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Furthermore, the spontaneous, and to a great extent, *unconscious* processes of life, are and must be mysterious. The method of genius—one of the highest forms of life—in the production of a Hamlet, or Paradise Lost, or the Transfiguration, has not yet been *explained*, and the method of human nature, by which it constructs for itself its wonderful medium of communication—by which it externalizes the whole inner world of thought and feeling—cannot be rendered plain like the working of a well poised and smoothly running machine throwing off its manufactures.

Simply asking then of him who would render all things clear by rendering all things shallow, *by whom, when, where and how* the Greek language, for example, was invented, and by what historical compact it came to be the language of the nation, we would turn away to that nobler, more exciting, and more rational theory, which regards language to be “a necessary and organic product of human nature, appearing contemporaneously and parallel with the activity of thought.” This theory of the origin of language throws light over all departments of the great subject of philology, finds its gradual and unceasing verification as philological science advances under a spur and impulse derived from this very theory, and ends in that philosophical insight into language, which, after all, is but the clear and full intuition of its mystery—of its life.

## ARTICLE V.

### JOURNEY FROM ALEPPO TO MOUNT LEBANON BY JEBLE EL-AALA, APAMIA, RIBLA, ETC.

By Rev. William M. Thomson, American Missionary in Syria.

*Aug. 27th, 1846.* Having accomplished the objects of my visit, and made all the necessary preparations for my journey back to Lebanon, I left Aleppo this morning at 10 o'clock. For the first few hours the road led over low, rocky hills, entirely deserted, naked and barren. We encountered a drove of more than 500 female camels, and my companions were not a little rejoiced when we were fairly rid of their wild and savage masters. In two and a half hours' rapid riding we came to a ruined khan, with the mellifluous name of 'Asil (boney). The only living things, in sight, were flocks of pigeons, which appear

to have taken possession of the premises, or at least, were congregated there—possibly to be near the only fountain of water in this region. This fountain is a curiosity in its way—being conducted to the khan by an artificial underground canal from, no one knows where, and carried off in the same way, to a destination equally uncertain. The canal is certainly an ancient work, as is also the Roman road, which led over the hills by this route to Antioch in olden times. We came to a village called Oorim or Urim in four and a half hours. Here is a building twenty-five feet square—constructed of heavy, smooth cut stones, with a Roman arched vault—and on one corner a tower, built solid throughout. The indications of great antiquity cannot be mistaken, but as it does not appear to have been either a church, temple or mosque, the particular design of the edifice is a matter for speculation. Probably it was a guard-house with a watchtower. Its elevated position, commanding a view of the desert in all directions, favors the supposition. Urim is a small village constructed out of the ruins of what must have been a considerable town. I felt rather nervous while riding amongst these ruins, to find myself perpetually in danger of falling into some of the cisterns, by which the whole rocky surface is pierced and *honey-combed*. Most of these cisterns are now “broken,” but they tell of a large and industrious community, and many other relics bear a like testimony. There are no fountains in this region of chalky hills, and the dirty denizens of these wretched hamlets drink the horrible decoction of the cisterns, all alive as it is, with little pink-colored worms. In five and a half hours is Urim the Little, “without an inhabitant,” but *with* a well of living water, said to be 150 feet deep, and it may be so, for our ropes would not reach the water. At the end of six and a half hours we came to Ussack or Asak, also deserted. Here we left the cretaceous hills, and entered upon the great plain of Keftin. This plain is very extensive, dotted with villages, and enriched with splendid olive groves. It stretches by Maanat Naaman to Hamah, and includes Edlip Riha, Maarat Musrin, and several other considerable towns. It has the open desert on the east, and its western boundary is Jebel el-Aala and Armenaz. At seven and a half hours is el-Jeny—pronounced L’geny—a bustling place, crowded with cattle, for whose accommodation they have constructed an immense *tank*—it is empty now, and dry as an oven. In another hour and a half we passed Hazzany, surrounded with large fields of melons; and at the end of ten hours’ ride from Aleppo we reached Keftin. Our path led us a little to the south of the regular road to Antioch, and the general direction was nearly west.

This village of Keftin is inhabited by Druzes, and is the home of

our muleteers, whom we fortunately picked up in Aleppo. The old sheikh—Bu Aby Sherif Nâsif—received us with open arms, and the whole village quickly collected at his house to welcome a visitor from their brethren in Lebanon. I found a number of them had once lived in our part of the mountain, and one old man had passed the greater part of his life in Abieh, and was well acquainted with all our neighbors. Vague reports about the Druzes had reached me in various ways, but when in this region in 1840 I could ascertain nothing about them. They were then known only as Moslems, nor did they venture to declare themselves Druzes until within the last year. The occasion of their resuming their real name is curious. The old sheikh was so alarmed by the exaggerated reports of the destruction of his sect in Lebanon last year, that he made arrangements to flee, with all his people, to the Hauran for fear lest their fanatical Moslem neighbors would fall upon and annihilate them. Some one, however, advised him to make himself known to the British consul in Aleppo, which he did, and was so much encouraged by his reception, that he not only determined to remain where he was, but has openly declared himself a Druze, commenced repairing his house and enlarging his establishment in many ways; and is also endeavoring to recall his people who fled many years ago to Lebanon and the Hauran. The sheikh gave the following account of the cause of their flight: About thirty-five years ago the inhabitants of two Moslem villages—Armenaz and Kefr Nakherin—became involved in a deadly feud about some rustic Helen or other. The weaker party retired amongst the Druzes of Jebel el-Aala, who eagerly took up the quarrel, and attacked their enemies. When they came to the fight, however, the two Moslem parties—like man and wife in the fable—made peace, and both fell upon the Druzes. One thing led on to another, until the Moslems assembled from Antioch and all the region round, and waged a war of extermination against the poor Druzes of Jebel el-Aala. They were overpowered, their leader slain, and the whole population fled, first to Edlip and from thence dispersed some to Lebanon, others to Damascus, Wady Zeim and the Hauran. Sheikh Bshur was then all powerful in Lebanon, and he sent a detachment of his retainers under the command of Ibn Word to Edlip, and brought a large body of these fugitives to the Shûf, where they were quartered amongst their brethren. Comparatively few have returned to their ancient homes. They do not number above 500 fighting men in all, according to my list. The sheikh says there were then several thousand, and the numerous deserted villages on the mountain, confirm his statement. They reckon forty-nine villages, of which twenty-nine are entirely de-

serted, and the remainder but partially occupied. There is but little doubt, that the Druzes settled in Jeble el-Aala before any of them removed to Lebanon. Maanat en-Naaman, from whence the oldest families in Lebanon came, is in sight of Jeble el-Aala, and their settlements originally extended across the plain to that city.

This village of Armenaz, whose inhabitants figure in the above tragedy, gives name, according to Ibn Shiddad, to the mountain range south of Jeble el-Aala. From time immemorial it has been celebrated for its manufactory of glass—a remarkable fact. There is not another place in all Syria where glass is made.

Kefîin is eminently distinguished for its *pigeonries*—long buildings, very narrow and very tall—without a roof, and with but one low door, and that ordinarily walled up. The interior, from top to bottom, is full of “pigeon holes,” and thither thousands of a whitish gray pigeon resort to breed. They are extremely wild, and live abroad in the open plains. These birds may be seen at all hours of the day, going from and returning to these pigeonries, like bees to their hives. Great care is taken not to disturb them while breeding, and when the young are nearly ready to fly, they are abstracted during the night, and carried to Aleppo, and other cities, where they are highly prized. There were formerly seventy-two of these pigeon palaces in Kefîin—by far the best houses in the place—and some of them were fifty feet high. Most of them are now in ruins, but with returning prosperity they will be restored. I have neither seen nor read of this plan for rearing pigeons in any other region except around Aleppo.

I went this morning to see the *fair* at Maanat Nusrim, or Musrim, as it is often spelt. It is about six miles south of Kefîin, and is favorably noticed by Ibn Siddad, Ibn Shehny, and other Arabic historians. It figures largely in the early Moslem wars, and had then both castles and walls—at present it has neither, and not more than 3000 inhabitants. The numerous columns and other remains of antiquity, confirm the reports of its original importance. The *fair* was a sorry *affair*. Butter, honey, oil, poultry, salt, pepper, sugar, cotton and woollen cloths, and trinkets for *the* fare were spread out on the ground, in the public square of the town; and at another place were horses, mules, donkeys, sheep, goats, cows, etc. exhibited for sale. There was quite a collection of village beauties on the ground—for sale, too, I suppose. Man is everywhere and in all ages the same. “It is naught, it is naught, cried the buyer,” and the vociferation, protesting, swearing, quarrelling and chaffing of these earnest traders produced a babbling, *bablish* scene, truly oriental, and altogether worth the ride to behold. This fair is held only on Friday, but there is a circuit of

them, and the pedlars carry their wares from one to another in constant succession. Such things were once witnessed in England, and are common to this day in Ireland, and produced scenes far wilder and wickeder than this of Nusrim. Christianity has but a single representative in this town—a Greek from Edlip, and a dyer by trade.

In the afternoon I took a guide and set off to visit the ruins on Jebble el-Aala—a long rocky mountain which bounds the plain to the west of Keftin some five or six miles. Having climbed a rugged path for nearly an hour, we came to Kefe Arük. Here are very heavy buildings of large smooth cut stone, apparently the remains of ancient temples or churches, or both. A few Druze families live amongst these ruins. Two hours further on is Kefe Kuneiyeh, a thriving Moslem town of about 3000 inhabitants. From this place the road, bad enough everywhere, descended, by a horribly rocky path, into a sweet vale, on the different sides of which are three pleasant looking villages, Sardeen, Hutton, and Maraty es-Shilf. The water of this vale forms part of the brook el-Burah, and flows into the lake of Antioch. By a sharp ascent of half an hour, along a blind goat path, where we were obliged to walk and drag our horses after us, we gained the summit of Jebble el-Aala, near extensive ruins called Kirk Büzy. The remains resemble those of St. Simon, but present the appearance of greater antiquity. The smooth wrought stones are from two to ten feet long, and three feet high. Mortar is unknown, and the doors and windows are square. Indeed there is no approximation to an arch in this whole collection. The columns also are square, with plain, antique capitals, and what decorations appear, are in the Doric style. This place is utterly deserted, and has been time out of mind. Turning south-west we came in fifteen minutes to Külb Lousy. Here, amidst other ruins, is a grand church, or temple, in tolerable preservation. It is about 100 feet long, very lofty, and having a noble nave, handsome columns, cornice, with arches, capitals and other ornamental work of a mixed order, bearing some resemblance to the Corinthian style. There are many crosses carved in the walls in different places, and other figures, not probably of Christian origin. Here stands, and has stood for long solitary ages, this temple, solemn, grand, impressive, but without a worshipper. A few Druzes reside here, and the sheikh was particularly urgent to have us spend the night with him, but I had made other arrangements; and after taking a hasty glance at the remains, and the splendid prospect over the plain, and at the lake of Antioch, I passed on to Behiyû. This is an immense pile of ruins, ten minutes south of Külb Lousy, and “without inhabitants.” The only peculiarities in

these remains are their extent, the occurrence of arches, and of a curious kind of column, swelling out in the middle like a barrel, and tapering towards either end. It was now long after sunset, and gray twilight had let fall her melancholy mantle over these ragged relicts of olden times. The owl, and the bat, darted hither and thither in endless gyrations—the very ghosts of the departed—cleaving the air in a mysterious silence, or *jabbering* their *batish* dialect in the gloomy vaults of these dismal desolations. I wonder not that the superstitious peasants hurry by these ruins, and declare them to be peopled by whole troops of unblessed *jin*, and spirits of the lost. I found my own eyes wandering about in search of some superhuman apparition, and I verily believe it was a relief to get fairly out of these dark shadows, and breathe again the cool evening air of the unpolluted mountain top. As I passed away I noticed several niches, as if for statues or idols. There were many old cisterns also, and rock tombs, where bones of dead men did lie and mouldered back to dust, long, long ago. They are empty now. Yes, the very tombs are deserted.

