

RAMBLES
IN MY
FATHERLAND

Part II

by J E Hanauer
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RAMBLES IN MY FATHERLAND

or Notes for
Sketches from Palestine.
by J.E.Hanauer

PART II

HERMON AND COELE SYRIA.

It was in September, 1869 that I received orders to start from Jerusalem with tents, theodolite, sextants, etc., and join Capt. Warren and his party on their tour of exploration in Coele-Syria and Anti Libanus. I accordingly left Jerusalem and reached Ramleh just before sunset. I took up my lodgings for the night at the Russian Hospice.

Ramleh makes a considerable figure in the history of the Crusades. During the siege of Jerusalem in 1099 A.D., the troops sent to escort the crews of some Genovese galleys, which had touched at Jaffa, up to Jerusalem in order to construct engines for the assault, were attacked by the Muslims between this place and Lydda. However, the Muslims were repulsed with the loss of two hundred men, the Christians remaining victors, though not without the loss of many comrades, among whom were the Knights Gilbert of Treves and Acharz de Montmerle. In the same year the town was made a bishopric, and in another battle fought at that time, the Christians, under Baldwin I, sustained a fatal defeat, 1103. A great number of Crusaders perished, among whom were the Counts of Blois, or Chartres, the father of Stephen of Blois, King of England, whilst others were taken prisoners.

The following extract is taken from Proctor's "History of the Crusades"

Stephen of Chartres was one of the wealthiest and most powerful feudal princes of France. He was also regarded as one of the most experienced men in the literate and practical knowledge of the age. His suggestions were wise and experienced and his discourse clear and persuasive. These qualities fitted him for directing the general design of the war, and he was chosen to preside in the council of its leaders. To him and the arrogant Hugh of Vermandois was entrusted the charge of leading the second division of the Crusading army which was composed of the flower of the chivalry of the northern and central parts of France, Britain, Normandy and Flanders.

The three latter constituents of the second division were led by the well known Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of the Conqueror, and his namesake, Robert of Flanders—who resembled him in his rash impetuosity, but did not share any of his negative virtues. The second division proceeded on their way through France and Italy. At Lucca the leaders received the benediction of the Pope, Urban II, who entrusted the banner of St. Peter to Vermandois.

In the meantime the first division of the Christian forces, under Godfrey of Bouillon, were traversing Thrace, and were heartily welcomed by the crafty Emperor Alexius. The Count of Vermandois now sent twenty four Knights with gilt armour to Durazzo with a proud message to the Emperor, telling him of his approach, and with an order to the imperial Governor to prepare for the arrival of the brother of the King of Kings, and the standard bearer of the successor of St. Peter.

Alexius, of course, resented this message and ordered his fleet to block the passage of the Crusaders. The Governor blockaded the Italian ports, so as to prevent the exit of the insolent Count, who nevertheless resolved on putting to sea. A storm dispersed his fleet, his own vessel was wrecked on the Grecian coasts, and the crestfallen chieftain found himself a prisoner in Durazzo. He was subsequently removed to Constantinople by order of Alexius, who treated him with great marks of respect, overwhelming him with blandishment and gifts, which so overcame his vain and inconstant character, that when Godfrey, hearing of the opposition he had received, ordered his troops to waste the province of Thrace. Vermandois sent two of his personal attendants to the incensed Duke, assuring him that he was not a captive, but a guest of Alexius.

The Count of Chartres and the other chiefs of the second Division, who had wanted the autumn in Italy, with their followers, put off their embarkation till the spring. They reached Constantinople before the departure of Godfrey and his companions, who had been induced to do homage to the Emperor. It is true that Alexius adopted Godfrey as his son, and appeared with him in public under the same shirt, but yet it was not a fancied degradation which made these proud nobles the vassals of the crafty Greek.

Chartres, himself, was also deluded by the flatteries of Alexius, who asked how many children he had, and urged him to send for one of his sons to be brought up at his court, etc, and was also induced to submit to the same humiliating ceremony of paying homage, then sent to join his comrades, who had crossed the Hellespont and were encamped on the Asiatic shore.

We next find Chartres engaged at the siege of Nice. During the operations his forces invested the eastern side of the place, together with those of Raymond of Thoulouse, whose skill and sagacity were of great use in the siege. The name of Chartres is also connected with that of the eventful battle of Dorylaeum—the modern Eskischeker—about fifty miles from Nice.

His division, whilst reposing in a valley, was suddenly surrounded by the Muslim hordes. The suddenness of the attack struck the Christians with terror, and they would have been cut to pieces, but for the heroic valour and desperate efforts of Boemond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy, and the opportune arrival of Godfrey and Vermandois with forty thousand horse on the field of battle. The tide of victory was turned, and the infidels were completely routed, thirty thousand of them slain, amongst them no less than three thousand warriors of high rank, as their martial equipment testified.

Their camp, with its rich spoils, fell into the hands of the Christians. Suleiman, the Sultan of Roum, was so terrified by this awful defeat, that he precipitately left his kingdom with the wrecks of his army, leaving the Crusaders to go on their way towards Antioch, which was now besieged.

The place held out steadily for a long time, the besiegers were reduced to great extremities. A suspicion the Princes entertained respecting the courage of the Count of Chartres was confirmed by his withdrawing with his followers to Alexandretta under pretence of sickness. Sometime after, terrified by the wretched appearance and sad tales of several deserters from Antioch, which had been taken by the Christians, who were now in their turn besieged by Kilidize Aeslan, the Sultan of Roum, and Kerboga, Prince of Mosul on the Tigris, at the head of 400,000 horses he continued his flight.

In Phrygia he met Alexius, who was proceeding to the chief of the Christians with a large army. Chartres' story communicated the panic to that monarch, and he instantly retreated towards Constantinople.

On Chartres' return to Europe, the public feeling was so strong against him, and the high spirited reproaches of his Countess Adela, who had sworn to give him no rest till he had repaired his dishonour, so cutting; that he was obliged to return to Palestine in order to redeem the fame which he had lost by the base desertion of the Christian cause. He came to the Holy Land only to be slain in the engagement above mentioned. His wife Adela was the daughter of William the Conqueror. Their son Stephen of Blois usurped the English Throne.

Baldwin himself had a very narrow escape. He hid himself amongst the tall herbage, but the Turks setting fire to it, forced him to flee. Though pursued, he with great difficulty reached a castle in the vicinity. The place was surrounded, and his capture would have been inevitable, but for an Emir. This Emir's wife, captured by Baldwin on a former occasion, when her flight was hindered by the pangs of childbirth, had been given every attention and kindness by Baldwin. On her recovery, she and her infant were restored in safety to the Emir. So as Baldwin approached the castle, out of gratitude to the preserver of his wife and child, the Emir led him, at the hazard of his own life, to Arsur. The king had scarcely left the castle before it was stormed, and the garrison put to the sword. (Will Tyr, p787-788. Michaud, vol. I. p. 279)

Ramleh fell into the hands of Saladin, 1187, but a few years after it became the headquarters of

“Richard, who robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine.”

The Christians retained possession of the town till 1266, when it was captured by Bibars or Bondocdar at the head of the Mamelukes.

Napoleon Bonaparte, during his expedition in Palestine in 1799, lodged in a room which still is shown at the Latin Convent. The chapel, which the monks say was built in 1393, was at that time turned into a hospital. After Bonaparte had left the place, the convent was plundered, and the monks killed by the Mohammedans.

To the northwest of the town there is an old tower, called by the monks, “The tower

of the forty martyrs.” They tell us that it was built in 1310 by Mahomet ben Kaloun, Sultan of Egypt, on the site of an ancient church dedicated to 40 martyrs, condemned to death at Sebaste in Armenia by Lucinus at the beginning of the IVth Century. The tower stands in the centre of a large quadrangle, which some say are the ruins of a convent of the Templars, but the most general opinion is that they are the remains of a magnificent Khan.

Dr. Kitto in his “Land of Promise” gives a description of the place, page 126. Close by there is a small mosque called “The white Mosque.” This is mentioned by Arab authors as having been built by the founder of the city, and restored by Saladin. At a short distance north of the town are the so-called Reservoirs of St. Helena, six cisterns, which communicate with each other, and are supplied with rain water. The construction of these cisterns is attributed to the Crusaders. By paying a bakshish, admittance can be gained to the Mosque there. This is a pretty church with three naves, and was once dedicated to John the Baptist. During the middle ages, we are told that Ramleh had a Castle, twelve gates, and very frequented bazaars—but nowadays, it is a filthy Turkish town with about 4,000 inhabitants, Christians and Muslims.

We left Ramleh at about two o’clock in the morning, reaching Jaffa about sunrise. The ride over the plain of Sharon in the grey light of dawn was delightful. A few minutes after leaving Ramleh I passed the Christian cemetery. Further on we noticed the lights of a tolerably large village on a hill to the northeast. It is about twelve miles distant from Jaffa, and is called Jeath or Jeth—maybe the Gath of the Bible?

Passing another Muslim village on the left, I after some time found myself crossing the territory called “The slaughter place,” a name of no good omen. Several guard houses have been passed, as well as a grove of old olive trees, which are said to have been planted by Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV. When Napoleon Bonaparte was in Palestine, he once encamped here.

Leaving these, the break of day reveals the village of Beit Dagon on our right. Here we meet with a broad track leading N.E. toward Lydda.

A Wely, the tomb of the Imam Ali, surmounted with nine domes, is left on the right, and we are now passing the insignificant village of Yazour, then we are soon between the prickly pear hedges of the gardens of Jaffa.

A splendid fountain (tomb of the Nabout), in the Saracenic style, surrounded by sycamores and other trees is passed, and now we are amongst a dense throng of people—buying, selling, and lounging in those coffee shops.

Now we have entered the gate and allow our horses to drink at the beautiful fountain of white marble, constructed by Abou Nabbout about the beginning of this century. I embarked on the French steamboat which started for Beyrout that afternoon. An awning had been spread over the deck. The city looks beautiful as seen from here—

the houses rise tier on tier like the steps of a theatre—far away to the north the eye falls on a waste of sand, running southward—the beautiful verdure of the orange groves refreshes the eyesight.

Towering above the trees, to the N.E. of the town are the homes of the American colony, which now belong to the German Society of the Temple. God bless you, brave men, God bless all who work for Jesus, and wish well to Palestine!

South of the town, the same dreary stretch of sandy coast line bordered with foaming breakers is seen, as that on the north. The blue hills of Judea, rising from the plain of Sharon, form the background of the picture.

