

rim. It is a locality, uninhabited, situated between the Mount of Olives, Siloam, Bethany, and Abou Dis, and called by the fellahin *Aheil't fakhoury*. *Fakhoury* corresponds letter for letter to Bahurim, without the plural termination.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE LEBANON.

BY E. H. PALMER, M.A.

ON Tuesday, July 19th, 1870, we left Damascus, and passing out of the city by the west gate enjoyed the beautiful view from the little *wells* called Cubbet es Siyár; a rather uninteresting ride past the village of Dammár (the residence of the celebrated 'Abd-el-Cader), and down Wády Bassini, brought us at last to 'Ain Fijeh, one of the most beautiful spots in Syria. Here a broad rushing stream flows through a richly wooded valley with steep rocky sides; this is the Baradeh and 'Ain Fijeh, its principal source flows, or rather rushes, out of a cavern westward, but immediately takes a turn and flows eastwards down the valley. Hard by the spring is a large ruined temple, probably dedicated to the nymph or goddess of the river. A short distance further on is Deir el Mokarram, a village containing some extensive ruins, and the tomb of a *welt* or saint, called Sheikh Helál, whose name, "New Moon," reminds us of that Sabæan worship which was once the established religion of the land; and a short ride past el Kufr and Ekfeir Zeit brought us at last to Súk Wády Baradeh. Here are numerous ancient tombs cut in the rock, in several of which the remains of busts and full length figures (apparently Roman from the dress) may still be traced. A path has been cut out in the solid rock, and on the walls of this are found two Latin inscriptions, one recounting the fact that the road was reconstructed by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the same whose name is inscribed to record a like work at the Dog River. A fine aqueduct also runs along the face of the cliff. There is an Arabic inscription also on a rock at Súk Wády Baradeh—it is illegible, but is written in the Neskhí, and not in the Cufic character, as Porter says. The ancient name of the place was Abila; and this has given rise to the Muslim tradition that it is the spot where Abel was buried, and his tomb is still pointed out to the faithful. Up to this point the valley runs between lofty hills, the sides of which are covered with trees, and a broad river flows along its bed; after Abila, however, it widens out into a broad spoon-shaped space which might almost be called a plain; from this a splendid view of Hermon is obtained; at the right hand extremity lies the village of Zebedání completely buried in trees; and, higher up on the hill, Blúdán. Having pitched our tent at the spring of Zebedání we rode up to Blúdán and called upon Captain Burton, the learned and indefatigable English Consul, who received us very kindly and insisted

upon our stopping at his house for the night. The next morning we all rode out before breakfast to visit some caves at Zebedáni; they proved to be rock-cut tombs, and over one of these were three busts in *bas-relief* and a Latin inscription, of which, however, only the first word, Deus, was legible. Captain Burton having himself made preparations for a semi-official tour in the Lebanon, arranged to accompany us, and we accordingly set out together, accompanied by some native horsemen, retainers of the Sheikh of Zebedáni. Passing by the villages of Ghabteh, 'Ain el Húil, Sargháye, Yahfúfeh, and 'Ain Tardeh, we reached Nebi Shíth, the traditional burial-place of Seth, the son of Adam. The tomb is a hundred feet in length and of the ordinary Muslim pattern, set upon a raised pavement or dais with two steps. From hence we rode for a short distance past the village of Khareibeh, where we were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Rattery, English settlers in Syria, and made for Nebi Hám. Here, according to the Mohammedan tradition, Ham, the son of Noah, is buried; being a prophet of rather questionable character, his tomb has been neglected and is now in very bad repair. On measuring his tomb we found that the father of the Canaanites was only nine feet long; the sanctity of Mohammedan prophets is always measured by their height. At this village we camped for the night, the sheikh providing us with an excellent repast. Having noticed from Sargháye an ancient fort situated on the neighbouring hills, we determined to visit it the next morning, and after a tedious climb succeeded in reaching the spot. It is called Oasr el Benát, and lies due south of the cedars of Lebanon, occupying a commanding situation between two valleys. At the bottom of the hill on which it stands runs Wády Mára'bún, and close by is the village of the same name. The aneroid on the fort read 24° 42' with the thermometer at 77° Fahr.