In ten minutes we came to Kefe Kùleh, an inhabited village, in the midst, and constructed out of the same kind of ruins as those last described. One large building resembles a convent and bears the name; made originally out of ruins, it is itself a ruin, and has been no one knows how long. It was too dark for examination, and moreover it is a hopeless attempt to describe the hundredth part of the remains on Jeble el-Aala. Twenty minutes of rather nervous riding in the dark, brought us to Bshindelayeb, where we are spending the night with an old Druze shiekh, in a house built upon very ancient vaults, and in the identical room in which our acquaintances of the Jeonblat and Neckidiyeh shiekh's of Lebanon, lay concealed after the defeat of the sultan's troops by Ibrahim Pasha near Hamah in 1830. They sided against the pasha, and fled to this village for concealment. It is admirably adapted to the purpose—a wild retreat, a savage abode of semi-savage Druzes, to which no Frank had ever before penetrated. The path by which we reached this queer place, twisted and wound its way amongst rocks from ten to fifty feet high. Against these precipices it seemed often to run bolt up and stop, and yet it held on, creeping through narrow crevices, and dark, suspicious rents in the rocks until we emerged on to an open plain near the village. Perhaps in the daytime one might traverse these labyrinths without excitement, but in the night I found it awkward, and was well satisfied to reach the end of them. Besides break-neck precipices, whose proximity and depth are interesting subjects of speculation in the dark, we were surrounded by whole troops of jackals, whose wild

wail is my utter abomination at all times. Our guide also informed us that there were droves of wild hogs ranging over these hills, very dangerous to encounter, and which he appeared to dread far more than the bears and panthers which also abound. He assured me that the panthers (or tigers as they are called) are so numerous, that it is very difficult to preserve their dogs from them. The panthers are particularly fond of dog's flesh, and will snatch up and carry off the largest of them in a moment. I was acquainted with this fact in Lebanon, where the same kind of panther is found.

These hills, strange to say, are covered with olive trees left to grow wild, and clinging to rocks higher than themselves. They were probably planted by inhabitants, long since exterminated in the cruel wars and fearful desolations, which overturned these once flourishing towns and villages.

29th. Spent this morning in wandering over the ruins of this village. They are more extensive than I had supposed, and some of them, in very good preservation. Besides houses, palaces, temples and heavy walls, whose object and significance cannot now be determined, there are many sepulchral rooms well worth examination. I was particularly struck with one set of them cut in the hard lime rock, with an ornamented front at least twenty feet long, and twelve or fifteen high. It had demi columns and a plain Doric cornice from end to end, and below this, a wreath of leaves and flowers is supported on the horns of oxen. These sepulchral rooms are numerous, large and handsomely carved, and a few feet to the east of them, stands a solitary square column of a single stone, at least twenty-five feet high with niches in its sides for statues or images. To the south of these sepulchres is a large building, mostly standing, called *Seraiyet Melek el-Mebsha*, of whose royal majesty I could learn nothing but the name. This palace has a court in front of it about eighty feet square, made by cutting away the rock, and beneath this court, is an immense cistern forty or fifty feet deep, and of the size of the court, roof and all, of solid rock. It is still the grand reservoir for this, and other villages; nor has it ever been exhausted even in the dryest seasons. Having spent a busy morning amongst the ruins, I returned to the house of the sheikh where I found a bountiful breakfast waiting to be disposed of, and which the old sheikh pressed upon me with true Druze importunity. From the roof of his house, the north point of the lake of Antioch bore 320, south point, 311. Highest point of *Jeble Gauer Dag*, 331, of *Mt. Casius*, 251. Antioch is nearly west, but not visible on account of a projecting ridge of mountain.

In half an hour from this *Bshindelayeh*, direction nearly south, is

Kefr Maris, where are extensive ruins. The east end of a temple or large church, is nearly perfect, and the walls, columns and cornice of the remainder, are piled up in vast heaps, making it a difficult task to examine the details.

Here are numerous tombs like those described above, but with the addition in some cases of a covered court in front. The cover is made of large flat stones, supported upon columns. I noticed at this place a remarkable arch, constructed of stones about six feet long. It is very lofty, nearly round, and stands at present entirely alone, held together by its own weight, having neither wall nor abutment of any kind to rest against. Thus it has stood while long ages have rolled away, shaken but not shattered, by the rude earthquakes which have prostrated everything around it. We had time to examine but a very small part of the ruins and sepulchres of this interesting place, and after chatting a few minutes with the four or five Druze inhabitants, we passed on to the next village called Kokaniyeh, leaving large and tempting ruins unexplored on every side of our route. At Kokaniyeh many of the better sort of houses have double rows of columns in front like those in Jeble Simon. The handsome remains of a church form a conspicuous object. The walls and nave are nearly perfect, but the columns are all prostrate. Not far from the church is a building altogether unique in its construction. It is supported by columns, which stand on arches, and the upper story is reached by a flight of steps cut out of one long heavy slab of stone, which is reared up against the side of the edifice,—a curiosity in its way, which I have seen nowhere else. There is not a single inhabitant in all this assemblage of venerable antiquities. From this place we began to descend the mountain, having large deserted towns both on the right and left of our path. We passed through Benkusa, and Dar Siata, without allowing their attractions to detain us, and reached Kefûn about noon. Who can solve the mystery that hangs over these ruins? In this small mountain are twenty times as many Grecian and Roman antiquities as are to be found in all Palestine. And their unique and massive style, and high preservation strike the beholder with amazement. I was informed that the same kind of remains abound throughout, what Ibn Shiddad calls Jeble Armenaz, south-west of Jeble el-Aala. And indeed I could see them crowning the gray crest of the mountain as I passed down the plain to Edlip and Riha. I hope some future traveller will penetrate these mountains from Sâfeta, by Kulaat Kudmûs and Armenaz, to Antioch. This route would include the “twenty hours’ ride” along the upper range of the Ansariyeh mountains, “well watered, and abounding in ruins,” mentioned in my

former tour to Ladakiyeh. Here is a large field for exploration, doubly interesting because wholly untrudden by the feet of modern enterprise. So far as history reveals the movements of Syria's successive conquerors, none of them penetrated these savage districts. The Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Persians, Grecians, Romans, Saracens, Franks, Tartars, and Turks, in their successive invasions, either followed the line of the coast, or spread over the great central plains of the interior. These mountains are in fact impracticable to regular armies; and the oppressed natives of every age have probably sought and found an asylum from their invaders in these wild and savage deserts. It has always been the home of the Ansairiyeh, and it remains yet to be seen whether we do not find in them and others like them, the genuine descendants of Syria's most ancient tribes. The comparatively modern date of their present name and superstition, does not militate against this hypothesis, for their ancestors were there before they became Ansairiyeh, and there are many things in their features, their language, customs and traditions, which seem to connect them with a very remote antiquity.

Left Keftin at 8, P. M. The whole village accompanied us for some distance, and very earnestly urged their petition for a missionary, to reside amongst them, and open schools for their children, as we are doing for their brethren in Lebanon. Poor people! They live amongst bitter enemies, and catch, with eagerness, at any prospect of support or protection. They are a degraded and lawless race, but it was encouraging to hear them acknowledge the fact, and plead to be instructed. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of their professions; and a missionary would be able to collect all the children of this community into Christian schools.

We rode rapidly down the plain, past Maarrat Musnîn to Edlip, which we reached in four and a half hours—the whole distance may be sixteen or eighteen miles. It is one vast plain, and for the last hour and a half, the path led through a noble olive grove.

80th. *Sabbath.* Rested in our tent. Sent for the Greek priest, who spent most of the morning at our quarters. He appeared delighted to meet a Frank Christian, and had many inquiries to make about the state of Christianity in other lands. He complained of the persecution and oppression which the Christians in this region suffer from their fanatical masters; and was rejoiced to find himself connected in faith with a brotherhood so vast and powerful. There are 100 Greek families in Edlip, and they have a small church. No other sect of Christians is represented here, and, what is singular, there are no Jews in Edlip. The entire population is differently estimated

by themselves, at 10,000, 12,000, and even 15,000. Burckhardt, who visited Edlip from Sermein in 1812, estimated the number of houses at 1000, which I think too high, and the whole population may be about 8000. Nearly all the oil procured from the vast olive orchards in this region is manufactured into soap. There were formerly seventeen large establishments of this kind; now, but four are in operation. The people of Aleppo, Riha, Ladakiyeh, and other places have established factories for themselves, which has divided the business that was once almost a monopoly of Edlip. The priest also informed me that one hundred and five years ago there occurred a winter so severe that the Orontes was frozen over for many days, and all the olive trees in this region died. This extraordinary phenomenon is confirmed by the fact that the present trees are comparatively young and small, and have evidently sprung up from the roots of older ones.

Burckhardt says that Edlip is divided by a hill. The hill is merely a huge accumulation of the refuse of soap factories, and there are two of these artificial mounds instead of one. The great size of these mounds indicates a high antiquity, both to the town and to the business of making soap. A few miles north-east of Edlip is a fine town called Maarra. It is known to Arab authors, but whether it marks the site of an older city I could not ascertain. It has the reputation of great antiquity. About three hours south-east is Sermein, well described by Burckhardt. On the west, and beyond the Orontes is seen Jeble Ksair, inhabited by Kurds, Moslems, Christians and Ansairiyeh. The principal place is Deir Koosh, concerning which Ibn Shiddad says: "It was celebrated of old, and when the Crusaders enlarged Harim they also fortified Deir Koosh. It had a governor of its own—a *cadi*, mosques and extensive suburbs, and large plantations of fruit trees. It was built upon a hill overhanging the Orontes—and *Allah knows*—what its ancient name and history were," which is our author's usual way of saying *he does not*. It was, however, the capital of a large mountain district belonging to the government of Aleppo, before the time of Ibn Shiddad.

