his wife dead, with one child under her arm, and the babe with the nipple in its mouth: it had died of hunger, trying to draw life from its dead mother. Parents heard their little ones crying papa! mamma! fainter and fainter, until hushed in death, while they were struggling to free themselves, or laboring with desperate energy to throw off the fallen rocks and timber from their dying children. O God of mercy! my heart even now sickens at the thought of that long black winter's night, which closed around the wretched remnants of Safed in half an hour after the overthrow—without a light or possibility of getting one, four fifths of the population under the ruins, dead or dying, with frightful groans, and shrieks of agony and despair, and the earth trembling and shaking all the while, as if affrighted at the horrible desolation she had wrought.

Most hideous spectacle, may I never see its like! Nothing met the eye but a vast chaos of stone and earth, timber and boards, tables, chairs, beds, clothing, and every kind of household furniture mingled in horrible confusion; men every where at work, worn out and woe-begone, uncovering their houses in search of the mangled bodies of lifeless

friends, while here and there were companies of two or three each, bearing away a dreadful load of corruption to the tomb. I covered my face, and passed on through the wretched remnants of Safed. Some were weeping in despair, others laughing in callousness still more distressing; here an old man sat alone on the wreck of his once crowded house; there a child at play, too young to realize that it had neither father nor mother, nor relative of any name in the wide, wide world. They crowded round us with loud lamentations, as if kindness unsealed the floodgates of their sorrow—husbands without wives, wives without husbands; parents childless, and children without parents, and not a few left the solitary remnants of large families. The people were scattered abroad above and below the ruins, in tents of old boards, old carpets, mats, brush, and earth, while some poor creatures, wounded and bruised, were left among the tottering walls, exposed to a horrible death from the loose and falling stones above them.

As soon as our tent was pitched and our medicines and stores opened, we set out to visit the sufferers. But I have no heart to recall the sights and scenes of that morning: bodies crushed and swollen out of all human shape, and in every stage of mortification, dying hourly without hope of relief: they were crowded into old vaults, where the air was tainted beyond endurance. Very soon we returned, and commenced arrangements to erect a temporary hospital, without which it was useless to attempt any thing for the sufferers. On this we all labored incessantly, and by the 19th it was ready for their reception. Having collected them in it, and distributed medicines and clean bandages in abundance, we placed them under the care of a native doctor hired for the purpose, and then left for Tiberias. It was most refreshing to breathe once more the pure air of the open country, free from the horrible sights and scents of Safed. Nor shall I soon forget that pleasant ride to Tiberias, particularly in the evening, and along the shore of the lake. Gennesaret lay like infancy asleep. The sun settled quietly down behind the hills of Nazareth, and the full

moon shone kindly through the hazy atmosphere on lake and land, faintly revealing the scenes where the Saviour of the world had wandered, and preached, and healed all manner of disease.

The destruction of life in Tiberias had not been so great as at Safed, but the houses and walls of the city were fearfully shattered. About six hundred perished under the ruins, and there were scenes of individual suffering not exceeded by any in Safed. Many of the wounded had been carried down to the hot baths, where we visited them. They informed me that at the time of the earthquake the quantity of water at these springs was immensely increased, and that it was so hot that people could not pass along the road across which it flowed. This, I suppose, was fact, but the reports that smoke and boiling water were seen to issue from many places, and flames of fire from others, I believe were either fabrications, or at least exaggerations. I could find no one who had actually seen these phenomena, though all had heard of them.

On the 22d we left Tiberias, and reached Nazareth in the night, having distributed medicines and clothes at Lubieh, Sejera, Kefr Kenna, and Reîneh. In all these villages, except Kefr Kenna, the earthquake had been very destructive, while in others on either side of us no injury had been sustained. This erratic and apparently capricious course led one of my companions to remark that it was the exact fulfillment of our Lord's words in Matthew xxiv. 7: There shall be earthquakes in *divers* places. There may be something in the geological formation of these plains and mountains which occasioned these extraordinary exceptions; but whether we can or can not explain the phenomenon, the fact is certain that some villages were entirely destroyed, and others close to them suffered no injury. And though the present earthquake is in no way referred to in that prophecy of our Lord, yet similar occurrences in ancient times may have suggested, or rather may have rendered the reference appropriate. At Nazareth our mission terminated, and we returned by the ordinary route to Beirût,

having been absent eighteen days in the middle of winter, with bright, clear weather, so that even on the mountains we were able to sleep in the tent without inconvenience.

I have somewhere seen it stated that these terrible judgments, instead of softening the heart and working reformation in the life, produce effects the very reverse.

In this case it did so to an extraordinary degree. It was frightful to witness the intense selfishness and hideous rascality developed. The survivors in the surrounding villages left their friends to die amid their own crumbling houses, and hurried to Safed to strip the dead and plunder the living. Ibrahim Pasha sent a detachment of troops from Acre to protect the poor Jews from robbery and murder, but they themselves were utterly callous in regard to their fellow-sufferers. It is scarcely credible, and yet it is fact, that after we had labored night and day to build the hospital, we had to carry the wounded to it ourselves, or *pay their surviving friends* exorbitant prices to do it. So far as my experience goes (and wars, pestilence, cholera, and earthquakes have given me many opportunities to observe), the people will *not* learn righteousness when *such* judgments are abroad in the land.

But, to banish these painful pictures, let us turn to our present whereabouts. Over yonder, to our left, is Marōn, one of the sacred places of the Jews. Dr. Wilson has given an extended account of the great rabbis whose sepulchres are believed to be there. The most celebrated is Hilel, the grandfather of Gamaliel. His tomb is a chamber cut in solid rock, like multitudes of others in this country, only larger, being twenty-five feet square, and having thirty loculi or niches for the dead. There are several real sarcophagi in this room, with enormous lids. It is curious that the whole room is often flooded with water. The far-famed and truly infamous festival of "burning" is celebrated at these tombs. I never witnessed this extraordinary performance, and never will. Professor Hacket gives a graphic account of it. The apartment over the graves was lighted up by many lamps, and around the court were stalls filled

with people, their beds, and their traveling equipments. The pilgrims gave themselves up to intoxication, singing, dancing, and clapping of hands, while some more warlike kept up an exhibition of sword-play. After dark the crowd filled the court, stalls, gallery, and corridor almost to suffocation. A pillar supporting a stone trough stood at one corner of the gallery, and near it a vessel with oil, in which the articles to be burned were first dipped. At a given signal, a man with a blazing torch mounted the stairs to the gallery, and all were now intent with expectation. The first article burned was a costly shawl, the offering of a rich Jew from Joppa, who had paid about seventy-five dollars for the privilege of opening the ceremony. As the shawl began to blaze, the multitude raised a shout that made the welkin ring; men clapped their hands, and the women shrieked out the *zulghŭt*—a shrill, tremulous cry, which one hears only in this country. Other offerings—shawls, scarfs, handkerchiefs, books, etc., etc.—were brought forward, dipped in oil, and consumed, while from time to time, as an article was seen to be of special value, or burned with uncommon brilliancy, the spectators broke forth into renewed expressions of delight. Thus this work of drunken madness went on until our informant was obliged to leave. It is, in fact, kept up all night, accompanied with scenes of such gross and indecent revelry, that all respectable Jews express the deepest regret and reprobation of the whole affair. I have never been able to ascertain the origin or real significance of this most absurd festival. It is, of course, intended to honor the great rabbis whose tombs are supposed to be there, and is also connected with some vague ideas of merit, by which the donors will derive benefit from the prayers or intercessions of these saints, an error found among all Oriental sects in one form or another. But enough of such folly and extravagance. Here we have something more satisfactory, or at least more substantial. This deep pit on our right is probably an extinct crater. It is difficult to imagine what else it can be, and, as the entire region is volcanic, the thing is not in itself improbable. Yon village above and ahead

of us is Jish, the modern representative of that Giscala where dwelt John, the arch-enemy of Josephus; and here stood that church whose roof fell in and buried the congregation alive while at their evening prayer. A road takes off northwest to Yarōn, which is about an hour and a quarter in that direction. It is too far out of the way, or I would take you thither, for there are many ancient remains about it well worth seeing. The most remarkable are the ruins of a church, and, as it differs from any thing you will meet in the country, I will describe it. The length is eighty-six feet, the width fifty-three, with a double extension southward quite peculiar: the first twenty feet broad, and the length of the church; the other thirteen feet wide and fifty-five long. This was a sort of portico, supported by six columns. There were three doors in the west end, and a double row of columns extended from the wall in front of the doors to the altar; the architecture is Corinthian, and I noticed the Greek cross on some of the capitals; the entrances have posts eight feet high, and all of single blocks, standing on end like those of the old synagogues at Kŭdes, Marōn, and other places in this region. This may also have been originally a synagogue, or it may have been a church of the "Lower Empire," or both may have been built out of the ruins of a heathen temple more ancient than either. The remains lie about the hill, and are stuck into the embankment of their water-tank. I measured one stone fourteen feet long, curiously carved after the Jewish or Phœnician style. There are also many large sarcophagi in the neighborhood, which certainly are neither Greek nor Roman. This is no doubt the Iron given to Naphtali,[1] and was in olden time a place of much importance. Beyond it is Bint Jebeîl, the capital of this district, and farther north is 'Ain Atha, the Beth Anath of the same tribe. This whole region is crowded with ancient sites, most of which, however, are unknown to history, either sacred or profane. And here is Kefr Bur'iam, and it has taken us three hours and a quarter to come from Safed; the distance, however, is not more than nine miles.

[1] Josh. xix. 38.

We have still to examine the antiquities of this village. This edifice among the houses is tolerably perfect, and the style of architecture is wholly peculiar. These sheaf-like carvings on the columns and cornices are neither Roman nor Greek. In its present form it probably was a synagogue of the second or third century. An old villager tells me that he remembers when there was a row of columns above those now seen, but the earthquake of 1837 threw them down, and all those along the north end of the edifice.

The other ruin, some thirty rods north of the village, is entirely prostrate, except the front entrance. This consists of two large upright posts supporting an entablature of a single stone more than ten feet long, richly ornamented with Jewish sculpture, and bearing a long inscription in Hebrew character, which, however, gives us no important information either as to the author, the age, or the character of the temple.

XX. HAZOR—ALMA—ACRE.

March 7th.

There are manifest signs of a storm this morning, and we will do wisely to seek some safe retreat before it bursts upon us. I have in charge to visit the Protestant community at Alma, and wish to spend the coming Sabbath there. You, however, would find but small entertainment in such a place, and therefore had better go direct to Acre. The muleteers know the road, and by riding hard you can reach the city before sunset.

So be it; and when we meet in that far-famed fortress, I shall expect an account of your experiences among the peasants of Alma.

We part not yet. Our paths are the same for the first hour westward down this long wady toward Rŭmeîsh. Very familiar to me is every foot of this valley, for in certain parts of it are beautiful geodes of chalcedony, which I have spent days, first and last, in gathering. In the spring of 1838 I sent four donkey-loads to Beirût, and from there they have been dispersed by friends to almost every part of the world. We have no time to meddle with them to-day, nor is it necessary. I have at home as much of this pretty mineral as you can possibly want. Some five years ago I discovered a new locality of it extending from Jisr Kuraone, below Mushgarah, quite up to the south end of the Buk'ah, at Jûb Jennîn. The whole country there for many miles is literally covered with these geodes, from the size of a walnut to that of a large melon—chalcedony enough to build the third foundation in the wall of the New Jerusalem.[1]

I have not yet seen any of the precious stones mentioned in the Bible during our rambles through the country.

But few of them are to be found in Palestine. I have discovered jasper and agate in great variety, and very beautiful, along the southern and eastern base of Mount Cassius, and in a few other places; but the precious stones employed by Moses in making the priestly garments were doubtless

[1] Rev. xxi. 19.

procured in Egypt and Arabia, where they still abound. Of the twelve manner of stones in the breastplate of the high-priest,[1] there are native to this country the jasper, the agate, the beryl, and the sardius. If the sapphire is the lapis lazuli, it is also met with in certain parts of Syria.

But Biblical mineralogy is yet involved in great obscurity, and a carefully-prepared treatise on it is much needed. How many critics are there in the whole world, do you think, who have any definite knowledge of those gems only that are mentioned by Moses? I have yet to find one. Dr. Smith examined every available source of information while translating the Bible into Arabic, and, had he lived to complete that work, the student would have been able to cull from it the results of vast research. Some future scholar in these Oriental languages may yet be able to furnish to the world what is wanted, not merely in regard to gems, and the various ornaments made out of them, but also in reference to the resins, gums, spices, and ointments used by the ancient Hebrews, and likewise the medicinal and other plants, herbs, roots, flowers, and trees of the Bible.

It is worthy of remark that the Orientals always paid far more attention to gems and similar matters than we are accustomed to bestow in our day and country. And the same is true with these people around us. I venture to say that this donkey-boy coming to meet us could confound nine tenths of Bible-readers in America by his familiar acquaintance with the names, appearance, and relative value of the precious stones mentioned in the Word of God. We need not be surprised, therefore, at the constant mention of them by plain and unlettered prophets and apostles. John was not a scholar nor a lapidary, and yet he is perfectly at home among precious stones, and without effort gives a list which has and does still puzzle our wisest scholars even to understand, nor are they yet agreed in regard to them. In our translation, and in every other with which I am acquainted, the same Hebrew word is made to stand for entirely different gems, and lexicographers, commentators, and critics are

[1] Exod. xxviii. 17–20.

equally uncertain. But yonder is Rŭmeîsh, and the road to Acre here turns to the left. *Au revoir*, and a pleasant ride to you!

Acre, March 11th.

Safely back, and welcome; but where have you been all this while?

Not so fast; all in due time and order. Thanks first, rest and refreshment next, and then my story to your heart's content, and more plentifully, perhaps, than you desire.

Well, after we parted last Saturday, I passed Rŭmeîsh, and, turning to the northwest, came in half an hour to the ruins of an old city called Kûra, on the left of the entrance into the great wady el Aiyûn. The whole hill is perforated thickly with deep cisterns, most of them quite perfect in appearance, but all really "broken," so that they can hold no water. I know not the historic name of this deserted city, if, indeed, it ever had one, but it must have been a place of importance in its day.

The only other site worth mentioning in this region is Hazere, midway between Dible, 'Ain Ible, and Cosa. This Hazere I identify with that Hazor which was the head of all those kingdoms, whose armies, led by Jabin, were overthrown by Joshua at the waters of Merom. The remains of this very ancient city lie in a large natural basin, and spread far up the hill side toward the south. Heaps of hewn stone, old and rotten; open pits, deep wells, and vast cisterns cut in the solid rock—these are the unequivocal indications of an important city. A large artificial cave, with an arch in front of a more modern date, is a celebrated mazar of the Metāwelies. I inquired of an old sheikh what saint was honored there. In a voice loud and bold, as if to make a doubtful point certain, he replied, Neby Hazûr, who fought with Yeshua Ibn Nun. As this is a tradition purely native, handed down from remote antiquity, along with the name of the ruins, it adds probability to the identification. The situation meets sufficiently well the demands of all the Biblical notices we have of Hazor. It is true that Jose-

phus, speaking in a loose and indefinite way, says that Hazor was over the Lake Samechonitis, and in like manner we may say that it is over the Hûleh. It is above it to the northwest, and in the centre of that mountainous district which overhangs the lake. And as Josephus never visited the site himself—wrote from memory in a distant land long after he had left his native country—his brief and incidental allusion to the position of Hazor is entitled to very little weight. Dr. Robinson, however, who was directed to this place by myself, does not accept the identification, nor will he admit that 'Ain Hazur, near el Mughar, is the En Hazor of Naphtali; but, until other sites with claims better established be discovered, I shall continue to regard them as the two Hazors given to that tribe. Their names are identical, their positions satisfactory. In particular, I take this Hazere to be the site of that great city where Jabin resided and reigned—that Hazor which aforetime was head of all those kingdoms of Canaanites who pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel,[1] and which alone, of all the cities, did Joshua take and burn with fire.

It seems, however, to have recovered rapidly from its first overthrow, for a Jabin reigned in Hazor, and cruelly oppressed the Israelites in the days of Deborah, until Barak routed his army on the plain of Esdraelon, and sent his chief captain fleeing on foot to the tent of Heber the Kenite, where, weary and fast asleep, he was slain by Heber's heroic wife, which deed of daring Deborah thus celebrates in her glowing song of victory: Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. With the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead. So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord, but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his strength.[2] Josephus adds to the Bible account that Barak killed Jabin in Hazor, and utter-

[1] Josh. xi. 5, 10, 12.

[2] Judg. v. 24–27.

ly overthrew the city; if so, it revived again, for it is often mentioned. Solomon rebuilt it once, and long after this it was of so much importance as to be named among the chief cities of Galilee which Tiglath Pileser conquered, about the year 740 before Christ.

But enough of Hazor and her story. We must complete our journey to Alma. It is with a kind of pleasure altogether peculiar that one wanders over the park-like hills and through the solemn ravines of Naphtali. With a sort of breathless expectation, you dive into wild gorges deeper and deeper, ever on the watch for a wolf, wild boar, or wild Arab, and held wide awake hour after hour, communing with the grand, the beautiful, and the sublime. It is only by thus exploring the rocky mysteries of the country that we can discover the wisdom of that divinely-established process of exterminating the original inhabitants *little by little* before the Israelites. Thou mayest not consume them at once, lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee.[1] I am not surprised to find this matter of wild beasts and their depredations often referred to in the Bible, nor to read of lions, leopards, and bears in the very heart of the land. The lion, it is true, has been driven back into the desert; but, notwithstanding the multiplication of fire-arms, and other modes of destruction far more effective than the ancients possessed, these wadies now abound in large leopards, in bears, wolves, hyenas, and many other kinds of destructive animals. And although the farmer goes to his plow, gun in hand, and every shepherd is armed and followed by his dogs, yet it is all they can do to keep the "beasts of the field from increasing upon them." When Ibrahim Pasha disarmed the country, they became so troublesome that he was obliged to permit the farmers in such districts to procure guns, under certain restrictions. Fierce Syrian tigers, as they are called, maintain their haunts directly beneath large villages.

It is recorded in 1 Chronicles xi. 22 that Benaiah, who had done many acts besides killing two lion-like men of

[1] Exod. xxiii. 29, 30.

Moab, went down and slew a lion in a pit, in a snowy day. From this we learn several things: that lions abounded in the land in the time of David; that they retreated into pits; and, lastly, that they had snowy days even in Palestine. The battle of Benaiah reminds one of the famous fight of Putnam with the wolf in his den. This Jewish hero of "many acts" doubtless tracked the lion to his lair by the fresh-fallen snow, as Putnam did the wolf.

We have such snowy days occasionally, and they are attended with a species of danger in certain parts of the country such as no man in America ever thought of. Our doctor and quondam magician of Ibel was once passing over the mountains in Belad Besharah, when he suddenly found himself at the bottom of an ancient cistern, whose narrow mouth had been covered up with snow. Not being hurt by the fall, he indulged in a hearty laugh at the exploit. Soon, however, he saw with terror that the inside—shaped like a huge demijohn—was as smooth as glass, so that it was utterly impossible to climb out. After desperate but fruitless efforts, he had no resource but to call for help at the top of his voice, in the hope that some chance passer-by might hear. Thus he passed two dreadful days and nights before he was discovered and drawn out more dead than alive. There are thousands of these ancient cisterns in Upper Galilee, where Josephus says there were two hundred and forty cities in his day, and the site of every one was pierced like a honeycomb with them. One should always be on his guard while exploring these old sites, especially if they are overgrown with grass and weeds. When peering into these dark demijohn-cisterns I have often thought of poor Joseph, for it was doubtless a forsaken cistern (beer is the word both in Hebrew and Arabic) into which he was thrown by his barbarous brethren. The beer was empty; there was no water in it.[1] And just such are now found about the site of old Dotham. It is remarkable that, though dug in hard rock, and apparently sound, they are nearly all dry even in winter.

They certainly furnish a very striking and significant

[1] Gen. xxxvii. 24.

commentary on the expostulation of Jeremiah: Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid; be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils. They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewn them out cisterns—broken cisterns that can hold no water.[1]

No comparison could more keenly rebuke the madness of a people who changed their glory for that which doth not profit. The best cisterns, even those in solid rock, are strangely liable to crack, and are a most unreliable source of supply of that absolutely indispensable article, water; and if, by constant care, they are made to hold, yet the water, collected from clay roofs or from marly soil, has the color of weak soapsuds, the taste of the earth or the stable, is full of worms, and in the hour of greatest need it utterly fails. Who but a fool positive, or one gone mad in love of filth, would exchange the sweet, wholesome stream of a living fountain for such an uncertain compound of nastiness and vermin! I have never been able to tolerate this cistern-water except in Jerusalem, where they are kept with scrupulous care, and filled from roofs both clean and hard.

But to my story: where was I? Oh, stumbling over the ruins, and shouting down the throats of broken cisterns, to wake up the slumbering echoes of old Hazor. From thence I climbed up to Cosa, some half an hour west of, and eight hundred feet above Hazor. This may be the Hosa given to Asher by Joshua.[2] Taking a hasty survey of her prostrate temples and ancient buildings, I hastened on to Blât, which Mr. Van de Velde visited with so much tribulation of soul and travail of body. It is one hour and a half west of Cosa, and occupies the most conspicuous position in all this region. The architects of this temple were lovers of the sublime, and selected a spot on which to build and pray which commands prospects in all directions of great beauty. It was evidently a place of importance, but its history is utterly lost. The columns of the temple are visible to a vast distance, and all around are masses of ruins in wild confusion,

[1] Jer. ii. 13. [2] Josh. xix. 29.

and overgrown with thorns and briers. Far down the southern slope of the mountain are the remains of another place, almost concealed by a dense jungle of bushes, with the modern name of Khurbet el Bŭsal (Ruin of the Onion), a name without a story, which is all that can be said of a hundred other sites in this region. With regret I descended to the regular road between Cosa and Alma, not far from Râmy, the Ramah of Asher, I suppose, mentioned in Joshua xix. 29. There were yet three hours to Alma, but the road was good, down a very gradual descent westward. The country is well wooded and most lovely, but entirely deserted by all except tent-dwelling Arabs. In an hour and a half I came to Yarîn, having turned aside from the direct road to visit it.

The broken houses of the ancient city cover a large natural tell, and lie there all ready for the future restorer of Israel's desolations. On the east side are the remains of a fine temple of Grecian architecture: possibly it may have been a church of early Christian days. The name Yarîn seems to be Hebrew, but I find no mention of it in the Bible, nor in Josephus. It was growing late, and the country thereabouts is full of Arabs, who bear a bad character; so I hastened on, and alighted at the door of our friend Zorab a little after sunset.