About mid-day we returned to camp, and having had lunch and a short siesta, started for Baalbekk, which we reached at about five o'clock, having emerged upon the plain by a valley called Wady Esbát. Najfb Bey, the governor of Baalbekk, a friend of Captain Burton's, here came out to meet him. At Nebí Hám we had been joined by Mr. Barker, engineer to the Wálf, who accompanied us here to ascertain if it were possible to carry out a project of Captain Burton's, namely, the demolition of a wall which hides the fine proportions of the Temple of Jupiter, as well as the removal of some unsightly stones on the top of one of the beautiful cornices of the same building. These had both been raised by Fakhr en dín Ma'án, the celebrated Druze chieftain, who had turned the place into a fort. Baalbekk is entered by one of the underground passages which form part of the substructures on which the platform of the great temple is raised. In these the lower courses of masonry are composed of huge stones, and apparently belong to the Phœnician period, while the upper part is late Roman. In the morning we went round to look at the ruins and get a general idea of them as a whole. We first inspected the famous great stones; they are

of immense size, being at least 60 or 70 feet long, and were placed by the Phœnicians apparently as the beginning of a temple, the design of which was never completed. The late Greek architects have used them as the foundation of their larger temple, that now known as the Temple of the Sun. On one very large stone beneath an ancient window I noticed the Phœnician letter *aleph*.

The town of Baalbekk is of considerable extent, and the water supply large; the principal spring is at Rás el 'Afn, situated just outside the town to the east. The position of the town on the edge of the fertile plain of Buka'a is one of the finest in Syria, and were commercial facilities extended to the neighbourhood by the opening of the long talked of Euphrates railway, Baalbekk would undoubtedly soon regain its ancient prosperity and importance. Our tents were pitched in the centre of the ruins, or rather of the courtyard of the larger temple.

The temple of Jupiter is in beautiful preservation, though many of the columns have been overthrown and broken by earthquakes. The ceiling of the outer colonnade is magnificent, being formed of huge blocks of stone, on which are carved elaborate patterns consisting of Solomon's seals and triangles interwoven one in the other; in the centre of each of these patterns is a large bust, smaller ones are placed round it, and intricate foliage fills the intermediate spaces. The whole effect is fine, though the intercolumniation is in rather bad taste, the pillars being placed only 9 feet apart while their diameter is 6 feet, whereas the canon of architecture decides that one and a half diameter is the least allowable distance. All the work, though very elaborate, is debased Roman. In the courtyard, where our tents were pitched, the walls are covered with niches in which statues formerly stood, these are called by the Mohammedans *miháráb*, and are evidently the models from which the latter took the form of their *mihráb* or prayer niche. The entrance to the Temple of Jupiter has been profusely ornamented; on one side is seen a *bas-relief* of a winged figure standing by an altar, to which a bull and sheep are being led for sacrifice. The key-stone of the gateway has partially dropped through; it has on it a *bas-relief* of an eagle with a winged figure on one side trailing a garland of flowers and fruit, the other side is obliterated. Beneath the temple is a vaulted chamber where "the French" are said to have discovered some treasure, an iron box full of coins.

Many of the carvings are as fresh as though they had been done but yesterday; one of them, a fallen capital about 13 feet square, shows the enormous scale on which the work was executed. Most of the columns are made of limestone, but there are also several composed of a coarse hard granite. In the centre of the courtyard are the foundations of a large building, and to the south is a large hexagonal court, and beyond that an esplanade, now, however, blocked up with modern walls. Up this the great staircase from the east appears to have led. At each end of the esplanade is a tower.

The entrance (for horses) to the building is through the arched tunnel

before spoken of; on the roof of this is an inscription. Some busts and a figure of Ashtaroth, with the crescent moon on her head, also adorn the ceiling. Another cross tunnel leads to a parallel one, at the east end of which is an inscription on the ceiling similar to that just described. At the north-west corner of the cross tunnel there are traces of what may have been a Phœnician inscription, but it is now so effaced as to be quite illegible. Between the two temples the remains of a covered passage may also be discerned. On the side of the tunnel to the south, are several chambers and an entrance, now walled up; on the outside of this two square pillars. We lunched in the portico of the Temple of Jupiter, and in the afternoon Mrs. Burton received a visit from some native ladies.