Between us and the shore we notice a semicircular line of rocks and fragments of masonry, over which the waves dash without intermission. This was, perhaps, the mole of the old harbour. A number of boats with passengers approach. Amongst them I perceive my father, who is going to Antioch, so that we shall be together till we reach Beyrout. One of the boatmen has been impertinent to one of the sailors. He got a blow for his pains, and instantly fell on deck in a pretended swoon. When the Captain comes near to see what is the matter, he thinks it prudent to start to his feet, amidst the laughter of the bystanders.

Now we are off. A large turtle shows itself alongside the ship. One of the officers steps forward with a rifle, but just as he is about to level it at the monster, the creature sinks beneath the waves. Whilst Jaffa is fast receding from our view, we may take a survey of its history.

Like most of the ancient towns of Palestine its fortunes were various. Thirty one years ago—1838—an earthquake destroyed a part of the town. It had its fortifications strengthened by the Turks, who were assisted by Sir Sidney Smith, after Napoleon's departure. That personage stormed the place, and before he quitted it, massacred 4,000 Albanian prisoners, and poisoned the wounded, 1799.

The Franciscan monks established themselves here in 1654 with a view of evangelizing (as they say) the inhabitants, and offering hospitality to pilgrims. The city was taken, pillaged and destroyed by the Mamelukes, under Bondocdar in 1268. Sixteen years before, in 1252, St. Louis, King of France, was received here with great pomp by the Governor, Walter de Brienne. The Monarch expended a great deal of money in fortifying the town. In 1229 it had been fortified by Frederick II for its walls had been destroyed by Hadel, brother of Saladin. In 1192 it was rescued by Coeur de Lion, a short time after it had been invested by Saladin. It first fell into the power of the Crusaders in 1099, and a bishopric was created here. (It had been an episcopal See from the reign of Constantine till the Arab invasion—A.D.636). During the Jewish war it was taken by Cestius-Gallus who sacked and burned the city, and put 8,400 of the inhabitants to the sword. It however subsequently recovered and became a nest for pirates so Vespasian sent a military band to take it. The Romans surprised the town by night, the pirates fled to their barks, but those vessels were

wrecked by the “black north wind”, as it is termed by Josephus. Many committed suicide in despair, many were to be drowned, and those that escaped to land were cut off by the Romans. The city was demolished, and a garrison left to prevent further attempts at piracy. (Jewish War. Lib. III, Chapt. IX, p.41.

It is several times mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. During the Roman dominion it first belonged to the province of Syria, but subsequently was subject to Herod. After his death it again was a Syrian city. During the times of the Maccabees, the port and shipping was burned by Judas Maccabaeus, to avenge the death of two hundred Jews, treacherously slain by the inhabitants. Those of the inhabitants who escaped the fire were put to sword.

Jaffa was the port of Jerusalem in ancient times as at the present day. We find Jonah embarking at Joppa to flee from the Presence of the Lord, and at an earlier date B.C. 1007, we find that the cedar beams for the temple at Jerusalem were floated down to Jaffa. By whom Jaffa (Joppa) was founded is a matter of controversy. Heathen accounts make it older than the flood. Jewish Rabbis ascribe its foundation to Japheth, whilst monastic tradition tells us that Noah built the ark here, and that the city, having been destroyed by the deluge, was only rebuilt by Japheth. Be it so! This sketch of its history will suffice.

Night has drawn her mantle over us, and we see nothing move there but the light from its Pharos. Let us lie down and commit ourselves to the keeping of Him who rules the winds and the waves. The working of the engine is felt through the planks of the deck, throbbing like the heart of some mighty leviathan. The stars shine out calmly and silently, and the Scorpion is seen crawling along the southern sky. “I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.” Psalm IV,6.

We are awake before sunrise and find that the scenery has changed whilst we slept! We look eastward in the grey twilight and perceive due east what appear to be a long row of black clouds, bordering the horizon, and towering to the height of perhaps 8,000 feet above us to the North East. The Morning Star is shining brightly over the cloudy mass, the other stars have begun to pale, and a feeling of mystery and awe seems to be spread over the scene, which cannot be described, but which must be felt.

Now it is broad daylight, though the sun has not risen and we perceive that the clouds, or what we took for clouds, are none other than the heights of sainted Lebanon. Now our vessel has rounded the promontory and Beyrout lies before us. We turn our eyes from admiring the beautiful scenery of the Lebanon, in order to survey the place. It looks enchantingly lovely with its gardens interspersed amongst the houses built on the northern side of the cape. My heart begins to leap with admiration, but has no time, for our vessel has cast anchor and is already surrounded with boats from the shore, painted in all the colours of the rainbow. Their crews are clamouring to get hold of our luggage!

As I have never been in Beyrout, my father resolves to accompany me. I think it prudent to wait till the first rush of passengers is over, lest an awkward push or thrust should damage any of the instruments. Now the hubbub has ceased for a while, so leaving my father's effects in charge of a kind Frenchman with whom we became acquainted last night, we approach the shore just as the sun rises—its rays gild the crests of the mountains, the housetops, the foliage interspersed between—masts of the vessels, with their magic golden light. The custom house is thronged! My instructions direct me, on reaching Beyrout, to proceed to the English Consulate to find fresh instructions, so Papa is so kind as to take charge of the luggage.

At the door of the custom house a guard is stationed, who demands the passports of the newcomers. I have none, but father, stepping up, produces his, explains that I am his son, and that his passport will do for me. The explanation is satisfactory, and the officer, who knows my parent, courteously bids me to go on. In the long street leading from the custom house, I am met by a man who has a letter for me from Captain Warren. I am instructed to follow the exploring party to Rashaya. Mr. Andrew Pancopoulo, who gave me the letter, is the proprietor of the splendid Belle Vue Hotel, and he has been so kind as to get mules ready for me.

After removing the things from the custom house, and taking leave of papa, I set out along the Damascus carriage road. The scenery which opens out at every step is magnificent and imposing. The road goes eastward down the hillside. On either hand are enclosures with tropical plants and flowers of every hue peeping over, or through the fences, and running over the garden walls.

The mountain rises just in front with groves of pines on their slopes bending their boughs backward and forward before the morning breeze. They don't bend much, but the wind rustling through their crowns moves them simultaneously like it does when it blows through a field of wheat. Is this what is meant by the shaking of Lebanon?

Now we ascend, the road winds amongst the hilltops and new scenes of beauty unfold themselves. I turn my horse's head and look westward. Beyrout lies spread before me surrounded with its beautiful gardens and plantations of mulberry trees. To the north of the town lies the beautiful bay of St. George, in the form of a semicircle, its deep blue waters contrasting with the verdure on its shores, and the yellowish white of the buildings of the city.

There are many vessels in the harbour, amongst others the steamer I left this morning.

But I cannot wait any longer, for the muleteer is becoming impatient and he tells me that we will never reach Shtura, where we sleep tonight, at this rate, so we proceed. Suddenly a beautiful valley opens before and below us, quite green and the houses of the mountain villages are strewn amongst the verdure like so many pearls, or else they hang picturesquely on the mountain sides. I rise in my stirrups, and am just thinking whether it would not be very pleasant to take a header into the sea of verdure below me, when suddenly the thought strikes me that this is not Palestine, and a sickening

sensation comes over me as I turn and follow Achmet, the muleteer, who has gone on before. Beyrout is now out of sight. We are passing a fountain, and now the road leads through vineyards, and now again it winds past a precipice. Far below, on my left, is another beautiful valley covered with villages and vineyards:

“Here every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.”

The road to Beit ed Deem is left on the right. The character of the scenery changes. Though still magnificent, it is no more beautiful, but it has a wild, I might almost say, a savage character. A deep rocky gorge with precipices on either side is on the right, and immediately on the left, the mountains rise steeply. The hill I am just passing is topped with clouds. By Khan Murad, what a view opens out before us, all of a sudden. An extensive plain running north and south at the foot of a mountain range which runs parallel to it. It is the plain of Coele-Syria, or El Bokah.

That range of hills is the range of Anti Libanus. As we descend from Khan Murad towards Shtura, Achmet points out a number of dark spots in the northern part of the plain, as the sites of villages—the largest is Zahleh. Far away to the south east the eye rests on what appears to be, at first glance, a heap of rosy clouds, but Achmet pronounces it to be Mount Hermon-Jebel es Sheikh.

The sun is fast setting, and the muleteer presses me to stop for the night at Ain Mireh, which he says is near Shtura. I, however, insist on going to Shtura, as I am directed by my instructions. I do not know but that fresh orders may be awaiting me there. He gives, or at least, seems to give up the point and we go on. The shadow of Lebanon has covered us, now it is on the plain, now it has reached the foot of the opposite range, now it begins to scale the hills of Anti Lebanon, driving the ruddy light of the summer's eve off their crests, and up into the eastern sky—now the stars have come out, and it is night in Bikath Aven.

Crossing several murmuring rills in the dark, we reach a Khan—Achmet tells me this is Shtura, but as I am suspicious, ask some men who are about, and they say it is Shtura. There are no letters here for me, or for the party at Rashaya. The Khan seems to be a new building for it is not roofed in yet. The Khanjee brings bread, eggs, and grapes. After having supped and drank some of the good water springing in jets from the fountain in the center of the building, I lie down to spend my first night in Coele-Syria.

“Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

“Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day
Earth’s joys grow dim, its glories fade away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

“I need thy Presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter’s power?
Who! like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord abide with me.

“I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death’s sting? Where grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

“Reveal Thyself unto my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord! Abide with me.”

After leaving the Khan and paying its owner for his hospitality, we left the carriage road and descending to the level of the plain, we struck across it in a south easterly direction. Passing several fields planted with watermelons we purchased a couple in order to refresh ourselves on our way. Amongst other plants I noticed a small kind of convolvulus or woodbine, with white flowers struggling along the ground. We now had to cross the Litani in two places, once by a new bridge, over which the road to Damascus leads, and once over an old bridge which is falling into decay.

In a few hours after leaving the place where we spent the night, we passed the village of Mejdal Angur, the ancient Chalcis. The ruins of an old temple are still seen on the top of the hill. The village is situated at its foot on the eastern side.

The inhabitants are threshing with the sledge, which is called Loh ed dras, threshing board. It is probably the threshing instrument spoken of by Isaiah 28:27. It is a board, about 3 feet long, from 1 foot 6 inches to 2 feet in breadth. It is pierced with circular holes about one inch in diameter, in which sharp pieces of iron, though sometimes flints, are fastened. It is dragged over the corn which is spread out in circular heaps, by oxen, donkey, or horses. A boy stands on it with a whip with which he urges the animals on.