During the night, the storm which had been gathering in the west burst upon us in winter's wildest fury. I was thankful for the shelter which even Alma's dark habitations afforded; but I shall not trouble you with the history of those three days and nights of tribulation. The good people did what they could to make me comfortable, and were not to blame if my eyes could not bear to be smoked like bacon, nor my nerves endure the ceaseless titillation of fleas. The ladies were particularly distressed to find that my inner man rebelled against their savory dishes. But the longest three days that ever rained or blew themselves into the past tense finally came to an end. The sun rose joyous and bright on the morning of the fourth, and happy was I to get abroad once more. In company with some of

our friends, I spent the day in rambling about the country. We visited Kŭlaet Shem'ah, which appears to be on a level with Alma, and not more than three miles distant; but at the end of an hour and a half we were farther from it than when we started. This great detour to the east had to be reached to get round the head of some of those gorges I have before mentioned. Several frightful ravines run down to the sea between Alma and Shem'ah, and so narrow that you have no idea of their existence until quite upon their brink. The continuity of the surface seems unbroken. I once undertook to go from Alma to this castle without a guide, but was brought up suddenly by one of these gorges, and obliged to return without accomplishing my object.

The castle is quite modern, and does not answer to the magnificent appearance from a distance. The position on the top of a high natural tell overlooking the surrounding mountains, the beautiful plain and more beautiful sea of Tyre, gives to it this imposing aspect. But it is a modern ruin, built by the Wakady branch of the house of Ali es Sughîr about one hundred years ago. No doubt there were buildings there before this castle, just as there were on hundreds of other sites around it. Such remains of ancient towns and castles almost cover these mountains. The gigantic natural tell west of the castle, called Izmith, and Izmit, and also Izmid, has on it the ruins of an old castle, and the entire slope of the mountains down to the shore at Ras el Buiyâd is dotted over with ancient towers, to which the general name of Kusseîr is applied, apparently from their diminutive size. In a word, and once for all, let me say that no part of Palestine seems to have been more densely peopled than this Ladder of Tyre, and yet it has rarely been crossed or even entered by the pilgrim or the explorer.

How did you contrive to pass away those three dismal days of rain and more dismal nights? It was bad enough even here in Acre.

The Arabs are great on such emergencies, and can fairly talk down the toughest storm that ever blew; and, indeed, we had plenty of important matters to discuss. I was par-

ticularly interested and even instructed by a long conversation one evening in regard to certain confederacies between Beit Zorab and some neighboring families. One of these compacts did not at all please me, as it brings the Protestants there into close fellowship with the worst clans in the whole region. They are now involved in a case of murder by one of these fellows. It seems that long ago the Beit Zorab formed an alliance—to dignify small matters with large names—with these people for the sake of mutual protection, and to enable them to retaliate injuries. By these compacts the parties are bound to stand by each other in case of need, to join in all quarrels, shelter each other when fleeing from the law or from the pursuit of enemies, and to bear their proportion of the fine incurred by any violation of property or injury to person. Especially must they aid in cases of manslaughter or murder; in the first instance, to conceal and further the escape of the slayer, and then to stand by his family to prevent a general massacre by the enraged relatives of the slain; and, finally, they must do all in their power to bring about a compromise, by inducing the other party to accept a ransom for the blood shed, and abandon their right of revenge. In the case in question, one of Zorab's allies had killed a Metāwely of 'Ain Ibel, and, as these Metāwelies are far the most numerous in this region, and delight to get an opportunity to assault the Christians, the whole village was immediately deserted, the terrified people seeking shelter and concealment among their confederates, wherever they could find them. Our friend Zorab became involved in the matter by his relation as confederate with the family of the slayer, and had to make frequent journeys to hush up the affair. He maintained that the present case was one of strict self-defense; the man was obliged to kill or be killed, and the character of the dead man renders this quite probable. But the whole affair, involving as it does the entire Protestant community of Alma, compelled me to look closely at the question as one of practical morals, which I had only thought of in theory before, as a curious question of ancient history.

One thing is obvious at first sight: these compacts, with all their consequences, are extra-judicial, are utterly ignored by the law of the land, and opposed to it. Their actual object seems to be to render the execution of the law impossible. But as in the Jewish community in the time of Moses, so here, the custom of blood-revenge is too deeply rooted to be under the control of these feudal lords of the land; indeed, they themselves and their families are bound by it in its sternest demands. It is plain that Moses, clothed with all the influence and power of an inspired law-giver, could not eradicate this dreadful custom, and was merely commissioned to mitigate its horrors by establishing cities of refuge, under certain humane regulations, which are fully detailed in Numbers xxxv. and in Deuteronomy xix. In process of time, many other places besides the six cities of refuge acquired the character of sanctuaries, to which persons could flee in the hour of danger. They were established, sanctioned, and sustained by necessity; and before we utterly condemn even such compacts as this of Beit Zorab, we must remember that both law and custom have abolished *all* sanctuaries. There is neither city nor shrine whose sanctity affords a refuge to one fleeing for dear life, and yet the law of retaliation remains in all its vigor, and is executed with energy by the non-Christian tribes around, who are the immense majority. And these compacts, these family treaties of alliance offensive and defensive, are intended to answer the same purpose that the ancient sanctuaries and cities of refuge did, and they do it. When a man fleeing for life arrives among his allies, he is safe, so far as their utmost power to defend him can go, and they are to pass him on to more distant retreats if necessary. For this purpose, these compacts are extended all over the land. For example, Zorab has allies in Beit Jallah, near Jerusalem, several days' ride to the south, and in Belad Baalbek, five days to the north of them, and in many other places. Thither the refugees are sent with the utmost dispatch and secrecy. In the present instance the man-slayer is nowhere to be found.

Again: our friend says, in justification, that without these treaties of alliance they could not exist at all in this region of lawless Moslems, Metāwelies, and Arabs. It is one of the cruel features of the lex talionis, that if the real murderer can not be reached, the avengers of blood have a right to kill any other member of the family, then any relation, no matter how remote, and, finally, any member of this blood confederation. The weak would hence be entirely at the mercy of the strong, were it not for these alliances; and most of all would the few Christians in Belad Besharah fall victims to the fierce non-Christian clans around them. This is their apology for such compacts, and it is difficult to convince them that this, as they believe, their only means of safety, is immoral. If you tell them that they should make the government their refuge, and appeal at once to the Pasha, they merely smile at your ignorance of the actual state of the country, and not without reason. Even in Lebanon, which the Allied Powers have undertaken to look after, I have known, not one, but many horrible tragedies. Several of my intimate acquaintances have literally been cut to pieces by the infuriated avengers of blood, and in some instances these poor victims had no possible implication with the original murder, and only a remote connection with the clan involved in it. Were it not for these confederations, there would be no safety in such emergencies, and they do actually furnish an important check to the murderous designs of "avengers."

I once inquired of a friend if he were not afraid to go into a certain neighborhood where a murder had been committed by one of his confederation. "Oh no," he replied; "our aileh (confederation) can number twelve hundred guns, and our enemies dare not touch me; and, besides, the matter is to be made up by our paying a ransom." This is the ordinary mode of settling such questions. Zorab told me that last year a messenger came from their allies in Beit Jallah to levy their proportion of the ransom for a murder committed there, and they actually paid it. I read to him Numbers xxxv. 31: Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life

of a murderer which is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death. But he remarked, shrewdly enough, that this was a Jewish law, and not at all applicable to them, for they were not in a situation to investigate the cases, nor to execute any decision they might come to. He further justified himself by saying that he and his immediate family only *gave* to others according to the obligations of the compact, and did not take from them. If their allies entered into an unrighteous compact to save the life of a man who ought to be put to death, the sin was theirs, not his: rather a nice distinction. He would never aid even one of his own family to escape from the just demands of the law. I fear, however, that the pressure of circumstances must always render his good resolutions useless. His own son could put it out of his power to act with justice by appealing from him to the confederation of which he is a member.

One thing is certain: this system defeats nearly all the efforts of this weak government to bring criminals to justice, and therefore it must be wicked in its actual workings. It is equally certain that a good government would instantly crush the whole thing. The old Emir Beshir succeeded, after a few terrible examples, in putting an end to it in Lebanon. But many a Druse wove his smothered vengeance into his unshaven beard, and waited his opportunity during the long reign of that energetic prince. And this is the reason why his downfall in 1840, by the action of the Allied Powers, was followed by so many shocking tragedies. Long outstanding accounts were immediately referred to a bloody arbitration, and settled in death.

The introduction of a higher and more perfect development of Christianity among these Oriental sects has to encounter and overcome many other obstacles from customs adverse to its nature, which are at least as ancient as history. They have stiffened by old age into elements of unyielding resistance. I was reminded of this by a discussion at Alma concerning a matrimonial alliance which was being negotiated in behalf of one of the members of the community. We, as foreigners, interfere as little as possible, and

must legislate very cautiously in such matters; and yet the reception of the Gospel, as we hold and teach it, must abolish or greatly modify certain of their customs, which have struck their roots down to the very heart of society.

In addition to those alliances devised for external protection, there is another system of *matrimonial* clanism. There are certain families and circles called mejawîse, within which alone such alliances are permitted. They mutually give and take, and outside of these they must neither marry nor give in marriage. Treaty stipulations, such as Hamor and Shechem wished to establish between their people and the family of Jacob,[1] are still considered matters of the greatest importance, and long negotiations are often necessary before the high contracting powers can accomplish the difficult and delicate compact.

The readiness with which the people of Shechem consented to the hard condition imposed by the treacherous sons of Israel proves beyond a doubt that they were highly respectable, and their alliance counted as an honor and a benefit. It would require very powerful arguments indeed to induce any village to accept such condition at this day. Then there is a sort of one-sided mejawîse, in which, from necessity, a family consents to *take* in order to get wives for their sons, but refuse to *give*, from an aristocratic feeling of superiority. It was a case of this kind about which the discussion arose in Alma. Now a necessary result of becoming Protestants is to break up *all* these clans of mejawîse. Not only is our Gospel largely eclectic, but it knows nothing of such distinctions. There are already Maronites, Greeks, Greek Catholics, Arminians, Catholic Arminians, Jacobites, Nestorians, Jews, and Druses included in the one body of Syrian Protestants, and the Gospel makes all one in Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek.[2] Of course, all former matrimonial alliances and treaties are annulled by a sort of necessity. Not only do their ancient allies reject them, but the Protestants desire to abstain from all family alliances with those who cling to their old superstitions. You at once

[1] Gen. xxxiv. 8-10. [2] Gal. iii. 28.

see that in such a country as Syria this single circumstance must revolutionize society just so far as evangelical religion prevails. Protestants pay no attention to these systems of mejawîse, and parents and parties concerned are often puzzled how to proceed or succeed.

Many of these matrimonial circles are extremely narrow, and seem to have for their main object the preservation of property within the immediate family. The same purpose lay at the bottom of many Mosaic institutions, or original customs which he sanctioned. But it now acts badly, tends directly to deterioration of the race, and ends in insanity and extinction. I have known instances where there was not a single disposable bride within the entire circle of mejawîse. This often leads to murder between contending candidates for a wife, oftener still to the marriage of mere children to very old men. One of my teachers, sixty years old, married a relative only thirteen. In non-Christian sects, the difficulty is sometimes got over by purchasing Georgian girls in the Constantinople market. The Gospel must, of course, abolish this traffic, but at the same time it will throw down all these narrow inclosures, and open the way for marriages on better principles.

It will also abolish the very ancient system of marrying only relations. This custom prevailed in the family of Abraham even before he left Mesopotamia; and the reason assigned by Laban for giving his daughter to Jacob—because he was a relative—is still held to be binding. If there are two claimants for the same bride, and one is a relation, this is admitted to be a valid plea in his favor. But this is attended with all the objections mentioned under the preceding head, and causes many unnatural and compulsory marriages, with all their subsequent bad consequences.

The Gospel will likewise bring about an entire change in the mode of conducting matrimonial negotiations. This has always been managed in these countries by others than those most interested in the result. The parents, or the elder brother if there are no parents, make the bargain, and the poor bride has nothing to do but to submit. Her prefer-

ences and dislikes are treated with utter disregard, and I have known most horrible catastrophes from this cause. Now true religion will educate and elevate the females, and introduce them into society, where they will have opportunity to become acquainted with those who seek them in marriage. Being free to accept or reject, they will not be married off while mere children to those they do not know, or knowing, abhor. The domestic institution will be placed on its true basis, and purified from a host of mischievous results, which flow necessarily from the present plan. Under the ameliorating agency of the Gospel, the material veil of Oriental seclusion will give place to the veil of genuine modesty and self-respect, for which that has been in all ages but a miserable compensation.

Again, the Gospel will greatly narrow the list of prohibited degrees of relationship. That established by Moses is certainly wide enough, but ecclesiastical legislation in the East has added largely to it, and introduced the perfectly fictitious relationships of god-parents and foster-brothers, and I know not what. In practice, these rules are found to be so intolerable, that the clergy have been obliged to invent and largely exercise the power of dispensation; but this opens a wide door to intrigue and bribery. More than half the quarrels between priest and people grow out of the manner in which this dispensing power is exercised.

Certainly Christianity knows nothing about matters in themselves unlawful, but which may be made just and right by paying a few piastres to a priest. This whole system, with all its appendages, will be abolished, and the priestly revenue derived therefrom be dried up. But such large changes in social habits and domestic institutions, to be brought about safely, must begin from within, and develop gradually, and not be rudely forced upon society by foreign influence acting from without; and the Christian reformer should be contented to wait for this gradual development.

Our discussion included the present system of betrothal, which, I suppose, is much the same as in ancient Bible days. It is a sort of half marriage, accompanied with religious

ceremonies, and the settling of the nature and amount of dower which the bridegroom is to give, a custom equally ancient. This, too, in its present form and essence, is destined to give way before the advancement of a higher Christianity, or at least to be so modified as to make marriage a less commercial transaction, in which the affections of the parties have no concern. As a part of that system by which relatives dispose of the hand and heart of a poor victim long before she is old enough to have any notions of her own, it needs to be greatly modified; I uniformly, however, refuse to take any active part in these negotiations, because the stand-point from which I regard the whole subject is altogether too far in advance of Syrian society to permit me to be a safe or practical guide in matters matrimonial.

During the storm at Alma I suffered under the constant illustration of that proverb of Solomon, A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. Whosoever hideth her hideth the wind, and the ointment of his right hand which bewrayeth itself.[1] The force of this proverb is well understood in all its details in this country. Such rains as we have had thoroughly soak through the flat earthen roofs of these mountain houses, and the water descends in numberless leaks all over the room. This continual dropping—tuk, tuk—all day and all night, is the most annoying thing in the world, unless it be the ceaseless clatter of a contentious woman. This, too, I had experienced in its most aggravated manifestation. A quarrel arose between two neighbors about some trifling affair—a chicken, I believe—but it grew boisterous, and raged eleven hours by the watch. Through all these weary hours the "contentious woman" ceased not to scold, and scream, and curse her victim in a style quite original, and so loud that the whole neighborhood was disturbed. She would rush into the room, then bound out of it, and fly round the court like a fury, throw off her tarbûsh, tear her hair, beat her breast, and wring her hands, screaming all the while at the top of

[1] Prov. xxvii. 15, 16.

her shrill voice. Sometimes she would snatch up her old shoe, fly at her enemy, and shake it under her very nose, trembling all the while in uncontrollable rage; nor could she be pacified until late in the evening, and then she continued muttering, like a thunder-storm working itself quiet behind a distant mountain. Certainly he that hideth such a virago hideth the wind. It would puzzle even Petruchio to tame such a shrew.

The reference to the wind has also a peculiar force in this country, especially on such promontories as the Ladder of Tyre, and during such gales as blew on the 2d of this month. But there is another wind still more pertinent to the point in our proverb—the dry, hot sirocco. Who can either hide or abide it? I have seen it in greatest power on the plain of Aleppo, and in the wadies about Hasbeiya. The air becomes loaded with fine dust, which it whirls in rainless clouds hither and thither at its own wild will; it rushes down every gorge, bowing and breaking the trees, and tugging at each individual leaf; it growls round the houses, romps and runs riot with your clothes, and flies away with your hat; nor is there any escape from its impertinence. The eyes inflame, the lips blister, and the moisture of the body evaporates under the ceaseless application of this persecuting wind; you become languid, nervous, irritable, and despairing. We shall meet this sirocco ere long, for it occurs oftener in spring than in any other season of the year.

"The ointment of the right hand which bewrayeth itself." What does that mean?

It refers to the custom of perfuming so common in ancient times, and not unfrequent now. The odor of their cosmetics is so powerful that the very street along which the person walks is highly scented. Such ointment can not be concealed: it proclaims itself, as the Hebrew may be rendered, wherever it comes. The right hand is mentioned because it is most honorable, most used in anointing, and can not be kept concealed in the bosom, as all salutations, and the endless gestures in conversation, call it forth. The ointment of the right hand will surely bewray itself, and so will a contentious woman: she can not be hid.

Where and what is this Alma? I never met the name in all my reading.

It is a small hamlet on the top of the Ladder of Tyre, about five miles from the shore at Ras en Nakûra, and is the only inhabited village on that part of the Ladder; but every hill-top around it has a name and a ruin, some of which were cities, not villages.

It is a singular fact that these old sites are now appropriated by fragments of Arab tribes, who pitch their black tents among the trees and bushes which have overgrown the ruins. Whenever you see a clump of large oaks, you may be sure that *there* stood a city, and there, too, is the Bedawîn's tent. These Arabs cultivate the soil, and pay taxes like other citizens, and are therefore disowned and held in contempt by the regular sons of the Desert; nor will they intermarry with those degenerate clans who choose to gain their bread by honest industry. But, then, these outcasts from the true Arab aristocracy have their own scale of nobility, and would scorn to give their daughters to those miserable wretches who dwell in houses, and follow the ways and avocations of civilization. What a bundle of absurdities and contradictions is man! These Arabs live in squalid poverty and inexpressible filth, and yet are prouder than Jupiter. One night, while keeping a bright look-out for my own integrity, having cows on two sides of me, goat and sheep all around, and fowls overhead, I was greatly amused by the complaints of my host against the filthy Arabs. "The beasts," said he—ma byarifû jins en nudâfy —"don't know any thing about cleanliness!" Such testimony, person, place, and circumstances considered, was irresistible. I devoutly believed him.

But we may learn something from these tent-dwelling tillers of the soil, poor and despised though they be. My traveling companion over this region on a former occasion suggested that they offer an example of a custom among the agricultural population of the Jews, from which came the familiar proverb, To your tents, O Israel;[1] and perhaps the

[1] 1 Kings xii. 16.

constant reference to dwelling in tents long after they had been settled permanently in Palestine may have been founded on fact. Daher Abûd, for many years a traveling doctor among the Arab tribes east of the Jordan, tells me that the population, even of such considerable towns as Salt and Kerak, pitch tents out in the country, and there spend their summers. He supposes that this was always customary to a considerable extent, nor is this improbable. The ancestors of the Jews all dwelt in tents, and during the forty years immediately preceding their entrance into Palestine the whole nation lived in them; and it is extremely probable that many clung to their ancient manners, and spent most of their time in "tabernacles." In fact, the peasants in the south of Palestine do thus spend their summers to this day, and, were I an Arab farmer, I would do the same. Most gladly would I escape from the village, with its crowded houses, filthy within, and infested without by all the abominations which man and beast can congregate, to the bright sun, and joyous groves, and sweet air of the open country. Nor are houses necessary to the farmer in this delightful climate. Isaac dwelt in tents, and yet he sowed in the land, and received in the same year a hundred fold;[1] and I know no reason why many of his descendants might not have been tent-dwelling tillers of the soil.

May we not infer with certainty, from this and other passages in the history of the patriarchs, that they were not mere Bedawîn wanderers like those who now occupy the eastern deserts?

And curse the country by their annual incursions? Most certainly. Such representations are mere gratuitous slander. The Biblical patriarchs had large herds of cattle, which genuine Bedawîns have not; they tilled the ground, which those robbers never do; and they accommodated themselves, without difficulty or reluctance, to town and city when necessary, which wild Arabs can not endure. From the first there was a sort of mixture of pastoral and city life in that age and in this climate altogether consistent with a fair degree of civilization and refinement.

[1] Gen. xxvi. 12.

But to my narrative. Yesterday I left Alma, and visited the great castle of Kŭreîn. Passing southward down a ravine called 'Ain Hor, we reached the great Wady Benna, at the end of an hour. The village of Benna lies under mighty cliffs full of caverns, on the north side of the wady which trends round to the northeast toward Cosa. We ascended a branch wady to the southeast, along a path which terminated at a large ruin called Summakh, and left us in the woods, where we soon got lost. After wandering about for some time, we discovered a Bedawy among the bushes, who threaded the tangled wood like an American Indian, and brought us out on the northern brink of Wady el Kŭrn, directly opposite the castle. The descent of six hundred and ten feet to the bed of the river was more than difficult — really dangerous and frightful. One held the horse by the head, and two by the tail, to keep him from tumbling over the precipice, and by great care we all got safely down. I was puzzled to make out the age and object of the building at the bottom of the wady. It is about one hundred feet long and eighty high. The basement is a very strong vault, evidently ancient; above it is a group of groined arches, mostly broken; they are apparently of Saracenic origin. One might suppose that this was a church if he could find or fancy where the congregation was to come from. A single granite column stops up the top of the stairway to the tower, which may have been a campanile or a minaret, or neither, for there is nothing about it to determine its character. A powerful *dam*, apparently Roman, once turned the water of the river into the basement of this curious edifice at the northeast corner. This favors the idea that the lower story at least was a mill, and in that case the upper part may have been a guard-house, though it was finished off in a style more elaborate than is common for such places. The dam would convert the river above it into an impassable fosse for that side of the hill on which the castle stands. There is a tradition that a covered way led down to the river from the castle, and, as the distance is not great, the thing is possible; and, indeed, the termination

of what might have been such a passage is seen in this basement room.

The ascent from this building to the top of the castle was extremely fatiguing. It is only six hundred feet, but it is nearly perpendicular, and covered with bushes and briers, through which one must burst his way upward. Where the bold, sharp ridge of the castle joins the eastern mountain, it is only a few feet across from north to south, with ragged cliffs descending on either side to a great depth. Just here it is cut off by a broad and deep fosse, on the west and lower edge of which stands the first part of the fortifications.

The top of the ridge was widened by a wall built up from below, as was done by Solomon on Mount Moriah, to enlarge the platform of the Temple. This basement work is very solid, and exhibits very fine specimens of the old Jewish or Phœnician bevel. On this platform stood a noble tower, of extremely well-cut and very large stones, but not beveled. They are all three feet thick, and of various lengths up to ten feet. It must have been quite impregnable before the invention of cannon. The ridge falls down rapidly toward the river in a direction nearly west, having the sides almost perpendicular. There are three other towers or departments, each lower than the one above, and also wider, for the hill *bulges* out as it descends, and the lowest of all incloses a considerable area. These various departments were so connected as to form one castle, and yet so separated that each would have to be taken by itself. The second from the top has in it a beautiful octagonal pedestal of finely-polished stone, about eight feet high, with a cornice, and over it stood eight demi-columns, united inwardly, a column for each face of the pedestal. It probably supported an image or statue. Above all spread a lofty canopy of clustered arches, like those in the building at the river. The entire castle and its hill are now clothed with a magnificent forest of oak, terebinth, bay, and other trees, whose ranks ascend, shade above shade,

"A woody theatre of stateliest view,"

and underneath is a tangled net-work of briers and bushes, which makes it very difficult to explore the ruins. After groping about for two hours I was obliged to leave, though not half satiated with the scene, nor satisfied with my examinations of it. Indeed, Castle Hill is inexpressibly beautiful and imposing; a swelling pyramid of green, hung up in mid-heaven, with the gray old towers peering out here and there, as if to take a quiet look for themselves on the fair world around and below. And then the river gorge, who can describe it? with its lofty ramparts, where

"Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,"

climb clear up to the sky. The very eagles fly timidly through its dim and solemn avenues.