After this we paid a visit to the governor, Najíb Bey (a very intelligent and agreeable Kurdish gentleman), to Habíb Effendi, Asád Effendi Mutrán, Rafá'í Effendi Mutrán, some Maronite priests, and Ibrahím Effendi Jubbúr. All these, the gentry of Baalbekk, seemed to be extremely well off, their houses being well appointed, and an air of substantial comfort reigning throughout them. The Syrians, indeed, are a wealthy people; for instance, at Sargháyeh, where we had lunched a few days previously, the sheikh, a petty village chief, had been able to borrow the sum of 4000 napoleons to lay out in cultivating his fields. So many visits all at once entailed an amount of sweetmeats, sherbet, coffee, and narghilehs, which threatened entirely and for ever to ruin our digestion.

In the morning we walked up the hill to the south-east, and visited the ruined tomb or mosque of sheikh 'Abdallah, near which is the Cubbet Suleimán. From that we descended to the quarry in which is the enormous stone called the Hajar el Hebla, or Pregnant stone, an immense block designed for the substructures of the neighbouring temple, but never removed from the quarry; it measures 73ft. in length. The upper part and sides have been dressed, but the bottom still adheres to the living rock. It seems impossible that it should have ever been contemplated to move such an enormous mass, but some of those actually built into the old wall of the Temple of the Sun are even larger. We next came down into the plain itself, visiting the Cubbet Mâr Eliás, a wall formed of huge pieces of granite columns, taken from some earlier building. Returning to the ruins we lunched in the old fort of Fakhr ed dín Ma'án, and later in the day went out into the town. Amongst the objects of interest which we visited were, first, the old mosque, where are some fine ruined granite columns and one piece of porphyry, which (although the natives declare that it comes from Egypt) Captain Burton has discovered on the French road near Sahl el Jedeideh. Secondly, we inspected a large female figure sculptured in marble, seated in a chair, with a sphynx on her left hand—the proportions and execution of this figure are decidedly bad. Thirdly, we proceeded to the little temple called by the natives El Cadíseh Barbára, Sta. Barbára; the interior is circular in shape and the work very pretty,

though debased Roman in style. In the evening we dined with the governor, Najib Bey, who gave us a capital dinner, consisting of about thirty courses. The next day we started off at 5.30 a.m., and after two-and-a-half hours' walking reached the 'Ain el Baradeh, which is the highest source of the Litáni; it forms a pleasant pool at the foot of a mound called Tell el Baradah, the earth of which has evidently been the site of an ancient village. At this point is the watershed of the Buka'a; the 'Ain el Baradeh, flowing down to the Litáni southwards, while another fountain about a mile distant flows down to the 'Asi. The turf above the 'Ain Baradeh is called Marjat es Sahan, and immediately above this is the Marj Baradah, in which is the Neb'a N'aaneh, a spring which flows down into the Litáni. Here we found a large encampment of Turkomans, consisting of fifty or sixty tents; they are a well-to-do tribe, and are much better dressed than other nomad peoples. The women especially are distinguished from Bedawín females by wearing trowsers and red robes. Just before coming upon them we passed an encampment of the Wuled Abu 'Eid Arabs, and a little village called Hosh Baradeh. The second of the two springs mentioned above, viz., that of the 'Asi, is called Neb'a el 'Elleh. In front of it is a Tell called Mugharr Saideh, and further to the left another called Tell el Jab'a. The mountain at the foot of Lebanon, and just above the Neb'a el 'Elleh, is named Sha'arat Baalbekk. We returned home across the plain, taking, however, a more northerly course, and passed upon our way Neb'a Hosh ed Deheb, Neba el Caddús (the largest of the springs), all of which flow into the 'Asi. We re-entered Baalbekk by the old wall of the town near the Cadiseh (St.) Barbara; behind this is a ruined mosque called Jam'i 'es Sághab, "The Silver-smith's Mosque;" the earth here is like that of the part of Palmyra, where the metal worker's quarter is said to have stood—whence the name of the mosque. We ourselves found several pieces of slag on the spot. Passing through the town we came to the Rás el 'Ain, the great spring which feeds the water of Baalbekk. The spring is deliciously cool and clear, and in the centre of the pool which it forms is a large stone, a broken column with a capital. Beside the pool stands a mosque now in ruins, which an inscription tells us was built by order of the then governor by a Greek architect in the year 670 A.H. Above the pool is a square building called Cubbet es Sath, and another Cubbeh, above the town, immediately behind the governor's house, is called Cubbet el Amjad. The latter is said to be the tomb of El Amjed, son of the celebrated El Melek ed Dháhir. From this point the large extent of ground occupied by the old town of Baalbekk is plainly distinguishable. The old walls may still be traced, and two of the gates, the Buwábet Hums and Buwábet Makneh, still remain. Apropos of this I may mention that gates of Eastern towns are almost invariably named from the first large or important town in the direction of which they face. Rising long before sunrise on the following morning we set off and rode up the hill to the fountain called 'Ain Lujúj, keeping beside