We are now quite close to the western foot of the Anti-Libanus and Hermon is quite hid from us for some time. When it again comes in sight, it appears so lofty that we are obliged to throw our heads back in order to see its top. Yes, Achmet, there is Jebel es Sheikh, but where is the snow? He turns astonished at this question. Do you

not see? He shows me a white spot high up the mountain, glittering like some rare gem. About noon we ascended the steep mountain path towards Rashaya. This place is situated on the hills northwest of Hermon. Its castle is mournfully associated with the dreadful massacre of 1850. A great number of Christians, who had taken refuge in the edifice, were delivered by the cowardly garrison, to the fury of the Druses, who murdered them in cold blood.

I found Corpl. Cook alone. Mr. Warren and Corpl. McKenzie were away visiting the ruined temple at Tel Fatha, or Neby Sufa. They were lodged in an Arab house, and occupied two rooms. The houses here are very low and flat roofed, built of stone, and the inside is plastered over with a sort of mortar composed of yellow clay and the dust and chaff of the threshing floors mixed up together. This mixture is called tibn.

The walls in the interior of the rooms are covered with small niches, all plastered with this stuff, and white-washed. The roofs are formed of trunks of trees, laid across the rooms from wall to wall, and between these are laid a number of shorter branches. The whole is covered with layers of earth and tibn pressed down by rollers.

Capt. Warren returned in the evening. He and Corpl. McKenzie received me very kindly. The next day was Sunday. The American Mission has a station here under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Eddy, who was absent during our visit. The school master, a very kind, and as it seems, a very pious man, visited us. The Protestants here are very poor, and they assemble for public worship in the small school room. They are collecting money to build a small chapel, and they hope that they will be able to begin it next year. One of the youth is with us, he helps to purchase what we need from the market, goes on errands, etc. He is a real Missionary. Whenever he gets an opportunity, he speaks to those around him of the love of his Saviour, and it is quite touching to see how patiently he bears the sneers of those who listen to him.

In the afternoon Mr. Warren called us into his room for worship. He afterwards read a part of Dr. Stanley's work, "Sinai and Palestine" to us—it was the part about Hermon.

Monday: We went to visit the ruined temple at Ain Hershah. We had mules, and proceeded in a southwestern direction. In a valley we met with several oleander bushes in a wady. Ascending a hill, we passed the village of Ain Hershah, and soon after passed through a field planted with castor oil plants, and were at the western end of the temple. The Greek priest and several of the villagers accompanied us to the ruin, in the hope of claiming a share in the booty we should discover, but when they were disappointed—seeing that Captain Warren only took measurements, they left us.

The building was once enclosed with a wall abutting on the rocks to the north and forming a court. The temple was found to be tolerably well preserved. In front of it there was a porch with columns, which have fallen. The door is in the Egyptian style, broad below, but narrower towards the top. It looks eastward towards Hermon,

though that mountain is not visible from here.

Close to the western wall in the interior are the remains of an altar with vaults underneath. The frieze or cornice on the outside was ornamented with heads of tigers sculptured. On the rocks to the north of the edifice there is an inscription, of which a squeeze was taken, it being illegible. Just before we left the place, a bust—apparently of a female—was noticed built into the western wall of the temple, the face looking westwards. Capt. Warren and Corpl. McKenzie climbed up to examine it. On its head they found protuberances, which may have been the remains of horns—this discovery and that of a star which Mr. W. found cut on one of the stones, would seem to indicate that the temple was dedicated to Astarte, and to the worship of the celestial orbs.

Our guide now led us eastward over the uncultivated hills. In a valley we were shown the remains of what appears to have been another temple. Nothing was to be seen but a few well cut stones lying on a heap of rubbish and the place was named by our guide—Kasr esh Shems, (Palace of the Sun). On the hillside close by are the remains of old dwellings consisting in heaps of rough, uncut black stones. I forgot to mention that close behind the west end of the Ain Hershah temple, the cover of a sarcophagus was noticed, with a human figure holding up a garland.

The ruins close to Kasr esh Shems are called Khirbet Abou Hadadeh. It seems that the worship of Baal and Ashteroth was extensively cultivated in the neighbourhood of Hermon. There are a great many ruins of ancient temples scattered about on the hills in the vicinity. We got the names of several during our wanderings, but had no time to visit them. On the road to Kifr Kuk there is a ruin called Al Kaneeseh—the Church. Again there is a ruin at Kokabeh, about two miles north of Tel Fatha—Kokab is a star—perhaps the ruins there, if they be those of temples, may have been dedicated to the worship of the heavenly host.

I may remark that when I first began to enquire about ruins, I always used the word KHIRBEH or KHARAB—but I very often found that those whom I asked did not always understand what sort of Khirbehs I wanted, for the word is also used in everyday talk to denote waste, uncultivated land as well as ruins. Happily for me, however, I once heard an intelligent bystander use the word AL AFRUNJ, the Franks, in connection with the word ruins. Since then I generally found that the people understood what we wanted, if we asked for remains of old Frank buildings. I put this down, hoping that the hint may be useful to future travellers in this region.

We returned to Rashaya in the evening. We found the women of the house sitting in the open court feeding a black sheep, which was being fattened to be killed on the feast of the Cross. Such sheep are kept in every house, and fed on vine leaves, which the women stuff into their mouths, if they do not choose to eat alone.

Corpl. Cock, who kept house during our absence, found the women very impertinent and troublesome. They would very often, when his back was turned, take the

saucepan off the fire, and set their own on, or borrow the frying pan without asking leave, etc. Tomorrow Mr. Warren intends to start off to the top of Hermon. It is thought advisable to take a bash-bazouk with us as a guard, as the region to the east of the mountain is not considered very safe, because of the thievish character of the inhabitants.

The horseman, whom the Kayim Makam was so good as to send to escort us, has arrived; and he looks formidable, being armed with gun, sabre, carbine, etc. We leave Rashaya by the steep path which leads into the valley on the east. The castle of Rashaya is built on an eminence in the S.W. corner of the place. Just to the north of this there is a hollow in the rocks, in which a lot of dirty water stands—close by is a narrow street leading northwards. At right angles to this a number of lanes lead eastward towards the Mahkama (office of the Government Officials). The western side of the first street is at its northern end bordered with a row of arches, then turn westward, forming two sides of an enclosure. At this corner, some travellers have pitched their tents—the starry banner shows that they are Americans.

As we are to be away for some days we take our tents with us, and the muleteers have a great deal of trouble in loading the mules. As we descend into the valley, already mentioned, they are several times obliged to shift the loads. At length we safely reach the bottom.

As the baggage mules go very slowly, Capt. Warren and Corpl. McKenzie push on, whilst Corpl. Cock and myself remain behind with the muleteers, stopping to let the animals drink at a pool of water covered with green plants. We then went on, passing several wild rose bushes, and soon after passed through vineyards. The natives allowed the muleteers to gather some clusters of grapes. Passing a flock of goats, we purchased some milk, which was put in a tea kettle, and suspended from the side of one of the mules.

After passing an old wine-press hewn out of the rocks, we began to ascend. The path ceased and we began to climb upwards amongst a mass of loose stones and boulders. It was very bad riding and very tedious. After several hours of such work we at length found ourselves on a level with the field of snow, mentioned on a previous occasion. It lay in a ravine on our right, and appeared to be deep. Though on my approach to Rashaya it appeared so small as to be covered with a thimble now when it was near it was quite a respectable mass. From this spot, close to the top of Hermon, we had a splendid view of the country to the west.

Rashaya and the other places to the west, south east and north west of us, lay spread at our feet as if on a gigantic map in relief. We soon after reached the top of the Mountain. It is divided into two parts by a small ravine called EL JURN. The trough on the eastern side of this hollow brought to view the ruins of a temple which was very probably only commenced, never finished. We found the Captain and Corpl. awaiting us here.

Whilst a place was selected to pitch the tents, one of our guides came running up in a state of great excitement calling out DUBAB, DUBAB—Bears, Bears. We at once went to a spot from whence, as he told us, they could be seen. There we saw three enormous beasts, covered with long shaggy yellow hair walking leisurely up the mountainside. Our brave Bashi-Bazouk and muleteers rushed off to attack them, taking care, however, to get between the bears and the wind, and with good effect, for the animals suddenly stand upright on their hind legs, sniff the air for a few instants, then dash eastwards with astonishing swiftness for bears; whilst the muleteers, after having fired several shots after them, return in high feather—quite proud of having put the wild beasts to flight.

The tents were pitched, and as we had no pegs, the ropes were fastened to the stones of the ruins. The next thing was to get water. There is neither spring nor cistern near the top, so the muleteers went and got a large quantity of snow, and this was put in a vessel on the fire to melt. It took a long time to thaw, still longer to boil, and when at last it did boil, it was not at a very high temperature, for we were about 9,100 feet above sea level. I found it rather hard breathing on the heights. Night came on, and we lay down to sleep on the highest point in Palestine. It was bitterly cold, and the Bashi-Bazouk complained bitterly. He turned out when it was yet dark the next morning, in order to see the sun rise.

Captain Warren asked me whether I still saw the bears. The three we saw yesterday were invisible, but two others—Ursa Major and Minor—were shining with unwanted brilliance in the dark firmament above us. All of a sudden we noticed a faint light far away to the east of us which grew brighter and brighter, till at last what appeared to be a flame of fire was noticed just above the horizon—a hilltop gilded by the rays of the rising sun. Then one hilltop after another burst into sight, looking like drops of molten gold, on a pall of black velvet. The stars faded away, and the sky above us began to regain its natural blue colour, though near the horizon it appeared as if bathed in purple dye.

The purple took a bright yellow hue as the sun rose, and all of a sudden, we were in broad daylight. Whilst the mules were being loaded, Mr. Warren and Corpl. McKenzie went and got a squeeze of the Greek inscription. Great was the astonishment of the Bashi-Bazouk, and the muleteers on beholding the impression and their comments were rather amusing. “Was such a thing ever heard of since the creation of the world. We are natives of the land, and only know that there are hewn stones on Jebel Esh Sheikh, till a Frank, a stranger from the lands of the west comes and shows us that there is writing on them, for he has learnt it from his books of astrology. Wonderful, wonderful, this is more amazing than the deeds of Antar—now we know why he got up so early before the dawn. He did so that he might by the help of the stars, discover the position, and the moment most propitious for copying the stone.” Such were their remarks as we descended the ravine where we had seen the bears yesterday.