31. Rode to Riha—three hours. The great olive grove terminates at Tel Stomak, a small village about six miles south of Edlip. We saw numerous flocks of the white gazelle bounding over this fertile and magnificent plain. An English gentleman told me that he saw at least five thousand of these beautiful animals in one day. I would not venture any estimate of those we saw, but certainly they did not approximate that high number. We rode through Riha—delivered our letter of introduction to the only Christian in it, and immediately ascended Jeble Arbaiyin, which rises abruptly on the south of the

town. We found the same cool fountain and pleasant summer-house mentioned by Burckhardt, and in much the same condition, and there we stopped for rest and breakfast. Indeed we spent several hours at this charming spot. The scenery is grand, the air fresh and balmy, and the water pure and cool, the very choicest of all luxuries to a traveller in this part of Syria at this season of the year. From this summer palace Casius towers high above all other mountains. It is nearly west. Jebble el-Aala is exactly north-west; Jebble St. Simon north by east, and the vast, vast plain stretches away, away, away east and north-east, until earth and sky mingle and melt into a misty, dreamy horizon on the distant desert.

Riha lies at the northern base of Jebble Arbaiyin, and may contain about 3000 Moslem inhabitants. Ascending the mountain you encounter many tombs cut in the rock, most of them plain, though a few have handsomely adorned fronts. Many of these tombs have half columns and a handsome cornice wrought in the rock, and I noticed arches, old walls, and other remains of antiquity, in different places. Riha has evidently been a town of importance in the eras of Grecian and Roman rule.

From Arbaiyin I walked over the mountain to Kefr Lata, or Tel Lata, nearly east, about three miles. Here are Grecian ruins, and multitudes of tombs of an uncertain age. Some of these tombs are very large. One contained an entire flouring mill turned by a mule. These *Lataites* bring their bread from the house of the dead. Above the principal fountain stands a canopy supported by four marble columns. There a few pretty gardens at the village, but the general appearance of the surrounding country is rocky and barren. Maarrat en-Namaan is in sight about four hours to the south-east, and the plain is crowded with ruins. I felt a strong temptation to spend the day in examining those of Ruaiha, of which I heard very *large* accounts. With the spy-glass I could see the columns and prostrate habitations. My guide assured me that there were many inscriptions there, in the same character as this of Tel Lata. Not far from Arbaiyin is a locality of greenish colored marl, from which copper has been made, according to the testimony of the natives; but whether the ore is sufficiently rich to be wrought with advantage remains to be proved by experiment. This *Arbaiyin* derives its name from forty willies—holy places, or rather persons, who hold their mystic meetings in its dark caverns. I visited the principal abode of these fabulous gentry. It is a large yawning cavern which has been once stuccoed, and written over with sentences from the Koran in a very large Arabic character. The stucco has mostly fallen off, and the writing is illegible.

Left Arbaiyin at 1 P. M. and in half an hour came to Urim et-Jous. Between this village and its next neighbor, Nahly, there has raged for the last two years, one of those unfortunate *blood feuds* which are so common in this disorganized land. Several lives have been lost; and our guide was bastinadoed and imprisoned a whole year, for his share in the business. From Nahly to Ramah is an hour—good road, and splendid country. At Ramah are extensive Grecian and Roman ruins, columns, cornices, entablatures, and all the ordinary relics of a splendid town, incorporated in the wretched huts of this degraded peasantry. In another hour is Maryan; this was the seat of a bishopric in the metropolitancy of Apamia, and was evidently a place of importance. For the last two hours we have been riding over an undulating country, very fertile and very beautiful, even in August. The orchards of mulberry, fig, olive, pomegranate and almonds, are as flourishing as in any other section of Syria; and large oak trees abound, covered with the graceful drapery of drooping vines. Half an hour from Maryan is Akhsin. Here are very heavy ruins of great antiquity; and, indeed, the whole country abounds in them, and weeks might be spent very agreeably amongst them. During most of the afternoon my attention has been attracted towards a high, conical mount, rising out of the plain like Tabor. It is called Neby Ayûb—Prophet Job—and the natives believe that his tomb is there. There is a Willie, or Mazar, dedicated to the patient man of Uz, and my guide amused me greatly by his reverent rehearsal of the wonderful legends respecting the patriarch, which are current in the country. He must have been a hundred times taller than Anak, and a thousand times stronger than Samson. Ruins look out from the top of this mount, and lie prostrate around its ample base in melancholy profusion. But we are now in the vicinity of el-Bâra and must quicken our pace to reach it before evening.

In one hour from Akhsin, this wonderful specimen of antiquity burst upon our astonished vision, as we rose over the crest of a low hill. There it lay in the long valley below us—an entire city, preserved like another Pompeii, to excite and to gratify the curiosity of successive generations down to the end of time. Many of the houses, palaces, churches, tombs and temples are nearly perfect. For three hours I ran in every direction, amongst and over these ruins, without pausing to reflect where I was, or what I was about. This gratification of a rather idle curiosity consumed time which I afterwards needed for other purposes, and rendered my subsequent investigations more rapid than I could have desired. Coming from the north, the first object that arrests attention is the castle, surrounded on all sides, by an im-

mense number of very substantial arches. These arches are as perfect as when first constructed, but the buildings which they supported are gone—carried off probably to build the castle, which I suppose to be of Saracenic origin; or it may have been erected by the crusaders, who held possession, it is said, of Bârà for a short time. After wearying myself by rambling almost without an object, I began to copy inscriptions, and look into the details of this old and long forsaken city. I shall avail myself of the notes of Dr. De Forest, who, with his lady and brother, visited el-Bârà soon after my return to Lebanon. Under date of Oct. 14th, he writes: We arrived at el-Bârà and alighted at a house on the south side of a large ruined city. This seems to have been the mansion of some respectable gentleman, at the very verge of the town; and if its ancient owner should return, he would need merely to roof and floor his former dwelling, to render it habitable. Tying our horses, we entered the drawing-room, and proceeded to examine the premises. They consisted of an oblong building, with an awning or verandah in front—an addition in the rear, with summer house, outbuildings, and an enclosed garden. The parlor, evidently the principal room, had a noble door in the centre of the east side, opening into the lower room of the front wing. A narrower door on the south side, led into the garden, and two other doors on the west side, opened into a long, narrow room, once divided into two, as I suppose. On the north end of the room are four handsomely arched windows. There are two similar windows on the south side, and six on the west. The east side has two windows near the corners, and three noble ones on each side of the grand entrance, which was through the front wing of the establishment. Thus they lighted their grand saloons in ancient times. Round arches originally sprung from the sides of the room, about six feet apart, and upon these they laid their floors of large smooth stone slabs. These arches are standing entire in many of the rooms. The windows of the second story were not arched, and those of the attic (for they had regular attics) were much smaller. The roofs were *slanting*, and the gable end is still perfect. It would be tedious to describe the various passages conducting into numerous side-rooms to the garden, the summer house, and outbuildings, and to the streets. The stones used in all these buildings are smooth cut blocks of mountain limestone, from two to eight feet long, and about two feet square, fitted mostly one upon another in single tiers, and without mortar. The same style prevails in Jebel el-Aala, and St. Simon, in none of which are there any double walls. Most of this description is taken from Dr. De Forest's notes, *condensed* from necessity. It is sufficient to give some idea of the

meaning of the terms, houses, palaces, etc., occurring so continually in this journal.

In another part of the city, connected with an extensive establishment, is a wine press, with a large stone trough, into which the grapes were thrown through a hole in the outside wall of the building. Within, were vats, the press, the millstone to crush the grapes; and to make all quite natural, grapes ready for the press were hanging in rich clusters all over the walls. Indeed, I never saw the fruit of the vine more abundant or more beautiful than amongst the ruins of el-Bârâ.

I had time to examine but one church. It was a large and splendid affair, 150 feet long by 100 wide, and had been adorned by an inner and outer colonnade, of fine Corinthian columns. They are now all prostrate. If one were to judge from the profusion and variety of crosses, the Bârâites were Christians *par excellence* and eminence. No doubt it was a Christian city, of the lower empire. But who knows the history of el-Bârâ, situated in the heart of these mountains? It is rarely mentioned by any Arab historian, that I have seen. I do not think it was ever surrounded by walls, and except its castle, had no other defence than what was found in the stout hearts of the inhabitants, and the stouter walls of its massive edifices. There they stand, lonely, deserted, melancholy mementos of the past. The scratches, and grotesque figures on the walls, speak of the sports of idle boys at play. Their chambers, kitchens, baths and garden plots all have their separate stories—and their sarcophagi tell where the proprietors of so much wealth and luxury found their last resting place. But their very bones have long since mouldered back to dust, vanished forever out of sight. The astonished and bewildered visitor gazes upon these deserted halls with sad oppression at his heart. Who may count upon a remembrance, in future times, for himself, or an inheritance for his children in this world of change and decay? Great cities are overthrown—castles and churches and palaces forsaken. "One generation goeth, and another cometh. That which has been, is now, and that which is to be, hath already been. If a man live many years and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many." Long centuries of utter darkness hang over these great works of the sons of el-Bârâ. Dr. De Forest remarks: The impression of these ruins on me was much like that made by those of Pompeii. They carry us back to olden times, and show us how the Syrian Greeks of those days lived, and how they buried their dead—where they worshipped, and where they gave themselves up to mirth. The Italian city, however, is better preserved—the ava-

lanche of hot ashes proved less destructive than the successive floods of Arabs, Tartars and Turks.

The modern village of Bârà, is a wretched hamlet of rather lawless peasants. They are at present in a deplorable condition. In consequence of the failure of crops last year the people fell in arrears with their taxes, and about a month ago tax-gatherers came to collect, and as is their habit, were very rude and abusive. The young and fiery in temper resisted, and finally fell to fighting in earnest, with swords and muskets. The more sober part interfered to keep the peace, but this only shifted the battle from the tax-gatherers to the inhabitants amongst themselves. Many were wounded on both sides, and the peace party—not being able to *conquer a peace*—were obliged to withdraw, taking with them the officers of the government. The conquerors, however, were more alarmed at their victory, than at the fight—and to avoid consequences, abandoned the place and fled to the mountains. Thus the village was wholly deserted. Gradually both parties are returning, but they are very jealous of each other, and suspicious of the government. We had been warned not to go on to Bârà, but nothing else suited our convenience, and we determined to try it. As we approached, the people gazed at us from the tops of the houses all armed, and apparently ready to welcome us with a salute—an honor we were not at all ambitious to receive. By degrees they came to understand that we were not officers of government, nor enemies of any kind, and amicable relations were established between us. The owners of the house where we slept returned only yesterday. They are the most respectable people in the place. The old man, a sort of village sheikh, requested me to write to the British consul in Aleppo, begging him to intercede with the pasha in their behalf—which I did, but whether the letter ever reached that gentleman or not, is doubtful. This little narrative affords a specimen of what has been going on for ages throughout all these provinces—and reveals the real causes which have covered them with mouldering ruins. Such utter anarchy would rapidly turn paradise into a pandemonium.