It is not easy to comprehend the motive for erecting this castle in such a place. If the road from Zîb ever passed this way to the regions of Upper Galilee, then it would have served to command it; but there is no evidence that any such highway ever led up this wild gorge, and certainly no farther than to the castle itself. It may have been a frontier barrier, held by the Galileans to guard against incursions from the seaboard; or, if there was a time when Achzîb, on the sea-shore, was the sea-port of Naphtali and his neighbors, this castle might then have been of the utmost importance in maintaining safe communication with it. Achzîb was given to Asher, as we learn from Joshua xix. 29, but seems never to have been in their possession.

When I first climbed into the castle, I was delighted to see, quietly sitting among the ruins, a beautiful little coney. It had shown that wisdom in selecting the rocks for its refuge which Solomon commends in Proverbs xxx. 26: The conies are a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks. I have seen them on the wild cliffs of the Litany, below Blât, and also above the rocky pass of el Buiyad, on the Ladder of Tyre. In shape they resemble the rabbit, but are smaller, and of a dull russet color. Our friends of Alma call them tŭbsûn, and are well acquainted with them and their habits, as they are with the jerboa and many other



CONIES.

animals rarely met with except in such rocky regions as this.

In a gigantic cliff of Wady Kŭrn immense swarms of bees have made their home. The people of M'alia, several years ago, let a man down the face of the rock by ropes. He was entirely protected from the assaults of the bees, and extracted a large amount of honey; but he was so terrified by the prodigious swarms of bees that he could not be induced to repeat the exploit. One is reminded by this of the promise to Jacob in that farewell ode of Moses, Deut. xxxii. 13: He made him to suck honey out of the rock. And Asaph, in the 81st Psalm, thus sings: With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee. Such allusions prove that bees lived in the rocks long ago just as they do now, and per-

haps they were more common than at present. I have seen no bees in the rock except in a wady east of Tyre.

Parting from my guides, who returned to their homes, I took over the hills in a southeasterly direction, and passing M'alia, seated on a singular tell, once a walled town, and still showing specimens of ancient Jewish or Phœnician work, I stopped for the night at Tarshîha, half an hour farther on, and was hospitably entertained by the Greek priest of the village.

I spent the morning looking about this large village of Tarshîha, which gives name to a sub-governmental district of which it is the centre. There may be about three thousand inhabitants, of whom one fifth are Christians, the rest Mohammedans, bearing a very bad character. Their brutal manners and fierce fanaticism have of late years been considerably ameliorated, it is said, through the influence of Sheikh Aly el Mughraby, a sort of reforming prophet, who has his residence here. He is one of the religious impostors to which this country is ever giving birth. The number of his disciples is stated as high as twenty thousand.

Like the Mormons, he sends forth apostles to call men to his new Tarîkeh, or new way, as it is named. They have produced a great sensation in Sidon, where he has many followers. His most zealous apostle there spent a whole forenoon in my study, laboring most earnestly at the work of my conversion, but finally gave up in despair. It was an amusing episode in our quiet life, and the style of argument was curious, and very characteristic of the Oriental mind. It is an interesting fact, however, that a man like Sheikh Aly can venture on a reform which leaves Mohammed almost entirely out of the account, suffering only the name of Allah to be used in prayers and hymns—a sort of Moslem Protestantism from this point of view. He also inculcates charity, and respectful treatment of the Christians, which is an important improvement in the tone of Moslem manners, particularly in this region. As to the moral reformation, of which I had heard so much, the specimens at Tarshîha were far from satisfactory. The whole popula-

tion seemed to me uncommonly profane, boorish, and insolent; still, their neighbors say it is a happy advance on the past, and ascribe the good work to Sheikh Aly. The sheikh himself I found dwelling very much at his ease, and caring little about the farther spread of his *Tarîkeh*. From the lowest level of pinching poverty he has risen to wealth; has a large harem, some of whom are from the highest families in the country, and in the enjoyment of his domestic paradise he has very much neglected the concerns of his followers.

Tarshîha sounds ancient and Jewish, but the name does not occur in the Bible, nor in Josephus, who performed his most warlike exploits in this neighborhood, and could not well have avoided mentioning it had it then been a place of importance. There are, indeed, few evidences of antiquity about it, and what are to be seen were brought, as I suppose, from the ruins of 'Alîa, on the edge of the pretty vale between Tarshîha and M'alia. Here was once a considerable city adorned with temples, the remains of which still cover that part of the plain. It is unknown in history, but the village of M'alia seems to derive its name from it. There was an Allon in Naphtali, and this 'Alîa may possibly be its representative. I was surrounded by many beautiful girls, but remarkably brazen-faced for Moslems. Perhaps they borrow brass from their head-dress, called semâdy, the most striking part of which consists of a thick roll of old coins, which is carried from the top of the head down the cheeks and under the chin. Their fine features are therefore set within this *metallic frame*, and it is no great wonder if they can not *blush*. I never saw this peculiar head-dress in such perfection any where else. Those of the same kind about Nazareth are much smaller. Some of these weigh at least six pounds, others are said to weigh ten.

Taking a guide, I went over the lofty hill south of Tarshîha, on which is a very conspicuous mazar, called Sheikh el Mujahîd. It commands a noble prospect in every direction, and especially over the southwestern part of Galilee, drained by Wady el Kŭrn, with its wonderful ravines, wood-

ed hills, and park-like glades. About a year ago I came across this region from the northeast, and shall long remember that ride with great satisfaction.

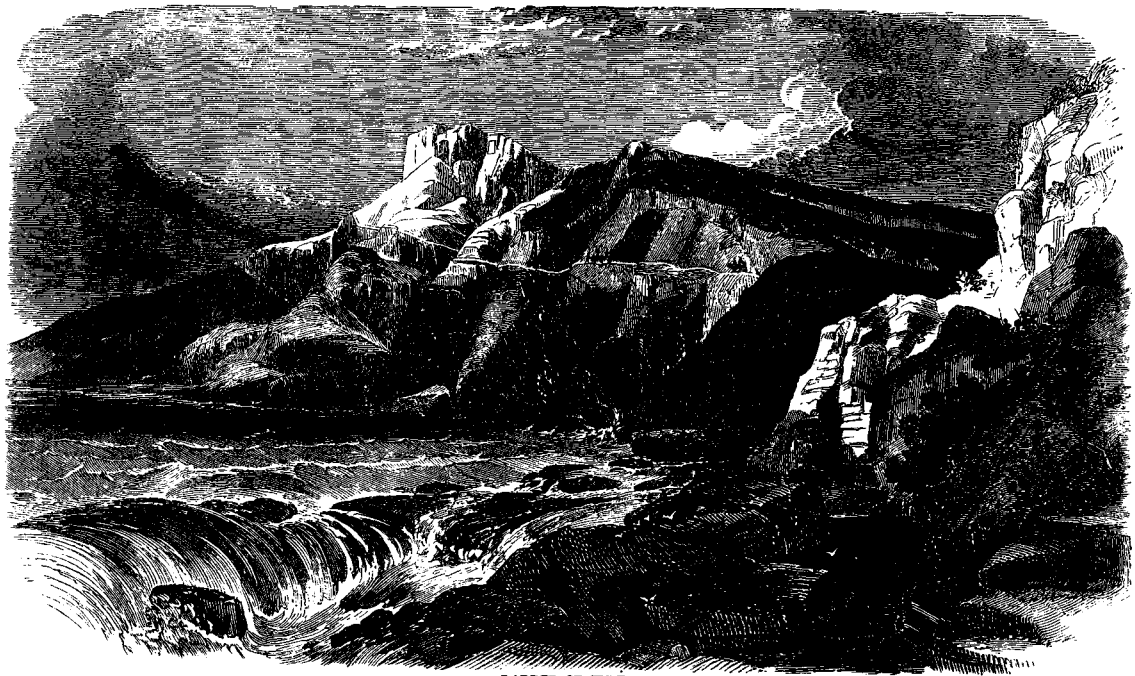
I reached Yanoah in about an hour from Tarshîha, and, as this name occurs among the cities which Tiglath Pileser conquered, I was gratified to find in and about it abundant evidences of extreme antiquity.[1] From Yanoah I descended into the wady southwest of it to examine the place called Juth or Jeth. The ruins occupy the eastern end of an oblong saddle, lying between Wady Maisely on the north, and the Medjnûny on the south—an isolated rock about one thousand feet long and three hundred broad. The only approach to it is from the plain, up Wady Maisely. The eastern end alone would require much fortification, as every where else the rock terminates in frightful precipices. The whole of this eastern part is covered with vast quantities of rubbish, and the houses of the present village are built very high, and with thick walls, as if to use up as much of the old stones as possible; the rest is piled up in heaps to clear the ground for cultivation. Perhaps this Juth is one of the Gaths mentioned in the Bible. A Gath somewhere in this region was the birth-place of the prophet Jonah; and though that site is thought to have been east of Sephoris, yet that is by no means certain, and this, after all, may be the real home of the prophet.

From Juth to Yerka is about an hour, and the road leads over wild rocky ridges and through profound ravines, fatiguing to the horse, but charming to the rider. Yerka, like Juth, occupies the site of an ancient town, as is evident from the columns and other architectural remains, some of which have Greek inscriptions on them. The inhabitants are all Druses, as are also those of Yanoah and Juth. The prospect from Yerka is magnificent over the hills of Samaria, along the dark ridge of Carmel, and round the bay of Acre to the great military fortress itself.

In the afternoon I rode down the rocky declivity of the mountain to Kefr Yusif, which lies at the edge of the plain.

[1] 2 Kings xv. 29.

It bears the Moslem name of Josephus, and has a large Jewish cemetery, held in great veneration by them. They bring their dead from a distance to bury them there, though not a Jew resides in the village. Two hours easy riding across the plain brought me to the gate of Acre, in good health, and cheerful courage to prosecute our pilgrimage.



LADDER OF TYRE.

XXI. LADDER OF TYRE—ACRE.

March 12th.

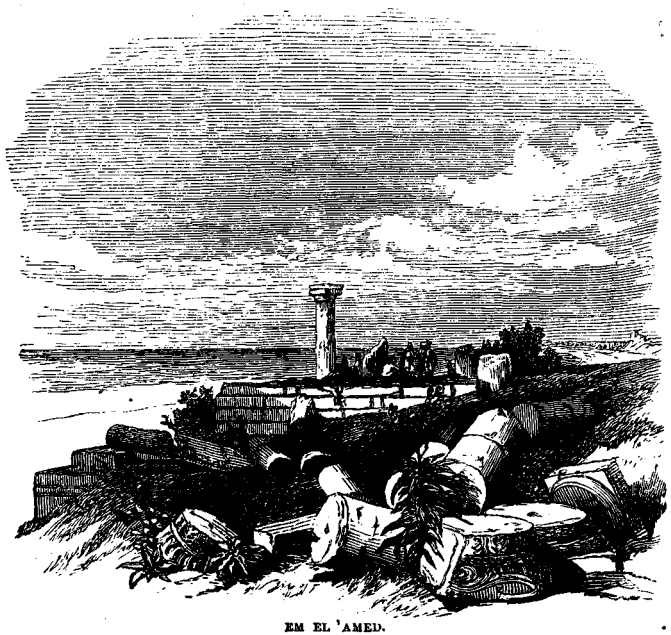
While we are quietly passing over this broad and fertile plain of Acre toward Jiddîn, I call for your adventures after we parted at Rumeish last Saturday.

The account of that ride can soon be given; but let me remind you first, that by taking the interior route by Banias, we have missed the entire road from Tyre over the "Ladder" to Acre.

I can easily fill up that gap. The road follows the shore south of Tyre for two hours to the Nahr Uzzîyeh, where are the remains of an old Roman bridge. This stream rises near Kefr Buri'am, passes by the site of Hazor under the name of Wady el Aiyûn, and thence to the sea by a tortuous, wild, and wooded gorge like those we have looked into in other parts of Naphtali. Fifteen minutes farther is a well called Medfeneh, south of which are ruins scattered along the shore, with no other name than that of the well; but just at the foot of the "Ladder" is el Hŭmra, a very ancient site, probably, of a castle built to command the pass. The Ladder—the Promontorium Album of the geographers—is a path cut in the cliff overhanging the sea for about a mile, and rising two hundred feet above its surface. It makes even a bold man nervous to look down where the waves dash against the perpendicular rocks, and groan and bellow through the hollow caverns. The direction of the pass is east and west, and the mountain rises boldly overhead several hundred feet, in cliffs of white indurated marl, interlaced with seams of dark-colored flint. If you watch closely you will always see timid conies creeping about on these cliffs. At the end of the pass the road turns south for a mile to the ruins of Scanderûna, the Alexandroschene of the ancients; there is nothing about them, however, indicative of an age older than the times of the Crusaders. William of Tyre, in his history, lib. xi., sect. 29–30, gives an account of the repairing of this place in A.D. 1116 by Baldwin, but he derives its name from Alexander the Great,

and native tradition ascribes the road over the Ladder to the same hand, but there was a road there long before Alexander's day, and many others besides him have *repaired* it.

There are many specimens of Roman road in this vicinity, and a fountain of delicious water flows out near the shore, most grateful to the weary traveler along this desolate coast: no doubt the ancient city owed its existence to this fountain. A mile farther south stands a solitary column on the hill side, marking the site of a ruined temple and forsaken city. The place is now called Em el 'Amed (mother of columns), and the remains are extensive, spreading up the valley—broken columns, prostrate houses, sarcophagi, and rock tombs. The Wady Hamûl comes down from Alma to the sea at this point, but the road up it is nearly impracticable, from the dense jungle of bushes, briers, and ruins which choke this romantic valley. An aqueduct once led the water from Neba Hamûl to Em el 'Amed,



EM EL 'AMED.

but it has long since been broken. One may at least start the inquiry whether this may not be the 'Amad given to Asher by Joshua.[1]

The coast from this place bends southwest for thirty minutes to Khan en Nakûra, east of which is a village of the same name, and on the shore stands one of St. Helen's towers, in good preservation, tenanted by flocks below, and hawks and owls above. From this khan the road lies along the shore westward for a mile, and then rising over Cape en Nakûra, descends steeply to the sea, where the mountain terminates in bold and picturesque precipices. After crossing a wady on an old Roman bridge half broken away, the path ascends by a most villainous track for half an hour, to the ancient tower called Musheîrifeh. The entire cape is about seven miles across, and has three distinct promontories: the first, the real Ladder, or Scala Tyrionum, which does not project into the sea more than a mile beyond the general line of the coast; the second is Ras en Nakûra, and the last is Ras el Musheîrifeh, which is the highest of all, and shows boldest toward the sea, and hence has been often confounded with the true "Scala." This Musheîrifeh, with the noble fountains at its base of the same name, I am disposed to identify with the Misrephoth-maim (waters of Misrephoth), to which that part of the Canaanitish host which came from Dor, etc., fled from the battle of Merom;[2] and I do this, notwithstanding the contradictory renderings of these words in the margin of our Bibles, and all other philological criticisms whatsoever. The ancient and modern names are nearly identical in form, and I believe in signification, and both were suggested by the bright and glowing color of those magnificent cliffs which overhang the sea; and any one who will study the route which the division of Jabin's army that came from Dor must have taken to escape Joshua's troops and reach home, will see that this is the spot where they would most likely first find a safe and convenient halting-place on the shore. The difficult pass, commanded by a castle, where the present Burj stands,

[1] Josh. xix. 26. [2] Josh. xi. 8.

would be an effectual barrier against their enemies, and the plain below in possession of Achzîb, which the Jews did not subdue, would afford a delightful place for them to rest and refresh themselves after the fatigues of that disastrous day. Let Musheîrifeh, therefore, stand for Misrephoth.

Below the old castle are picturesque caves, into which the waves tumble with tremendous uproar, and above one of them is a long inscription. I once descended down the face of the cliff to the shore, and by creeping along a shelf of the rock several hundred feet long, and not more than six inches wide, I got within a few yards of this inscription. I had tried to reach it by boat several times, but the sea was always too rough. The result of this closer study left me in doubt whether, after all, it was not one of those unaccountable freaks of Nature, whose hand seems occasionally to sketch and scribble on the wild cliffs of the mountains, as if on purpose to puzzle antiquarian savants. If writing it be, there was a surface about fifteen feet square covered with some fifty lines of the same length originally, but many of them now partially worn away. It is either Cufic of a very large pattern, and somewhat involved, or it is Egyptian hieroglyphics — possibly placed there when the kings of Egypt held Ptolemais. Ibrahim Pasha, the latest Egyptian potentate in possession of Acre, came to this place in a boat with a company of French savants, but neither could they get near enough to make any thing out of it. If it is a freak of Nature, it is one of the strangest, and, at any rate, I hope some man of means and leisure will ere long solve the mystery. He should have two boats, with ladders, and means to suspend a scaffolding of some sort or other down the face of the cliff, and, above all, the day must be absolutely calm.

I found thousands of petrified star-fish mingled in the white rock of the cliffs, like colossal plums in a mountain of pudding. They seemed to be about equally diffused through the entire thickness of the cape. The rock is intensely hard, and white as snow.

From the fountains at the foot of Musheîrifeh it is an hour

to Zîb, the modern representative of ancient Achzîb,[1] the Ecdippa of Roman geographers. The River Kŭrn enters the sea near Zîb. The village stands on a mound, mainly of rubbish, and it has evident traces of antiquity about it, though it could never have been a large city. The shore opens into small creeks, which afford a partial shelter for boats, and this was probably the reason for building a city at this point. A grove of palm-trees, sheltering pyramids of bee-hives, will attract attention as the traveler hastens on to join the regular road to Acre at el Mŭzrah, where he will be sure to rest and regale himself with oranges, good water, and fine scenery. He will there have an excellent view of the great aqueduct which conveys water from Kabery to Acre. In half an hour more he will be at the Behajeh, the delightful but dilapidated palace of Abdallah Pasha, which our friend Jimmal has just purchased for sixty thousand piastres. This is two miles from Acre. The whole distance from Tyre is about twenty-eight miles. And now for your story.

Well, after parting from you at Rumeîsh, we ascended a wady southward, called Kutamone, for half an hour, to a fountain, with an old castle on the hill east of it, all of the same name. The country thereabouts is densely wooded, and extremely beautiful, and on that morning at least, alive with flocks and herds under the care of their shepherds. It also abounds, I was told, with leopards, wolves, wild boars, gazelles, doves, partridges, and almost every variety of birds found in this country. It was once densely peopled, too; for Mohammed, who seemed to be perfectly at home there, gave me a long list of ruins with outlandish names, which I did not venture to write. We climbed out of Wady Kutamone by a steep path through most charming oak groves, and immediately descended into another, called Bukra, which united below with Wady el Kŭrn. From the top of the next ridge we saw a castle called Deir, but as it lay out of our line to the west we did not visit it.

I did on one of my trips through that region, and found

[1] Josh. xix. 27.

two villages, in both of which are remains of antiquity. The full name is Deir el Kasy, to distinguish it from another Deir farther south. The eastern part of the place is mainly built within an ancient fort, some four hundred feet square, in its present form apparently Saracenic. From thence I descended into Wady el Kurn, down a romantic path some fourteen hundred feet, and then toiled out of it again to Tarshîha, a feat which took me two hours to accomplish.

We looked into it, and wisely kept round to the east, where it is less profound, and, passing Harfush, came to a considerable place, whose name I spelled Sehemoita. We now had Tarshîha in a vale to the northwest of us; and in an hour more we stopped to rest and lunch at Yanoah, which I took to be very ancient. Descending from thence to the plain, we reached Acre just before sunset, having been nine hours in the saddle. Thus ends my brief story.

And in good time, for we now commence to climb the mountain to Jiddîn, whose castle sits proudly above us, as if in defiance of all enemies, and the nature of the path forbids farther conversation. But, before we begin the ascent, let me call your attention to that village on the left. It is 'Amkah, supposed to mark the site of the Emek given to Asher.[1] The radicals are the same in both Hebrew and Arabic.

Here we are at last, before the castle of Jiddîn; no great affair after all, and far from equaling the promise that beckoned us on from the plain. This is owing to its position on the bold swell of the mountain facing the sea, and with deep wadies on both sides. This modern castle was obviously built on the site of one more ancient, and was, no doubt, an important place. Dr. Robinson suggests that this wady may be the Jiphthah-el mentioned by Joshua as belonging to Asher, but I think this can scarcely be so. Jiphthah-el was farther south.

The castle need not detain us long. In its present form it was built by Dahr el 'Amer, who preceded Jezzar Pasha in Acre—about a hundred years ago. It is like that of

[1] Josh. xix. 27.

Shem'a, except that here there are more traces of antiquity. It is not easy to see any motive for building a castle at this spot. The position is not strong, and there is neither great road nor village, nor even a fountain of water near it. The view over the plain, however, is most beautiful, and it might have been designed as a sort of health-retreat for the pashas in those days when castles were necessary to safety. Like all other castles in Syria, this has been suffered to fall into decay, and the only inhabitants are these crabbed and sinister Arabs, their flocks, and their dogs. These invite us to begone, and so does the declining sun, for if we return to Acre by Kabery, we have no time to spare. The path leads down the mountains diagonally toward the northwest, over a wild rocky region for fifty minutes. Such tracts are called *waar* by the Arabs, and the same word occurs very often in the Bible, and doubtless it indicates the same sort of country. Thus David, at the instance of the prophet Gad, departed from the hold of Mizpeh of Moab, and came into the "forest" (*yaar* or *waar*) of Hareth.[1] And again: the great battle against Absalom was in the "wood" (*yaar*) of Ephraim; and this yaar devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.[2] These waars are not pleasant, open forests, for the ground is too rocky for that—rocks piled in horrid confusion, and covered with prickly oak and other thorny coppice, which confound the unhappy traveler who gets entangled among them. The natives, when they wish to deter you from attempting a given road, shout in your ear *waar*, *waar*, with a harsh, guttural emphasis, which bitter experience has taught me always to respect. Nothing is more impracticable than these stony, thorny waars, and I can readily believe that such a "wood" would devour more of a routed army than the sword of the victors. And now, escaped from our own waar, we descend into this beautiful vale of Kŭzrone, which comes rambling down from Tarshîha and M'alia. In the cliffs higher up the country a little animal abounds, called senanûr, a kind of marten, not found any where else in Syria, I am told. What rich fields

[1] 1 Sam. xxii. 5. [2] 2 Sam. xviii. 6–8.

of wheat! and they spread down the widening wady to Kabery yonder on the edge of the plain. There are two great fountains in the village, one of which is led directly into the aqueduct, and never pauses until it reaches the courts in Acre. The other is elevated in a *birkeh*, like those at Ras el 'Ain, and drives the mills that are built against it. The cluster of hamlets below bears the name of Nahr (river), and abounds in mills, orchards, and vegetable gardens. Near it is seen the line of an ancient aqueduct, covered with immense masses of tufa, which not only proclaim the antiquity of the work, but also informs us that this water, like that at Ras el 'Ain, is far from pure. The people say that this aqueduct was built by Jezzar Pasha, and destroyed by Bonaparte—both incorrect. It was a ruin ages before Jezzar, and Bonaparte never destroyed such works. It can be traced along under Sheikh Daûd and Ghabsîyeh, and thence in a direct line toward Acre. The present aqueduct was made, it is said, by Suleîman Pasha, and is therefore not fifty years old. This is doubtful; he, perhaps, only repaired it. It runs much lower down the plain than the ancient canal. This entire region, both in the plain and on the mountains, is full of ruins, which I once examined, but they are not historically important, so far as is known, and we have no time to devote to them to-day.