To the north of the temple there is a cave with a column. The Captain and Corpl. McKenzie descended another way. The road I took with the mules was very steep and we were obliged to lead the animals down by the halter. Several times they refused to proceed, and turned back as if they preferred to ascend the mountain. The bottom of the ravine was covered with large and small stones, and shingle, worn round and smooth by the weather. A lot of these started from under our feet and rolled down the declivity at every step we took. The mules more than once drew their hind legs under their bellies, and slid down with the rolling masses. A hare started up from behind a piece of rock, ran up hill, and finally we came upon a mountain path.

Here close to a fountain we found a shepherd watering his sheep and he offered us a draught of milk if we would give him a little snow. I wanted to get some for the rest of the party, but he would not give any. After following the path eastward for some time, we met Captain W. and Corpl. M., waiting for us.

Sending on the mules with orders to go on to Kala'at Jendel, we started in quest of some ruins we had been told existed in this neighbourhood. After a long search they were found, and proved the remains of a large building of great magnificence. The walls were nearly level with the ground, but that on one side is scarped rock, so that it could not be destroyed.

Mr. Warren made a plan of the edifice. There is an old inscription at one end. This over we went on our way to Kala'at Jendel which we reached towards evening. During the ride we had a view of the mysterious region of the LEJAH and GOLAN stretching away to the east. Oh! how we longed for eagles wings to be able to fly thither and explore the ruins of DAMA, ESDRA, MESEREIB, SALKAH, and the other remains known or unknown in that district. But "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," says a proverb—and we are on the slopes of Hermon, and not in the Hauran.

When we reached the camp Capt. Warren went to see the ruins of the fort. It hangs on a cliff close to the village, and there is nothing very remarkable about it. The Bashi-Bazouk was very insolent, asking for Arrack, etc., but a reproof from the Captain soon made him change his tone. Next morning we went to Burkush. The ruins are beautiful and belong apparently to the Roman period. On the top are the remains of what appears to have been a Church, further on are the remains of buildings of great magnificence, many of the stones have flourishes or mason's marks on them such as these: [see original manuscript]. There are several vaults and chambers in tolerably good preservation, some of the villagers have made their abode here. Several children have lately disappeared from Burkush in a remarkable manner.

They were four in number, two boys and two girls, belonging to two different families. The eldest was a boy of thirteen years old, the next a girl of twelve, then a girl of eight, and a boy of six. They disappeared at intervals of about ten days, during the daytime when the women were in the houses and the men at work in the fields.

This mysterious circumstance has given rise to the report of an animal having been seen by the shepherds, with a large head, covered with long hair, the chest very broad, and the body rather elongated. The size of this queer beast is about that of a bear. The strangest part of the story is that no cattle or goats have been lost, one cow excepted, which disappeared about ten days before the first child disappeared. Surely a lion, for the description of the animal seen would make one think it was a lion, could not fast ten days running.

The Government has sent soldiers to scour the country in quest of the beast, be it biped or quadruped, but nothing has as yet been discovered. On our return to Jerusalem, we found that a story somewhat similar had been afoot, though with somewhat different detail. There the animal was called Shibeh, and had wounded several persons in the villages. The word Shibeh brings to mind a queer and absurd notion current among the fellahin in southern Palestine, as to the cause of hydrophobia, which is not, as some say, unknown in the East. It often occurs in the villages, and not only dogs, but sometimes cattle, asses, cows, but especially camels are affected by it.

The peasants say that there is a bird, a very queer creature one would think—it never sets its foot on the ground, but breeds and lays its eggs in the air. The eggs are hatched before they reach the ground, and the young birds start into life with all the powers of flight. It sometimes happens that the parent bird letting fall the eggs near a mountaintop, they are broken before being hatched. The Shibeh looks for these eggs, eats them, and gets hydrophobia from this meal and then goes about biting all the animals it meets. I think that this quaint account is as wonderful as the tales of the bird ROC in Arabian Nights, or the deeds of Antar, which the muleteers spoke of yesterday.

We now went on to RAHLEH. We passed an old rock hewn cave or sepulchre on our left, and soon after, were amongst the ruins. Whilst Capt. Warren took measurements, I went with a Druze of the village, who came to tell us that there was an inscription on a stone amongst the houses. I found that it was a piece of the shaft of a column with a Greek inscription. It was built into the walls of a mud built hut, and unfortunately in such a manner that only a part of the writing could be seen. It was surrounded by a moulding with a sort of dove-tail or wedge at one end, such as is often seen in connection with Greek inscriptions. All that I could get were the following letters.

Fragment of column with [see original manuscript for sketch drawing] Greek inscription at Rahleh.

The man who had come with me on learning that we were English, began to strike his breast and say, “We Druzes love the English. They were our friends during the war in 1860. We and they are brethren, but we hate the Maronites, and the French.” Returning to our party I found the Captain busily engaged measuring the gigantic face

(probably of Baal)—a stone at the S.E. Angle. The countenance of the image has received much rude buffetry which has disfigured it, but the features are still very bold and distinct.

From the top of the hair to the chin, the length is about three feet four inches, the width two feet four inches. Round this is a circle about four feet in diameter, and again surrounding this, another wreath, the diameter of which is five feet.

The temple itself is about eighty feet long, its altar is semicircular. There are apses on either side the building, which is nearly destroyed—fifty seven feet in width. There were two rows of Ionic columns extending from the entrance to the altar—these are now prostrate.

As soon as Captain Warren had finished, we pushed on northwards through glens whose sides were clothed with bushes to our camp at the fountain of Deir Ashaier. We reached this place just at dark. The next morning we visited the temple, which stands on a raised platform, which may be between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty feet in length. In width it is about seventy feet. The temple itself is about ninety long, forty broad, and fifty four high. There is a Greek inscription on a stone close by, of which a squeeze was taken before we left.

We took a man with us from Deir Ashaier to shew us some ruins we had been told of as existing in the neighbourhood. They turned out to be the remains of deserted villages. We were told of several ruined places in the neighbourhood, but had no time to go and visit them. One of them is Kasr Antar, the Castle of Antar, which we are told is three or four hours distance from here to the south, above Wady Sebura—as well as Kefra, somewhere on the hills in the same direction. Our guide was a Druze, though he wished us to believe that he was a Mohammedan. The baggage mules had been sent on towards Rashaya and we started westwards Kefr Kuk. On our way we passed some wild pear trees.

Soon after, passing some vineyards, the Bashi-Bazouk, who had become better in his behaviour, went and procured some grapes. After a while we reached the ruins of Al Kaneeseh—the Church—which we had been told to look for in this direction. They cover two hillsides, and in general details resemble those of Khirbet Abou Hadadeh. The remains of a small temple or church built of well hewn stone are still standing. Like the most of the temples of Hermon, it fronts the east.

Leaving this place we went on to Kefr Kuk where there is also the site of such a temple. Sometime after we passed the dry bed of a marsh just before we ascended the hills towards Aiha.

A crowd gathered round us as Captain Warren and the Corpl. took some measurements, and then we left; the road leading through vineyards. About noon we reached Rashaya and found that the Kayim Makam had been deposed and was going to Damascus. He had visited us before we started for Hermon a few days previous,

and seemed highly interested with the sketch showed him by Mr. Warren of the temple at Tel Fatha. We spent Saturday and Sunday at Rashaya. Before we left the Castle was visited. It is a comparatively modern Turkish structure.

The roofs of the houses at Rashaya were, many of them, covered with heaps of the rough pods of the castor oil plant laid out to dry. The natives extract the oil for their lamps. On Monday we left Rashaya for Hasbaya. Our departure interested all the inhabitants of this mountain nest. They gathered round us in crowds, and everyone tried to make out some claim or other against us. The owner of the house we lodged in brought a low round table he had lent us, and a nail of which had become loose, and he demanded damages etc.

Captain Warren and Corpl. McKenzie could not wait any longer, so I was directed to get a police officer to help us. His appearance had a good effect, for Corpl. Cock and I could start with the mules. I noticed that the few Protestants at Rashaya had a good deal to suffer, not so much from direct persecution, as from the indirect sneers and malicious intrigues of the other inhabitants. The schoolmaster, who it appears to me is a very pious man, gave us a letter of introduction to the native evangelist Pastor of Hasbaya. The young man who had served us resolved to accompany us to the place.

As we passed through the vineyards we noticed the basalt cropping out in many places. Further on we met with cretaceous limestone. Several coveys of the red legged partridge started up on both sides of our path. The country was destitute of verdure, for it was about the end of September. The day was warm and we were very glad when we reached the beautiful little bridge over the Hasbaneh.

A native of Hasbaya was there for angling, and he led us over the hill to the east of this lovely spot. The banks were covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, and a great number of little fish were swimming about in the shallow pools. Rasbaya lies in a romantic valley running down westward towards the Hasbaneh. Oh! how glad I was to meet again with olive trees. I believe that the last I had seen were on the road from Ramleh to Jaffa. As we were passing through the town, we were shown the palace, then leaving the Protestant and Greek chapels on the right, we found ourselves in an olive grove at the bottom of the valley, to the east of the village.

The hills round us were covered with vineyards. At a little distance east of us, amongst the trees, is a small pool of water, in which several naked urchins were tumbling about apparently with great enjoyment. About the same distance west is a small fountain at which the women were filling their jars.

Captain Warren and Corpl. McKenzie reached the camp about sunset. I then went with the young man from Rashaya to deliver the letter we had received from the schoolmaster there. Pastor Costa received me very courteously. He is an elderly man. He was so kind as to name the ruins of the temple at Habbariyeh, and another ruin called IM ET TELLAIN—Mother of two hills, about two hours east of Habbariyeh. On my asking whether mules could be gotten, for those from Rashaya

were only engaged to this place, we were told that a market is held every Tuesday at a Khan on the Hasbaneh, and that as many people from Hasbaya and the surrounding villages visit there, it would be impossible to get any.

Next morning the Captain, Corpl. McKenzie, and I walked to Habbariyeh. The basaltic rock is seen everywhere. Passing over a mountain stream which drives several mills, we reached the ruin. It is about sixty feet long, thirty wide, and perhaps as high. It is divided like that at Ain Hershah, into three parts. The porch with columns in front, these had probably Corinthian capitals, for I noticed a Corinthian pilaster at a corner of the west end. The second part is the nave or body of the temple—on each side of the door is a niche with beautiful carving. Close to one of these there is a Greek inscription much defaced. This part is twenty three feet long. The altar, which is the third part is about eleven feet deep. Whilst the Captain was taking measurements I walked about to see if I could find any inscriptions on stones lying about. The temple stands in an enclosure which was planted with tobacco during our visit. Its walls are partly built out of the ruins of the edifice. I noticed many fragments of the columns, cornice, etc., but no other inscription.