the rock-hewn aqueduct which is said to supply every alternate five days Baalbekk and Nahleh; the spring is situated high up the valley, and the water issues from a small vaulted tunnel. About twenty-five yards from this is the mouth of a well communicating with the tunnel, and an old Syrian who accompanied us declared that he had been all along it till he reached a flight of steps, down which the water passed through an iron door, too narrow, however, for him to enter. On the north side of the wády are traces of a ruined aqueduct, leading directly from the spring. Descending the valley on our return we rode across the Buk'aa to visit a column which stands in the centre of the plain. It is a Roman memorial column, and is now called Camú' 'Aiyád, from the name 'Eiyád, of the owner of the adjacent fields. It is a solitary column, made of limestone, and about 50ft. high, with a capital and a pedestal of four steps. About 20ft. up on the north-east side there has been an inscription, but the tablet is now gone. From this point we rode into 'Ain Lebweh, a large and abundant spring, so embanked as to flow out into four channels on different levels. That to the east is said to supply Tadmor, and it really does go as far as El Ká'ah, a village some thirteen or fourteen miles distant, where all the water is made use of for purposes of irrigation. At 3 o'clock p.m. we reached the village of Lebweh, passing Makneh and Yuhnín on the night; the latter is the residence of Husein Za'ib, sheikh of the Mutáweleh; on the left we passed two other villages, the lower named Sh'at and the upper Nebhá. At Lebweh we stopped to lunch, and after a short siesta rode on past El 'Ain and Fíkah to Rás Baalbekk, a village said to be the most beautiful in Syria, but which is really only a patch of gardens at the foot of bleak barren hills situated on the edge of an almost desert plain. Our ride was altogether about thirty-six miles.

Leaving our camp at Er Rás the next morning, we made an excursion to 'Ain Zerka, the great source of the 'Ásí. The valley down which this river flows is called, between Lebweh and 'Ain Zerka, El Majerr, after which point it takes the name of 'Ásí. Starting at 5.40 a.m. we rode over the plain, and reached 'Ain Zerka in two hours. It is a very pretty spring, overhung with plane trees, from which depend graceful festoons of wild vine. About 200 yards below it is a second and more copious spring, the Neb'a 'Ásí itself; and the Orontes, which above the Zerka was only a trickling stream not a foot deep, now rushes on a swollen and impetuous river, 70ft. or more in width, and from 3 to 6ft. deep. The valley here is very deep; on the eastern side the rocks are conglomerate limestone, but on the western bank there is a lower stratum of sandstone. Although the river is thickly lined with trees, the valley is so deep that standing a little distance off upon the plain above, one might fail to notice its existence. High up in the rocks, about 300 yards on the right bank of the valley below the Neb'a 'Ásí on the eastern bank of the wády, is the rock-hewn convent of Már Marún, the founder of the Syrian Christian sect of the Maronites. It is a picturesque place, entirely excavated in the living rock, and faced with masonry in