The distance from this to Acre is not far from ten miles, and my aneroid gives one hundred and seventy feet as the elevation above the sea—quite sufficient to carry the water over the walls, and to the tops of the highest houses in the city.

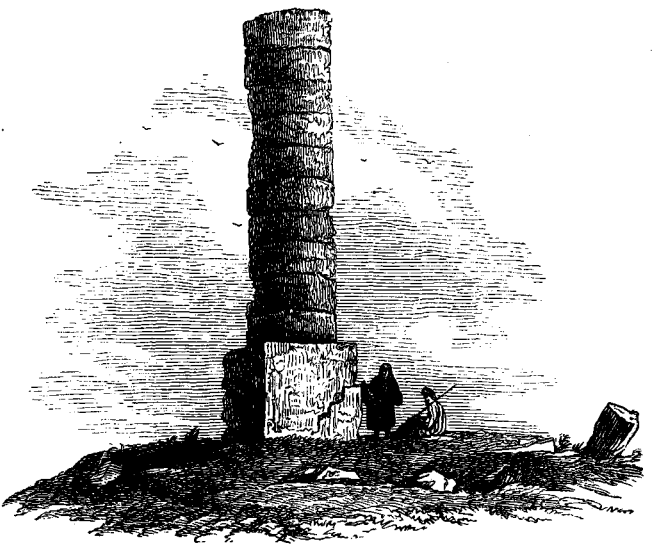
We shall return by Bŭssa, and thus take a look into the northwest corner of this great plain. It abounds in antiquities beyond most parts even of this land of ruins. We shall find the explanation of these old quarries on the hill above us. This daughter of Jabal says those nearest remains are called Shwoizerîyeh—a very hard word, and apparently foreign.

Why call this curly-headed Bedawy by that name?

The Bible says that Jabal was the father of such as dwell

in tents, and of such as have cattle.[1] Now she dwells in one of those goat-hair tents on the mountain side, and she is tending this drove of poverty-smitten cattle. This Biblical form of expression is very common. Any one who should now invent tents, or the custom of living in them, would be called the father not only of tents, but also of tent-dwelling; indeed, the Arabs call a person distinguished for *any* peculiarity the father of it. Thus, a man with an uncommon beard is named *abu dŭkn*—father of a beard; and I have often heard myself called *abu tangera*—father of a saucepan—because the boys in the street fancied that my hat resembled that black article of kitchen furniture. And now we are among the ruins of Shwoizerîyeh: look closely to your path if you would not plunge headlong into an old cistern. These ancient sites are perfectly honeycombed with them. This entire region above us is covered with ruined sites, among which I have spent days of agreeable excitement, first and last; but there are no names of historic notoriety, and therefore we shall pass them by without notice. We will now cross this Wady el Kŭrn, and ride up to that column, which stands like a solitary sentinel of by-gone generations. It has maintained its lonely watch over the plain for at least two thousand years. The shaft is composed of ten pieces, each three feet thick, and hence it is thirty feet long, standing on a base ten feet high and nine feet square. The entire elevation of this singular column is therefore forty feet, and it is sixteen feet in circumference. Of course it must have had a statue or something else on the top to give it symmetry, but what that was, and how high, no one can tell; nor when, by whom, or for what it was erected. Those who sought to immortalize their names or deeds by it have utterly failed. This column is now called Hŭmsîn, and also Minawat, from this collection of ruins in its neighborhood. Scattered over this hill side below the column are the remains of a large town, but without a name. From this to Bŭssa is a little more than half an hour, but we shall not go any farther than to this very ancient site,

[1] Gen. iv. 20.



HŬMSĬN.

called 'Ammarîyeh, from which much of the stone used in building Bŭssa has been quarried. They are at it even now, and you see in this spot a striking proof of extreme antiquity. These men are digging out old foundations many feet deep in the soil, beneath an aged olive-tree which they are undermining. Now these houses were ancient ruins, buried thus deep under rubbish *before this* olive could have been planted, and the tree itself is many hundred years old. There is another very large ruin in the valley east of Bŭssa, called M'asûba, from which marble slabs and sarcophagi are also quarried, some of which have Greek inscriptions. And still farther up the country are other sites of ancient places, which I have examined on former occasions. The path to Alma leads over that rocky mountain to the northeast, and it takes about an hour and a quarter to reach it. But now for Acre; and we shall find ourselves shut out, unless we put our steeds to the gallop, for the gate closes at sunset, and waits for no man.

How have you spent your time in Acre?

When not confined to the house by rain, I have been searching round the ruins of this famous fortress, and looking into its singular history. I find very few notices of it in the Bible. In Judges i. 31 it is said that Asher did not drive out the inhabitants of Accho, which not only ascertains the fact of its existence at that early age, but also that it belonged to Asher, and was too strong to be subdued by that tribe. It is often mentioned in the apocryphal books under the name of Ptolemais, given to it by Ptolemy Soter; and in Acts xxi. 7 we read that Paul visited it on his way from Tyre to Cæsarea. These are all the Biblical notices I could find.

And they include the whole; but a place so celebrated in general history is worthy of study for its own sake, as well as for the rank it so long held as the chief city on this coast. But it would take a volume to trace out its manifold vicissitudes and various fortunes, a work we must leave to historians and antiquarians. That extraordinary young man, Hadrian Reland, has culled out of ancient authors nearly every thing that has come down to our time about Acre, and you will find it in his Palestina Illustrata. Perhaps the best modern compend of her history is that of Dr. Kitto, in his Biblical Cyclopedia. The article on Acre seems to have been written by himself, and, notwithstanding the care and research bestowed upon it, he has fallen into some singular blunders. He says that the mountains of Anti-Lebanon are seen at the distance of about four leagues to the north! North of Acre there is nothing but the sea, and no part of Anti-Lebanon can be seen from it, and if it could, it would be ten leagues instead of four. The Bay of Acre *is* about three leagues wide, as he says; but "two leagues in depth" is a very equivocal expression. If he means to measure from the extreme northwestern point of the base of Carmel to the mouth of the Kishon, it may be four miles, but at Acre the distance inward is not two. Dr. Kitto is also mistaken in supposing that the vaults mentioned by Mr. Now were "designed to afford cool underground retreats to the inhabitants during the heat of the day in sum-

mer." No such practice is known on this coast. The heat does not require it, and the climate is so moist that even upper rooms, if not constantly ventilated, become quickly covered with mould, and are unfit to live in. It is true that at Bagdat, Mosul, and other places along the valley of the Tigris, the houses are constructed with a sort of cellars called surdab, to which the inhabitants retreat during the day; but then the air is extremely dry there, and the thermometer ranges thirty degrees higher than on this coast. In this country, however, castles, and nearly all sorts of buildings, are erected on large vaults, and these lower apartments in dwelling-houses are used for *winter*, not for summer. As soon as the heat begins, the family reopen the upper story, which has been partially deserted during the cold months. Such speculations as the above mislead, and should be corrected; they are in flat contradiction to facts.

Jeremiah speaks of a winter house in which Jehoiakim sat in the ninth month, with a fire before him on the hearth;[1] and Amos mentions both winter and summer houses.[2] Such language is easily understood by an Oriental. In common parlance, the lower apartments are simply *el beit*—the house; the upper is the *'alliyeh*, which is the summer house. Every respectable dwelling has both, and they are familiarly called beît *shetawy* and beît *seîfy*—winter and summer house. If these are on the same story, then the external and airy apartment is the summer *house*, and that for winter is the interior and more sheltered room. It is rare to meet a family that has an entirely separate dwelling for summer. King Jehoiakim was therefore sitting in one of the inner apartments of his palace, I suppose, when he cut up Jeremiah's prophetic roll with his penknife, and cast it into the fire.

A host of travelers have spoken of Acre, and such works on the Crusades as Michaud's six volumes of rather confused annals enter largely into her fortunes during the Middle Ages. It was the last point surrendered by the Knights of St. John, from whom it took the name of St. Jean d'Acre. They gave it up to the Sultan of Egypt in A.D. 1291, and

[1] Jer. xxxvi. 22. [2] Amos iii. 15.

thus ended the anomalous and wonderful kingdom of the Franks in Palestine. During my time it was besieged for six months by Ibrahim Pasha, and when I visited it soon after he had taken it, the whole place was a mass of ruins. But he immediately set about repairing and fortifying it, and continued this work during the whole time he held possession of Syria. It was blown to pieces by the British fleet on November 3d, 1840, and again have the walls and castles been repaired with great industry, and are now stronger, perhaps, than ever. But much of the interior is in ruins, and will probably remain so, at least until a change of dynasty brings in better times.

I have been round the fortifications, and estimate their circuit at about two and a half miles. They seem to me to be skillfully planned, and very substantial; but as any number of ships can bring their cannon to bear upon it, the guns on the walls can be silenced at once by overwhelming odds. This was done by Stopford and Napier in 1840. The number of pieces of all sorts is nearly 400, but most of them are of a very inferior character, and the carriages are old and rickety. They would be of very little service in actual combat. On a very large bronze cannon, commanding the harbor, is this somewhat satirical motto: "Ultima ratio regum." Alas! when they begin their "last argument," angels weep, Death on his pale horse goes forth to slay, and hell follows after to devour. The fortifications on the land side are almost concealed by admirably-constructed glacis without and beyond the deep ditch which runs round the wall. The piercings for cannon are so placed as to sweep every approach; and if Ibrahim Pasha had been permitted to complete the fosse, by which he intended to make Acre an island, by joining the sea from the northwest of the city to the bay at the southeast of it, the defenses would have been nearly impregnable. The distance across is small, as the sea comes round the northwest corner for a considerable part of the way. In fact, Acre has the bay on the southeast and south, and the sea on the west and northwest; a position well adapted for a strong fort, which has always been its

distinguishing characteristic, and is so now. It has no source of life or prosperity but what is dependent on its military occupation, and its manners and municipal regulations are governed by the rigid laws of war. There is but one gate on the land side, skillfully placed at the water's edge on the southeast angle, and strongly defended. A sea gate leads to the shipping in the harbor, and both are shut at sunset. To one coming toward Acre across the plain, its surface seems considerably elevated above the general level, and the appearance is rather imposing. This elevation is owing to the accumulation of rubbish during its long life of wars, desolations, and reconstructions. The modern city, with all its works, stands on the ruins of many generations.

At the summer palace of Abdallah Pasha, called el Behajeh, are some gardens and olive groves. A few palms and other trees are seen at Tell el Fakhar, a short distance southeast of the gate, and some fruit orchards and vegetable gardens are cultivated along the low banks of the Naamany. Otherwise the surroundings of Acre are very naked and uninteresting. It was not always so, even in modern times, if we are to believe the travelers who have spoken of it. Three things act together to keep down Acre: its military character, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the shallowness and insecurity of the harbor. Khaifa is, to a great degree, free from these drawbacks, and will probably lead away nearly all the trade from Acre. Indeed, it has done this already, and the merchants who reside in Acre are obliged to have their houses for business in Khaifa.

In the distribution of the land made by Joshua, Acre was given to Asher. Can you draw the boundary of this tribe with any degree of certainty?

Not at all. It had Carmel, which seems to have belonged, in part at least, to Zebulon, on the south, Naphtali on the east, and the sea-board on the west. But we must leave a large uncertain margin between what we know belonged to Naphtali, and what was certainly the territory of Asher. And so also Asher and Zebulon met in the valley of

ACRE.

Jiphthah-el, which may have been this wady of the Kishon; but this is quite uncertain.

The reason why the boundaries of the different tribes were so eccentric originally, and are now so difficult to follow, was, that the "lots" were not meted out according to geographical lines, but lands of certain cities lying more or less contiguous were assigned to each tribe as its inheritance. These cities were the capitals of small principalities or districts, just as Tibnin, and Hŭnin, and Bint Jebail, etc., are now. The territory of one might extend far to the east of the city, that of the next to the west, etc. Suppose two such cities on the eastern border of Asher, for example: the line might lay along the edge of the plain of Acre, and thus include all the land belonging to the first, and then it must be drawn eastward far up the mountains in a most eccentric compass to embrace all the territory appertaining to the next, and so on throughout. Thus it is possible that Câbûl, and 'Umka, and Cosa, and Kanah, all lay along the eastern border of Asher. And thus it would happen that a village on the border of the plain would belong to Naphtali, and the next one, far east and on the mountains, to Asher. The coast was in the hands of Acre, Achzib, Tyre, and Sidon, which the Asherites could never conquer. There remains, therefore, generally the hills sloping toward the sea, with so much of the plains as they could subdue. Josephus is even more indefinite than Joshua. He says, "The tribe of Aser had that part which was called the *valley*, for *such it was*, and all that part which lay over against Sidon. The city Aser belonged to their share, which is also named Actipus." Now there *is* no valley to correspond to this description. The *plain* of Acre is full twenty miles long, and the upper part of this, with the eastern hills, we know formed a large part of Asher's "lot." But a plain is not a valley. Farther north they doubtless possessed the great promontory called the Ladder of Tyre, which is about a thousand feet high and eight miles across, and was crowded with towns and cities as it is now with ruins. Still farther on, in the same direction, they had

what is called Sahil Kanah—the *plain* of Kanah—including the hills and the eastern margin of the plain of Tyre to the River Kasimîeh, in length about sixteen miles, and in breadth probably not more than eight. If they crossed the Kasimîeh so as to possess the parts over against Sidon, as Josephus says, then they had the hill country now called Shumar, and parts of the districts of Shukîf and Tiffah, above Sidon. This would give a length of not less than sixty miles, with a mean breadth of ten or twelve, but it is in no proper sense a valley.

Josephus was probably acquainted personally with only that part of Asher which extended along the east side of the plain of Acre, terminating at the sea near Burj el Musheîrifeh. This tract, seen from the neighboring heights of Galilee, would look like a valley, for a line of low sand-hills begins in front of Acre at Tell el Fakhar, and runs parallel to the coast northward to Nahr el Kŭrn, in the vicinity of Zîb. The plain between this and the hills of Galilee formed a valuable part of Asher's "lot," and might have been called a valley. These remarks about boundaries may suffice once for all. It is now absolutely impossible to draw lines around the separate lots with any degree of certainty. Their general positions with relation to each other, however, can be ascertained with sufficient exactness for all important purposes in the study of Biblical geography.

I have one more inquiry before you drop the subject. The sea-board from Acre to Sidon belonged to Asher, and the lot of Zebulon extended eastward toward Tabor. Now, how do you reconcile this with the prophecy of Jacob in Genesis xlix. 13: Zebulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea, and he shall be for a haven of ships, *and his borders shall be unto Zidon?*

There is, in fact, an apparent contradiction here between prophecy and history which I have not seen explained, or even noticed by ordinary commentators. That the territory of Zebulon did not reach to the *city* of Sidon is certain. Perhaps the following considerations may reconcile the prophecy of the dying patriarch with the subsequent his-

tory and home of Zebulon. *In the time of Jacob*, and at the distance of Egypt, Zidon was the representative of all Phœnicia. She was, in fact, the mother of that people, and was so spoken of by Homer several hundred years after the death of Jacob. Homer does not speak of Achzib, or Acre, or Dor, but only of Zidon, when he has occasion to mention this country. But Phœnicia, or *Sidonia* if you please, extended south of *Acre*, and Zebulon bordered on the sea for a considerable distance along that part of the coast; Jacob therefore spoke according to the received geography of his time, but with prophetic brevity mentioned only the parent city. When, however, Joshua, several hundred years later, came to divide the country between the tribes, it became necessary to specify the subordinate places, and no doubt some of the cities south of Sidon had by that time risen to importance, and might well give name to the coast in their vicinity; at all events, Joshua was obliged to mention them in defining the limits of the tribes. Hence, though Zebulon touched the sea far south of the city of Sidon, yet "his haven of ships" was actually a part of the general coast of Sidonia when Jacob gave forth his prophecy. Nor is it at all improbable that the *territory* of Sidon did originally extend southward to where Zebulon had his border at the sea, thus meeting the very letter of the promise.

XXII.

March 13.

Our friends accompany us to Khaifa and Carmel this morning, and we may anticipate a pleasant ride round the head of this bay.

What dark and sluggish stream is this we are approaching?

It is the Nahr Naaman—the Belus, which Pliny says had its origin in a lake called Cendevia. He speaks of its insalubrity, and no doubt the fevers which afflict Acre have their origin in the marshes of this stream. It rises below Shefa 'Amr in large fountains, now called Kurdany, which drive a number of mills. This Kurdany is doubtless Pliny's Cendevia. It is, in fact, a large marsh, called a lake by the same sort of courtesy that dignifies this brook with the name of river. The evil qualities of the water, and also its dark color, are derived from the marshes at the head of it. I came near being swamped in its fathomless depths of mire. The *lake* is *made*, like that of Hums on the Orontes, by a strong and ancient dam across the lower end of the marshes. The whole area may be three miles in circuit, and the *river* at the mills is quite as large as here at the sea. The entire length is not more than six miles. It is pleasant to be able to confirm the statement of Pliny about this lake, for its existence has been denied by modern travelers.

Pliny repeats the story about the discovery of glass by sailors cooking their dinner on the sand at the mouth of this river. What have you to say to that?

When descending from Yerka to Acre several years ago, I noticed that the rock for many miles had a vitreous appearance, as if it had actually been *smelted* in some grand furnace of nature, and needed only to be melted over again and refined to make it genuine glass. The idea occurred to me at the time that the disintegration of this vitreous rock might have furnished the glassy particles in the bed of the Belus, and other brooks which fall into the sea along this part of the coast, and which first led to the discovery of

glass; or, if these sailors supported their saucepans on pieces of rock placed round the fire, they might have melted so as to give the first hint which led to the discovery. The story may therefore have some foundation in fact.

This sandy beach, so smooth and solid, is one of the finest places in the world for a gallop, and there is always something exhilarating in a ride round the head of this bay. The city behind; Carmel, with its holy traditions, in front; the long reach of perfectly level shore, with men and animals diminishing in the distance either way down to the size of kittens; the broad bay opening out upon the boundless sea, with its boats and ships; these sandy downs, with feathery reeds running far inland, the chosen retreat of wild boar and wild Arabs, all combine to excite the mind and enliven the spirits.

Then there is just enough of insecurity to keep the imagination in full play. The Arab robber lurks like a wolf among these sand-heaps, and often springs out suddenly upon the solitary traveler, robs him in a trice, and then plunges again into the wilderness of sand-hills and reedy downs, where pursuit is fruitless. Our friends are careful not to allow us to straggle about or lag behind, and yet it seems absurd to fear a surprise here—Khaifa before, Acre in the rear, and travelers in sight on both sides. Robberies, however, do often occur, just where we now are. Strange country! and it has always been so. There are a hundred allusions to just such things in the history, the Psalms, and the prophets of Israel. A whole class of imagery is based upon them. Thus, in Ps. x. 8–10: He sits in the lurking-places of the villages, in the secret places doth he murder the innocent. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor; he doth catch the poor when he draweth him into his net; he croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones. And a thousand rascals, the living originals of this picture, are this day crouching and lying in wait all over the country to catch poor helpless travelers. You observe that all these people we meet or pass are armed; nor would they

venture to go from Acre to Khaifa without their musket, although the cannon of the castles seem to command every foot of the way. Strange, most strange land! but it tallies wonderfully with its ancient story.

I see many wrecks of ships along this shore, and here are two not yet buried beneath the sand. They have been cast away by this last storm. To what do you attribute the insecurity of this anchorage?

I have heard captains complain that there is something—either harsh sea-weed or sharp rocks—which corrodes the cables. Others say that the bottom is not good and the anchor drags. My own opinion is that the real cause of so many disasters is found in the nature of the shore and of the interior.

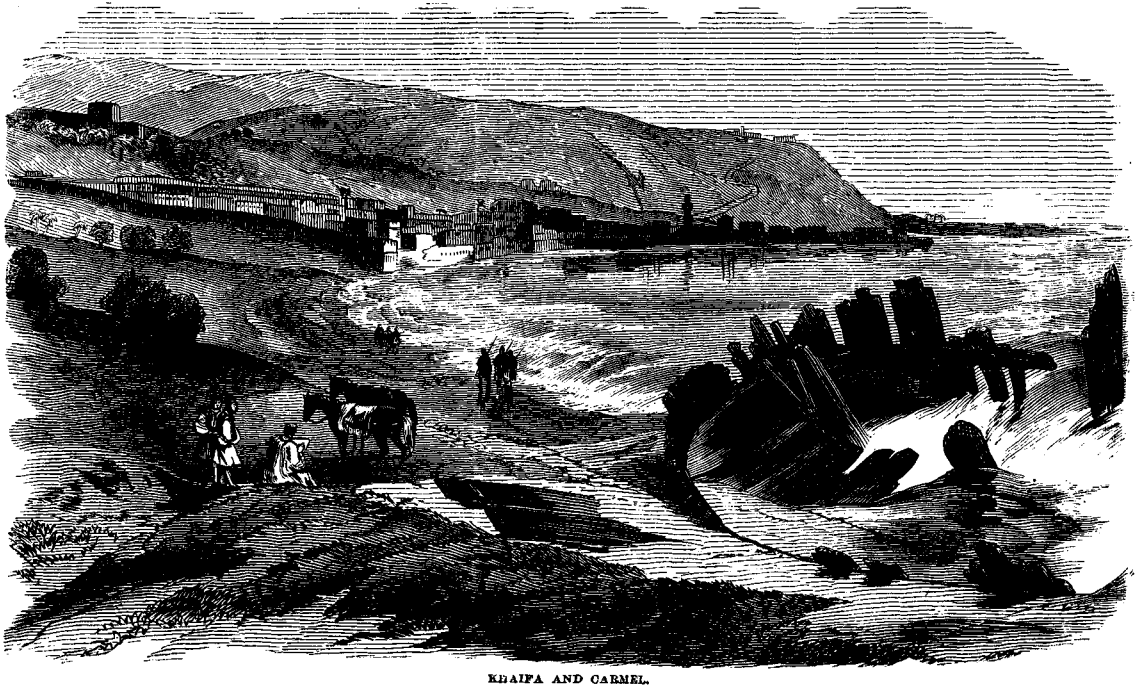
The high ridge of Carmel runs far down southeast, and between it and the mountains of Galilee on the north there is a narrow opening into the great plain of Esdraelon. Owing to this physical formation, the west sea wind is drawn inward with tremendous violence, and any accident happening to a ship's cable or anchor, she must inevitably come right on shore. There is no possibility of working out to sea. And although the headland from Carmel juts far into the bay to the northwest, yet the direction of the low flats of the Kishon along the base of the mountain draws the gales round this point into the bay, and they sweep down past the town of Khaifa toward the southeast with awful violence. The roadstead is wholly insecure in a gale from the west, and still more so during one from any intervening point between that and the north. You need not wonder, therefore, at the wrecks strewn along the shore, nor at the vast extent of these sandy downs, which stretch inland farther than we can see.