When Captain Warren had finished, our guide led us up the hillside to the east of the ruin and showed us another ruin on its top. This was probably a watch tower at some remote period. The name given it by the natives is BURJ AL AKSAYR, (this is the name of a famous family at Zahleho). The tower was a square building, with several courses of stones still standing, though the stones are small. The whole hillside is a wood, and looks extremely savage while standing amongst the trees.

Returning to the neighbourhood of the temple, we were led up the wady to see a square block stone called HAJAR AR RANAHN, or the bell stone. If one strikes it, it sounds something like a bell. Further up, near the top of the hill are three sarcophagi, or sunk loculi, close to each other, and hewn out of the rock. Our guide calls them KABOOR AL AFRANJ, or Tombs of the Franks, but he cannot tell us who the Franks were, who had made them. It is near evening and our guide refuses to take us to the source of the Hasbani, which is not far off.

We return to Hasbaya, after passing several small hamlets, all built of clay mixed with straw, the mixture out of which the Israelites in Egypt made bricks. On returning to camp, we found that the Rev. Mr. Costa, the native clergyman, had been so kind as to bring some muleteers who would take us on to Baniyas. He invited the Captain and all of us to spend the evening at his home where his son-in-law, who speaks English, gave us an interesting account of the ruins at Baalbec. He says that the shafts of the columns there are in several pieces, but that they are so nicely fitted that it cannot be seen where they join. Dr. Roth, the naturalist, died at Hasbaya in the house of the native pastor. His bones were afterward taken to Jerusalem, and they lie in the Protestant cemetery there.

Next morning, after some delay, the mules came so Mr. Warren and Corpl. McKenzie

went to visit some ruins on the road to Baniyas, while Corpl. Cock and I took another road. We reached Baniyas in the afternoon. After leaving Hasbaya, we forded the Hasbani not far from the khan where a market is held every Tuesday. A beautiful kingfisher was flying amongst the bushes as we passed, and we noticed a great many dragon flies and water virgins sporting over the stream. RASRAYAT AL FUKHAR was pointed out far away on our left, and sometime after we noticed what seemed to be a mysterious looking cloud far away southwards amongst the hills. The muleteers told us that it was the distant Lake of Merom—EL HULEH.

Traditions current amongst the natives connect the Huleh and the neighbourhood of Hermon with Og, King of Bashan. The people here call him AWAJ IBN ANAK, Og, son of the giant. Like the Rabbis, they describe him as being of gigantic stature, and most of their anecdotes of him have something relating to this characteristic. It will be sufficient to mention one or two of these anecdotes. He was one day standing on the top of Hermon, and wishing to change his position, he took a stride across the Buka'ah wishing to set his right foot on Lebanon. Making a false step, however, he slipped into the sea, which only reached his ankle. He exclaimed, "Hello I nearly fell!" Another time some muleteers, passing from Kala'at Shukief to Sejun saw him squatting among the marshes of the Huleh. They wished to know what he was doing, and he told them that he had quarrelled with the governor of Damascus, and was afraid to stand upright, lest he should be seen from that city, and troops should be sent to disturb him in his hiding place!

On our reaching Baniyas, our tents were pitched in an olive grove—and we looked carefully under the stones round us for scorpions, which are said to abound here, but found none. The Captain and Corpl. McKenzie visited the castle next morning. This village is very small and insignificant, but in former ages it was not so, as history and heaps of ruins now overgrown with bushes testify. The fountain is one of the sources of the Jordan. It issues from a cave in the mountainside mentioned by Josephus.

There are several niches and Greek inscriptions on the face of the cliff. One of the latter begins with the word: Agrippa, ΑΓΡΙΠΠΑ but it is difficult to be read. Agrippa changed the name of the place from that of Caesarea Philippi—the name given it by Philip the Tetrarch in honour of Caesar, to whom Herod the Great dedicated the now ruined temple—to Neronis in honour of Nero. But it is tedious to relate its history. It has been done already by Beland in his "Palestina Illustrata", and by Robinson, Thomson and Kitto in their valuable works.

As we are about to leave Hermon and go southwards I will rather give a list of the names of villages and ruins in the neighbourhood of the Mountain:

Ain Hershah	Bekkah
Khirbet Abu Hadadeh	Munseh
Kasr es Shems	Al Habbariyeh
Neby Sufah—Tel Hatha	Bustra
Mutaleib (above Rashayat/Kala'at Jendel at Fukhar)	

Seid Dan	Top of Hermon
Aiha	Kokabeh—2 mi. n. of Neby Sufeh
El Kaneeseh	Kasr Antar
Kefr Kuk	Deir Ashwir
Deir Ashair	Kefra
Burkush	Kasr et Tirbag
Rahleh	Banias

Some of these ruins we did not visit.

List of villages about Hermon.

Seboora	El Fakhah
Ain er Radhnan	Kefr ez Zait
Abu Kasim	Es Sphimeh
Sandah	El Kanerbet
Er Rimeh	Bekeifet
Kirbeh	Ain en Neby
Arnek	El Akabeh
Kasr al Antar	Ain et Tebwal
Massisa	Dimeibeh
Beit al Boorak	Mimes
Kefr Dawar	Ain Kania
Alnbah	Esh Shuweiya
Beit Tims	Khalwil
Hineh	Kefr Harbar
Shibah	Kefr Hamman
Ain Jinain	Kala'at Aisafat
Ain Tantah	Shubah
Sha'it	Bashriat al Fukhar
Kefr Kuk	Rahleh
Deir Ashaier	Burkush
Bekkeh	Gib Milkeh
Kala'at Jendel	Bustra
Rashaya al Fokah	Banias.

Leaving Caesarea Philippi we went southwards towards Tel al Kadi through beautiful glades of oaks. I noticed a great many gall-apples on these trees, and gathered a number, but found that the insects had already found their way out of them, and that they were hollow. We now passed the largest fresh water spring in Syria, the Leddan. It flows from the base of the Mound of Tel el Kadi, the site of the ancient city of Dan, the most northern of the towns of ancient Israel. Though the spot is very beautiful, yet a feeling of disgust came over me as I thought of the historical associations connected with the name—the attack on the careless Phoenician colony, the erection of idol worship under the ministrations of the grandson of the great Lawgiver of Israel,

the golden calf of the son of Nebat, and last but not least, that chapter in the Apocalypse where the tribe of Dan is omitted in the enumeration of the twelve tribes of Israel.

We went on our way, and after some time reached the Hasbani which here runs in a volcanic gorge. It is here crossed by a bridge, which standing amongst a jungle of oleanders in full blossom, formed a most beautiful picture. Some travellers were stopping here as we passed, sketching or taking notes. (They had just been told by their Dragoman that the stream was the Banias)

Capt. Warren and Corpl. McKenzie pushed on and Corpl. Cock and I stayed behind to see that the mules did not go to sleep on the road. My heart beat higher and lighter after we left Tel el Kadi, for was I not again in Palestine. Are you surprised at my feelings, dear reader? Has a British poet not given expression to similar emotions when he exclaims:

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne’er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wand’ring on a foreign strand?”

After the Captain had left us, we skirted the marshes of the Huleh, and began to ascend through the woods of Naphtali. From an overhanging viewpoint, we got a magnificent view of the country we had just left.

Lying at our feet was the beautiful plain of the Huleh, studded with pools of water and winding brooks, which looked like mirrors and threads of silver amongst the vegetation of the marsh. In a sheltered corner at the foot of Hermon lies Banias. Overhanging it, and about a thousand feet higher, the castle of Sabeibeh is perched on the top of a savage, isolated ridge. Further south a verdant mound marks the site of Dan, Tel el Kadi.

The plain below us is studded with Bedouin camps, and a host of sites are spread before us as if on a map. A little way south of the source of the Leddan, lies the site of ancient Daphneh, close to that clump of trees which are called Asjar Difneh. East of the site are some mills driven by the Banias, they are called Tawahin Difneh, the Mills of Difneh. Just above those Mills are some white buildings, which probably mark the site of Judah upon Jordan, towards the sunrising, which was the spot where the borderline of the tribe of Naphtali ended. Joshua 19:34. The present name of the place is Es Sayid Yehoodah—Lord Judah. Dr. Thomson in his “Land and the Book” has identified it with the place referred to by Joshua, and has given good reasons for doing so. It would be tedious to give all the names of the camps of the Ghawaraneh,

so I will only mention Mansura, Sheikh Hareib and Sheikh Yusuf, the latter being given to that large mound not far south of the place where the Banias and the Leddan flow into the Hasbani, which is the true Jordan—if we would be geographical. Several travellers have noticed the buffalos in this region and identified the animal with the Unicorn of the Book of Job. Dr. Thomson, however, and not without reason, thinks the animal to be the behemoth of Job.

A great number of those beautiful birds, the Bee Eater are found in the valley. They do great damage to the hives of honey bees which are seen in great numbers at Mansura and Sheikh Hareib. Southeast of our standing point, we see the beautiful little Lake of Merom, lying at the foot of that mountain range, whose features are reflected from its surface. It is surrounded by an almost impassable thicket of canes and reeds, and it is probable that no human being, with the exception of Mr. MacGregor (Rob Roy) who explored it some time before our visit, ever floated on its surface.

A great number of water fowl of all sorts are found in its bosom, where they are secure from the predator—MAN! But let us push on, or we will never reach the city of refuge. The beautiful scenery is soon hid from our view by the overspreading branches of the oaks and terebinths which grow on both sides of the track. Now they are passed and we are crossing a plateau, some parts of which seem overgrown with crops of thistles. Through this plain of Zaananin the boundary line of Naphtali passed, when Palestine was still the possession of our nation.

But here we are at Kudeis, the Kedesh Naphtali of the Bible. Here we find the Captain and Corporal waiting for us. After the selection of a suitable spot, the tents are pitched. There are interesting ruins at this place, which show that it was no unimportant place in former times. The most interesting are those of the temple which has several remains of sculpture.

In a niche in the building is a sculpture of a person dressed in a toga and armed with a lance. On the lintel of a gateway there is the figure of an eagle, on another a human bust which may be that of the deity to whom the building was dedicated. There are many sarcophagi lying about, some of them very beautifully worked, with sculptured ornaments, figures holding up garlands, etc. For further details I must refer you to Captain Wilson's Letters and to the beautiful photographs of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

We left the residence of the son of Abinoam next morning. I was allowed to accompany the Captain and Corpl. I stayed behind for some minutes in order to give some parting orders to the muleteers. In the meantime the Captain and Corporal had reached the top of the hill west of our camp. As I was riding up the hill to join them, my horse stumbled over a prostrate column, fell—and threw me over his head and against the pieces of another. Happily neither of us was at all hurt, and on rejoining the Captain who had seen the accident and had thought that I was sure to have some

of my limbs broken, I was asked whether I had learned horsemanship in a circus. I had not, nor could I attribute my escape to any gymnastic dexterity of my own, and I felt, as I have often felt on similar occurrences, that I have been guarded by angels. Involuntarily the beautiful lines of Spencer rise fresh in my memory:

“And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh, the exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace
That blessed angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, —to serve His wicked foe.