which are loopholes for the defence of the convent. The entry is into a small chamber half cut in the rock, then we pass along a passage formed by a wall of masonry built upon a ledge of rock facing south. In the face of the cliff behind this wall are niches cut in the stone. We next cross by a bridge of earth and boughs (constructed by the Arabs, who still make use of the place) into the interior of the excavation, and find it to consist of three large chambers and one small one on the ground floor. The innermost of these has evidently served for the church. The first floor is reached by a staircase hewn in the live rock, and contains only one room; the second storey can only be gained by a ladder through a circular hole in the roof of the first floor at the head of the staircase. The convent is in the lower part of a steep cliff about 150ft. above the bed of the Orontes. Returning to 'Ain Zerka, we breakfasted and rode off to the Camúá Hirmil, a singular isolated monument on an elevated ridge, commanding an extensive view of the neighbouring plain. It is a square monument consisting of three storeys, the upper one pyramidal in shape, the second a square with a pilaster at each corner, and two on each face; the lower one is also square, with a pilaster at each corner, and the whole rests on five steps, two of limestone, and the other three of black basalt, which here crops out. The masonry is solid, as can be seen on the south-west side where the face has broken away. On the faces of the lower storey are rude bas-reliefs, representing animals, and weapons of the chase, bows, arrows, hunting-knives, quivers, and the like. The north-west has two bears; the north-east two stags, one standing and the other couchant and wounded; the south-east two dogs and a wild boar; and on the south-west (the broken) side are the remains of what was apparently the figure of a gazelle pursued by a dog.

The monument probably marks the site of the ancient Paradisus. This word signifies "a hunting park," and the nature of the sculptures, as well as the correspondence of the situation with the topographical notices of that locality found in ancient authors, points almost with certainty to this conclusion.

We next rode over the plain to the village of El Ká'ah, where there is a fort built by Fakhr Eddín Ma'án, as a half-way station between Baalbekk and Hums (the ancient Emesa). After a light meal with the sheikh of the village, we returned to Rás Baalbekk, which we reached about 5 p.m. after a ride of over twenty-five miles, and having arrived in camp we proceeded to inspect the ruins existing in the neighbourhood. On a hill to the north-east of the town is a ruined church called Der Már Túma, "St. Thomas' Convent," and below this, in the bed of the wády, is another convent dedicated to St. John, the only present denizen of which is a single monk, who remains there in order to keep up the territorial rights of his fraternity. In the precipitous cliffs at the head of the wády are some caves which once formed part of the convent of Már Kúlia.

Close by the town, and also situated on the bed of the wády, are some

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traces of older buildings, viz., the convent of Mar Sim'au, the foundations of a large Byzantine church, with three apses, and to the north-west of the town the convent of St. John. The ancient name of Rás Baálbekk, according to the Arabs, was Catfneh; it is called Rás Baálbekk because the hills on which it stands project like a headland (Rás) into the Buka'ah. The ruins of the old town lie to the south-west of the city, amongst the vineyards and trees.

The housetops here, as in many other Syrian villages, are covered with compressed dung arranged in square or round enclosures; these are used as sleeping-places (!) in summer, and as fuel in winter, wood being very scarce in the country.

Striking across the plain in a north-westerly direction on the following morning, we came, after an hour's ride, to the foot of the moraine which leads up into Wády Fára. This is a winding, thickly-wooded valley filled with *butmeh*, wild pear, *sindián*, hawthorn, juniper, and arbutus trees; it flows down from the sub-range of es-Sha'areh at the foot of Lebanon. On our way we passed a furnace for making pitch, which is obtained from the *butmeh* or terebinth, just alluded to. For three hours we continued to ascend this valley, and at the expiration of that time reached the uplands—a valley dividing es-Sha'areh from the Lebanon proper. In the centre of this valley is a spring called 'Ayún Urghush, which we reached in another hour, and where we stopped to breakfast. The waters of this spring, after flowing for a short distance, sink into the ground and are lost to sight. We found the same to be the case, not only with all the other springs on the mountain, but with almost every hollow where the snow collects, and this fact may account for the immense force with which the waters rush out in the springs at the foot of the range. Crossing over the watershed into Wády Nussúr, amongst rugged limestone *débris*, we arrived after two hours at 'Ain Atá, a little collection of mud hovels, situated at the point where the wády first begins to widen out and present any appearance of fertility, for the intermediate distance had been over ground rough and barren in the extreme. The stream which runs along the wády is fringed with drift-wood, showing the force with which the winter torrents rush along its bed. Some of the Maronite inhabitants here came up to welcome Captain Burton as the French consul, and began to deliver an address replete with fulsome praise to the French and depreciation of the English. On being warned, however, of their mistake, they as suddenly veered round, and said they had tried the French as allies, but finding them wanting, had adopted the English as their only friends! We encamped beneath some fine walnut trees on the side of the valley opposite to 'Ain Atá, and near a rapid stream. The waters of Wády Nussúr flow southward into the Birket Yamúneh, a small lake which we could just see in the distance.