Here we have a confirmation of that proverb of our Lord,[1] Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

Are those huge birds eagles?

Not all. Those smaller ones, of a dull white and yellow

[1] Matt. xxiv. 28.



KHAIFA AND CARMEL.

color, are a species of vulture; they are a more gross and a much tamer bird. The eagles, you observe, have all retired to the tops of those sand-heaps, while the vultures only hop a little way up the beach as we approach.

I did not know there were so many eagles in all this country. They must have gathered together from a great distance. And what "carcass" is this that has assembled such a congregation on the sea-beach?



EAGLES.

Nothing but an immense turtle which the storm threw out on the shore. You observe that his old back is covered with large and very strong barnacles, of a species which I find only on these turtles. Do you notice that these eagles have no feathers on the head and upper part of the neck?

This reminds me of the advice of Micah to the houses of Achzîb back yonder on this very shore: Make thee bald,

and poll thee for thy delicate children; enlarge thy baldness as the eagle.[1] They are a hideous looking bird.

But here we are at the Mukŭtta, as that "ancient river," the Kishon, is now called. It is somewhat curious that both Kishon and Kŭtta are mentioned by Joshua as *cities* in this neighborhood; the one is the ancient Hebrew, and the other the modern Arabic name of the *river*. You would scarcely suppose, from the depth of the current, that one may pass along the beach three months hence and find no river at all, and yet so my experience proves. The first time I came this way I crossed the Kishon in a boat, and swam the horses; the next time there was no river, not even a rill to be found. This is explained by referring back to the *inward* winds I have spoken of. These ever drive the waves, loaded with sand, up against the mouth of the river, and, as soon as the dry season reduces its volume, the waves overcome it, and a large sand-bank dams up the stream; the river then spreads out into a large marsh, and slowly percolates through the sand, and thus finds its way to the sea. It is strong enough now, however, and if we watch not our opportunity and choose our path wisely, following the sand-bank at its mouth, we shall fare badly between it and the waves, which come rolling in to swell its dimensions. Safely over, let me call your attention to this singular delta, with its apex at the junction of the river with the sea, and its base resting against the foot of Carmel. It is planted with picturesque and solemn palm-trees, the finest grove of the kind in Syria.

Khaifa has much improved since my first visit twenty-three years ago; and, as the steamers between Beirût and Jaffa touch here, it must increase up to a certain point; but the natural advantages with reference to the interior are not great, and it will never become a large city, unless a railroad from the east should terminate at it; then, indeed, it would speedily expand into a vast emporium. This may be the Sycamenon mentioned by Greek and Roman geographers, though the distance from that place to Acre, accord-

[1] Micah i. 16.

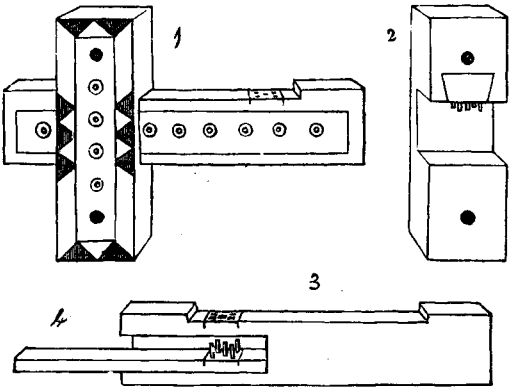
ing to the Itineraries, was at least twice as great as from Acre to Khaifa. We have no occasion to stop here, for there are no antiquities about it except rock tombs, and our object is to visit the convent on the mountain. It will take us forty minutes to climb it; but the view, ever widening as you ascend, and changing from "glory to glory," will richly repay any amount of toil, and at the convent we shall rest and refresh the outer man at the very respectable refectory of these Carmelite monks. The establishment is, indeed, quite as much a hotel as a house of prayer.

Having now satisfied our curiosity and our appetites, we may pay our bill, and leave to others more in love with such matters the task of describing this great castle-convent, with its twenty monks chanting Latin to nobody, around holy places whose history is fabulous.

Our friend Scander has unconsciously exhibited an illustration of Isaiah xxii. 22, which struck me very forcibly: And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open. The key with which Scander opened his magazine was large enough for a stout club, and it might well be laid on his shoulder.

True; and I have seen keys more than twice as large. The material "house of David" was the stronghold of Zion, and such castles now have enormous wooden locks, with keys in proportion. I once spent a summer in an old castle whose great outer door had a lock and key which was almost a load to carry. This kind of lock is no doubt very ancient. Their construction is such that a false key can scarcely by any possible chance fit them, and the difficulty is increased in proportion to the number and eccentric position of the *wards* into which the movable metal drops are required to fall. The following cut will exhibit its nature more clearly than any amount of description can do.

These locks are placed on the *inside* of the doors of gardens and outer courts, and even on those of inner rooms in some places. To enable the owner to unlock them, a *hole* is cut in the door, through which he thrusts his arm and in-

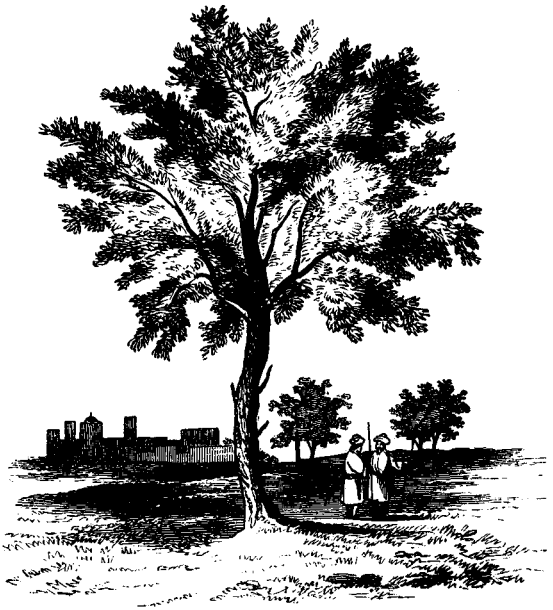


LOCK AND KEY.

serts the key. All the garden doors about Sidon are thus arranged, and such must have been the custom at Jerusalem in the days of Solomon. In Song v. 4 he makes the bride say, My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him; that is, she saw him thrust in his hand to unlock the door, that he might enter; and naturally enough, the bowels — that Oriental symbol of the affections—were "moved." Solomon well knew the perturbations and delightful agitations of love; and a much more trivial thing than the hand of the beloved, and a much less significant action than the one here mentioned, will start the heart leaping and fluttering in irrepressible ecstasy. But it is time to return, lest Acre's inexorable gate be locked against us, and there is neither hole in it through which we can thrust our hand, nor wakeful heart on the other side to be "moved" by it if we could.

March 11th. Our ride to Shefa 'Amer to-day will complete the survey of this vast plain of Acre to the borders of Zebulon.

As there is nothing special to claim attention in this part of the plain, let me ask an explanation of several passages of the Bible which I have marked in my Bible readings at Acre. But first tell me what tree is this on our right, dressed out in white blossoms so early in the season?



ALMOND-TREE.

That is the almond. It often blossoms in February, and this early activity is repeatedly alluded to in the Bible. Jeremiah opens his heavy visions thus: The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? and I said, I see the rod of an almond-tree. Then said the Lord, Thou hast well seen, for I will *hasten* my word to perform it—just as this tree hastens to bud and blossom long before any other has begun to wake out of the repose of winter, and before it has put forth its own leaves.

The same thing is implied, according to the general economy of miracles, in the selection of rods from this tree by Moses to be laid up in the tabernacle, in order to settle the controversy in regard to the family that should be clothed with the priestly office: And it came to pass that on the morrow Moses went into the tabernacle of witness, and behold the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded

almonds.[1] This was miraculous rapidity certainly; but a rod was selected for the purpose from that tree which, in its natural development, is the most expeditious of all; and not only do the blossoms appear on it suddenly, but the fruit *sets at once*, and *appears even while the flowers are yet on* the tree, buds, blossoms, and almonds together on the same branch, as on this rod of Moses.

In that affecting picture of the rapid and inevitable approach of old age drawn by the royal Preacher, it is said that the almond-tree shall flourish or blossom.[2] The *point* of the figure is doubtless the fact that the *white* blossoms completely cover the whole tree without any mixture of green leaves, for these do not appear until some time after. It is the expressive type of old age, whose hair is white as wool, unrelieved with any other color.

And now my texts: What do you understand by such expressions as, He *drinketh* up scorning like water?[3]

This idiom is very common in Arabic. It seems natural to the Oriental mind to conceive of many operations under the idea of *eating* and *drinking*, which we connect more directly with some other sense than that of taste, or else mention abstractly. Thus they very commonly speak of *eating* a great rain when they have been thoroughly drenched in a shower; so also they eat a violent wind and a piercing cold. I frequently hear them say of one who has been *bastinadoed* on the soles of his feet, that he has *eaten* fifty or five hundred sticks, as the case may be. In like manner, they drink many strange potions. In their self-conceit, they will offer to drink the whole course of scientific education in three months. Persons not particularly encumbered with modesty have assured me that they could drink the entire system of evangelical religion with even greater expedition. There are many similar expressions in the Bible which may claim our attention hereafter; at present let us turn up to that fine Tell, from whose summit we shall enjoy a good view of this celebrated plain. It is called Kezan, and was once a place of importance and strongly fortified. These

[1] Num. xvii. 8. [2] Eccl. xii. 5. [3] Job xxxiv. 7.

broken columns show that it was also adorned with superb temples and other large edifices; but how utter the desolation that has laid these proud towers in the dust! It can not be less than half a mile in circuit and a hundred feet high, after the degradation of many generations. There is one equally large farther north, called Birweh, and others even larger to the south. From the situation of these once fortified Tells, I suppose they were originally erected to command the passes into the interior. This is on the regular road to Nazareth. Tell Birweh is at the entrance into the district of Shaghûr, and Tells Daûk and Haruthîeh shut up the highway into the great plain of Esdraelon. They may have been held sometimes by the Gentiles of the sea-coast, and at others by the Jews of Galilee, or both may have held such castles at the same time, to watch each other.

Landscapes like this can never lose their charm, and the memory of this one will not be displaced by others, be they ever so grand or striking.

We have made a long detour not merely to see this tell, but also to escape the mud, for at this season a large part of the plain is wet and marshy. We must now hasten on to Shefa 'Amer. What an infinite array of flowers, fragrant and gay, adorn the plain! The anemones, and fiery poppies, and elegant orchises are specially conspicuous; and the humbler but sweeter hyacinths perfume the air with their spicy odors. The birds, too, are merry and musical as spring and love can make them. Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. There is something peculiarly sinister in the looks and ways of these peasants, and from this southward they bear a worse character than those of Lebanon. One reason no doubt is, that they are more oppressed by government, by wild Arabs, and by those who farm the country. These latter extort from them nearly all the produce of their lands in return for the doubtful advantage of having them stand between them and the officers of government. To secure this, they give these remorseless farmers of the revenue thirty, forty, and even fifty per cent. on money thus advanced on their account. This kind of ex-

tortion has long cursed the country, for we find many allusions to it in the Bible. The *farmer* of a village has great powers accorded to him by contract, and enforced by government; he is, in fact, a petty tyrant, who takes *all* if he can not otherwise get back what he has spent, and the iniquitous interest also. It is not strange, therefore, that these poor peasants, long subjected to such oppression, are a crabbed, ill-conditioned, and dishonest race. Treated without respect or mercy themselves, they are cruel to every body and thing under their power.

This system of tax-gatherers greatly multiplies the petty lords and tyrants, who eat up the people as they eat bread. And something of the same sort has always been known in the East. Solomon says, For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof.[1] And the Arabs have a current anecdote of a wise man who used this imprecation upon his enemies: "Allah kether mesheîkh kûm"—"May God multiply your sheikhs"—a fearful malediction! No more certain or expeditious plan to ruin one's enemies could be devised. The people familiarly ascribe such a calamity to the greatness of their sins. The multiplication of these lazy, licentious, and greedy rulers is, indeed, a sore visitation of God. One must have long and very closely observed the working of this mischief before he can even dream of the numberless ways in which these bad men corrupt, oppress, and ruin the people. Though the proverbs of the wise king and the wise Arab are identical in meaning, it is not probable that the latter borrowed from the former. Experience and observation of the same calamity originated the identity of thought. And the very next proverb of Solomon repeats almost the same idea: A poor man that oppresseth the poor is like a sweeping rain which leaveth no food.[2] The illustrative comparison here is most impressive. It is founded upon a phenomenon which I have frequently seen, and sometimes felt. A small black cloud traverses the sky in the latter part of summer or the beginning of autumn, and pours down a flood of rain that sweeps all before it. The

[1] Prov. xxviii. 2. [2] Prov. xxviii. 3.

Arabs call it *sale;* we, a water-spout, or the bursting of a cloud. In the neighborhood of Hermon I have witnessed it repeatedly, and was caught in one last year which in five minutes flooded the whole mountain side, washed away the fallen olives—the food of the poor—overthrew stone walls, tore up by the roots large trees, and carried off whatever the tumultuous torrents encountered, as they leaped madly down from terrace to terrace in noisy cascades. Every summer threshing-floor along the line of its march was swept bare of all precious food, cattle were drowned, flocks disappeared, and the mills along the streams were ruined in half an hour by this sudden deluge. Wherever it came it "left no food behind it," and such is the oppression of a poor man that oppresseth the poor. These landlords, and sheikhs, and begs, and emirs are generally poor, hungry, greedy, remorseless, and they come in successive swarms, each more ravenous than his predecessor. On a gigantic scale, every hungry pasha from the capital is such a *sale*, sweeping over the distant provinces of the empire. Vast regions, formerly covered with golden harvests in their season, and swarming with people full of food and gladness, are now reduced to frightful deserts by their rapacity.

The people of this country have an intense hatred of usury and the usurer, possibly connected with these farmers and their unrighteous exactions. But the mere *taking* of *interest*, and not the *rate*, is regarded as a sin by most people. It is prohibited altogether by Mohammed, who seems to have understood the Mosaic precepts in this strict and literal sense, as, indeed, nearly all Oriental Christians do. We read in Exodus xxii. 25, 26, 27, If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as a usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury. If thou at all take thy neighbor's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it to him by that the sun goeth down; for that is his covering only, it is his raiment for his skin; wherein shall he sleep? But, notwithstanding this abhorrence of both the deed and the doer, nothing is more common. Every body borrows who can, all loan money who have it, and

the *rate* is enormous. Twenty-five per cent. is common. I have known fifty, sixty, and even a hundred per cent. asked and *given*. The taking of pledges, even "from the poor," is equally common, but I never knew them to be restored "by that the sun goeth down;" though for the *very* poor, who sleep in their *'aba* or outer garment, and have no other "raiment for their skin," it would be a very humane requisition. During the day, the poor, while at work, can and do dispense with this outside raiment, but at night it is greatly needed, even in the summer. The people in this country never sleep without being covered, even in the daytime; and in this, experience has made them wise, for it is dangerous to health. This furnishes a good reason why this sort of pledge should be restored before night; and I could wish that the law were still in force. In Deut. xxiv. 10–13 we have these precepts repeated, with some additions, as, thou shalt not sleep with his pledge; also, thou shalt not go into his house to fetch his pledge; thou shalt stand abroad, and the man to whom thou didst lend shall bring out the pledge abroad to thee. A most kind and admirable precept, given to secure the poor man from having the privacy of his family rudely violated by these remorseless usurers. The strict laws regulating Oriental intercourse sufficiently guard the harems of all but the very poor. When the money-gatherer goes to any respectable house, he never rudely enters, but stands "abroad" and calls, and the owner comes forth to meet him, and, if convenient—if there are no women in the way—he is invited in. The divine law here throws its shield over the poor debtor's habitation, and protects his family from insolent intrusion, a thing intolerably humiliating in the East.

No wonder that people oppressed and robbed as these epasants are, become dishonest and cruel, and even vent their pent-up rage on every thing under their control. Observe that plowman armed with his long goad, with which he belabors and pricks his tiny oxen, as if it afforded peculiar pleasure to torment them.

I have examined this implement of husbandry with much

curiosity, and no longer wonder that Shamgar could convert it into a destructive weapon of war. His was, no doubt, very large, made so purposely in those days when the Jews were not allowed to provide arms for defense. A strong pole ten feet long, with a sharp *chisel* at the butt end, would be a formidable spear, wielded by the strong arm of the son of Anath. But he must have been a giant to kill six hundred Philistines with such a weapon, or, indeed, with any other.

This goad is an indispensable accompaniment of the plow. The upper end, with its pointed prick, serves instead of rein and lash to guide and urge on the lazy ox; and the other end, with its chisel, as you call it, is used to clean off the share from earth and weeds, and to cut the roots and thorns that catch or choke the plow. It was to sharpen this part of the goads that the Philistines permitted the Jews to have a *file* in the early days of Saul.[1] The references to the goad in the Bible are numerous and interesting. Solomon says that "the words of the wise are as goads" to guide and keep in the right path (or furrow), and to stimulate the indolent to exertion. Our Lord, in his address to Saul, says, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks"—a proverbial expression, taken from the action of an unruly ox, which, when pricked by the goad, kicks back in anger, and thus wounds himself more deeply. Commentators on this passage have collected many examples of the use of this exact figure by classic authors. Thus Euripides says, "I, who am a frail mortal, should rather sacrifice to him who is a god, than, by giving place to anger, *kick against the goads.*" And so Terence: "These things have come to my recollection, for it is foolishness for thee to kick *against a goad.*" The proverb is exceedingly expressive, and one which conveys to all the world where the goad is known a most important lesson. The particular force of the expression is unhappily lost by our translation. It is folly, certainly, to kick even a stone against which one may have dashed his foot, and still more so to do this against thorns that may have pierced us. But

[1] 1 Sam. xiii. 21; Eccl. xii. 11.

there is a deeper lesson in this proverb. The ox kicks back against the goad with which he has been intentionally pricked in order to bring him into the right path, or to prompt him to the necessary activity, just as that plowboy is constantly guiding and stimulating his team. To kick back, therefore, is not merely impotent and injurious folly, but it is *rebellion against him who guides.* This is the precise lesson which our Lord intended to teach, and which heathen poets and moralists have drawn from the proverb, or rather from the basis in agricultural life which suggested it.

But our journey lags, and we shall need the goad ourselves to remind us that pleasant discourse will never bring us to Shefa 'Amer. It has an imposing appearance, with its large castle and houses of white stone.

Is there any mention of this place in the Bible?

None that I know of; nor has it yet been identified with any historic name. In old Arabic authors it is written Shefr-am, and this looks like that Kefraim which Eusebius says was six miles north of Legio. May it not also mark the site of that Hafraim which was assigned to Issachar?[1] If it was none of these, then I know nothing about its history. The remains of an old church, and those of some other buildings near it, indicate both antiquity and importance, and so do the tombs in the rocks. The situation is conspicuous, and the surrounding country delightful. The inhabitants may number two thousand—a mingled population of Druses, Moslems, Jews, and Christians, who not only farm these hills and valleys, but trade with other towns, and with the Arab tribes of the Desert. This oak wood extends northward beyond the district of Shaghûr, and southward to the plain of Sharon, and is one of the largest forests in the country. It also abounds in ancient sites. Beit Lahm, Yafa, Semmûnia and many others, which we may visit hereafter. At present we must return to Acre.

These days of bright warm weather have wakened up the instinct of the wild geese, and prompted them to set out rather early on their annual migration to the north. Milton

[1] Josh. xix. 19.

introduces this custom of certain birds in that divine conversation on the creation, book seven:

> "The eagle and the stork
> On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build;
> Part loosely wing the region—part more wise
> In common, ranged in figure, *wedge* their way
> Intelligent of seasons—
> With mutual wing
> Easing their flight . . . . the air
> Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumber'd plumes.'

This is natural, beautiful, and even accurate. The eagles still on cliffs their eyries build, and storks on cedar-tops; and in their migrations, the storks *loosely* wing the region, as you saw this morning in that immense disorderly caravan that passed over Acre, going to tempt the frozen north quite too early in the season; and here these noisy geese, more wise, ranged in figure, *wedge* their way. These migrations always interest me, particularly those of the storks. They come in countless flocks; the air floats as they pass, fanned by unnumbered plumes. But that they or any other birds ease their flight with *mutual* wing, is more than I am prepared to believe. As to the stork, concerning which the tale is generally told, it is simply impossible. They are a strange bird, however, as any one can learn by looking into their history. They take a prodigious range in their migrations. In the year 1846, a stork, becoming weary on its return from the distant south, alighted on that mountain near Safed, and was captured. Great was the astonishment of the captors to find a silver locket suspended round its neck. They took it to the governor, and he sent it to the Pasha of Acre, who forwarded the locket to our consul in Beirût. It was a letter from Octavia, a young countess of Gotzen, in Germany, to the effect that this stork had for several years built its nest on an old turret of her castle; that this year the turret fell and injured the bird. She had it kindly cared for, and, when well enough to follow its companions, let it go, with the locket on its neck. The inclosed letter contained a request that whoever found the bird or the locket should send the writer word at any cost,

as she had a great curiosity to trace it in its wanderings. The consul wrote to the young lady, giving all the particulars, for which, in due time, he received a handsome acknowledgment. All this is simple fact, of which I myself was cognizant. The poor stork died, and perhaps it had never recovered entirely from its misforturne at Octavia's castle, and this compelled it to halt at Safed, where it was captured. These singular birds do not breed in Syria, but pass over it to Asia Minor, and into Northwestern Europe, where they not only build in fir and pine trees upon the mountains, but also enter cities and villages, and make their nests on houses, castles, and minarets. I saw multitudes of them in Brusa, which, indeed, seemed to be a favorite resort. Many stories are told in regard to their intelligence, their partiality to Moslem towns, where they are held sacred, and also about their fidelity, kindness to the old, the sick, etc. Take the following anecdote for a specimen: A stork built on a house in or near Brusa, and the owner put the egg of a duck in the nest. Great was the consternation and indignation of all storkhood in the place when the unknown duck was hatched. They assembled in noisy conclave round the nest, and, after a boisterous debate, not only the duckling was condemned to death, but the poor female stork also, on suspicion of improper conduct, was torn to pieces by the virtuous members of the community. I give the story as I heard it, without vouching for its truth. It is certain, however, that they are very strict, and even jealous in their domestic habits. It is also true that they are partial to the Moslem villages; indeed, they are themselves a sort of Moslems more ways than merely in their annual pilgrimages toward Mecca. They are a solemn, austere bird; stand for hours in one position, as if immersed in deep meditation, and do not hesitate to strike their sharp bill into any thing or person that disturbs them. They are of a dull white color, with blackish feathers in various parts, have a slender body perched on tall legs, and a sharp bill at the end of a long neck, adapting them to wade in reedy marshes, and dive to the bottom to seize their prey. They live

on frogs, mice, lizards, snakes, and all kinds of reptiles, which they seize with the rapidity of lightning. Owing to their diet, their flesh is coarse and unsavory, and it was no great loss to the Jews to have it forbidden, as it is in Leviticus xi. 19 and Deuteronomy xiv. 18. The Druses, howev-



STORK.

er, and some few others, do eat it, but by the great majority of the country it is rejected. The habits of this bird were known to David, who taught Milton that it built its eyries in "cedar-tops."[1] And Jeremiah says, The stork in the

[1] Ps. civ. 17.

heaven knoweth her appointed times, and so do the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow;[1] and this is still true. But these birds, "intelligent of seasons," have no settled calendar, and are very liable to be deceived by early warm weather. The poor little swallows were chattering about some days ago, and they will certainly find that they are quite too early.