“How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant
Against fowle fiends to ayd us militant.
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love; and nothing for reward:
OH! why should heavenly God to man have such regard?”

There are remains of handsome buildings amongst the houses, and the place was once fortified. Leaving the spot we passed a village—MUGHARABEH—as Algerians who settled here some years ago.

The houses were covered with thatch, a roofing never or rarely seen in the Holy Land. Several hedges of the prickly pear grew about the place.

We descended into Wady Muaddumiyyed, after watering our horses at a stream, riding along the romantic glen with its precipices and cavernous cliffs towering on each side of our path. Later we met a tribe of gypsies, or Nawar, with their tents and household utensils laid on the backs of beasts of burden, whilst they were dragging after them a poor little kitten, whose piteous cries induced the Captain to rescue her from them. They were willing to part with her, and she accompanied us on our journeys.

After passing a Mezra'ah, or agricultural place, we went on towards Kefr Bur'am, where are the ruins of the ancient synagogues. The large one is in a better state of preservation than the smaller one, which is some distance to the north of the village. It is almost entirely destroyed and only the front entrance is standing. On the lintel is a long inscription in Hebrew, from which, however, nothing of importance respecting

the edifice can be learned. This building, it seems, was adorned with two rows of columns, the capitals appear to be of a Jewish character.

The larger synagogue stands in the village. There are three gateways or doors at the southern end. The ruin is inhabited by a family of the villagers, and one of the doors serves as an entrance, the others are blocked up with stones. The lintels are adorned with sculptures, that of the greater gateway is richly adorned with sculptures. The greater gateway—with vine leaves in scrolls, grapes, etc. That above the smaller door has a sort of network carved on it. The doorposts consist of single blocks of stone with moulding, and stand on end. Above the door which now forms the entrance to the dwelling, is a window, the stone above which has a triangular moulding on it. Part, and one column of the porch is still to be seen. The small court in front of these doors is about 1 foot 3 inches below the ground line. Above the larger gate there is a semicircular arch with rich mouldings. The courses are not all of the same height; those on the western side of the larger gate are most of them larger than those on the eastern side.

Of the row of columns at the northern end of the building two are in situ. The interior of the building is about 60 ft. long, and between 40 and 50 ft in breadth. It is divided into five partitions by four rows of columns. There are two small windows in the front of the edifice which looks southward. Of the smaller synagogue, the only part still erect are the door posts and lintel, on which is the Hebrew inscription which begins with the words, "Peace be upon this dwelling place."

The interior, which was only divided into three parts by two rows of columns, is about 50 ft. long. The lintel is richly ornamented with sculpture. Though it is now much defaced, it seems to represent two animals lying on either side of a lily.

There are other remains of synagogues at Meiron, Nebartein, El Jish, and other places. They were probably all covered with flat roofs, covered with earth and pressed down with rollers. The latitude of Kefr Bur'am is 33 degrees, 2, 50; the longitude—35, 25, 36.

At Garon there are extensive ruins, amongst others, those of an ancient church between 80 and 90 ft. long, and from 50 to 60 ft. in width. It is described in the "Land and the Book."

We went northwards towards Hunin. After we had passed the place we met a Maronite priest at the head of a marriage procession. We at first took him to be a Syrian ecclesiastic, and Capt. Warren sent me after him to ask whether he had any message for the Syrian Bishop at Jerusalem. He did not much relish the idea of being considered a Syrian, but still he was civil and sent his salaams to the prelate.

Towards evening we reached Tibnin. This place is the residence of the Head or Emir of the Metualis. The castle is not very ancient. The inhabitants of the place have not a very good character, and we had to keep a sharp look out lest any of our things

should walk off. The young man who came with us from Rashaya, had an attack of ague—but we spent a night here. The history of the fortress is interesting.

It was built in 1107 by Hugh of St. Omer, the year after Tortosa was taken by Raymond of Thoulouse. It was called Toron by that nobleman, Hugh, and he made it the point from whence he used to issue forth, attack and lay waste the district round Tyre, which was still in the hands of the Muslims. After the disastrous defeat and captivity of the coward Lusignan at the battle of Tiberias, the fortunes of the place were changed. It was besieged and taken by Salah ed Din, or Saladin. The warriors of the 3rd Crusade laid siege to it in 1197, but this effort to regain it was futile, and they gave up the job after seven weeks.

The year after the siege and capture of Damietta, 1215 A.D., it, and several other strongholds, were dismantled by Sultan Muaddem in A.D. 1219 to prevent the Christians again taking possession of it.

They got the place, however, and kept it till the year 1266, when the barbarous Egyptian, Bibars, at the head of the Mamelukes, again wrested it from their grasp, after the fall of Safed. Since then it has ceased to occupy a prominent place in history. The Metualis are a very exclusive people. They consider everything touched by a person who is not of the same religion as they are, as defiled—and they pretended that the cistern, from which we drew water, was likewise defiled.

Next morning the Captain, Corpl. McKenzie and I started towards Kabrecha, leaving Corpl. Cock to go on to Kala'at Ishkif. After we had left Tibnin, we noticed a weeping willow in a valley on our left. These trees are not often seen in this country.

Kabrecha is surrounded by woods, and in the village itself there are the ruins of a small temple, the columns stand amongst the houses. We could hear of no other ruins in the neighbourhood, but were shown an old Arabic inscription, of which a squeeze was taken. We took a guide from this place to show us the road towards the Castle of Belfort. He led us wrong, for he took us to the brow of the hill overhanging a wady that runs into the Litani, and told us that we would have to get down to it, but he did not choose to show us the way—so we dismissed him and found a path leading down through the thickets of laurel or bay-Ghar. (Trafalgar means the Laurel Cape, and it is said that when Lord Nelson lay dying, he smiled when he was told the meaning of the word).

We crossed the stream and the road led us for some time along the mountainside till we reached the Litani, which rolls its bluish-green waters in a bed of white cretaceous rock. We crossed it by a bridge, and soon after overtook and passed Corpl. Cock and our baggage mules.

We hastened on to Belfort which we reached shortly before sunset. The old fortress stands on an isolated hill about 1,000 ft. above the plain. Just below it on the east, the Leontes rushes through a magnificently savage gorge and, seen from the hills to the

west of Merj Ayoun, the castle seems to hang on the very brink of the beetling precipice. A couple of very large hawks flew about in circles high overhead, screaming as we rode up the western side of the hill.

Arrived at the top, the Captain and Corporal went to examine the interior of the fort, whilst I stayed outside with the horses in order to look out for our mules. The tower at the southwestern angle of the structure is a splendid piece of masonry. The stones look as if they are the plates on the back of the shell of some gigantic tortoise. The space between the moat of the castle, where some tobacco was growing during our visit, and the outer wall which was fortified with round towers, is occupied with what were probably dwellings.

It is certain that a castle must have stood on this spot from the most remote ages, but the date of its erection is unknown. In the history of the Crusades it is often mentioned, William of Tyre in 1179 speaks of it as a Frank Castle. In the year 1190 it was surrendered to Salah ed Din, but in 1240 it was again restored to the Christians, as were many other holy places including Jerusalem, through the influence and energy of Richard, Duke of Cornwall under a treaty with Ismail Sultan of Damascus. The Templars having bought it and Sidon in 1260, they retained possession of it till it was taken in 1268, by Bibars, who two years before had captured Tibnin. The garrison, after a few days of vain resistance, surrendered with discretion. The women and children were sent to Tyre, and the men enslaved. The castle re-garrisoned and furnished with a Cadi and Imams. Though Arab authors mention it after this, hardly anything is known of its subsequent history. It is now desolate, an uninhabited ruin, but the tanks still hold water, and the inhabitants of the village at the foot of the hill, often climb the steep ascent to water their cattle or fill their water jars.

The next day was Sunday, and it was first intended to stay there, but it began to rain during the night, continuing on Sunday morning, so we were obliged to leave. Captain Warren, Corpl. Cock and the luggage went on to Jib Jinain, passing the Natural Bridge, Corpl. McKenzie and I going to Hasbaya in order to get the baggage we left there before we started for Baniyas the preceding week.

Descending to the Litani, which rushes along a romantic gorge about 1500 ft. lower than the Castle, we crossed it. A traveller was sitting close to the old bridge as we passed, and he and his attendants were attentively watching the gambols of the river as it dashed on in its wild career. We now began to ascend the hills on the east of the stream. The rain had ceased, but now it began to fall with fresh vigour, yet I could not help checking my mule to take a farewell look at the old Castle.

Standing on the side of the yawning gulf, its outlines being sharply defined against the masses of dark rain-clouds which obscured the western sky, and with the Leontes rushing in the rocky chasm 1500 ft. below, the view I obtained, and the impression its frowning ruins left on my memory, defy description. We rode on to the top of the hills, and then descended to the plain of Ijon—Merj Ayoun.

The pretty plain is about six miles in length, and two in breadth, sloping gradually towards the south. At the north end there is a great mound called Tel Dibbin. It is the site of an ancient city, perhaps of the city Ijon, which was taken by Benhadad about 950 B.C., and again by Tiglath-Pileser about 750 B.C. See I Kings 15:20, II Kings 15:29.

When we reached Hasbaya, the rain had ceased and we were warmly welcomed by our friends of Pastor Costa's family. In the afternoon we attended the Arabic Service in the little Church. There is a school for Syrian females in this town founded by the noble Mrs. Bowen Thompson—The Ellesmere School. Our visit was during the vacation and the teacher was absent at Zahleh. After the service we found that it had begun to rain again, though not very heavily.

During some of the showers the sun was shining, and I saw one of the most beautiful rainbows that can be described, or rather one that cannot be described. One end of the arch was standing amongst the olive trees in the valley to the east of the town, and the other high on the hills above. The seven colours, reflected against the verdure of the vineyards behind, were extremely beautiful.

A great part of the town was laid in ruins during the dreadful massacre of 1860, and we were horrified by the accounts we heard of the dreadful slaughter. We succeeded in obtaining mules the next morning, though after much difficulty. We were much assisted by a young man who had formerly been a pupil in the Diocesan Boys School on Mt. Zion.