The next day was devoted to the exploration of the summit of Lebanon, for which the unusual drought that had prevailed during the past year, and the lateness of the season, afforded us unusual advantages.

In the spring and winter, when travellers usually visit the neighbourhood, the mountain is covered with snow, and the passes scarcely practicable. The summit is rarely, if ever visited. I do not suppose that even in the worst season the summit of Lebanon would present any formidable difficulties to an Alpine mountaineer, but it must be remembered that the Syrian traveller carries his hotel upon his mules' backs, and is therefore compelled to regulate his marches by the endurance of his animals and guides. We started at 5.30 a.m. and reached the top of the pass in an hour and a half. The view from this was very fine, as it comprised on the east the greater part of the Buka'a, bounded only by the range of Jebel Sherkiyeh (Anti-Lebanon) and Jebel es Sheikh; to the south-west were the mountains of Sunín, the lower portion of the Lebanon range, with the Birket Yamúneh lying between it and the ridge on where we stood. To the north rose the lofty snow-capped peaks, the ascent of which was to form our day's work, and on the west opened out an entirely new prospect—the steep descent into Wády el Cadiseh, the little patch of cedars on the mountain side, the rugged steep-banked Wády Cadiseh itself, and the coast line with the sea stretching out for miles and miles beyond. On the very surface of the sea innumerable clouds appeared to rest, invisible from below, but gradually rising throughout the day until they ultimately covered the mountain tops and enveloped them in mist. This side of the mountain, viz., that in which the cedars lie, forms a huge amphitheatre or basin, which, although the most decided and remarkable feature in the landscape, has been entirely neglected by cartographers, and even unnoticed by the surveying party sent out here by the French government. The Lebanon proper consists of five peaks, which we visited one after the other, ascertaining the comparative heights with the aneroid. The walking was very severe, lying all the way over deep valleys filled with snow.

Descending by a steep zigzag path to the cedars, we pitched our camp and proceeded to examine the sacred and renowned grove, and could not repress a feeling of disappointment at its small extent, and the insignificant appearance of the trees. They consist of a little clump of trees of comparatively modern growth, not more than nine of them showing any indications of a respectable antiquity, and covering only about three acres of ground. They stand on a ridge consisting of five mounds and two spurs running nearly east and west, as in the accompanying plan.

The whole number of trees we estimated at about 355; their size has also been grossly exaggerated, none of them being over 80ft. high. The ground is covered with *débris* of cedar and white limestone, and in the centre of the clump is a hideous little building, a Maronite chapel, the appointments of which are painfully poverty-stricken and inadequate. The trees have been lopped and otherwise maltreated, especially by the irrepressible tourist, who has been at infinite pains to cut his name on every available trunk. One tree, rather a large one,

has a hole in it where a branch had broken away, and this has been enlarged into a chamber. They are scrubby scanty specimens, and not half so fine as may be seen in many an English park.

In the afternoon we walked down towards Wády Cadíseh to Neb'á Már Sim'án, a gorgeous fountain situated about an hour and a half from the cedars, where the water streams out in a perfect torrent on the north side of the valley, and flows down to the village of B'sherreh. On our way we passed other springs, 'Ain es'Siyár, Neb'a en Nebát and Neb'a Harfúsh. The view of Wády Cadíseh, on emerging from the cedars, was the finest we had seen in Syria; the deep-cut ravine, the huge regular-shaped amphitheatre, a tall saddle-backed hill called Saiyidat el Hosan cutting the horizon line towards the sea, the fertile hill sides, the picturesque mountain outlines, and above all the soft Alpine colouring, deep green and softest blue, all this was an agreeable change from the monotonous character of the scenery through which we had lately passed.