While on the subject of birds and their migrations, let me inquire to what particular thing the author of Job refers when he asks, Doth the hawk fly by Thy wisdom, and *stretch her wings toward the south?*[2] I suppose this variety of hawk migrates like other birds; but why particularize only their return *south*, and not their going to the north?

There is a very singular reason for it. I have often seen them *returning* south during the latter part of September, but never saw them migrating northward. I can only account for this by supposing that in going they straggle along in single pairs, and at no particular time, or else by some distant interior route, but that when their young are grown they come back southward in flocks; but even then they do not fly in groups, as do cranes, geese, and storks, but keep passing for days in straggling lines, like scattered ranks of a routed army. Here and there, as far as eye can reach, they come, flying every one apart, but *all going steadily to the south.* Job therefore states the fact just as he had seen it, and as you may also, on Lebanon, next September.

[1] Jer. viii. 7. [2] Job xxxix. 26.

XXIII. ACRE—EL 'MUGHAR.

Monday, March 19th.

How delightful to be again in the open country! Acre is a positive prison to both soul and body. It seems to me that to read the Bible to best advantage one must be in the fields. When God would talk with Abraham, He brought him forth abroad,[1] and abroad we must go to meet and "hold converse" with the Lord our Maker.

There is more in your thought than would be likely to strike the careless ear. The Bible is not a city book; its scenes are mostly laid in the country—its themes suggested by, and its illustrations drawn from the same source; there most of it was thought, felt, spoken, acted, and even written. We are scarcely introduced to city life at all for the first three thousand years of Bible chronology. The Pentateuch was composed in tents during Israel's long sojourn in the wilderness, and ever after, the reader of the Holy Book is led forth to dwell in tabernacles with patriarchs, or in deserts with prophets and apostles. The poets also, and sweet singers of Israel, commune almost exclusively with Nature, her scenes, and her scenery; from thence they draw their imagery, if not their inspirations. The same is eminently true of our blessed Saviour; and he who would bring his spirit most happily into communion with this divine teacher, must follow Him afield, must sit on the mountain side and hear Him preach, must stand on the shore of Gennesaret and listen to the gracious words which proceed out of His mouth, must walk with Him from village to village, and witness His miracles of healing mercy, and His tears of divine compassion. To reproduce and vitalize all this, we need the country, and best of all, *this* country; and if our Biblical studies "smell of the dew of herbs and of the breath of morning" rather than of the midnight lamp, I would have it so. They will be in closer correspondence thereby with the original masters, and more true also to the actual circumstances under which they have been prose-

[1] Gen. xv. 5.

cuted. We do, in fact, read, and study, and worship in Nature's holy temple, where God hath set a tabernacle for the sun, and made a way for the moon, with her starry train to walk by night. In this many-aisled temple, eye, and ear, and heart, and every spirit avenue and sense of body share in the solemn worship. Oh! I do ever delight to linger there, and listen to hear the "piping wind" wake up the echoes that sleep in the wadies, and the softer melodies of brooks which run among the hills; and I do so love the flock-clad fields, and woods with singing birds, and vales full to the brim and running over with golden light from the setting sun, streaming down aslope through groves of steadfast oak and peaceful olive; and at early morn to breathe the air with odors loaded, and perfumes from countless flowers, sweet with the dewy baptism of the night. A thousand voices call to prayer, and praise ascends like clouds of incense to the throne eternal.

Thus let it be to-day. We are going up to Galilee, where Immanuel, the God-man, lived and toiled for thirty years. It were no idle superstition to take off the shoe of worldliness and sin as we enter this sacred temple where he so often sat, and taught those lessons of divine wisdom which we seek to study and explain.

Do you think it safe or even Christian to surrender one's mind to that reverential mood which men call *hero*-worship for want of a more appropriate name?

A very difficult and comprehensive question. The prompting principle of hero-worship is far too closely intertwined with the inner sanctities of man's moral nature ever to be eradicated. There are spiritual "high places" where men will ever continue to rear altars and burn incense. It is absurd to ignore their existence—might possibly be sacrilegious utterly to overthrow them. We may moralize, philosophize, and even theologize as we please, and still men will go on all the same to erect monuments, and build temples, and make pilgrimages to the birth-place, the home, and the tomb of prophet, poet, and hero. And if kings, nobles, and ministers of the Gospel crowd to the place where Shak-

speare was born, or died, or lies buried, and there weep and pray, and tremble and faint in seraphic ecstasy, should we wonder that the less cultivated and less sophisticated will do the same thing for the sacred prophet and the holy seer of antiquity? It is absurd to tolerate, admire, and even participate in the one, and yet condemn the other. Can we surround Plymouth Rock with reverential sanctities, because our forefathers landed there some two hundred years ago, and at the same time ridicule the Oriental who approaches Sinai with awe, or makes long pilgrimages to Mecca, or to Jerusalem, Hebron, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tiberias, and a score of other places where holy men lived, wrought mighty miracles, and revealed to man the mysteries of God and eternity, and where they often sealed their testimony with their blood? I, at least, can not be so unjust and ridiculously partial. Still, the entire tendency should be closely watched. There is no end to the absurdities into which it will beguile the credulous or the imaginative. A candid and close comparison of ancient Bible customs with those things in our day which we call superstitions, will disclose the rather startling fact that the latter have their counterpart in the former. Thus Jacob had a remarkable vision; the *place* was ever afterward holy, and was consecrated by religious rites. Moses put off his shoes before the burning bush, and so does the Oriental wherever the presence of God has been manifested, or is supposed still to be in any special manner. The chapel of the "burning bush" is never visited with sandaled foot. The Jews were forbidden to enter certain sacred places, to touch certain holy articles, or even to look upon certain things invested with peculiar sanctity. And thus, at this day, every sect and religion has the counterparts of all these things. The external instruments connected with working miracles had, in ancient times, transferred to them, in imagination, a portion of the sanctity and reverence due to him who used them, or to that divine power which was transmitted through them. This applied not only to the staves, robes, and mantles of prophets while living, but to the same things, to their bones also, and even to

their very grave-stones, when dead. The same thing exists to this day, and even in an exaggerated form. Elisha took up Elijah's mantle and smote Jordan, saying, "Where is the God of Elijah?" He afterward sent Gehazi to lay his *staff* on the dead son of the Shunamite. It is now very common to bind on, or wrap round the sick, some part of the robes of reputed saints, in the belief that healing virtue will be communicated from it. The same faith, or rather feeling, led the people to bring out their sick into the streets, that even the shadow of Peter might overshadow some of them.[1] And so from the body of Paul were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.[2] Even that wonderful superstition about relics, and the miraculous powers of dead saints' bones, is not without an antecedent reality in Bible history upon which to hang its stupendous absurdities. We read in 2 Kings xiii. 21, That people carrying a dead man to his grave, being frightened by a company of Moabites, threw the body hastily into the sepulchre of Elisha, and when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood up on his feet. This train of comparison might be indefinitely extended, and the remark abundantly substantiated by facts, that there is scarcely a superstition among this people around us but what may have its origin traced far back to Bible times. And, moreover, when met with in those oldest records, it is frequently not at its birth, or first institution that we see it, but as a custom whose origin is concealed in the twilight of remote antiquity. Now, up to a certain point, the feeling out of which this grows is natural, irresistible, and therefore innocent, if not even commendable. To one who really believes the evangelical narratives, for example—to whom the records are *facts* and not *fables*, the region we are about to enter will inevitably be invested with a sacredness which applies to no other on earth. It must be so. If any one visits these localities without being conscious of such reverence, it is *simply*, *only*, and *in every case*, because a latent un-

[1] Acts v. 15. [2] Acts xix. 12.

belief has transferred the stupendous facts into the category of dreamy *myths*. No man *can* believe that here the Creator of the universe, his Lord and his Redeemer, really lived, and taught, and wrought miracles, and yet experience no other feelings than such as ordinary places awaken. Least of all can they do so, to whom that man of sorrows and acquainted with grief is the one altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand. Love, pure, warm, absorbing love, *will* invest these things with a sacredness, a preciousness beyond expression. It would argue a strange stupidity indeed if we could walk over those acres once pressed by his sacred feet, and climb the mountains where he so often retired to meditate and pray, without emotion. We are in no danger of enacting such a piece of irreverence.

We study to-day no common lesson of earth's geography. Every thing is interesting, and may be important. Let us, therefore, suffer nothing to pass unquestioned. You may begin with this large tell on our right. It stands at the very threshold of that country from which our Lord was called a Galilean. The modern name is Birweh, from this village above it. It is one hundred and twelve feet high, and eight hundred and eighty-eight paces round the base, and one hundred and eighty-six paces across at the top. It was once walled and entirely covered with buildings, and was probably designed to command the entrance into Galilee through this fine valley. The village shows signs of Phœnician or Jewish origin. It may have been a frontier castle, held by the latter to prevent the Canaanites of Acre from penetrating into the interior. That large village in the centre of Wady es Sh'ab is Damûn, and farther south, toward Abelîn, is er Ruaise; above it is Tŭmra, and higher still is Cabûl, the same name as that which Hiram gave to the cities which Solomon presented to him.[1] The whole twenty cities, I suppose, were in this neighborhood. If this is the Cabûl on the border of Asher, then this Wady es Sh'ab may be the Jipthah-el mentioned in immediate connection with it.[2] It is impossible, however, now to draw any geographical

[1] 1 Kings ix. 13. [2] Josh. xix. 27.

lines from such uncertain points of departure. Josephus spent some time in Cabûl before he was shut up in Jotapata.[1] I have never passed through it, but am told that there is nothing about it remarkable. Over the hill beyond Cabûl is the rock Jefat, which Mr. Schultz identifies with Jotapata, and I think correctly. I have visited it from Cana of Galilee, from which it is distant about two miles, up Wady Jefat to the northwest

This great Wady es Sh'ab, called also Halazûn, inclines somewhat to the southeast, and yonder is Maiar, high up on the southern side of it. Our path turns to the left through this gap, and ascends to the plain of Mejdel Kerûm. Notice these lofty mountains on the north of this olive-planted plain. Can you tell which way the water is drained off?

It must be down the gap through which we have entered the plain, but it is so level as to puzzle the eye.

Dr. Robinson says it has no proper outlet, which is scarcely correct, since it is drained off southwest into Wady es Sh'ab, and southeast below Rameh by the Wady Sulemiyeh. This Mejdel Kerûm is rather pretty, with its white dome over some Moslem saint or other. The ruins of Gabera lie over that hill to the southeast about three miles; it was celebrated in the wars of Josephus, and was then an important town of Galilee. Here on our left are Deir el Asad and el Ba'any close together; they have large remains of antiquity about them—more, indeed, than are to be found in most of these Galilean villages. We have now a rather blind path along the base of these northern mountains for a mile due east to Nehf, below which is the regular road up the valley to Seijur. Both these are ancient sites.

What a prodigious flock of sheep is wending this way down the valley. Whence do they come, and what brings them along this unfrequented route?

Several months ago they started from the plains around and south of the head-waters of the Euphrates, and they are now on their way to Acre, and other towns along the coast. The East is, and has ever been, the land of sheep, as the

[1] See Life, paragraphs 43, 45.

Mississippi Valley is of swine. Job had 14,000 sheep,[1] and Solomon sacrificed 120,000 at the dedication of the Temple.[2] Nor will these numbers seem incredible when examined and compared with what now exists in this country. Every year sheep are brought down from the north in such multitudes as to confound the imagination. In 1853 the interior route was unsafe, and all had to be passed along the the sea-board. During the months of November and December the whole line of coast was covered with them: they came from Northern Syria and from Mesopotamia, and their shepherds, in dress, manners, and language, closely resemble those of Abraham and Job, as I believe. At a distance the flocks look exactly like droves of hogs going to Cincinnati; their progress is quite as slow, and their motions are very similar. The shepherds "put a space between drove and drove,"[3] and then lead on softly, as Jacob's shepherds did, and for the same reason. If they over-drive them the flock dies, and even with the greatest care many give out, and, to prevent their dying by the wayside, are slaughtered and sold to the poor, or are eaten by the shepherds themselves. The flocks are also constantly thinning off as they go south by selling on all occasions, and thus the whole country is supplied. How vast must be the numbers when they first set out from the distant deserts of the Euphrates! Indeed, those northern plains literally swarm with sheep, and hence the supply never fails. When these flocks have to be watered in a region where wells are scarce, it is no wonder that there should be great strife, as we so often read of in patriarchal history.[4] Our road passes south of Rameh through these large olive orchards, planted among rocks, and left, in many places, to be choked with a dense jungle of oak and other bushes. And now we turn square round the base of this lofty mountain southward, into the pretty and well-watered Wady Sulemiyeh (or Sulamy, as it is pronounced here). It has fine fountains, and we shall come upon some half a dozen mills at least, hid away in the ro-

[1] Job xlii. 12.
[2] 1 Kings viii. 63.
[3] Gen. xxxii. 16.
[4] Gen. xiii. 7, and xxvi. 20, 21.

mantic ravine below our path. These green hills are full of Arab tents at this season, and you can now hear the shouts of these wild men at their lagging flocks, and also their singular call to the camels scattered over the country; here, too, game abounds, and on every side of us the red-legged partridge is calling responsive to its fellows: it is thus they welcome in the coming twilight. Our path now bends round to the east, having the broad wady Sulemiyeh on our right, and el Mughar is just before us. Here comes our friend G—— J—— to meet us with his warm Arabic welcome.

Ahlan! Ahlan we Sahlan! Most happy to see you. Brother wrote that you were coming, but I had begun to despair of seeing you.

This interminable rain detained us prisoners in your house at Acre. But, first of all, let us find a place for our tent. I have made a vow to avoid all fellaheen houses.

I can not promise you very comfortable quarters, but, such as they are, you are most welcome to share them.

No, no; thank you. I am not to be caught that way. It is well enough for you, perhaps, but I should not sleep a minute; and, besides, our baggage would get full of fleas, to annoy us for a week to come.

As you like; but there is not a level place in all the village large enough for the tent. You can pitch on the roof of the house.

That will do admirably; and it will also enable us to keep off the villagers, who have gathered round us like bees.

Well, this is something new. Are you sure we shall not break through and smother, or crush to death the family below?

No, I am not. It trembles rather suspiciously, but our friends assure us there is no danger.

Salim must find some sheltered place for our horses, or they will be unfit to ride to-morrow. Poor things, they are shivering in this cold mountain wind.

And now all our inquiries about friends, family, and politics are answered, my dear G——, I wish to get acquainted with your present whereabouts. It is all new territory to

me, and somewhat savage. You ought to make large gains to remunerate you for this rough-and-tumble life among these fellaheen.

I do not find it disagreeable. I am busy all day long; the place is healthy, the people respectful and easily managed, and the proceeds of this farming operation quite satisfactory. We are nearly through with oil-pressing, and, although the crows have destroyed many thousand piastres worth of olives, we shall still make a handsome profit.

The orchards, I see, are very extensive.

Altogether too large for the population; and so, also, there is far more arable land than they can cultivate. There are thousands of olive-trees so completely enveloped with thorny jungle that we can not gather even what grows on them. If this jungle were cleared away, and the land properly dressed, we should at once double the crop. I am doing something at it, but these people are so lazy that but slow progress is made; in fact, they are afraid to increase the number of bearing trees, lest their taxes should also be raised upon them. Thus a bad government paralyzes all desire to improve.

What are these people?

Druses and Greek Christians; and the same mixture of sects prevails in Rameh and other places.

This Rameh seems to be a large and important village.

About the same size as el Mughar. They are very anxious that I should farm their village also, but I have already quite as much on my hands as I can manage.

This is undoubtedly the Rameh of Naphtali, and this ruin above your village, called 'Ain Hazûr, is the En Hazor, I suppose, given by Joshua to the same tribe.[1]

Indeed! I did not know that our place was mentioned in the Bible.

El Mughar is not, but 'Ain Hazûr is. What do you call this broad wady south of you?

Sûlamy.

Are there any ruins of this name in the wady?

[1] Josh. xix. 37.

Yes; they lie between this and Deir Hanna, that castle to the southwest, which you must have seen as you came toward our village, but they are inconsiderable.

They are undoubtedly the remains of that Salamin which was fortified by Josephus.[1] Is this wady ever called Rŭbŭdîyeh?

There is a ruined village of that name in it, an hour and a half to the southeast of us, and between that and the lake it takes the name of the village.

What is that place on the opposite ridge of this wady?

It is 'Ailabûn, and over the hill beyond is another called Sabăna.

Where is 'Arraby? According to Josephus, it must be somewhere in this region.

It is west of Deir Hanna, on the southern side of the wady. You ought to ride over to this Deir. The castle built by the Dahar family of Acre is still inhabited, and is worth visiting. There was an ancient ruin there, from which it took its name *Deir*. Farther west is Sukhnîn.

That is Sogane, several times mentioned by Josephus. Is not Yâkûk in this neighborhood?

East of us, and directly above the plain of Gennesaret.

The similarity of name suggests that it is the site of the Hŭkkok given to Naphtali,[2] but I think this doubtful. I see not how any border line of that tribe could be drawn through Yâkûk, unless, indeed, the territory of that great tribe reached far down the Lake of Tiberias.

Do you find much trouble in conducting your agricultural speculations among this people?

The greatest difficulties arise from the dishonesty of the agents or *wakkeels*. Though I am on the ground, and watch every thing closely, yet these men rob me right and left. I lose most by the peculations of those who oversee the gathering of olives, and, in the time of threshing, unless I look strictly at the operations in person, I would be robbed of a large part of my harvest. The emirs and sheikhs, who commit this oversight to their servants, and the government,

[1] Josephus's Wars, book ii. 20, 6. Life, 37. [2] Josh. xix. 34.

that deputes officers to gather its portion from the public lands, of course suffer still more severely.

No doubt; and yet the system followed by the present government for gathering up the produce of the country seems to be very ancient. Most of the kings of Judah and Israel engaged largely in agriculture. Besides arable lands for tillage, they had vineyards, and olive-yards, and flocks, and camels, and asses; and they had agents like your *wakkeels*, and doubtless just as dishonest and oppressive. In 1 Chronicles xxvii. 25–31 we have a full list of these gentlemen appointed by David: Jehonathan was over the store-houses in the fields. In the Hûleh, and on the great plains of Askelon and Gaza, I saw large low huts built in the open country to store away the produce directly from the threshing-floors, thence to be carried home, as occasion required. Such, I suppose, were David's store-houses in the fields. Then follows a list of wakkeels over vineyards, over olive-trees, and even over the sycamores, whose fruit is now generally given to the poor.

It seems to me to result, as a necessary deduction, that the reigning power in this country always pursued the ruinous policy of confiscating lands and property, and retaining them in their own hand, very much as the Turkish government does now, and this is the reason why we find so many places mentioned as deserts in the Bible history. The excuse for this agricultural policy on the part of the government in ancient times no doubt was, that the amount of money circulating among a people entirely agricultural or pastoral was small; the king must therefore necessarily take his taxes in *kind*, and depend for a large portion of his revenues upon the produce of the royal domains. But the Turkish government is pressed by no such necessity. The whole oppressive and ruinous system, by which large tracts of fertile territory are converted into deserts, ought to be abolished, and the government lands sold to those who cultivate the soil.

Your remark about stealing from the threshing-floors, suggests the reason why Boaz slept on his that night when

he was visited by Ruth.[1] As he was evidently a man of property, who employed many reapers, and did not work himself, it must have been some urgent reason that would induce him to sleep in the open field among his workmen.

No doubt it was because he could not trust his servants; and what he did must be done now. The owner, or some faithful agent, has to remain at the floor day and night.

We encountered a drove of cattle to-day, some of which were fighting furiously, and the herdsman, endeavoring to part them, was in danger of being pushed over and gored to death by one of the belligerents. I had previously imagined that the cattle of this country must have greatly degenerated since the days when Moses thought it necessary to ordain that the ox which gored a man should be stoned, and his carcass thrown away; and if he killed any one, and was previously known to be vicious, the owner also should be put to death, because he did not keep him in.[2]

Danger from this source has not ceased, especially among the half-wild droves that range over the luxuriant pastures in certain parts of the country. And the law is still more in place which ordained that, if one man's ox hurt another's that he die, then they shall sell the live ox and divide the money of it, and the dead ox also they shall divide.[3] If this admirable statute were faithfully administered, it would prevent many angry and sometimes fatal feuds between herdsmen, and at the same time would be a very fair adjustment of the questions of equity that grow out of such accidents.

Josephus very justly boasts of the wisdom and humanity of their great lawgiver, shown in minute regulations of this nature, and he gives as instances not only these ordinances which we have noticed, but also another, of the necessity for which I had a very practical intimation this afternoon. Founding his remark upon Exodus xxi. 33, 34, he says, Let those that dig a well or a pit be careful to lay planks over them, and so keep them shut up, not in order to hinder any persons from drawing water, but that there may be no dan-

[1] Ruth iii. 7. [2] Ex. xxi. 28–32 [3] Ex. xxi. 35.

ger of falling into them.[1] I came near falling into an uncovered well this afternoon, when peering about an old ruin, and such accidents are not uncommon. A friend of mine lost a valuable horse in that way, and, according to the Mosaic law, the owner of the pit should have paid the price of the horse.[2] I have been astonished at the recklessness with which wells and pits are left uncovered and unprotected all over this country. It argues a disregard of life which is highly criminal. I once saw a blind man walk right into one of these unprotected wells. He fell to the bottom, but, as it was soft sand, he was not so much injured as frightened.

March 20th. You are a late riser, my dear G——. I have had a long ramble over your domains, enjoying the bright morning and the charming scenery. The prospect over the hills, and down the broad wady Sulamy, and the ravine of Rŭbŭdîyeh to the lake, is exquisitely beautiful. But much land lies waste that might be tilled, and it is sad to see so many olive-trees entangled in jungles of thorns and bushes.

Much of this is owing to causes which we were discussing last night, but still more to the laziness of the people. A few are tolerably industrious, but the majority are far otherwise.