Leaving Hasbaya and our kind friends, who had prepared beds for us in a side chamber of the little Church the night before, we hastened on to Jib Jinain. We passed Rashaya al Fokah, high up on the hills on our right as we passed up Wad et Taym and Neby sufa was seen on our left. It was sunset very soon, and we jogged on in the dark, enquiring at every village whose lights shone across our road whether this was Jib Jinain.

Reaching our destination at last, we found our party anxiously waiting for us, for they had not had any food since we left them at Kala'at Ishkif, with the exception of some grapes they had obtained from a vineyard they passed. They had no money to buy food either, for all was in the box we brought down from Hasbaya. Happily we had brought both money and food. Bread was the only thing wanting, so Corpl. McKenzie and I were at once sent in search of the staff of life. We were directed to a house where we would get what we wanted. The inmates were asleep, but we roused them, and were invited to enter. They had no bread ready, but offered to make some for us. Whilst it was being baked we sat and conversed with the owner of the house who seemed to be an intelligent man. At last, after about half an hour, the bread was ready and we left. The loaves were in thin unleavened wafer-like sheets about a foot in diameter. This sort of bread is very good when fresh, but not very nice when stale, and one must eat a lot of it before one is satisfied.

There is another sort of bread about the same size, but leavened and in thicker loaves. This satisfies much sooner than the other, hence the Arabic proverb, "A span of the thick, rather than it yard of the thin."

The Arabs often use proverbs in their daily conversation. I will give a few specimens out of a collection of more than two hundred now in my hands. Some of them are remarkable:

"Two persons will not have enough—a searcher for knowledge, and the searcher for wealth.

"I love you, oh my bracelets, but not as I love my wrists.

"Remember the wolf, and prepare a stick.

"I will water you with promises, oh Cummin.

"The most wicked man is a learned man who makes no good use of his knowledge.

"Seek a neighbour before a house, and a friend before a road.

"A thousand lawsuits tore a shirt.

"If you strike, hurt, and if you feed, see that you satisfy.

"Tell a murderer that he will be killed and a whoremonger that he will become poor, even if not now, later.

"The kissing of hands is mockery of the beards.

"Learn sorcery, but do not practice it; it is better to know a thing than to be ignorant.

"A near neighbour is better than a distant brother.

"Take care of your friend, even if he is in the flames.

"I love my friend, even though he is a black slave.

"Sour food is better than sour words.

"The beast of burden burst its stomach (with eating) it only hurt itself.

"An eloquent cock begins to crow, whilst yet in the egg.

"A learned man without works is like clouds without water.

"The Cadi (Judge) of the children hanged himself."

Not a very wise act certainly, but I think that I have quoted proverbs enough for a time.

Next morning Corpl. Cock went with part of the baggage to Aitat. Some of the mules were sent back to Hasbaya, and the youth from Rashaya, who had accompanied us on our journey, went with them. We had been suffering from ague for some days past.

The Captain, Corpl. McKenzie and I proceeded up the Beka'ah inquisitively

examining the Mountain range to the east of us in search of ancient temples. The Captain was so fortunate as to discover one in a recess of the mountains, in a village called Eth Thukweh, and we at once went to visit it.

The villagers told us that no Frank had ever visited the place before. After the ruin was examined, we left the place, Capt. Warren and the Corporal going on to visit the ruined temple at Mejdal Anjar, whilst I joined the mules, which were now seen moving slowly along the plain, and went with them to Hosh al Ganam. Reaching the French omnibus road to Damascus, we crossed the Litani by the bridge. Striking northwards we passed a great many villages. The people were threshing and the Noredj was everywhere. Some of them had pieces of lava stuck in their bottoms instead of pieces of iron or flint.

Zahleh was left far away on our left, at the mouth of a deep wady of the Lebanon, whose snow capped summit was seen towering to the sky to the N.W. of the place where we were.

The muleteers did not know the road to Hosh al Ganam.

Some people told us that the Litani ran in a straight course to the place we wished to reach, and that we should therefore only follow it.

When we reached the stream we found that we had been misinformed, for it winds considerably, so I resolved to strike out with the mules in the general direction pointed out to us, and succeeded in reaching the place some time after sunset. We found the Captain and Corpl. McKenzie already there. Next morning we left the mules to follow, and pushed on for Baalbec.

The columns of the splendid temple soon rose above the horizon, but did not seem to wish for our visit, for we rode on for several long and tedious hours without their appearing to become either taller or nearer. A great many camels were grazing on the roadside. Seen at a distance with their heads on the ground and their outstretched necks bent downwards, they appeared to be really graceful animals, and quite different from what they are when in any other attitude.

At last we reached a pretty little edifice supported on columns of red granite, which have evidently been brought from another building. In the centre are the remains of a tomb, and to the south of this a sarcophagus standing on one end and serving as a mihrab. The stones which rest on the pillars were bound together with iron cramp, some of which could yet be seen. Captain Warren climbed to the top of the building and found that an old sarcophagus had been made use of as one of the stones.

There is an old Arabic inscription almost obliterated above the pillars on the northern side. This curious little mausoleum is called Kubbet Durus, the cupola, or dome of Durus. A village in the vicinity is also called Durus. Leaving this place we approached the City of the Sun, but before we entered, we went to see the immense stone in the quarry S.E. of the town. There it lies—spreading its huge carcase and

length of 69 ft. like the dismasted hulk of some vessel, or the body of a whale cast ashore by the storm. One feels as if he had suddenly dwindled into the size of a fly when near it. The first look at it inspires one with a feeling of awe and respect for the architect or engineer who would undertake to move the immense mass, or to build with such blocks. This individual stone is unfinished, the lower part being still attached to the rock.

We now entered Baalbec, and were led by a native of the place to the temples. We rode through the dark and deep arches which support the platform, and found ourselves in a mighty passage or hall, very long, the sides of large stones and the arch semicircular. On each side of us we noticed gates or doorways leading into similar halls. They were blocked up with large stones, and the place was encumbered with heaps of manure which gave a smell to the air.

Riding on we suddenly noticed a face, black with age, looking down upon us from the centre of the arch overhead. Was it the countenance of a ghoul, or of one of the jan, who, as the natives say, haunt the ruins? It was neither, being an ornamental bust carved on one of the keystones, and we noticed several others further on. Emerging at last from the passage, we suddenly found ourselves at the northwest angle of the magnificent Temple of the Sun. (The small Temple)

Dismounting in the great quadrangle, the Captain and Corpl. McKenzie went to explore the ruins, whilst I stayed with the horses, waiting for the muleteers. I was surrounded with the most wonderful remains of ancient architecture, and I felt quite bewildered as my eye roved over the place. North of the place were the remains of a beautiful semicircular chamber ornamented with richly sculptured niches and cornices.

The Temple itself, though a ruin, is still a beautiful edifice and must have been incomparably superb when entire. Many of the columns are still erect. They are of the Corinthian order, and so tall that one shudders as he gazes up at the architraves. (The height of these columns is about 70 feet, including the architraves, the diameter of the shafts about seven feet three inches, the intercolumnar distances—eight feet seven inches.)

Perhaps the most striking feature in the great quadrangle is a row of six out of nineteen most exquisitely executed Corinthian columns which once stood ranged like soldiers on the southern side of the great Temple. There was a similar colonnade on the other side. One of our muleteers, who had been to Bozrah, remarked that they were much like the four columns which stand amongst the ruins of the temple there. The middle stone of the lintel of the gateway of the smaller Temple slipped out of its place during an earthquake many years ago. The same earthquake destroyed many columns which were standing at that time, and which one of our muleteers, who had visited Palmyra, remembers to have seen erect before that event.

The smaller Temple which was dedicated to Jupiter is in a better state of preservation

than the large one. When Baalbec was taken by the Mohammedans, the portico temples, etc., were connected and surrounded by a wall and turned into a castle. This wall renders it very difficult for the visitor to gain a good idea at the first glance of the temples as they must have looked when newly built, or when restored by Antoninus Pius in the second century (as long Greek inscriptions on the pedestals of some of the twelve massive columns which adorned the portico of the great temple teach the curious about such matters.) The inscriptions are high up in the wall and it is with great difficulty that they can be got at and read.

The Portico itself was about 180 feet long, and a magnificent staircase led up to it. The platform is 880 feet in length from east to west, and the width of the central court is about 400. The size of the stones is enormous, some of the shafts of the columns are more than six feet in diameter, and the entablatures more than thirteen feet thick. The shafts of the columns are, as may be imagined, not of one piece, but formed out of huge cylinders of stone and set one upon another with the nicest art.

NOTE:

The entire body or cella of the smaller Temple is still erect. The colonnade which ran round it originally consisted of 46 columns, 15 on each side, and 8 at each end. Of these, only 15 are still standing—9 on the north, and 6 on the west. The southern side of the edifice is stripped of the columns which adorned it. Their fragments lie about forming a very picture of desolation. One solitary individual of their number leans backwards against the temple wall, as if aghast at the terrible destruction. In its fall it has dashed in several stones of the building, but the pieces which form its shaft have held together as firmly as if they form one single stone.

The height of these columns is about 65 feet, their diameter about six feet three inches at the base.

The side posts of the portal of this Temple are monoliths. The portal is 42 feet high, and 21 feet wide, an elaborately sculptured border runs round it. On the lintel is the carved figure of an eagle—the bird that can gaze at the sun. On the inside of the wall on one side of the gateway there is a winding staircase inside one of the walls on one side of the gateway by which one can crawl to the top of the wall.

The centre stone of the lintel is suspended overhead in a way which makes one quite nervous as one looks up to it. It dropped out of its place as related above, but the rent caused by the earthquake closed in time to catch it before falling lower, and it now hangs by its upper edges which are jammed in between the other stones of the lintel.

All wonder at these large blocks ceases however, when the visitor goes to see the Trilithon, or three stones at the northwest angle. I visited them on the second day of our visit with Sergeant H. Birtles, who had joined us from Jerusalem, a few hours after our arrival. In the morning the Sergt. and I rode out together through the town. In a street we found a statue in a sitting posture with a lion crouching at its feet. It

was clothed in flowing garments, and probably intended to represent a female figure. The head had been carried off by some French visitors, but traces of the hair was yet seen, flowing down the neck. The statue was lying on its back.

We rode on through the remains of the once populous and beautiful city. The ruins were most of them Saracenic, and anywhere else they would have excited much interest, but here they are eclipsed by the magnificent ruins already mentioned. Passing a fountain—Ain es Sultan—one of the sources of the Litani, we cantered up the hills S.E. of the city. Returning, we again visited the great stone in the quarry, and then hastened back to the temples, which the natives simply call Kala'at Baalbec—the Castle of Baalbec. Then we went to see the three stones, the Trilithon.