*Sept. 1st.* Spent several hours wandering over the suburbs to the east and south-east of Bârà. They are called Mijdelaiyeh, Trorsh and Bshilla, each of which would call for an extended description, if they were not in the immediate neighborhood of el-Bârà. The plain further east is likewise crowded with ruined towns, of the same age and massive character. My intention was to proceed direct to Kulaat Mudyuk by Ain Sufrah, Kefr Deliûm, Kefr 'Anîth, es-Sufrah, Kulaat Fuleiyeh and Suriyeh, but my guide took me off the road, and it became necessary to go to Khan Sheikhoon. The path from

Behillah led down through a narrow gorge, walled in on either side by perpendicular cliffs, of unstratified rock, for an hour—a remarkable defile, which turned eastward, and gradually opened into the great plain of the desert. We rose out of it near a large ruin, for which I could get no name, and continued by a blind path, nearly south, for two hours, when we reached Hazarîn, a village built out of the columns and cornices of a splendid ruined town. For the last half hour we have been riding over trap rock, which is the prevailing formation from this to Hermel, and the great fountains of the Orontes. We travelled across the country, and without a road, having ruins on all sides, and passing large artificial mounds, some of which were at least a mile in circuit at the base. A very fertile and beautiful country. From Hazarîn to Maarrat Hermel, is one and a half hours' rapid riding. The soil is a dark volcanic deposit, overlying white indurated marl. Near this Hermel are found immense flocks of sheep collected around deep wells, from which the shepherds were drawing water with leather buckets. Two men labored at each bucket, and they drew up very fast, by striking hand over hand, and catching the rope alternately, keeping time to a low monotonous song. They were a surly, savage race, with a reputation altogether corresponding, and our guide was anxious to get away from them. They would not water my horse even for money, and sternly ordered us off, although we were suffering greatly from thirst. When any of them wished to drink, they pulled off a sheep from the trough, and thrust their heads into the vacancy, contending with their woolly charge for a draught. After seeing these thousands of sheep, one no longer wonders at the vast flocks which annually supply the southern markets. They covered the whole plain around the wells, and the scene strikingly reminded me of Jacob and Rachel, or rather of Joseph's churlish brethren. They appeared quite ready to throw ourselves or any other offender, into the nearest pit that offered, and there are plenty of them. Verily this picture of an oriental shepherd's life and character, reduces the poetic idea down to the plainest possible prose. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and David were shepherds. They must have watered their flocks too I suppose, with just such leathern buckets and stone troughs.

From Maarrat Hermel to Khan Sheikhoon, is three hours, direction south-east. The country beautifully diversified with hill, vale and spreading plain, and *pointed* with great sugar loaf mounds. Our route left Kefr Tob to the south. I regretted much that we did not pass through it. In old Arabic history it figures largely. Abul Fida says this place was midway between Maarrat en-Naaman and Kulaat

Sheizar. The traveller, Peter della Valle, casually mentions this as a city near Sheikhoon. This was in 1617. It has now ceased to be a place of any importance. It was of old the capital of a province, according to the Arabic geographer, and I suspect it marks the site of the land of Tob, to which Jephthah fled when expelled from the Gilead by his brethren. See Judges xi. This Tob is believed to be the same as Syria of Tob and ish-Tob mentioned in other parts of the Bible. And we read of Tobieni, and of the Tobienses, or inhabitants of Tob, in the book of Maccabees, all the notices corresponding well with this locality. If the supposition be true, Kefr Tob can claim a very high antiquity. At a collection of deep wells in this neighborhood, where are a few ruins, I examined with great interest, an image or idol, mutilated and left to lie on the ground without a temple or a worshipper. It is a female figure, of full size, seated on a chair or cathedra. The whole figure, cathedra and all, is cut out of a single block of black compact basalt. I longed to bring this dethroned goddess of the extinct Tobiense away with me, but it would have been a full load for a camel, and without a firman I should have been prevented by the people from removing it.

This village of Sheikhoon may contain about 3000 inhabitants. The houses are built *hay-stack-wise*, around the south-east base of an immense mound. The large *khan* was erected ages ago for the accommodation and protection of the caravans. It is in reality a fort capable of receiving the whole Mecca hadgi; and the huge cisterns near it were constructed to secure a supply of water for these thirsty pilgrims. The inhabitants are a fierce, fanatical generation, having more of the wild Arab than of the peaceable peasant in their composition. They were fighting amongst themselves this evening, and this brought to my recollection a magnificent *row*, which I witnessed at this place in 1840. It broke out then, just as the loud call from the minaret summoned the faithful to sunset prayers. The call was unheeded, and the whole population rushed to the fight. The men belabored one another with sticks, the women and children screamed, the dogs barked, and the donkeys left to their natural instincts, immediately got up an independent row of their own, kicking and biting, and braying harsh bass to the stormy concert of their masters. At length the governor with his *posse*, succeeded in apprehending a few of the leaders, and dispersed the remainder to their homes. Whether they have kept up the quarrel ever since 1840, I did not ascertain.

This Khan Sheikhoon I take to be the *מגדל* of Benjamin of Tudela, although the translator, Mr. Asher, supposes this to be a cor-

ruption of the text for ריחא, which he renders Riha, and identifies with the Riha near Edlip, described under a former date of this journal. But Riha is two long days' ride from Hamah, whereas Benjamin says it is only half a day to Shehoa. The Jewish tourist adds, this is חצזור Chatsoor, but upon what authority, I cannot imagine. As Sheikhoon is so near the name Shehoa, and has from time immemorial been the first stage from Hamah to Aleppo, which was the route pursued by Benjamin, there is but little doubt of the identity of the two places.

In 1840 I came from Aleppo to this place by the regular route, passing Khan Taman, Serakib, Mar Dipsy, Khan Sibly where are extensive ruins called Jenad, then to Maarrat en-Naaman, passing a very large and ancient ruin without a name. From Maarrat en-Naaman to Sheikhoon is five hours. Most of this route is mere uninhabited desert, and as it is the common track of travellers, I need enter into no description of those few localities which possess some share of interest. From this brief notice, it is evident that the *interior* road is infinitely the more interesting of the two. It will lead the astonished traveller through a wilderness of ruins past Sejar, Apamia, el-Bârâ, Riha, Edlip, Jebel el-Aala, etc. to Aleppo.

*2nd. Hamath.* It took six hours and a half of hard riding, to reach this place from Sheikhoon. As I passed nearly the whole way in the dark, I shall not say one word about the route. Josephus informs us that Amathus, the son of Canaan, built Amath or Hamath, and any reader of the Bible knows that the name occurs as early as Gen. 10: 18. Hamath is mentioned in all the accounts of the northern border of the promised land, by Moses, Joshua, Ezekiel and Zechariah, and in one connection or another, it is met with in nearly half the books of the Bible. It has never changed its name, except amongst the Macedonian Greeks, who called it Epiphania, in honor of Antiochus Epiphanes. But, with the dynasty, this foreign name also disappeared. Thus it appears that but few sites in ancient geography, are so certainly ascertained as this of Hamath. And yet, since the days of Jerome, at least, there has been much confusion in regard to it. I have already explained, under date of Antioch, the probable source of much of this confusion, and need not here repeat. And after this well known name and locality, has been bandied about by Jerome, Cyrill, Eusebius, Theodoret, Stephanus and many other authors, even down to our own time, we may at length allow it to settle permanently and peaceably in its original home. It is neither Antioch, nor Riblah, nor Apamia, nor Emessa, but simply Hamath

on the Orontes.<sup>1</sup> Hamath has not only been a well known city from the very earliest times, but it has never ceased to be the capital of a kingdom, or of a province, known by this name. Before the time of David, the *kingdom* of Hamath included, as I suppose, the *province* of Zobah, the Chalcis of the Greeks and Romans, the Kunsarîn of the Arabs. By the time David rose into power, Hadadezer had become king of Zobah, and the enemy of Toi, king of Hamath, probably because he had erected a rival kingdom out of a part of Toi's dominions. Hence he sent to congratulate David upon his victory over Hadadezer. See 2 Sam. 8: 10. This supposition also explains 2 Chron. 8: 3, 4, where Solomon is said to have built stone cities in Hamath, that is, Hamath Zobah, that part of the original kingdom of Hamath which Solomon's father had conquered from Hadadezer. We are not to suppose that Solomon fought against Toi or his son, but merely built cities in the provinces conquered by David, of which, Palmyra was the most celebrated.

Modern Hamah is a large town, containing at least 30,000 inhabitants. There are about 2500 Greek Christians, a few Syrians, and some Jews, the rest are Moslems. The houses are built on the rising banks of the Orontes, and on both sides of it. The *bottom* level along the river, is planted with fruit trees, which flourish in the utmost luxuriance, being thoroughly watered at all seasons of the year. The Castle hill is an immense mound, like those of Aleppo, Hûms and Khan Sheikhoon. The stones that faced the sides, as well as those of the castle itself, have long since been carried off, and I found camels and donkeys pasturing on its ample summit. There are no antiquities of any kind in Hamah, and the greatest curiosity of the place, is the Persian water-wheel called *naïvra*, of which there are said to be seventy in actual operation. The largest is seventy or eighty feet in diameter. The *rim* of these largest of all wheels, is hollow, and divided into small compartments like buckets. When the rim, in revolving, passes through the water, these *buckets* are filled, and as they rise to the top, the water is discharged into a trough. This trough communicates with a canal, supported by very tall arches, which conveys the water into the houses on each side of the river. Small paddles are affixed to the *rim*, and the current of the river, turned upon it by a dam, drives it round much like the *undershot* wheels of our flouring mills in America. The revolving of the wheels on their axes, produces an exceedingly heavy and lugubrious groan,

<sup>1</sup> Almost the only topographical discussion of Peter delle Valle, as he passes through Syria, is an attempt to prove that Hamah is identical with Apamia.

varying perpetually in intonation and power; and as each wheel has a key and a tune of its own, they together make up the most melancholy concert imaginable. The long loud wail of the seventy foot, Mahmudieh, is heard above all the rest, which fall in from time to time as a sort of chorus. This music is wholly peculiar, and heard at midnight, is very sad, and deeply impressive.