Laziness seems to have been a very prevalent vice in this country from days of old, giving rise to a multitude of popular proverbs, which the Wise Man has preserved in his collection. Indeed, there is scarcely any other subject so often mentioned, or so richly and scornfully illustrated by Solomon as this. His rebuke of the sluggard, drawn from the habits of the ant, is very appropriate and suggestive.[3] We need not now "consider her ways" in general, for all the world is or may be familiar with them. There are some circumstances, however, mentioned in this passage, which must have been suggested by actual life in this country. Thus the fact that the ant will faithfully and perseveringly work *without guide*, or *overseer*, or *ruler*, is very striking. When I began to employ workmen in this country, nothing annoyed me more than the necessity to hire also an

[1] Josephus, iv. 8, 37. [2] Exod. xxi. 34. [3] Prov. vi. 6–11.

overseer, or to fulfill this office myself. But I soon found that this was universal and strictly necessary. Without an overseer very little work would be done, and nothing as it should be. The workmen, every way unlike the ant, will not work at all unless kept to it and directed in it by an overseer, who is himself a perfect specimen of laziness. He does absolutely nothing but smoke his pipe, order this, scold that one, and discuss the how and the why with the men themselves, or with idle passers-by, who are strangely prone to enter earnestly into every body's business but their own. This overseeing often costs more than the work overseen. Now the ants manage far better. Every one attends to his own business, and does it well.

In another respect these provident creatures read a very necessary lesson to Oriental sluggards. In all warm climates there is a ruinous want of calculation and forecast. Having enough for the current day, men are reckless as to the future. The idea of sickness, misfortune, or the necessities of old age exercise but little influence; they are not provident "to lay up for a rainy day" or dreary winter. Yet all these occasions come upon them, and they wake to want and pinching poverty. Now the ant provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. All summer long, and especially in harvest, every denizen of their populous habitations is busy. As we walk or ride over the grassy plains, we notice paths leading in all directions from their subterranean granaries; at first broad, clean, and smooth, like roads near a city, but constantly branching off into smaller and less distinct, until they disappear in the herbage of the plain. Along these converging paths hurry thousands of ants, thickening inward, until it becomes an unbroken column of busy beings going in search of, or returning with their food for future need; there is no loitering or jostling; every one knows his business, and does not intermeddle with others. No thoroughfare of largest city is so crowded or better conducted than these highways to the ant-hills. They are great robbers, however, and plunder by night as well as by day; and the farmer must keep

a sharp eye to his floor in harvest, or they will abstract a large quantity of grain in a single night.

Speaking of ants, what could have induced Herodotus to write that absurd story about the ants in India, "larger than a fox and less than a dog," which dug up gold, and tore to pieces those who came to gather it, and much more to the same purport?

As to Herodotus, he was a most courageous retailer of anecdotes, and used the privilege of great travelers without reserve. That Pliny should quote this fable is truly surprising.—See Herodotus, 170.

How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? Up, drowsy fool! no longer fold your hands in idleness, or the day of poverty will overtake you, as surely as a man who steadily travels on will come to the end of his journey. Though you see it not, yet the time of want draws near, direct and sure, and stern as an armed man who comes to bind and plunder.[1]

It is curious to notice how intensely Solomon hated this vice, and in how many ways he gave expression to his abhorrence and contempt of the sluggard. Thus, The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting.[2] The most good for nothing fellow may be roused by the excitement of the chase to endure the fatigue of hunting, but, when this violent stimulus is past, he is too indolent even to roast the game he has taken with so much toil. Again, The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing.[3] Thus, too, he is brother to him who is a great waster,[4] and he coveteth greedily all day long, and hath nothing, for his hands refuse to labor.[5] The way of the slothful is as a hedge of thorns:[6] it pricks, lacerates, and entangles the miserable wretch. Slothfulness produces a sickly timidity, and is ever fruitful and expert in raising idle objections and imaginary dangers. There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets.[7] He will not plow by reason of the cold;[8] and as plowing and sowing can not be carried on until the winter rains commence, he neglects altogether to

[1] Prov. vi. 11. [2] Prov. xii. 27. [3] Prov. xiii. 4. [4] Prov. xviii. 9.
[5] Prov. xxi. 25, 26. [6] Prov. xv. 19. [7] Prov. xxii. 13. [8] Prov. xx. 4.

sow his fields, therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing. I have often pitied the farmer when plowing in the cold rains and pitiless winds, and it requires more decision of character than belongs to a sluggard to bear up against them; he therefore retreats into his hut, kindles a little fire, and dozes away his time by the side of it, enveloped in pungent smoke. Nor will he be roused: A little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands. As the door on his hinges, so the sluggard on his bed rolls back and forth with many a creak and weary groan. He will put forth more arguments for his base conduct than seven men that can render a reason. There is a lion in the streets; it is too cold or too hot, too wet or too dry, too early or too late, time plenty or the time is past, the opportunity lost, and so on ad infinitum. The sluggard hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.[1]

Our Arab anecdotes go far beyond Solomon. A favorite illustration of extreme laziness is the case of a man that would not turn his head over on his pillow, though the muddy water leaking through the roof fell plump into his eye. But that description in the 24th chapter of Proverbs is the one which strikes me as most appropriate to my poor fellaheen: I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

Yes, that is true to nature, and to actual life in all its details. The stone terraces and garden walls soon tumble down when neglected, and this, beyond any country I have seen, is prolific in thorns and thistles. All your vineyards in this region are covered with them, and so thousands of your valuable olive-trees are completely choked up with briers and thorns, and their owners are too shiftless and indolent to clear them away.

As you are a large manufacturer of olive oil, I must embrace the opportunity to examine into this operation to-day.

[1] Prov. xxvi. 13–16.

We are nearly through pressing for this year, but there is one mŭtrûf still in operation down by the brook Sulamy, to which we can walk after breakfast.

Does it not injure the quality of the oil to keep the olives so long?

Not materially, if proper care be taken to prevent heating and fermentation. Our olives are now quite black, and a person unacquainted with the matter might think them altogether spoiled, and yet, as you will see, the oil is clear and sweet, and the yield is equally good.

What is the difference between a mŭtrûf and a m'aserah?

The m'aserah is worked by hand, and is only used for the olives which fall first in autumn, before the rains of winter raise the brooks which drive the mŭtrûf. The olives for the m'aserah are ground to a pulp in circular stone basins by rolling a large stone wheel over them. The mass is then put into small baskets of straw-work, which are placed one upon another, between two upright posts, and pressed by a screw which moves in the beam or entablature from above, like the screw in the standing-press of a bookbinder, or else by a beam-lever. After this first pressing the pulp is taken out of the baskets, put into large copper pans, and, being sprinkled with water, is heated over a fire, and again pressed as before. This finishes the process, and the oil is put away in jars to use, or in cisterns, to be kept for future market.

The mŭtrûf is driven like an ordinary mill, except that the apparatus for beating up the olives is an upright cylinder, with iron cross-bars at the lower end. This cylinder turns rapidly in a hollow tube of stone-work, into which the olives are thrown from above, and beaten to a pulp by the revolving cross-bars. The interior of the tube is kept hot, so that the mass is taken out below sufficiently heated to cause the oil to run freely. The same baskets are used as in the m'aserah, but the press is a beam-lever, with heavy weights at the end. This process is repeated a second time, as in the m'aserah, and then the refuse is thrown away.

Well, these mŭtrûfs are about as filthy as any place I ever

explored, and the machinery is rude and clumsy in the extreme. Mr. B—— told me recently that he had started a mŭtrûf at Nablûs, with European machinery, on quite a new plan, and that the work was done much cheaper and more expeditiously; the oil was clearer, and there was a gain of about thirty per cent. in the quantity. Certainly a little science applied to the matter would greatly improve this important branch of Syrian agriculture. The m'aserah is, however, the machinery used from the most remote times, as we know from the basins, and wheels to crush the olives, still found in the ruins of old towns. The huge stones upon the tops of the upright posts prove conclusively that the ancients knew nothing of the screw, but employed beam-presses, as in your mŭtrûfs.

Beam-presses are also employed in the m'aserah to this day, and I think the use of screws is quite modern.

Have you any process for clarifying the oil?

None whatever, except to let it gradually settle on the lees in the cisterns or large jars in which it is kept.

Certain villages are celebrated all over the country for producing oil particularly clear and sweet, and it commands a high price for table use.

Berjah, for example, above Neby Yunas, Deir Mîmâs in Merj Aiyûn, and et Tîreh in Carmel; but the process there is very different. The olives are first mashed as in the mŭtrûf, and then stirred rapidly in a large kettle of hot water. The oil is thus separated, and rises to the top, when it is skimmed off without pressing. The refuse is then thrown into vats of cold water, and an inferior oil is gathered from the surface, which is only fit for making soap.

Micah speaks of *treading* out olives with the feet.[1] Is this ever done now?

Not that I know of. And it could only be done when the olives have been kept until they are very soft, as mine are at present.

I have heard it said that the blight, which has nearly destroyed the grapes all over this country for the last few

[1] Micah vi. 15.

years, and which has ruined the vineyards through the south of Europe, has also attacked the olives this year. Have you noticed any thing of the kind in your orchards?

There have been, perhaps, more withered olives than usual, but I do not think it was from this blight. They do not show the same symptoms. The olive dries up without developing, and falls off; but there is none of that whitish mould, nor that offensive smell of corruption which the grape-blight occasions. The vineyards in this region are utterly ruined, and the people have cut them down and sowed the land with grain. This great calamity acts very mysteriously. The vines blossom and the young grapes *set* as usual, but, soon after, a silvery gray mould spreads over them, and as they enlarge, they corrupt, with a very peculiar and offensive odor. Whole vineyards are thus ruined. There is this also strange about it: one year it attacks the vines raised on poles and running on trees, and those lying on the ground escape; the next year it is the reverse. Some vineyards, exposed to the winds, are wholly destroyed; others, sheltered from them, are uninjured. And again this is reversed. Hitherto no explanation has appeared to account for the calamity itself or for its eccentricities.

Moses and the prophets assign such visitations, without hesitation, to the displeasure of God. Moses says expressly that God would thus punish the inhabitants for their sins: You shall plant vineyards and dress them, but shalt neither drink of the wine nor gather the grapes, for the worms shall eat them. Thou shalt have olive-trees throughout all thy coasts, but thou shalt not anoint thyself with the oil, for thine olive shall cast his fruit.[1] And the sacred penmen often speak of blasting and mildew as chastisements sent directly from God. It seems very natural to refer like judgments in this same land, and upon a people whose moral and religious character so closely resemble those to whom the threatenings were first addressed, to the same source. The people themselves do, in fact, thus trace them back—for the greatness of our sins, is the universal proverb.

[1] Deut. xxviii. 39, 40.

Can it be mere imagination that there is somewhat peculiar in the providential dispensations experienced in this land? I think not. Certainly in olden times there was much that was special. God so made this land of Canaan that its physical conformation should furnish appropriate types and emblems, through which spiritual mysteries and invisible realities might be developed, and so pictured to the eye and the imagination as to affect the heart of man. These mountains point to heaven, this sunken sea of Death to still lower depths. The valleys, the plains, the brooks and fountains, from the swellings of Jordan to the waters of Siloah, that go softly from under the altar of God, all were so made and disposed as to shadow forth dimly, yet not the less impressively, divine revelations needful for universal man. There are no other groupings of natural objects so significant; no other names on earth can be substituted in our spiritual vocabulary for these, and what they formerly taught they teach now, and ever will, onward to the end of time. It is this which invests even the physical features of Palestine with an interest and an importance which can belong to no other land. Jordan is much more than a mere river of water, Zion infinitely dearer than any ordinary mass of rock; in a word, the Divine Architect constructed this country after a model, infolding in itself, and unfolding to the world, the dark mysteries of the life that is, and of that which is to be—of redemption and heaven, of perdition and hell. And these physical features are still preserved unchanged to teach the same great truths to every successive generation. So God's more direct and daily providences toward this country and its inhabitants are made to repeat the same lessons that were addressed to ancient tribes, and their significance then expounded by divine teachers. Thus it is that blighting and mildew come now, as they did of old, we know not how; God sends them. Thus come famine and dearth when "the heaven that is over thy head is as brass, and the earth that is under thee as iron;"[1] and the Lord sends the burning sirocco, with its rain of powder and dust,

[1] Deut. xxviii. 23. 24.

and summons his great army of locusts, and the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm to devour. Thus, too, even in our day, He rises at times to shake terribly the earth, and overwhelm the cities of the guilty.

There is much more than a mere fortuitous conjunction of accidents in these and a hundred other items which might be mentioned. I can scarcely lift my eye without lighting upon something which repeats those lessons which God himself here taught to generations long since dead and gone. These poor women who are cutting up mallows by the bushes to mingle with their broth, are only doing that which want and famine, divinely sent, compelled the solitary to do in the days of Job.[1] And again, those men who have cleared away the earth, and are laying the axe at the very roots of that tree, in order to hew it down for firewood, are repeating the formula by which the Baptist teaches, That in the kingdom of heaven every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.[2] Your fellaheen value trees only as they bear good fruit: all others are cut down as cumberers of the ground; and they cut them from the very root, as John had seen them in his day. And yet once more, this man, with his load of dry weeds and grass, is going to remind us, at his tannûr, of the day that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, and all that do wickedly, shall be as stubble.[3] And we should farther learn from this operation, That if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?[4] This lad who is setting fire to these briers and thorns is doing the very act which typified to Paul the awful state of those apostates whom it was impossible to renew again unto repentance. Oh, may we not be like that ground which beareth thorns and briers—rejected and nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.[5]

He finds it difficult to set the thorns on fire, for it is too late in the season. Before the rains came this whole mount-

[1] Job xxx. 4. [2] Mark iii. 10. [3] Mal. iv. 1.
[4] Matt. vi. 30. [5] Heb. vi. 4, 8.

ain side was in a blaze. Thorns and briers grow so luxuriantly here, that they must be burned off always before the plow can operate. The peasants watch for a high wind, and then the fire catches easily, and spreads with great rapidity. It is really a beautiful sort of fire-works, especially when seen at night.

This practice of burning over the grounds is very ancient in other lands besides this, and, as there are neither fences nor habitations in the open country to be injured by the fire, there is no danger in it. Every schoolboy will remember what Virgil sings about it:

> "Long practice has a sure improvement found,
> With kindled fires to burn the barren ground.
> When the light stubble, to the flames resigned,
> Is driven along, and crackles in the wind."[1]

Yes, but these Arab peasants would think the poet but a stupid farmer to puzzle himself with half a dozen speculations about the possible way in which this burning is beneficial, as whether the "hollow womb of the earth is warmed by it," or some "latent vice is cured," or redundant humors "driven off, or that new breathings" are opened in the chapt earth; or the very reverse—

> "That the heat the gaping ground constrains,
> New knits the surface, and new strings the veins;
> Lest soaking showers should pierce her secret seat,
> Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat,
> Or scorching suns too violently beat," etc., etc.

The Arab farmer would laugh at the whole of them, and tell you that two very good reasons not mentioned by the poet were all-sufficient. That it destroyed and removed out of the way of the plow weeds, grass, stubble, and thorn-bushes, and that the ashes of this consumed rubbish was a valuable manure to the land.

David has a terrible imprecation against the enemies of God in the 83d Psalm, based upon this operation, perhaps: As the fire burneth a wood, and as the flame setteth the mountain on fire, so persecute them with Thy tempests, and

[1] 1 Georgic.

make them afraid with Thy storms. The woods of this country are almost exclusively on the mountains, and hence the allusion to them. I have known several such catastrophes since I came to Syria, and am always reminded by them of this passage.

In Nahum i. 10 the prophet has a striking comparison, or rather double allusion to thorns and fire. Speaking of the wicked, he says, For while they be folden together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry. Now these thorns, especially that kind called *bellan*, which covers the whole country, and is that which is thus burned, is so folden together as to be utterly inseparable, and, being united by thousands of small intertwining branches, when the torch is applied they flash and flame instantly, like stubble fully dry; indeed, the peasants always select this *bellan*, folden together, when they want to kindle a fire from their matches.

There is another allusion to fire among thorns which you, as a farmer in this neighborhood, must have occasion to notice. Moses says, If fire break out and catch in thorns, so that the stacks of corn, or the standing corn, or the field be consumed therewith, he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution.[1]

Yes, we are obliged to charge our nâtûrs, or watchmen, as harvest-time advances, to guard with the utmost care against fire. The reason why Moses mentions its catching among thorns only, I suppose is because thorns grow all round our fields, and actually intermingle with the wheat. By harvest-time they are not only dry themselves, but are choked up with tall grass dry as powder. Fire, therefore, catches in them easily, and spreads with great rapidity and uncontrollable fury; and as the grain is dead ripe, it is impossible to extinguish it.

When I was crossing the plain of Gennesaret in 1848, during harvest, I stopped to lunch at 'Ain et Tîny, and my servant kindled a very small fire to make a cup of coffee. A man, detached from a company of reapers, came immedi-

[1] Exod. xxii. 6.

ately and stood patiently by us until we had finished, without saying what he wanted. As soon as we left, however, he carefully extinguished our little fire, and upon inquiry I found he had been sent for that purpose. Burckhardt, while stopping at Tiberias, hired a guide to the caves in Wady el Hamâm, and says that this man was constantly reproving him for the careless manner in which he threw away the ashes from his pipe. He then adds, "The Arabs who inhabit the valley of the Jordan invariably *put to death* any person who is known to have been even the innocent cause of firing the grass; and they have made it a public law among themselves that, even in the height of intestine warfare, no one shall attempt to set his enemy's harvest on fire." The ordinance of Moses on this subject was a wise regulation, designed to meet a very urgent necessity. To understand the full value of the law, we must remember that the wheat is suffered to become dead ripe, and as dry as tinder, before it is cut; and farther, that the land is tilled in common, and the grain sown in one vast field, without fence, ditch, or hedge to separate the individual portions. A fire catching in any part, and driven by the wind, would consume the whole, and thus the entire population might be stripped of their year's provisions in half an hour.

XXIV. EL MUGHAR—TABIGA.

March 21st.

Our route for this day leads down to, and then along the shore of that beautiful Gennesaret, so interesting to every Christian mind, and to the ruins of those cities where our Lord wrought most of his mighty works. We are in the very centre of that region in which he passed the greater part of his life on earth, and on all sides are the deserted sites of villages and towns which he must have visited. They have the usual marks of antiquity, but nothing is known of their history. His eye, however, saw them crowded with inhabitants, and from them poured forth the thousands of Galilee to hear his sermons, eat his miraculous loaves, and be healed by his divine skill.

This half hour has brought us down in the world immensely.

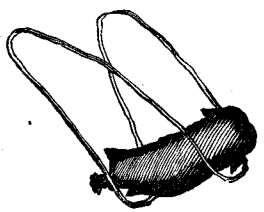
And there is still a heavy descent to the lake, which lies full six hundred feet below the Mediterranean, according to my aneroid. This small plain which we are now crossing is called Kaiserîyeh (Cæsarea) by some lost historical association, and below it we must pick our way over and through a very rocky *waar* for half an hour.

We are passing over limestone, with strata dipping at a sharp angle into the wady. I had expected to find trap rock as we approached the lake.

So we shall below Rŭbŭdîyeh, and the same volcanic formation continues to the south of us quite down to Beisan. And now we have reached the bottom of Wady Sulamy, and find it entirely dry. The stream that drove the mills west of el Mughar has vanished beneath the strata, only to reappear, however, lower down, where it takes the name of Rŭbŭdîyeh, and is carried by canals over a considerable part of the fertile plain of Gennesaret. This Rŭbŭdîyeh was once a considerable town, as appears from the extent of ground cumbered by these shapeless heaps of rubbish.

These farmers about us belong to el Mughar, and their land extends to the declivity immediately above Gennesa-

ret, a distance of at least eight miles from their village. Our farmers would think it hard to travel so far before they began the day's work, and so would these if they had it to do every day; but they drive their oxen before them, carry bed, bedding, and board, plow, yoke, and seed on their donkeys, and expect to remain out in the open country until their task is accomplished. The mildness of the climate enables them to do so without inconvenience or injury. How very different from the habits of Western farmers! These men carry no cooking apparatus, and, we should think, no provisions. They, however, have a quantity of their thin, tough bread, a few olives, and perhaps a little cheese in that leathern bag which hangs from their shoulders—the "scrip" of the New Testament—and with this they are contented. When hungry they sit by the fountain, or the brook, and eat; if weary or sleepy, they throw around them their loose *'aba*, and lie down on the ground as contentedly as the ox himself. At night they retire to a cave, sheltering rock, or shady tree, kindle a fire of thorn-bushes, heat over their stale bread, and, if they have shot a bird or caught a fish, they broil it on the coals, and thus dinner and supper in one are achieved with the least possible trouble. But their great luxury is smoking, and the whole evening is whiled away in whiffing tobacco and bandying the rude jokes of the light-hearted peasant. Such a life need not be disagreeable, nor is it necessarily a severe drudgery in this delightful climate. The only thing they dread is an incursion of wild Arabs from beyond the lake, and to meet them they are all armed as if going forth to war.



WALLET.

Do you suppose that this wallet, in which they carry their provisions, is the "scrip" which the disciples were directed *not* to take in their first missionary tours?[1]

No doubt; and the same, too, in which the young David put the five smooth stones from the brook.[2] All

[1] Matt. x. 10; Mark vi. 8; Luke ix. 3. [2] 1 Sam. xvii. 40.

shepherds have them, and they are the farmer's universal vade-mecum. They are merely the skins of kids stripped off whole, and tanned by a very simple process. By the way, the entire "outfit" of these first missionaries shows that they were plain fishermen, farmers, or shepherds; and to such men there was no extraordinary self-denial in the matter or the mode of their mission. We may expound the "instructions" given to these primitive evangelists somewhat after the following manner: Provide neither silver, nor gold, nor brass in your purses.[1] You are going to your brethren in the neighboring villages, and the best way to get to their hearts and their confidence is to throw yourselves upon their hospitality. Nor was there any departure from the simple manners of the country in this. At this day the farmer sets out on excursions quite as extensive, without a para in his purse; and the modern Moslem prophet of Tarshîha thus sends forth his apostles over this identical region. Neither do they encumber themselves with two coats. They are accustomed to sleep in the garments they have on during the day, and in this climate such plain people experience no inconvenience from it. They wear a coarse shoe, answering to the sandal of the ancients, but never take two pair of them; and although the staff is an invariable companion of all wayfarers, they are content with *one*. Of course, such "instructions" can have only a general application to those who go forth, not to neighbors of the same faith and nation, but to distant climes, and to heathen tribes, and under conditions wholly diverse from those of the fishermen of Galilee; but there are general principles involved or implied which should always be kept in mind by those who seek to carry the Gospel to the masses of mankind either at home or abroad.

Why do you suppose our Lord commanded the disciples to salute no man by the way?[2] This seems to be a departure from the general rule, to become all things to all men. Would it not appear very churlish and offensive to refuse the salam even of a stranger?

[1] Matt. x. 9, 10. [2] Luke x. 4.