This extraordinary course is almost long enough to make a stretcher for Awaj ibn Enak (one of the giants). The measurements given by Dr. Robinson in his "Researches" are as near the mark as possible. He gives them as follows: One is 64 feet long, another 63 eight inches, and the remaining one 63 feet; the whole—190 feet eight inches. That these monsters were not hewn where they lie is proved by the fact that under them another course is visible above ground, their lengths are different, but they are all between 12 and 13 feet in width and thickness. They are all squared, polished, and fitted together so exactly that the joints can scarcely be detected. They must have been moved and raised to their places by machines, of which one can hardly form an idea nowadays. Some people think that the edifice of which these stones were to form a part was never finished, but it is also conjectured that the Temples still standing were built from the ruins of this.

Passing through a hole, or doorway, knocked through this great course, we gained the other side; at a little distance rises another ancient wall, much resembling some parts of that surrounding the Haram Area at Jerusalem, and probably of the same age. The stones are very large, but they appear quite insignificant compared with the three monsters just described. Some of them have rudely cut inscriptions or flourishes on them—they appear to be Arabic, but it is difficult to say what they are. Amongst others I believe that I could make out the usual invocation of Allah, which had evidently been roughly knocked into the stone by some wandering Muslim.

We climbed into an arch at the eastern end of the great course, and found ourselves in a spacious chamber, connected with, and as it appears, parallel to the long passage or portal by which we gained access to the great quadrangle. In this chamber a native weaver of cotton spinner had set up his workshop—and the walls were in many places hung with the tapestry of that artist, that layeth hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.

On returning to the Temples I ceased wondering that the present inhabitants of Baalbec should suppose that these mighty piles were the work of genii, employed by Solomon! The name "Baalbec" does not occur in Holy Writ, but there are good reasons for supposing that it is the Baal-Gad of Scripture. As these reasons are

plainly and conclusively stated by Dr. Thompson in his admirable work, "The Land and the Book," I shall take the liberty of quoting his words. He says:

"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 neighbourhood of Baalbek. In the Valley of Lebanon, under Hermon, and the entrance into Hamath; these are the geographical indications. That it is in the valley of Lebanon cannot 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 conspicuous in ancient Biblical geography, was the province at the north end of the Buka'ah drained by the sources of the Orontes, the river of Hamath. This province was reached from the west or seaboard 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 34:7,8. This, says Moses, shall be your north border, from the great sea ye shall point out for you Mount Hor, and from Mount Hor ye shall point put 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 Buka'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 anyone ride from Baalbek northward to Lebweh or Ain, or, better still to Kamina Hermel, and look off toward Hamath, and he will be struck with the propriety of the phrase, 'Entrance into Hamath'. From this standpoint, the valley of the Buka'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 neighbourhood 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 honour 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 anything 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 travelling up and down and across that whole region for 25 years, and studying every ancient site in it, I find no other Baal-Gad and ask for none." Thus for Dr. Thompson.

The identity of Baal-Gad and Baalbec being proved, it surely behoves us to cast a glance at the history of the place. Little or nothing is known of it previous to the Christian era. As already stated, the northern boundary line of Israel's inheritance runs through Baal-Gad. See Josh. 11:17, 13:5. Then further on in the prophetic books, we find the names of Bakath Aven, evidently the plain of Heliopolis, and Beth

Aven—probably a synonym with the name of Baal-Gad. The inscriptions on two of the columns adorning the portals record that Antoninus Pius, who reigned from A.D. 138—161 built the Temples, though it is a matter of controversy whether he did anything more than restore edifices which already existed. When paganism was abolished, the Temple of the Sun was turned into a Christian Church. It subsequently fell into the hands of the caliphs. In the eleventh century we find that it belonged to the Sultan of Aleppo and afterwards to the Sultan of Damascus.

In 1401, the savage hordes of Tamerlane pillaged the beautiful city. An earthquake in 1759 destroyed a great part of the buildings, as did also that of 1837. The present population of the once crowded city has been computed at 600 souls.

In the afternoon we left Baalbec, though with feelings of reluctance; I think that weeks could be spent amongst the ruins without one's feeling tired. Kubbet Durus was soon left behind, and we encamped at a village in the open plain. Next day I was sent with the mules to encamp somewhere on the Damascus road. I went on with them to Khan Murad. We passed Zachleh, where there is another British Syrian School, and later Shtura and Ain Mixeh.

Taking a farewell glance at the plain of Bakath Aven and the towering heights of Shemi, (Hermon, Sirion or Zion—Deut. 3:9, 4:48), we turned off the carriage road and encamped on the roof of the khan situated on the northern side of the deep glen. On the succeeding morning we proceeded to Aitat, passing several groves of snobar pines—*Pinus Orientalis*. There are innumerable fossils among the sedimentary rocks in this vicinity. After staying here for some days, it appeared that the cold mountain air did not suit my constitution, which is accustomed to a warmer climate—I was attacked with dysentery.

Captain Warren therefore saw good to send me back to Jerusalem with Sergt. Birtles. Riding down to Beyrout one evening, I reached the city towards midnight. The next morning I was attacked by a severe fit of ague. During the time that I was here I visited one of my former schoolmates, HB from Jerusalem, who was studying at the National College of the patriotic Mr. Bistaneh, now Butros Effendi at Bistaneh. Mr. Bistaneh Sr. was not at home, but his son Saleem courteously gave me leave to see my friend.

Under the rule of the Christian Emperors of the Roman Empire, Beyrout was one of the most celebrated seats of learning. Its fame declined since then, and totally disappeared, but has since then revived, as anyone may see who visits the institution of Mr. Bistaneh, or the other colleges in the city. The scenery round Beyrout is too beautiful for description. Its history is interesting, but its origin is enveloped in obscurity. Some suppose it to be the Berothai of II Samuel 8:8, or the Berothai mentioned in Ezekiel 47:16.

A French itinerary to the Holy Places in Palestine—Guide Indicateur des Sanctuaires et Lieux Historiques de la Terre-Sainte Jerusalem, 1869—says on page 680, “Selon

Flavius, Beyrouth on Botrys, ville phenicienne aurait ete batie environ 910 ans avant Jesus Christ par Ithobaal, roi de Tyr et de Sidon.” In a footnote the author mentions Guaresimus, William of Tyre, and Josephus as his authorities for making this statement.

Dr. Wilson supposes that the city derived its name from Beruth, wife of Elion, who dwelt at Byblus Jebail; while Bochert and others think that the god Baal of the Baal berith mentioned in Judges 8:33, was the deity worshipped in Berith or Beyrouth.

It is possible that Shalmaneser who subjected Phoenicia in the year 720 B.C. did not spare Beyrouth any more than Nebuchadnezzar in 606 or Alexander the Great in 330 B.C.

The city was adorned by Herod the Great. Under the rule of Augustus it became a Roman colony and received the name of Julia Augusta Felix Berytus.

Agrippa embellished the city with baths, theatres, porticos and colonnades, the fragments of whose columns lie scattered about. When Vespasian was proclaimed Emperor, he received the deputies who came to congratulate him in this town. After the destruction of Jerusalem, Titus rested here for some days and many Jews perished in the theatres. About A.D. 362 the basilica was destroyed by Julian the Apostate. In 614 it was plundered by Chosroes, and after him it fell into the hands of the Saracens. Now comes the romantic era of the Crusades.

It was taken by Baldwin 1st—1111 A.D. after a siege of ten months. Saladin re-took it 76 years later. Here he received the crowns of Cairo and Damascus, and made Beyrouth the capital of Syria.

The King of Cyprus set out to besiege the city in 1197 but found that the Muslims had evacuated the place, leaving a great deal of spoil behind them and 19,000 captives who were released by the Crusaders. Though thus restored to the Christians by Almersi de Lusignan, yet it did not remain long in their hands, for they lost it again in 1290, and never regained possession of it—for by the fall of Acre a year later, the Christian dominions in Syria and Palestine came to nought.

Little more remains to be told of its history. In 1421 the Franciscan monks obtained possession of the old convent. In 1571 they left Beyrouth, not returning till 1829. In the 17th century it fell into the hands of the Druzes. The Emir Fakhr ed Deen fortified the town and built a palace. This prince died whilst defending his territory against Sultan Amurath IV. It was taken by Ibrahim Pasha in 1831 but the Sultan regained possession of it, being assisted by the English and the Austrians. We must not forget to mention the noble work of evangelization begun by the American missionaries in Syria. Their labours have been remarkably blessed, though they had to undergo much opposition and may count some martyrs amongst their converts.

Let anyone who doubts the truth of this statement read the memoir of Asaad Esh Shidiak, the firstfruits of Syria; or better still let him, if he can, get acquainted with

the native Protestants, and he will be convinced of its correctness. ‘Youth’s Dayspring. Boston. 1850. July. page 105’

The cemetery of the American Mission lies near the S.W. corner of the city, just outside the walls. There lies the body of the beloved missionary, Fisk, the pioneer and founder of the Syrian Mission. Plain white slabs also inform the visitor that Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hebard, Mrs. Nalcott, and many others were there gathered to their long repose, and in that retired and secure retreat await in hope the summons of the resurrection morn. It is a sweet and solemn spot. There many a tear falls, and thence many a prayer ascends, and the serene, calm countenance of the returning visitant speaks of communion with God and thoughts of heaven.

Mrs. Bowen Thompson, the devoted Foundress of the British Syrian Mission amongst Females, entered on her work in 1860. Since our visit she has been called away from the scene of her earthly labours, but the work she began in faith is still carried on in the same spirit and still continues to tell on the moral and religious conduct of the inhabitants of Syria.

Embarking on a Russian steamboat, extremely filthy, we were rolled into the harbour of Acre on Sunday morning. As the vessel only stayed for a short time, we could not leave it. The figure this fortress makes in history is so well known to every student that it is unnecessary to say anything about it here.

Towards evening the anchor was dropped in the roads at Jaffa. We landed, and rode to Ramleh the same evening. Next morning before sunrise we left the place and went on to Jerusalem. About noon we halted on Godfrey’s heights. The banners of the old Crusaders are no longer seen, but in their place float the standards of the new Crusade, where the motto “Jehovah Nissi,” is seen streaming to the wind, over the Sanatorium of the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews on our left. The dove and olive leaf of the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth flies in an azure field on our right. The plain words of the Leader of this Crusade are: “Whosoever is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth.” Reader! on which side are you?

Come labour on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
“Go, work today.”

Come! labour on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,
To young and old the gospel-gladness bear,
Redeem the time—its hours too quickly fly,
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on,
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie;
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

END OF THE SECOND PART