At the time of the first Moslem invasion, Hamah seems to have been eclipsed by her neighbor Hûms. But this did not continue long, and when the Aiyuliyeh sultans reigned over Syria, of whom Salah ed-Deen (Salladin) was the most illustrious, Hamah had risen to great wealth and power. Abu el-Fida, the royal geographer and historian, was one of the Aiyuliyeh family, and reigned in Hamah. He gives a glowing account of his capital and kingdom. It does not appear that the Crusaders ever had possession of Hamah, although they took all the important places around it. Hûms, Barin, Seijar and Apamia, were each in their hands for short periods. The Moslem inhabitants are particularly fanatical and haughty, and Christians are treated with great indignity. These offensive elements in their character, have descended, as a bad inheritance, from the days of their former powers, and will involve them in many contests with the new order of things, and require many severe castigations, before they will learn to conform to the regime of Abd el-Majid. Hamah has had her full share of calamities from war, pestilence and earthquakes. Benjamin of Tudela says, that a short time before his visit, it was entirely destroyed by an earthquake; 15,000 were killed, and only seventy-five persons survived! More terrible, than credible.

Salemiyeh is about four hour's ride east of Hamah, and I was sadly disappointed in not being able to visit it. By the time Dr. De Forest passed this place, the Arabs had removed from Salemiyeh, and he succeeded in reaching it, though with much difficulty. This city was called Erenopolis by the Greeks, according to Ibn Shiddad, but I have not found this name either in profane or ecclesiastical history. Salemiyeh is much celebrated in Arabic story. The people of Kunsaria and el-Kaab, emigrated to it on one occasion, when their own cities were destroyed. Dr. De Forest was entirely disappointed in the character of the ruins, but perhaps he was not in a state of mind to appreciate them, coming direct from el-Bârâ and Apamia. He says the original city was quite large and the streets regularly laid out. There are no considerable remains of the Grecian city. Those of the Saracenic town, are a castle, a bath, a mosque, and a few other large buildings. There are small columns of granite, and capitals of the Corinthian order mingled with the black basalt walls of these

various structures. The figure of the cross abounds, and some of them are adorned with vine leaves and clusters of grapes—a common ornament in these ruined Grecian cities. Abu el-Fida says, Salemīyeh is a beautiful city, whose water is brought from a distance in an aqueduct. Dr. De Forest traced this aqueduct for miles, and confirms the old historian's account of the excellence and abundance of the water. To this alone it owed all its wealth and importance. "It was rebuilt by Abd Allah, Ibn Salah, Ibn Aby, Ibn Abd Allah, Ibn Abbas, Ibn Abd el-Mutālib, and the inhabitants are chiefly of the Beni Hashem." This is not very interesting information, but it is nearly all we know about the matter, until Ibrahim Pasha undertook to resettle it with another tribe of Arabs, and he would have succeeded had he retained possession of Syria. Dr. De Forest found the huts of Ibrahim's new settlers deserted and falling to ruins. According to the Itinerary of Antoninus, there was a direct road from Chalcis to Emessa (or Hûms) passing through Salemīyeh, and this city appears conspicuous in ancient ecclesiastical chronicles.

Hûms is the only other considerable city in this neighborhood. It is situated some twenty-five miles higher up the Orontes, and may have about twenty thousand inhabitants. When it was built, or by whom, is to me unknown. The oldest Arabic historians call it an *ancient* city. It was named Emessa by the Greeks. The Romans placed a colony in Hûms, and the emperor Heliogabalus was a native of it. According to Girgius el-Makīn, Hûms was captured A. D. 636, by Abu 'Aubeideh and Khalid, after a brief siege, and from thence they marched upon Kunsarīn, which they also subdued. During the ten long, dreary centuries of war, desolation, earthquake and pestilence, which succeeded this early Moslem invasion, Hûms figures largely in Saracenic and Arabic story. In A. D. 746, according to Girgius, it was taken by Meirwan Ibn Mohammed, its walls broken down, and nearly all the inhabitants butchered in cold blood after the surrender. Six hundred were crucified on the walls. This same butcher, Meirwan, destroyed Palmyra. Ismael Ibn Khalid says, "I was with Meirwan when he destroyed Palmyra. He slaughtered the inhabitants, and trampled the dead bodies in the mire by his wild cavalry, so that the mangled flesh and bones adhered to their iron hoofs." This is a specimen of those ages of blood and massacre, and by such means, this lovely land and her splendid cities have been utterly laid waste. The early Moslems were the messengers of Divine vengeance, the besom of destruction in the hand of a righteous God. It is related that Ghengis Khan passed by Hûms without molesting it, out of respect to the tomb of Khalid Ibn Walid—a singular modera-

tion in that bloody conqueror. All the old Arabic historians speak in raptures of this city, its unequalled castle, its splendid temple, mosques and palaces, and its paradisaical gardens. A small island in the Orontes is particularly celebrated for its fountains, fruits and flowers. Ibn Hâkil says it was the best arranged city in Syria. Girgius el-Makin, Ibn Fukih, Ibn Shehny, and others, mention a wonderful statue of brass, which they call an idol. Perhaps this was the statue of Heliogabalus. They also testify with equal unanimity to the extraordinary fact, that Hûms possessed a talisman which delivered it absolutely from serpents, scorpions and other venomous reptiles. Ibn Shehny, however, who is rather a bold philosopher for his age and sect, intimates that there is some mineral ingredient in the soil or water, which kills these reptiles, and says that if they are brought there from any other place, they immediately die. Nay, he assures us that a little of the dust of Hûms, sprinkled upon scorpions in any other city, kills them instantly, and a plaster of the earth applied to the sting of the scorpion relieves the pain at once, but he does not forget to add his usual note of skepticism,—“Allah knows.”

Dr. De Forest estimates the height of Castle Hill at 250 feet, and he says that the steep sides of this huge mound were fortified by a succession of retiring terraces, which had been walled up perpendicularly. I suppose that the celebrated temple, which was so high as to be seen at Baalbeck (according to oriental hyperbole) must have been erected on this extraordinary mount. The present castle is Saracenic, and though much dilapidated is still a conspicuous object for forty miles round. I had it in view, during my tour, for three days. The stone used is chiefly black basalt. Hûms contains the largest Greek population in Syria, there being not less than 6000 of that church, according to the statement of the bishop of Hamah. In Ibrahim Pasha's time 1300 Greeks paid the *kharadj*, which agrees well with the statement of the bishop.

Midway between Hamah and Hûms is Rustan, the ruins of the ancient Arethusa. It is now deserted. In Roman times it was a flourishing city. Portions of walls and gateways are all that now remain to testify to its former greatness. There has been no alteration in its appearance since the days of Abu el-Fida. The Orontes flows in a valley some 300 feet below the general level of the country, and the road here crosses on a good bridge, near a large khan erected by the great khan-builder, sultan Murâd.

East of Rustan about an hour is a ruin called Zephron or Zaphron—can this mark the site of the Ziphron mentioned in Num. xxxiv? According to my list it is spelled with a (y), but this was written

merely in accordance with the present native pronunciation, and who can tell how זִפְרוֹן was pronounced 3500 years ago? In the Arabic Bible however it is زِفْرُون. Should this prove to be the Ziphron of Moses, we have found another important point in the north-east boundary of the promised inheritance.

4th. Started at sunset for Apamia, and in five hours reached Kulaat Sejar where I left my tent, and rested two hours. Crossing the Orontes and riding rapidly for three and a half hours, I reached the ruins just as the sun rose. These remains are more dilapidated than those of el-Bârâ, but are more grand and classic. The walls of the city are, in most places gone, and the houses are all prostrate. At the north-west corner, however, there is an excellent specimen of the wall still standing, and portions of houses are to be seen in many places. The north gate is almost perfect, but is choked up with an incredible mass of large hewn stone which belonged to the adjacent towers. The *grand avenue* extends from this, to the south gate, in a direct line, more than a mile long. This avenue is 123 feet wide, and throughout its entire length it was lined by a row of columns on either side. The columns are of the Corinthian order, and very beautiful. The shaft is 22 feet, 8 inches long. The capitals 3½ feet, and the cornice 3 feet, 4 inches, making the whole height about thirty feet. They stood only 6½ feet apart, and stretched from gate to gate, one of the longest and most august colonnades in the world. Including the recesses, of which there were several, the whole number of columns must have been about 1800. Between the colonnades and the houses, were side-walks twenty-four feet wide; the diameter of the columns was three feet, and the centre was sixty-nine feet wide. The styles of the columns are very various and peculiar—plain shafts, fluted, twisted, and double fluted, alternating apparently at regular distances. Thus the shafts of the first *block* were plain; along the next square they were fluted *superficially* at the base, and *deeply* in the upper two thirds. Then succeeded plain columns; then, with flute *twisted*. In one or two places the shafts were plain below and fluted above. In some places the flute was concave, in others convex, and some had a square elevated *rib* between the flutes. The cross streets were all *colonnaded* with a smaller column, generally plain. Besides these, there were large quadrangular recesses on both sides of the grand avenue, which were *colonnaded* all round. The columns in one of these places were four feet in diameter, and thirty-four feet high. The walls of this recess are prodigiously strong and massy, and the colonnade though prostrate is perfect—pedestal, shaft, capital and cornice,

all in their proper position. The length of the blocks of cornice is ten feet, three inches. When fresh from the hand of the architect, this street must have been magnificent beyond compare. As one entered the lofty gateway at the north and cast his eye down the long avenue to the distant exit at the south, he must have been bewildered and overwhelmed with the sublimity of the scene.

The streets appeared to cross at right angles, and at regular intervals. They were colonnaded, and numerous groups of columns in different places point out the sites of churches, temples, palaces, markets, and other public edifices. About the middle of the grand avenue is a statue of Bacchus, in front of a building on the east side of the street. It has been intentionally defaced, but the right hand holds a wand, and the left still grasps a vine whose luxuriant leaves and clusters are woven into a canopy, to shield his head from the burning rays of the sun. Near this, the columns are very peculiar, having at the base a convex flute with a square rib between the flutes, while the upper half is a bold straight concave flute. Some distance further on is a large column in the centre of the avenue; but the details of this wonderful avenue are too numerous and complicated for my pen and page. One wanders from square to square, amazed at the amount and variety of the architecture until the bewildered mind ceases to note particulars. The gates (if the northern one is an example) were truly magnificent. With difficulty I climbed to the top, over a prodigious accumulation of ruins and from this lofty station, obtained a perfect view of the ground plot of this once splendid city. It is now an utter ruin—not one house has been spared. “The Lord hath stretched over it the line of Samaria and the plummet of the house of Ahab, and hath wiped it as a man wipeth a dish, turning it upside down.”

The modern village is almost entirely contained in the castle called Kulaat Mudyuk, which crowns the top of a large mound, a short distance from the south-west corner of the ancient city. This castle was occupied in 1812 by the rebel chief Milly Ismayil, and Burckhardt was afraid to enter it, and thus failed to see the most remarkable ruins in northern Syria. The present castle appears to be Saracenic.