At the cedars we took leave of our kind travelling companions, who were going to visit the Maronite patriarch at Kanabín on their road to Jebel Sunín, and keeping along the slope of the mountains to the north of Wády Cadíseh, reached Ehdén in two and a half hours by an exceedingly rough and difficult road. The country through which we passed was excessively fertile, the hill sides being covered with cultivated terraces, and yielding abundant crops of corn, maize, potatoes, *turmus*, &c. Near Ehdén also are large plantations of mulberry trees, for feeding silk worms; the cultivation of which forms one of the staple commodities of the country on the western slopes of the Lebanon. It was a market day when we arrived, and we found the town crowded with buyers and sellers, every one dressed in their gayest attire. The sight was very picturesque, the men in red embroidered 'abbas or gay jackets, the women wearing gay muslins and cottons and enormous trousers, the married females wearing a kind of silver saucepan on their heads and an extensive turban. There is a large convent here not yet finished, and dedicated to Már Jirjis. On the south side of the valley we passed the villages of Haddat, Jesúreh, and Keferat Ghúb. At Ehdén we breakfasted in the open street on grapes, figs, and bread.

Continuing our journey in a north-westerly direction, we reached Carn Caitú, a hill which forms the last of the ridge overlooking the coast plain. On the north-east of this hill we found a large sarcophagus cut out of a single isolated block of stone; it is shaped like a gondola, and measures 20ft. in length, by 7ft. in breadth. It is called Námús el 'Abd. The earth has been partially removed from it, the natives having, a few years ago, dug there in search of treasure. About twenty-five yards to the north of this are the ruins of an ancient temple about 20ft. by 18ft., standing on a levelled platform at the edge of a precipitous cliff. The green wooded hill immediately to the north of this is called El 'Ajabiych. A very steep and awkward road, called 'Akabat Hairúni, led us down to the edge of the hills on the coast

south of Tripoli. The edge of the plain was reached in two hours, and in three hours more we came to Zaghartah, where we encamped. The country is extremely fertile, abounding in olives and mulberry trees. On our way we passed the villages of Farfatah, Dáráyah, and Farhátah, all of which were quite deserted, the inhabitants having gone up into the mountains for the summer. We pitched our tent by the side of the river which runs by Zaghartah, after having been eight and a half hours on the road.

From Zaghartah we reached Tripoli by an excellent road in about an hour, passing a village called Almah on our way. The town is picturesque, but extremely dirty and uncomfortable, consisting of narrow gloomy arched streets knee-deep in filth and decayed vegetables. It is situated at the foot of the plateau which here falls in a step of from 200ft. to 300ft. on to the shore plain. A fort at the east of the town commands it, but is itself overlooked from the hill above. The Mína, or port, is some three miles distant on the coast, and the intervening ground is thickly covered with trees. It is a hot unhealthy place, and the population chiefly Muslim. In two and a half hours from Tripoli we reached Cal'at el Mesáliheh, passing the village of Ameyún and two little wayside inns or stores called Dúkán 'Asfúr and Dúkán el Hirreh. Next crossing a promontory called Rás Núriyeh, we passed by a steep winding road amongst rather picturesque hills into Wády Emselihah, where there is a picturesque old fort perched upon a tall isolated rock in the centre of the valley. An hour and three quarters from Tripoli we came upon the remains of a small temple and other adjacent ruins by the sea shore. In three hours from Rás Núriyeh we reached Batrún, a well-to-do, neat, little Christian town, where we rested for the night.

Outside the town are several small smelting furnaces, and immediately below the surface of the ground we could detect a rich vein of iron ore which is worked to a small extent by the inhabitants of the place. Diving for sponges is one of the chief occupations of the poorer peasants in this part of the coast, and we saw many men engaged in their dangerous pursuit as we rode along.