It would; and I do not think that the prohibition extended that far; but the disciples were sent upon important and urgent business. They were embassadors from their Lord and king, and were not to loiter by the way in idle conversation with friends whom they might chance to meet. The same is now required of special messengers. No doubt the customary salutations were formal and tedious, as they are now, particularly among Druses and other non-Christian sects, and consumed much valuable time. There is also such an amount of insincerity, flattery, and falsehood in the terms of salutation prescribed by etiquette, that our Lord, who is truth itself, desired his representatives to dispense with them as far as possible, perhaps tacitly to rebuke them. These "instructions" were also intended to reprove another propensity which an Oriental can scarcely resist, no matter how urgent his business. If he meets an acquaintance, he must stop and make an endless number of inquiries, and answer as many. If they come upon men making a bargain or discussing any other matter, they must pause and intrude their own ideas, and enter keenly into the business, though it in no wise concerns them; and more especially, an Oriental can never resist the temptation to assist *where accounts are being settled* or *money counted out.* The clink of coin has a positive fascination to them. Now the command of our Saviour strictly forbade all such loiterings. They would waste time, distract attention, and in many ways hinder the prompt and faithful discharge of their important mission.

Upon the same principle he forbade them to go from house to house.[1] The reason is very obvious to one acquainted with Oriental customs. When a stranger arrives in a village or an encampment, the neighbors, one after another, must invite him to eat with them. There is a strict etiquette about it, involving much ostentation and hypocrisy, and a failure in the due observance of this system of hospitality is violently resented, and often leads to alienations and feuds among neighbors; it also consumes much time, causes unusual distraction of mind, leads to levity, and every

[1] Luke x. 7.

way counteracts the success of a spiritual mission. On these accounts the evangelists were to avoid these feasts; they were sent, not to be honored and feasted, but to call men to repentance, prepare the way of the Lord, and proclaim that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. They were, therefore, first to seek a becoming habitation to lodge in, and there abide until their work in that city was accomplished. "Go not from house to house" was a most important precept, and all evangelists in our own country must act upon the spirit of it whenever they go forth to call men to repentance.

Let us now turn southward a little, and examine 'Ain el Mudowerah, the famous Round Fountain, which, for a long time, was supposed to mark the site of Capernaum. This Gennesaret was and is extremely well watered. There are fountains far up Wady Hamam which irrigate the southwestern part of it. The streams from Rŭbŭdîyeh spread over the western side, and the Round Fountain waters the portion lying between it and the lake. Toward the northwest the Nahr 'Amûd, and the Leimûny from above Safed, cross the plain to the lake, and the northeastern part was anciently fertilized by the powerful fountains of Tabiga. Here is the Round Fountain, covered up with bushes and briers. Dr. Robinson correctly describes it as "inclosed by a low circular wall of mason-work, forming a reservoir nearly a hundred feet in diameter; the water is perhaps two feet deep, beautifully limpid and sweet, bubbling up, and flowing out rapidly in a large stream to water the plain below."

Josephus thus boasts of the fertility of Gennesaret: "Its nature is wonderful as well as its beauty. Its soil is so fruitful that all sorts of trees can grow upon it, and the inhabitants, accordingly, plant all sorts of trees there; for the temperature of the air is so well mixed that it agrees very well with those several sorts; particularly walnuts, which require the coldest air, flourish there in vast plenty. One may call this the ambition of Nature where it forces those plants which are naturally enemies to one another to agree together. It is a happy conjunction of the seasons, as if

every one laid claim to this country; for it not only nourishes different sorts of autumnal fruits beyond men's expectations, but preserves them a great while. It supplies men with the principal fruits; with grapes and figs continually during ten months of the year, and the rest of the fruits, as they become ripe, through the whole year; for, besides the good temperature of the air, it is also watered from a most fertile fountain. The people of the country call it Capernaum. Some have thought it a vein of the Nile, because it produces the *Coracin* fish, as well as that lake which is near Alexandria. The length of this country extends itself along the bank of this lake that bears the same name for thirty furlongs, and is in breadth twenty: and this is the nature of this place."

This extract shows, at least, the "ambition" of the historian to magnify his own country; but it is very interesting, as a vivid contrast between what this country was eighteen centuries ago and what it now is. The soil may be as good as ever, and the climate the same, but where are the walnuts, the figs, the olives, the grapes, and the other fruits coming on in their season the year round? Alas! all gone. The canal, too, from the fountain of Capernaum is broken, and there are no inhabitants to restore it and to cultivate this "ambition of Nature."

The dimensions of the plain, as given by Josephus, are correct enough, though it is a little longer than thirty, and not quite twenty furlongs in breadth. In summer time all the streams which enter the plain disappear before they reach the lake. I once rode along the margin of the water from Mejdel to 'Ain et Tîny, and was often obliged to wade in the lake itself to get round sharp corners covered with bushes, and no brook of any sort or size at that season entered it from the plain; in winter and spring, however, both the Rŭbŭdîyeh and the Leimûny send strong brooks across to the lake. This Leimûny, where it issues forth from the mountains, has uncovered an immense formation of petrified cane and wood, such as I have seen in no other place. I carried away a donkey-load on one of my visits to this region.

Gennesaret is now pre-eminently fruitful in thorns. They grow up among the grain, or the grain among them, and the reaper must pick the "harvest out of the thorns," as Job says the hungry robber shall do with that of the foolish, whose habitation he suddenly cursed.[1]

Do you suppose that Job refers to gleaning out that which grows thus among thorns? They would certainly take all the rest first, and so this threat would imply that the robbers would make thorough work of it, and leave nothing behind them, not even that which grew among the thorns.

There is another explanation possible. The farmers, after they have threshed out the grain, frequently lay it aside in the chaff in some private place near the floor, and cover it up with thorn-bushes to keep it from being carried away or eaten by animals. Robbers who found and seized this would literally take it from among thorns, and the disappointment to the "silly one" would be aggravated by the reflection that he had gathered and threshed it, and needed only a day of wind to make it ready for storing in his granary. These farmers all need the exhortation of Jeremiah, Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns.[2] They are too apt to neglect this; and the thorns, springing up, choke the seed, so that it can not come to maturity. And now here is the 'Ain et Tîny (Fountain of the Fig), concerning which Dr. Robinson has discoursed largely, and about which we shall have something to say by-and-by.

Does it take name from these wild fig-bushes growing in the cliff above it?

Probably. There may have been, and I suppose were, such there in the days of Josephus; they are always found at such places. The Jewish historian, however, does not mention this fountain, at least not under this name.

According to the parable of our Lord, we may know that summer is nigh from this fig-tree, For his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves.[3]

True; but in this sheltered spot, six hundred feet below the level of the ocean, summer comes on very early. The

[1] Job v. 5. [2] Jer. iv. 3. [3] Matt. xxiv. 32.

translator of my Josephus pauses to expound, in a note upon his assertion that fig-trees here yield fruit ten months in the year, that most difficult passage in Mark xi. 13, where our Saviour is said to have sought figs on a tree near Jerusalem at the time of the Passover, and found only leaves. The explanation is, that they were *old* leaves which he saw, and *old* figs that had remained on all winter which he expected to find, for he supposes that in Gennesaret figs must have remained on the trees all winter through. But, whatever may be the true solution of the difficulty, this will not pass, for fig-leaves are among the very earliest to fall in autumn, and no old leaves could have been found on a tree on Olivet in the month of April, though *fresh* ones certainly might.

Have you met with any thing in this country which can clear away the apparent injustice of seeking figs *before the proper time for them?*

There is a kind of tree which bears a large green-colored fig that ripens very early. I have plucked them in May, from trees on Lebanon, a hundred and fifty miles north of Jerusalem, and where the trees are nearly a month later than in the south of Palestine; it does not, therefore, seem impossible but that the same kind *might* have had ripe figs at Easter, in the warm, sheltered ravines of Olivet. The meaning of the phrase, The time of figs had not yet come, may be that the ordinary season for them had not yet arrived, which would be true enough, at any rate. The reason why he might legitimately (so to speak) seek fruit from this particular tree at that early day, was the ostentatious show of *leaves.* The fig often comes with, or even before the leaves, and especially on the early kind. If there was no fruit on this leafy tree, it might justly be condemned as barren, and hence the propriety of the lesson it was made to teach, That those who put forth in profusion only the leaves of empty profession are nigh unto cursing.

The objection that this tree did not belong to our Saviour, and therefore he had no right to take the fruit, is answered by a reference to the Mosaic law in such cases. Josephus

thus expounds it: "You are not to prohibit those that pass by, when your fruits are ripe, to touch them, but to give them leave to fill themselves full of what you have." And the custom of plucking ripe figs, as you pass by the orchards, is still universal in this country, especially from trees by the road side, and from all that are not inclosed. And after the "feast of the cross," which occurs in September, the figs that remain on the trees are common property, and the poor have permission to enter the orchards and gather all they can find. This singular custom seems to have come down from remote antiquity, and is in beautiful correspondence with the spirit of more than one of the precepts of Moses.

Are *barren* fig-trees still found, and does their fruitfulness depend greatly upon careful culture, as may be inferred from the parable in Luke xiii. 6–9?

There are many such trees now; and if the ground is not properly cultivated, especially when the trees are young —as the one of the parable was, for only *three* years are mentioned—they do not bear at all; and even when full grown they quickly fail, and wither away if neglected. Those who expect to gather good crops of well-flavored figs are particularly attentive to their culture—not only plow and dig about them frequently, and manure them plentifully, but they carefully gather out the stones from the orchards, contrary to their general slovenly habits. But here come our mules, and we will go on with them to Tabiga, where it will be more safe to spend the night than at this solitary 'Ain et Tîny. Take notice, in passing, that this Fountain of the Fig comes out close to the lake, and *on a level with the surface*, and therefore could not have irrigated the plain of Gennesaret. Our path is in the channel of the ancient canal which conveyed the water from Tabiga westward to this plain. The bold bluff above, with its artificial Tell, was once occupied by a castle, built, I suppose, to command this pass round the lake, and also the road to Jŭb Yûsŭf and Jisr Benat Yacobe. It is called Arreîmeh, and, when occupied as a fort, no one could pass this way without permission from its commander.

It has taken us just fifteen minutes from 'Ain et Tîny to these great fountains of Tabiga; and while the servants are pitching the tent and preparing dinner, we may ride on half an hour farther, to the site of Tell Hûm. These Arabs seem never to leave this shore, for I always find just such an exposé of semi-black, semi-naked urchins to stare and grin at me: Dr. Robinson also mentions them. Traces of old buildings extend nearly all the way along the shore from Tabiga to Tell Hûm, to which we must descend over these heaps of lava boulders which encumber the shore and the fields. Whatever we may conclude with regard to Tell Hûm, it is evident that there was once a large town at this place. The shapeless remains are piled up in utter confusion along the shore, extend up the hill northward for at least fifty rods, and are much more extensive and striking than those of any other ancient city on this part of the lake. With two exceptions, the houses were all built of basalt, quite black, and very compact. Like all such ruins, the stones were rudely cut, but, like them also, they are preserved entire, and will remain so for thousands of years. The stone of this temple, synagogue, church, or whatever it may have been, is a beautiful marble cut from the mountains yonder to the northwest, where it is seen in place, and very abundant. I think, with Dr. Robinson, that the edifice was a synagogue, of the same age as those of Kŭdes, Kefr Bŭriam, Marone, and other places of Galilee; the work, however, is more massive, and in a higher style than at any of the above-named places. The site of this building was much more exposed when I was here many years ago than it is at present, and I found more columns, entablatures, cornices, and other fragments laid bare than can be seen now. Some of them were of a beautiful pale pink or rose-colored marble. These Arabs have piled up the ruins into a few rickety huts for themselves and their cattle; but when I was here in 1848 there was not a human being in sight, and very probably he who comes here next spring will find it equally solitary.

How luxuriantly every thing grows about it! These net-

tles and thistles are the largest, sharpest, and most obstinate we have yet encountered.

They will be still more so two months hence; and nowhere else will you see such magnificent oleanders as at the head of this lake. I saw clumps of them here twenty feet high, and a hundred in circumference, one mass of rosy-red flowers—a blushing pyramid of exquisite loveliness.

What can be more interesting? A quiet ramble along the head of this sacred sea! The blessed feet of Immanuel have hallowed every acre, and the eye of divine love has gazed a thousand times upon this fair expanse of lake and land. Oh, it is surpassingly beautiful at this evening hour. Those western hills stretch their lengthening shadows over it, as loving mothers drop the gauzy curtains round the cradle of their sleeping babes. Cold must be the heart that throbs not with unwonted emotion. Son of God and Saviour of the world! with thee my thankful spirit seeks communion here on the threshold of thine earthly home. All things remind me of thy presence and thy love.

> "There's nothing bright above, below,
> From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
> But in its light my soul can see
> Some feature of thy Deity."

And I am thankful that God, manifest in the flesh, selected this lonely, lovely shore for his dwelling-place, and sanctified it by his mighty miracles and deeds of divine mercy. I would not have it otherwise; and most sweet is it at this calm and meditative hour,

> "For twilight best
> Becomes even scenes the loveliest."

There is something spirituelle in the coming on of evening,

> "Kindly calling
> Earth's many children to repose;
> While round the couch of nature falling,
> Gently the night's soft curtains close."

As you seem to run into the poetic, listen to another lay, such as your soft muse in silk slippers never sang.

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.
Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow,
But thou hast loveliness above
What nature can bestow.
It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
Those days are past—Bethsaida where?
Chorasin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.
Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sank to hell,
With none to shed a tear?
O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill."—M'CHEYNE.

Is it certain that Tell Hûm marks the site of Capernaum? Far from it; but of that we will converse in our tent, at leisure, after dinner.

I feel more than usual interest in this inquiry about Capernaum. We know where the angel appeared unto Mary —where our Lord was born—where he spent nearly thirty years of his life before he commenced his public ministry—where he closed that ministry in death; and we know, also, from what place he ascended on high after his resurrection from the dead; and it seems as though I must find out the home where he resided most of the time, while he manifested to men on earth the glory of the only-begotten Son of God.

There is at this day no occasion to enter on those inquiries



RUINS AT CAPERNAUM.

which fix the site of Capernaum to some spot at the head of this lake, for of this there is now no doubt, and there are here but two places whose claims are earnestly discussed: Khan Minyeh, at 'Ain et Tîny, and this Tell Hûm. Dr. Robinson has very learnedly argued in favor of the former, and I am slow to dissent from the conclusions of such a man on a question of topography which he has so thoroughly studied. But the truth must be told; he has not convinced me. I believe the doctor fails in his main argument. He endeavors to prove that 'Ain et Tîny is the fountain of Capernaum. Now what do we know about this fountain? Absolutely nothing but what is learned from Josephus. Will his account of it apply to 'Ain et Tîny? I think not; and *if* not, then the whole argument falls to the ground. In accounting *for the fertility* of the plain of Gennesaret, the Jewish historian says, "It is *watered* by a most *fertilizing* fount-

ain, called Capernaum." The doctor, aware that 'Ain et Tîny could not *water* the plain, translates it *most potable* fountain, and supposes that Josephus was not thinking of *irrigation*, but of water to *drink*. The doctor, however, is alone in this rendering. No translator of Josephus, in any language, has thus made him speak of water to drink, when he is stating the reasons for the unparalleled *fertility* of a *plain*. He *could* not have meant *potable*, because 'Ain et Tîny is *not* good water, while the whole *lake itself lies within a few rods of it, and is sweet and pleasant.* I can never abide this water of 'Ain et Tîny, but always drink that of the lake. When, however, the fountain is full and strong, it can be used. Still, Josephus could not have meant this fountain; for, besides the lake, every where accessible, and actually used by all the dwellers on Gennesaret, there are four streams of good water which cut across the plain from the mountains to the lake, and half a dozen fountains in and around it, of far better water than this at Khan Minyeh. As, therefore, Josephus *could not* have meant to commend this for its potable qualities, so neither could he have mentioned it because of its fertilizing the plain by irrigation; for Dr. Robinson admits that it comes out on a *level* with the lake and *close to it*, so that it could not be made to irrigate an acre of the plain; and, moreover, if it could be elevated high enough, there is not sufficient water to make it worth while, especially in the season of the year when irrigation is needed. The conclusion is irresistible that 'Ain et Tîny is *not* the fountain of Capernaum, and Khan Minyeh, near it, does not mark the site of that city.

Again, the argument for 'Ain et Tîny drawn from the fable about the Nile and the fish Coracinus will be found equally untenable. We may admit that this fish was actually found in the fountain of Capernaum, and that this is a valid reason why the Round Fountain, near the south end of Gennesaret, could not be it, as Dr. Robinson observes, but this is no evidence that 'Ain et Tîny *is*. Certain kinds of fish delight to come out of the lakes and rivers in cold weather to those fountains that are *tepid* and slightly brack-

ish, and they do so at more than one such fountain along the shores of this very lake, but *not* to 'Ain et Tîny; it has none of the qualities which attract them; but these great springs of Tabiga, where we are encamped, are one of their favorite places of resort, and I believe that here, in fact, is the *fountain* of Capernaum. It entirely meets every specification of Josephus, as to situation, quality, quantity, and office. They are at the head of the lake, and sufficiently copious to irrigate the plain. The cisterns by which the water was collected, and elevated to the proper height to flow along the canal, are still here; the canal itself can be traced quite round the cliff *to* the plain, rendering it certain that the water was thus employed; and, lastly, it is just such a fountain as would attract to it the fish from the lake, and there is no rival fountain to contest its claims in any of these essential attributes; there is, therefore, not another identification of an ancient site in this land more entirely to my mind than this. The fountain of Capernaum is at Tabiga.

All this, however, does not prove that Capernaum itself was at this precise spot, and I think it was not, but at Tell Hûm. In the first place, I attach great weight to the name. *Hûm* is the last syllable of *Kefr na hûm*, as it was anciently spelled, and it is a very common mode of curtailing old names to retain only the final syllable. Thus we have Zib for Ach*zib*, and Fîk for Aphcah, etc. In this instance, *Kefr* has been changed to *Tell—why*, it is difficult to comprehend, for there is no proper Tell at that site. Still, a *deserted* site is generally named *Tell*, but not *Kefr* (which is applied to a village); and, when Capernaum became a heap of rubbish, it would be quite natural for the Arabs to drop the Kefr, and call it simply Tell Hûm, and this I believe they did. The ruins there are abundantly adequate to answer all the demands of her history, while those few foundations near Khan Minyeh are not. No one would think of them if he had not a theory to maintain which required them to represent Capernaum. And, finally, in this connection, it seems to me that more importance should be attached to native

tradition in this case than the doctor is willing to accord. So far as I can discover, after spending many weeks in this neighborhood off and on for a quarter of a century, the invariable tradition of the Arabs and the Jews fixes Capernaum at Tell Hûm, and I believe correctly.

It is very necessary to remark that Josephus does not locate either the fountain or the village of Capernaum *within* the plain of Gennesaret. It is Dr. Robinson that does this, by drawing his own inferences from certain passages in the Gospels. But it is an obvious remark that the Evangelists had no thought of giving topographical indications, while Josephus, on the contrary, was writing a labored scenic description, and we should expect to find more light on this question in the latter than in the former; and this is the fact. And, moreover, the passages in the Gospels referred to admit, not to say require, an explanation in entire accordance with the supposition that Tell Hûm marks the site of Capernaum. The notices which bear upon this question are contained in the various accounts of the feeding of the five thousand, given in Matthew xiv., Mark vi., John vi., and Luke ix. This miracle was regarded by all the Evangelists as one of great importance; and as they, in their different narratives, have mentioned Capernaum and Bethsaida in such connections and relations as to have occasioned no small perplexity to sacred geographers, and finally led to the *invention* of a second Bethsaida at the head of this lake, we may be excused for developing our own ideas on the subject with some particularity of detail. But as we shall pass the very site where, I believe, the miracle was wrought, during our ride to-morrow morning, we had better postpone the discussion until we see the scene and the scenery; it will, however, necessarily throw light upon the questions we have been canvassing to-night, and, as I believe, add materially to the evidence that Tell Hûm is the true site of Capernaum.

Admitting this, what do you make of the ruins at 'Ain et Tîny?

They may, perhaps, mark the site of old Chineroth. The

greatest objection that occurs to me is the inconsiderable amount of them. Chineroth was given to Naphtali, and from it both this plain and lake may have derived their names, for Genashur and Gennesaret are only different forms of Chineroth or Cineroth—in Maccabees it is written Genasor, and also Nasor; and what more likely than that this city was on this plain, and gave name to it, and the lake also. I am aware that many entertain the idea that the predecessor of the city of Tiberias was Chineroth, and it may have been so, but I think not. We may examine this point on the ground, and for the present rest on the suggestion that Chineroth stood at the head of the pretty plain to which it gave name.

Tell Hûm being Capernaum, and Khan Minyeh Chineroth, what do you make of this Tabiga?

It was the grand manufacturing suburb of Capernaum, and hence the fountains took name from the city. Here were the mills, not only for it, but for all the neighborhood, as is now the case. So also the potteries, *tanneries*, and other operations of this sort would be clustered around these great fountains, and the traces of the necessary buildings may be seen all around us. I even derive the name, *Tabiga*, from this business of *tanning*. Tabiga, or Tabaga, is nearly identical with *Dabbaga*, the Arabic name for tannery; and, no doubt, the tanneries of Capernaum were actually at these fountains, whatever may be true in regard to the name. And if a city should again arise in this vicinity, the tanneries belonging to it would certainly be located here, for the water is precisely the kind best adapted to that business.

As there is considerable marshy land about this Tabiga, may not this account for the prevalence of fevers at Capernaum? for here it was, of course, that Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.[1]

Fevers of a very malignant type are still prevalent, particularly in summer and autumn, owing, no doubt, to the extreme heat acting upon these marshy plains, such as the Bŭtaiha, at the influx of the Jordan.

[1] Matt. viii. 14.

It must have been in this neighborhood that our Lord was so pressed by the multitudes who flocked from all parts to hear him, that he was obliged to enter a ship, and have it thrust out a little from the shore, that from thence he might address them without interruption.

No doubt; and I was delighted to find small creeks or inlets between this and Tell Hûm, where the *ship* could ride in safety only a few feet from the shore, and where the multitudes, seated on both sides, and before the boat, could listen without distraction or fatigue. As if on purpose to furnish seats, the shore on both sides of these narrow inlets is piled up with smooth boulders of basalt. Somewhere hereabouts, also, Andrew and Peter were casting their nets into the sea, when our Lord, passing by, called them to follow him, and become fishers of men. And in one of these identical inlets, James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, were mending their nets, when they, being also called, immediately left the ship and their father Zebedee, and followed Jesus.[1] Here, yes, right here, began that organization which has spread over the earth, and revolutionized the world. Viewed in this relation, is there a spot on earth that can rival this in interest?

[1] Matt. iv. 18–22.

INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS FOR VOL. I.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS AND CONTRACTIONS USED.

'Ain, *Hebrew En*, Fountain.
Beit, *Hebrew Beth*, House.
Deir, Convent.
Jebel, Mountain.
Jisr, Bridge.
Khan, Caravansary.
Kul'aet, Castle.
Mazar, Shrine.
Merj, Plain.
Nahr, River.
Neb'a, large Fountain.
Neby, Prophet.
Scr. all., Scripture allusions to.
Tell, Mound, Hill.
Vill., Village.
Wady or *W.*, Valley and Brook.

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