There is a fine old khan, outside the castle, and a short distance to the south-east are some buildings of an undefined character, but evidently belonging to the original city. The plain of the Orontes is about 300 feet below the level of the old city, and at this place may be six miles across. It is very *marshy*, and appears to reach to the base of the Ansairiyeh mountains. Through this low vale the Orontes meanders, generally near the western hills. Large fountains rise near Castle Hill, whose sluggish and tepid waters are densely crowded

with a peculiar kind of fish named Sellure by the Arabs, but called simply black fish by Burckhardt. It is said to have a head resembling that of a cat, and from thence its name. The present governor of the castle farms the fishery for 400 purses, (a purse is about twenty-three dollars,) and is supposed to make an excellent thing out of it. In Burckhardt's time it was valued at 120 purses. This fishery is celebrated all over Syria, and Apamia no doubt owed its existence to this inexhaustible source of wealth. The quantity of fish is quite amazing. I was assured that in cold weather they collect around the tepid fountains in such incredible multitudes, as to render it difficult to row the fishing boats, and the fishermen throw their spears at random, and never fail to bring up one or more victims.

There is a small lake to the south of the castle called et-Turimsey, and a larger one to the north, which Burckhardt says is formed by the tepid fountain Ain et-Táká. These are no doubt the two lakes of Apamia which Abu el-Fida describes as consisting of "an innumerable number of small ponds overgrown with cane and rushes. The largest of these ponds are two, one north and the other south of Apamia, and the water is from the Orontes which passes through them, and issues at the north. The most southerly, is the lake of Apamia proper, its width is half a parasang, and its depth about the height of a man. The bottom is soft, deep mud, so that no one can stand on it. It is surrounded on all sides by cane and willow brakes, and the centre is covered with flags and reeds so that the water cannot be seen at a distance. It is crowded with ducks, geese, storks, and other aquatic birds, some of which I have seen nowhere else. In the spring it is covered with a plant called *نيلوفر الاصغر* the little *Nilifer*, whose large leaves and flowers entirely conceal the water from view, and the boatmen row up and down amongst these flowers, on their fishing excursions." As Abu el-Fida was king of Hamah, he must have been familiar with these localities, and his descriptions appear to me more graphic and correct than those of Burckhardt who passed up the western side of the valley on his way to Hamah. The whole vale of the Orontes here is called el-Ghâb, and is strikingly beautiful. A deep gray fog slept heavily on its quiet bosom when I first looked upon it at early dawn. As the sun rose, it became agitated in an extraordinary manner, broke up into large detachments, and soon began to skulk along the western mountains like the flying squadrons of a defeated army, until it finally vanished in thin air. Then was revealed the lovely Bukah, with its rivulets like threads of silver, and its pools and lakes gleaming in the morning sun like molten mir-

rors. Beyond and above, towered the western mountains, steep, stern and dark—a wall of basalt built up to the clouds—as if to guard the quiet scene below. I shall not soon forget the picture.

The earliest mention of Apamia, that I have seen, is in the book of Judith, where it occurs as the name of a province of Syria into which Holofernes, the general of Nebuchadnezzar, came on his way to Palestine. Long after this there was a Grecian province called Apamene, from this city. The common account is that Seleucus Nicator not only built it, but also named it after his wife. This I suppose to be the correct account, and the occurrence of the name in Judith indicates that the author wrote several hundred years subsequent to the events which he pretends to describe. Its Grecian and Roman story is pretty well known. Josephus informs us that in his day the Jews of Apamia were protected, while in most other cities they were cruelly massacred. It was famous as a metropolitan see for many centuries, and figures in old church chronicles. Abu el-Fida, in his anti-Islamic history informs us that the king of Persia (Chosroes I suppose) took and burnt Apamia in the reign of one of the Justinians, (he does not say which). It participated in all the calamities of the Moslem wars, and was utterly overthrown by the dreadful earthquake of 1157. Probably it never was rebuilt, although the crusaders had possession of it for a short time. With reluctance I tore myself from these fascinating ruins, and returned to Sheizar. The plain all the way is level, and of surpassing fertility, but without a single inhabitant. We crossed the Orontes on a long bridge of ten arches, having a flouring mill upon it.

Sheizar, spelled شيزر by Abu el-Fida, سيجار Seijar by Burckhardt, is a large old castle, occupying a high triangular point, where the Orontes bursts through the rocky barrier from the elevation of Hamah, and enters the low wet plains of Apamia. The position is very strong. The Orontes forms an impracticable pass on the east; the north and west sides are perpendicular precipices, and the south is defended by a ditch, wall and towers, all however in a very dilapidated condition. The main entrance is by a fine Saracenic gate at the north-east corner, low down near the Orontes, and so protected as to render it very difficult to force. The present village is within the walls, and the inhabitants need all the protection which they can afford, to defend them from the wild Ansairiyeh robbers who prowl about in search of prey. A few irregular cavalry are stationed here to assist in keeping the country quiet, and all together seemed but very indifferently. From the bridge below the castle the river flows

nearly west, until it approaches the mountains, when it follows their base, running northward to the latitude of Antioch. I see no indication of great antiquity about this castle, and yet its position must have made it, in all ages, a place of importance. It commands the ford and pass, by which the great road from Antioch to Hamah, by Apamia probably passed, as there is no other practicable ford in this vicinity. I suppose this castle occupies the site of the Larissa of the Itineraries. That city was midway between Hamah and Apamia, and the distance of sixteen miles from each corresponds with that of Sheizar. There are many Saracenic inscriptions on the gateways, towers, etc. and in one of the latter I was told that the tomb of Baldwin the crusader is to be seen. I did not see it. Strange stories are current among the peasants about this same *infidel* and his *unblessed* generation of bloody warriors.

On the east side of the Orontes, opposite the castle, is an abrupt cretaceous hill full of artificial caverns, in which a sort of Troglodytes, wild and savage, reside. A long tunnel conducts a branch of the Orontes from some distant point above through this hill, and it gushes out into a canal directly below these cavernous abodes. It was in full play all this afternoon, and formed a noisy, sparkling cascade down the precipice. The water is conducted over the plantations of Sheizar.

As these notes have already extended far beyond their intended limits, we must hurry over the remainder, by making long stages. A ride of eighteen hours, mostly by night, brought me to Naiyim, at the south-west corner of Lake Kedes. Rode all the way from Sheizar to Tel Dahab in the dark, a distance of nine hours. Of the route I say nothing but that it was generally level, and everywhere covered with black trap rocks. The direction was south, a little west. In 1840 I came to this same place in nine and a half hours, direct from Hamah. The only places on this route which I have time to mention are Barin and Paradise. Abu el-Fida says Barin is a day's journey south-west of Hamah, a small city with a castle, and near it are ruins marking an ancient and celebrated town called Rafaniyeh. The crusaders built a castle here in 480 (Moslem time), but it was soon taken and destroyed. This same author, however, in his anti-Islamic history says, that Nebuchadnezzar, on his way to attack Jerusalem, took both Barin and Rafaniyeh, as if both existed at that early day. About an hour further west than Barin is Paradise, a wretched village. Is this the Paradisus mentioned by Ptolemy as one of the towns belonging to Laodicea Caliosa? It might well fall within the sub-province of Laodicea, and its position as to public roads would make

it known to foreigners and strangers. From Tel Dahab I passed in 1840 over the mountains to Kulaat Husn and the great convent of St. George, and from thence to Tripoli. Now, however, we are going south by Kefr Laha, Tel Dow, to el-Burj, to et-Tellûl, to Merj el-Kuttah, to Ram el-Anz, to Em el-Adâm, to Khubet Ghazy, to Dibbeen, to Naiyim. The whole ride, eight and a half hours, over rolling plains of black basalt, with the Ansairiyeh hills to the west of us, and Hûms in sight all day to the east. Nearly opposite Hûms the western hills are so low, or the plain is so high, that we could see over to the castle of Husn, which is a long way down the Mediterranean side of the mountains. The inhabitants of all this region are Ansairiyeh, and, including the district of Husn, there are more than 400 villages belonging to this strange people. A Frank had never before passed amongst them, and they were very austere and even threatening in their carriage towards us. From this village of Naiyim the castle of Hûms bears 60, and the line passes through the centre of the lake, Kulaat Husn, 320; north end of Lebanon, 245; highest point of Anti-Lebanon, 175; end of Anti-Lebanon where it falls down to the plain, 115; Ksair, a large Christian village some eight miles east, 105.

The borders of the lake of Kedes are very fertile, and planted with white Durrabs, a kind of corn, which grows like broom-corn in America, and produces a large crop of a small white grain, which does not make very palatable bread to strangers. It is however the main dependence of the aborigines, including wild boars and buffalos. The length of the lake is about ten miles, and the breadth six. There are several artificial mounds in it, and the water is nowhere more than six or eight feet deep. The tradition is that this lake was *made* by an artificial dam where the Orontes now finds its outlet towards Hûms. Abu el-Fida says that Alexander the Great built this dam, and that if it were broken down, the lake would be drained dry. He says, also, that the length of the dam is 1287 cubits, and the width 18 cubits and a half. According to him there were two towers on it; at present there is but one, called Burj sit-Belkis.

Dr. De Forest in going from Hamah to the lake passed between my route and Hûms, turning down south-east from Deir Faradise. Four hours from this place he came to ed-Deisunîyeh, a village with Grecian ruins.

The people of Naiyim inform me, that the low grounds between this and the lake were formerly under water, and have only been cultivated for the last few years. They suppose the amount of water from the great fountains of Ain Termure and at Hermel are dimi-

ishing;—more likely that the dam at Burj sit-Belkiş is wearing away. The lake abounds in fish, eels and *leeches*, and the only Frank ever seen at Naiyim, was a Greek in search of leeches. Naiyim is under the governor of Husn, from which castle it is five hours distant, and seven hours from Hûms. The region north of the lake towards Hamah is called el-Waar, and is said to be crowded with ruins of ancient towers and villages.

7th. Throughout all this part of Syria the people are great thieves, if we may be allowed to credit their own testimony. Everything *stealable* even to their daughters, is watched with the utmost jealousy. Their horses are not only locked in the stable, which is always a part of their dwelling-house, but their feet are *locked* together by means of a strong chain and padlock, so that if the thief succeeds in opening the door, he cannot get the horse away without breaking either the lock or the chain, both which are difficult operations. And yet theft is common. We were advised to keep a sharp look out, and did so, but had several small articles purloined from our tent last night. The *Arabs* who encamp on these plains are thieves by birthright, and perhaps the regular inhabitants have taken up the trade in self-defence. They have had very little intercourse with Europeans, and know nothing of their inventions. A large company were startled quite out of their dignified self-possession, on seeing a lucifer match ignited by drawing it across the sole of my boot, and looked upon the man who could draw fire out of his foot with a mixture of admiration and terror quite comical to behold. At Deysuniyeh they were equally astounded to see Dr. De Forest write with a lead pencil, and because he touched it to his tongue occasionally, they exclaimed, "Wonderful man, whose inkstand is in his mouth!"