Three and a half hours from Batrún brought us to Jebeil, a compact little walled town noted for producing the best tobacco (*Jebeili*) in Syria. This place is the ancient Byblus; numerous columns of grey granite and sarcophagi were lying about in the neighbourhood. Here we stopped to lunch off some magnificent grapes, which we bought for a farthing a pound.

In an hour and a half we reached Nahr Ibrahim, anciently called the Adonis, a considerable stream, the mouth of which is closed in by a large bar of shingle. Immediately past it is the small village of Dákaibeh, and two and a half hours further on is situated, in a very pretty bay, the mercantile and maritime village of Júnieh. On the hills above (the slopes of Jebel Kesrwán) are large mulberry plantations, villas, silkworm manufactories, &c., all of which give an air of

life and civilisation to the place. The luxuriant vegetation coming down to the edge of the sea, the general richness of the soil, and the softness of the colouring, reminded us forcibly of southern Italy. In an hour and a quarter more we passed over a space of thickly wooded land, and came to the Nahr el Kalb, or Dog River, where we bathed and encamped.

After examining the famous tablets, all of which, except the Latin and part of the Assyrian one, are too much effaced to be legible, we walked up the valley for some distance, but could discover no traces of an ancient road continued along the rocks. Indeed such a work would have been unnecessary, as the wády widens out, and is now practicable for mules. Near the bridge on the south side of the stream is a long Arabic inscription on the flat face of the rock, 15ft. long by 5ft. deep; it is much effaced, but the style of the writing, which is beautifully executed, greatly resembles that of the period of the famous monarch El Malik ed Dháhir.

On the north side of the valley is a fine old aqueduct, built on large arches. A short and pretty ride along the shore brought us at last to Beyrout, where we were soon installed in Bassoul's comfortable hotel.

NOTE.—The Map of Moab published with this number of the *Quarterly Statement*, completes the geographical work of Mr. Palmer, the larger portion of which was embodied in the map of the Tih Desert. Some of the work of Captain Warren is also incorporated in it. Like its predecessor, this map is only a route-sketch, the route of the travellers being marked throughout. In the next number of the *Quarterly Statement*, Mr. Palmer proposes to give transcriptions of all the inscriptions in the Haram es Sherif, together with their translation, and a complete account of the history of the Mosque, drawn from Arabic sources. A notice of some other inscriptions in Jerusalem, and notes of a journey through Palestine, will be included in the same paper.

NOTE ON THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS
 PUBLISHED IN THE "QUARTERLY STATEMENT" (FIRST SERIES,
 NOS. III., IV., AND V.)

A WRITER, M. Alfred Gautier (Professor of Astronomy), in the "Archives des Sciences de la Bibliothèque Universelle," after quoting the results arrived at by Mr. Glaisher and published as above, gives the following comparative table of mean temperatures:—

	Mean of Year.	Mean of Winter.	Mean of Summer.	Latitude.	
	Degrees.	Degrees.	Degrees.	Deg.	Min.
Bagdad	23·2	9·8	34·	33	21
Cairo	22·3	14·7	29·5	30	2
Tunis	20·4	13·2	28·3	36	48
Catania	19·6	12·6	26·9	37	30
Algiers	17·9	12·4	23·6	36	47
Constantine	17·2	10·2	26·6	36	20
Barcelona	17·2	10·1	25·0	41	23
Jerusalem	17·0	9·8	23·3	31	47

Or reduced to Fahrenheit—

	Mean of Year.			Mean of Winter.			Mean of Summer.		
	Deg.	Min.	Sec.	Deg.	Min.	Sec.	Deg.	Min.	Sec.
Bagdad	66	20	9·6	46	30	14·4	82	19	12
Cairo	65	0	14·4	53	45	21·6	75	39	36
Tunis	62	11	31·2	41	32	9·6	73	53	2·4
Catania	61	0	28·8	50	33	52·8	71	48	43·2
Algiers	58	29	31·2	50	21	7·2	66	55	40·8
Constantine	57	27	21·6	47	5	45·6	71	22	48
Barcelona	57	27	21·6	46	56	52·8	69	0	0
Jerusalem	57	2	9·6	36	30	14·4	51	41	2·4