From Naiyim we rode to Tel Neby Min Dow, one hour east a little south. Here is a considerable village on a large *tel*, or artificial mound. The whitewashed tomb of the *Neby* is a conspicuous object for many miles in all directions, and from its summit you enjoy a wide and beautiful prospect, and one rich in historic associations. *There* is the bold termination of Anti-Lebanon, and the still loftier head of "sainted Lebanon" on a parallel directly west of it, with the deep narrow opening into Celæ-Syria between the two. On the west are the long dark hills of the Ansairiyeh, crowded with villages. Yonder, opposite to Husn is the famous "entrance into Hamah," and beyond it the city itself, with Hûms south-east of it. To the east spread the boundless plains of central Syria sweeping round the noble base of Anti-Lebanon, and falling off far away "towards the sun-rising" and "the river"—Euphrates. There is Ziphron in ruins, and

beyond it is Zedad, and returning southward is "Riblah east of Ain." Beneath my feet, on either side of this *tel*, the two main branches of the Orontes glide sliily amidst canes and reeds into yonder pretty lake, and at the base of the *tel*, lie scattered about, the columns and capitals of the ancient city Kedes, from which the lake derives its name. The first modern visitor, standing all alone in the centre of this circle of names and stations, drawn by the compass of Divine inspiration, 4000 years ago, may be pardoned for dwelling, with a little enthusiasm, upon the glorious and impressive scene around him.

As intimated above, the ruins of the Grecian city called Kedes, also Kudianos, are spread around the southern base of this large *tel*. Kudianos appears to be merely the Greek form of the original name Kedes, and no doubt the lake took its name from this city. It was large, walled, and ditched in such a manner as to convey the water from one branch of the Orontes to the other, thus forming an island like a delta in the *fork* of the river, inclosing the *tel*. The ruins consist of numerous columns, foundations, and small portions of the original wall—the rubble work of which was made of Roman brick. The main branch of the Orontes is on the east, and the short river Mukadiyeh, on the west. This latter stream flows from a great fountain a few miles south of Kedes, called el-Tennure, which our old Ansiriyeh guide assured me had no bottom, and furthermore, that out of it issued Noah's flood, which was all he knew about the deluge. This fountain forms a small lake, shaped like a crescent, and the stream at Kedes is about forty feet wide and three feet deep. There appears to have been a very ancient town on the margin of the little lake. In fact the whole luxuriant plain hereabouts was undoubtedly filled with a dense population. I found the people of the *Tel* breaking up the columns of Kedes to burn into lime, and, as in this trap rock region limestone is scarce, this process of destruction may have been going on for a thousand years, and the wonder is that such a number of columns have escaped their barbarous sledges. I have not been able to meet with even the name of this fine city in any old author.

I have the list of villages situated all round this *tel*, but cannot spare room for even their names. Leaving Kedes we came in forty minutes to ruins called Ksair el-Gharb.

In twenty minutes from this locality we passed the bridge of Ksair, where there is a mill and some old fashioned buildings, which any century of the past might claim, so far as architectural features are concerned. On the east of the Orontes is a large village called Zeruah, and west of our path is Zeitah, where Dr. De Forest found some ancient ruins deserving of a more careful examination. In two

hours' more hard riding through unbroken fields of white *dhourra*, described above, we reached the ford of Riblah. The river here is about fifty yards wide and eighteen inches deep, flowing with great velocity over a hard sand and *pebbly* bottom. Riblah is a small village, prettily situated on the east bank of the Orontes, and surrounded on all sides by a luxuriant and well watered plain—a noble campground for great armies—having boundless space for tents, and vast pastures for the foraging of cavalry. The eastern boundary line of Israel's inheritance passed down by this place, *en route* to Chenerith or Tiberias—and here the kings of Babylon and of Egypt fixed their permanent camps, while engaged in the subjugation of Syria and Palestine. Here Zedekiah was brought to Nebuchadnezzar, and his sons were slaughtered before his eyes, which were then “put out.” Barbarous refinement of cruelty!—to gaze upon the slaughter of his sons was the last office which the eyes of this royal parent were allowed to perform!—2 Kings 25: 7. This was also Pharaoh Necho's campground, when he came to fight against the king of Assyria; and here he put Jehoaahaz in fetters, 2 Kings 23: 33. What myriads of warriors, from far distant nations, here fought and died, and mingled with the dust of this fertile plain. No position could be better chosen for the permanent encampment of him who aimed at the subjugation of Syria, as she was in those ancient days of wealth and power. It is central, and easy of access from all parts. North and east the plain extends to Aleppo, 'Aintab, Diarbekr, and the Euphrates. Round the bold base of Anti-Lebanon, the innumerable squadrons of Assyria or Egypt could wheel in perfect safety and with ease, on their way to Damascus and the Hauran. Through yonder “gates” between the two Lebanons they poured their living floods into the long vale of Cœle-Syria, down by Baal Gad, Dan, Merom and Chenerith, into the heart of Palestine; or over yonder low “entrance into Hamah” they led their conquering cohorts by Kulaat Husn, into the rich plains of the Giblites, Sinites, Zimrites, Arvadites, Arkites, and down the coast of Phenicia to Beirût, Sidon, Tyre and Akka. We see the foot-prints of their triumphal marches at the Dog River, where the Egyptian and Persian, the Greek and Roman, and the Saracen have all labored to perpetuate the remembrance of their triumphal expeditions. And this very Riblah was the grand headquarters for those most ancient conquerors. The *absence* of Grecian ruins, and the *existence* of others which, from the very character of their architectural indications, may be “as old as the flood,” impart additional interest to this wretched heir to a very celebrated name. Near the ford is a remarkable old building, which, at one period of its history, may have

been a mosque; and scattered over the fields, and built into the walls are very antique columns and square blocks, some of basalt, and others of granite and marble. The tradition in this region is, that Riblah marks the site of an extremely ancient city.

The course of the river here is nearly north, but a mile or two above Riblah, it turns directly west, until it meets the rising spurs of Lebanon, when it bears south-west to its source in the great fountain at Mar Marone. From Riblah to Hermel is about ten miles. The modern Jusia is three or four miles to the south-east of Riblah; and old Jusia, the site of the Laodicea ad Lebanum, according to the Itineraries, is thirty-five minutes' ride further south. It is situated at the extremity of the plain, where the last spur of Anti-Lebanon terminates. The ruins are extensive, but not of much interest. The quadrangular foundations of what may have been the citadel, or temple, or both in one—having about a dozen towers twenty-five feet square—are the most striking objects to be seen at this place. The walls are from ten to fifteen feet high. Dr. De Forest found no inscriptions, and but few indications of Greek architecture, which is rather remarkable, since this city was built by one of the Seleucidae—the Nicator, I believe—and was much celebrated during their dynasty. I did not visit it. The modern town is distinguished by an immense minaret of a prostrate mosque. I have had this object in view ever since I left Naiyim. The necessity of being in Abeih by the 10th, which has called me off from many an interesting locality long before curiosity was satisfied, now obliged me to direct my face steadily homewards.

I reached Hermel much fatigued by the long ride during one of the hottest days of this hot season. How refreshing it was to sit down literally beneath the mighty shadow of Lebanon, which rises abruptly behind my tent, right up to the snow-capped summit above the cedars. This Hermel has a locality altogether unique, but withal very pretty. It is divided into several hamlets, by narrow *glens*, each of which has its own lively little brook of cold spring water, now tumbling in careless, noisy cascades from terrace to terrace, and now meandering indolently among fruit trees and flowers, where its own liquid melody mingles sweetly with the dreamy hum of bees, and the gentle whispers of the very listless and sleepy breeze. I was exceedingly soothed and refreshed by the cool, balmy air of this place, after so many days of hard riding over these burning plains. But shady groves, bubbling brooks and fragrant flowers are dangerous things. Roses have thorns. Paradise itself had its serpent, and death began its work in a garden. This sweet village has a fatal atmosphere.

Last year one-fourth of the inhabitants died of dysentery and flux, and it is in a most wretched, dilapidated condition. Nor is the moral atmosphere of the place any better than the physical. This is the extreme north-eastern frontier of the government of Lebanon and the Emeer Hydar—the Christian Kaiyim Makâm—appointed Makhsin of Beit Hamâdy governor, about a year ago. He is a fine young Metawaly sheikh, and most of the people are of that sect. As is not uncommon in these frontier places, he had to expel his predecessor by force. He had a hard fight for nearly a whole day, in which men and horses on both sides were killed. This is the way they *electioneer* in this region, and the higher functionaries confirm the victorious candidate. One poor fellow complained bitterly to me that the sheikh had not paid him for his horse that was shot from under him in the fight. The sheikh and his retainers came down to my tent in the evening, and played the *jened* on the beautiful grass plot in front of it, to do honor to the only Frank guest that had ever honored their village with a visit, as they declared. Many, however, have since visited it, and this is likely to form a part of many a Syrian tour hereafter. The sheikh boasted of Hermel's twelve fountains, each of which would drive a mill, and of their unequalled walnut trees. The latter are certainly the best I have seen, and they pointed out one to me from which the owner gathered 100,000 nuts last year, and sold them for 1200 piasters. This is rather valuable property, but as an offset, it is universally admitted, in this country, that the vicinity of walnut trees is unhealthy.

8th. Sent forward the luggage, and fording the river east of Hermel, I climbed a steep and stony hill to examine the Kâmoâ el-Hermel (قلموع الهرمل). This is the most remarkable monument I have seen in Syria, and I was taken altogether by surprise to meet with it in this solitary desert. The name occurs in Abu el-Fida, but no author, ancient or modern, has given any account of it, nor has any traveller visited it. And although within an hour's ride of Hermel, the people there did not know what it was, or that there was anything remarkable about it, and thought I should regret the fatigue of climbing up to it. How little dependence can be placed on the testimony of natives in such matters. This Kâmoâ is a heavy structure of large hewn stone, thirty feet square, and about eighty feet high, terminating in a pyramid. It is solid throughout, having neither chamber, door, window nor stair-way, either internal or external. The base consists of three courses of stone, each more than a foot thick—the two first of compact lava, the other of hard conglomerate or pudding-

stone. Upon this base is erected a grand cuboidal structure twenty-nine and a half feet square, and about the same height. The corners are relieved by plain pilasters which support a simple, but very heavy cornice. The four sides of this great *cube* were polished off smooth, and the upper part covered with various hunting scenes, carved in alto relievo—the figures of full size and executed with great spirit and life. Above this rises another cube, about twenty-eight feet square, which has pilasters both on the sides and at the corners, upon which rests the second cornice. The whole is finished off by a handsome pyramid, about thirty feet high. As I send drawings, both of the monument and of the figures in detail, I shall not consume time in verbal description. That it is a hunting scene, or *scenes*, I think is obvious, although the significancy of some parts of the apparatus I am not able to comprehend. But by whom was it erected, and when? Its architectural features appear to point to a Grecian origin; and not unlikely it is the work of some of the chase-loving Seleucidae. Dr. De Forest suggests the name of Antiochus Sidetes. There are no inscriptions, which is remarkable, if it is the work of a Greek, for they were a scribbling generation, and could not make a tomb, or set up a gate without writing upon it. A part of the south-west corner has been thrown down—probably on purpose—to see what was inside. I do not see how such an exceedingly solid structure could fall down, and if not intentionally demolished, it may remain while “the everlasting hill” on which it stands endures.

The position selected for this grand monument is lofty, and commands a noble prospect in all directions. It marks the natural boundary between the “land of Hamath” and Coele-Syria. This is the narrowest part of the plain. Indeed the roots of the two great brother mountains intertwine beneath the Kâmoâ. Below it, on the north, flows the Orontes diagonally across the plain from west to east, forming an impassible barrier, in many places, and yonder is Riblah, the camp-ground of Pharoah and Nebuchadnezzar. I was tempted to ascribe the monument itself to the vanity of one or the other of these celebrated conquerors, and the extreme simplicity of the architecture favors the supposition.

(From the Kâmoâ the highest point of Lebanon above the cedars bore 253°; the fountain of the Orontes three miles distant, 255; Hermel, 320; west end of Lake Kedes, 24; east end of the same, 35; castle of Hûms, 39; Riblah, some ten miles distant, 52; Ksair, 58; great minaret of Jusia, 66; village of el-Kaah, 119; highest point of Anti-Lebanon, 135; village of er-Rae, 184; centre of the Bukâh [el-Ain on the same line], 214.)

The great fountain of the Orontes at the convent of Mar Marone, was the next object of attraction in this neighborhood. It flows out from the very base of Lebanon, at the head of a wild and savage gorge, and forms at once the largest river in Syria, with the exception perhaps of the Jordan. It is about fifty feet wide, and four deep, with a furious current. The quantity of water is prodigious, clear as crystal and cold as the snow of Lebanon. When the fountains of el-Ain and Lebny are not exhausted by irrigation, their streams unite with the Orontes at this place. Now, however, the channel above this fountain is quite dry. I noticed the fact mentioned by the governor of Hermel, that the fountain appears to flow out from beneath the plain, as though its source was in Anti-Lebanon. But the explanation is obvious. The almost perpendicular strata of Lebanon, *dip under* the plain of the Bukâh, and consequently the water is carried below the surface to their termination, or junction with the pudding-stone, which is the *basis* of all Cœle-Syria—it then *returns* along the strata to the top, and thus seems to flow from the east. I have followed this longest and largest of Syrian rivers, from its mouth at Seleucia, to its source near Hermel; and now take leave of it, in this wild, solitary gorge. Long shall I remember its quiet, mysterious birth-place, beneath the great spreading sycamore trees which shade and shelter its deep crystal pool. As it now flows, it has flowed for unnumbered ages—and so long as “sainted Lebanon” lifts his giant head to heaven, gathering mists, clouds and snow, so long will it continue to send forth its copious, generous flood to refresh and fertilize the plains of central Syria.

A few rods east of the fountain, and high up in the hanging cliffs which frown upon the glen, is the curious *cavernous* convent of Mar Marone. Abu el-Fida calls it M'garet er-Rahib, the cave of the monk. A Maronite monk at Hermel informed me that it had been deserted since the days of Justinian! It appears to have been a natural cave, and has been enlarged by cutting additional rooms in the rock. The entire convent is solid rock—cold, hard, blackened rock—a significant emblem of the institution that produced it, and of the hearts that *could* find a home in its dark, damp, dreary dungeons. It is much better adapted to become the haunt of some desperate outlaw, than the chosen abode of heaven's messengers of mercy to sinful men. I climbed up to this strange place with difficulty, and groped about through its rocky cloisters without a light, with a sort of shivering nervousness creeping over me, and half expecting to encounter some human cut-throat or savage beast. But the very beasts appear to shun it. There are three stories, one above another, with numer-

ous cells and rooms for various purposes, all of rock. There is not wood enough about the whole establishment to make a tooth-pick. The position is almost impregnable, and it is plain, from the loop-holes, that monks militant of some order or other—of Beëlzebub most likely—did once actually occupy this place. The monk at Hermel told me that they were collecting money to repair and re-occupy this—den! What for? There is not a living soul within an hour of its savage site! But it will not work. There is needed for it, sterner stuff than the soft monkish material of the present degenerate days. These gentlemen now occupy the finest buildings in Lebanon, and have no vocation to owls and bats, or to the solitary, death-damp chambers of such a villainous cavern as this. Tradition points out the track along which Mar Marone fled, upon some occasion or other, over Lebanon to Bshirrai, and it is not improbable that the father of the Maronite sect did actually abide here for a time. But the most celebrated convent of Mar Marone was built near Hûms, and has long since disappeared.

From the fountain, we rode up the valley for an hour, to a place called el-Merouge, a sweet green-sward with willow trees and fountains. The *bottom vale*, along which the combined streams from 'Ain and Lebny flow to the great fountain at Mar Marone, is depressed about thirty feet below the plain, is only a few rods wide, and the banks are perpendicular in most places. Every foot of it is covered with luxuriant Indian corn. We travelled along the east bank of this winding vale for an hour and a half above el-Merouge, and then crossed to the west side, at a great fountain called simply, 'Ain. It is strong enough to drive several mills, and about it are heavy blocks of hewn stone of a very antique appearance. The village of 'Ain is a short distance further south. This I suppose to be *the* 'Ain mentioned by Moses, having Riblah east of it. The vale has by this time risen nearly to the general level of the surrounding country, and now branches off into three or four well watered and very beautiful plains. I travelled up the western one, my object being to ascertain the *water-shed* between the northern and southern Bukâh. The rate of inclination decreased as we advanced, until this long winding vale settled into an absolute level, extending for several miles. I could not ascertain the precise spot where the water begins to flow south. It was, however, in a very long cornfield west of Lebny, some twelve or fifteen miles south of Mar Marone. At one end of this field, the water of irrigation flowed north, at the other, south, and from this, the vale gradually opened into the great plain of the Bukâh. In this cornfield is the true *water-shed*, but it is several miles long.

The Lebny mentioned above is no doubt the Lybon of the Itineraries, which was half way between Ba'albek and Jusia (Heliopolis and Laodicea). Conna is also mentioned as on the same route, and if el-Kaah (seen from the Kâmoâ) does not mark its site, I have no idea about its locality, unless Conna and Lebny are the same place. Both lay between Ba'albek and Jusia, and both were exactly the same distance from each, and considering the nature of the country—a continued valley shut in by the Lebanons—the conditions above specified seem to require the places to be identical. Girgius el-Makin in his Saracenic history says, that Akhshîd, sultan of Egypt, and Sief ed-Dauleh, lord of Aleppo, divided Syria between them in A. D. 944, and dug a deep ditch across the plain from mountain to mountain, between Jusia and Lebny. All south belonged to the sultan, and the north to Sief ed-Dauleh. I did not notice any traces of this extraordinary ditch. But it may easily have been filled up during the nine centuries which have come and gone since the transaction. The plain of the Bukâh is much higher than the pass over the Ansairiyeh mountains, near Kulaat Husn. Indeed I suppose the water of the great fountain of Mar Marone, might be carried over this pass and conducted to the sea down the Nehar el-Kebeer.

Night came down upon us, and we soon lost our path in a ploughed field. After wandering over the plain for two or three hours, enveloped in a dense fog, we stumbled upon an Arab encampment. We were in some danger of being torn to pieces by a combined attack from all the dogs of the tribe. Their owners finally effected a truce between us, and we were very kindly entertained by these children of the desert. They intend soon to strike their tents and remove to the plain east of Lake Kedes, as it is too cold to winter where they now are. The mistress of the tent was certainly very handsome, nor do these Arab ladies know anything about veils or seclusion. We were a great curiosity of course, and were obliged to spend much of the night in answering their inquiries, drinking their coffee, and smoking their *nargelies*. Of all the strange things we conversed about, not one can find a place in this journal, and with the early dawn, we bid them good bye, with many thanks for their hospitality. The village of Shât is not far from this encampment on the north, and Lake Lemone is about two hours distant, high up the mountain in the same direction. These Arabs call the lake, Yemone, and they spend a good deal of the summer in that neighborhood.

10<sup>th</sup>. Rode three hours rapidly, through the plain to a *tel*, called Allâk, where we stopped to breakfast, having examined *en route* the tall column described by Maundrell. "It was nineteen yards high,

and five feet in diameter, of the Corinthian order. It had a table for an inscription on its north side, but the letters are now perfectly erased." As it was in 1696 so it is in 1846, a perfectly isolated column, with not another trace of a building for many miles in any direction. It is called el-Magazel—the spindle—by the natives. Ba'albek is some eight miles east of this Magazel. As I have been there repeatedly, I did not turn out of my course to visit it, but rode on to Zahley and there slept.

11th. Started early, and was at the foot of the mountains before the sun rose. A short distance off the road at the base of Jebel Knisch, is the small village Judeithab, where once stood a temple worth examination. There are other ruined temples on the salient spurs of the mountains which inclose the Bukâh, or in the side valleys which lead to their summits. Some of these have inscriptions, others have not, but I have neither space nor time to notice them at present. I reached Abeih at 12 o'clock, devoutly thankful to find all well and in peace. My own health has been perfect throughout this long ride over the burning plains of Syria, in her hottest and most unhealthy season. Besides accomplishing the particular object of my mission, I have seen much of this interesting land, and have passed over routes very little frequented by modern tourists.

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## ARTICLE VI.

### COMMENTARY ON THE VISION OF EZEKIEL INTRODUCTORY TO HIS PROPHECY.

By the late Professor Hävernîck. Translated from the German by Edward Kohls, Assistant Instructor in Hebrew, Theol. Seminary, Andover.

[In the last Number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, we inserted Prof. Hävernîck's Introductory Observations to his Commentary on Ezekiel. We now give a specimen of the Commentary itself, embracing the first two chapters and a part of the third chapter. This passage, describing the solemn inauguration of the prophet to his work, is one of the most important and interesting in the whole compass of the prophetic writings. In order to derive satisfaction and profit from the explanation of this extraordinary vision, it is not necessary to accede to all the critical remarks and conclusions of the lamented author.—E.]