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ARTICLE I.

TOUR FROM BEIRÛT TO ALEPPO IN 1845.[1]

By Rev. W. M. Thomson, Missionary at Beirût.

WITHIN the last few years Palestine has been traversed in all directions by travellers from Europe and America, who have in various ways given to the public the result of their discoveries. Northern Syria however has been rarely visited, and but comparatively little is known in regard to it. This fact will probably be regarded by oriental students as a sufficient apology for publishing the following brief journal of a tour through this interesting country.

Oct. 16*th*, 1845. In company with Capt. Newbold of the East India service I left Beirût this afternoon at 3 o'clock, on a tour to Aleppo. A ride of half an hour through rich mulberry orchards brought us to Nahr Beirût—the Magoras of Strabo and Pliny—which we crossed on a substantial stone bridge of seven arches. My companion examined, with some curiosity, the remains of a very ancient building, of Roman brick, which has for many ages marked the spot where St. George killed the Dragon. Leaving the lovers of legendary lore to discuss the rival claims between this and twenty other sites, for the honor of this wonderful combat, we pass on our way around the deep bay of St. George. The path lies along the soft sea beach, and the feathery surf of the light summer breeze tumbles harmlessly over the

[1] A similar tour in 1840 is described by Mr. Thomson in the Missionary Herald for 1841, p. 28, etc.

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feet of your horse. From N. Beirût to N. Antelias[1] is one hour, and as much further to Nahr el-Kelb—or Dog river—the Lycus of the ancients. Remarkable on many accounts is this little river. Between lofty ramparts of perpendicular rock, it leaps boldly down from snow-clad Sunnîn into the Mediterranean. Its southern rampart projects into the sea, forming a bold, rough promontory, along whose overhanging brow, a narrow and slippery path has been cut out of the solid rock by "men of other days." This remarkable pass was once defended by a gate in the narrowest part, the remains of which are still visible, including a granite column with a Greek inscription too much effaced to be copied. A few rods further on are the Egyptian and Persian figures cut in relief on the face of the rock. I see the name of Sesostris constantly coupled with one of these figures, and shall not attempt to disturb the relation. The origin of the winged globe overshadowing youth acting Egyptian gymnastics is not to be mistaken, and the inscriptions in the arrow-headed character are undoubtedly Persian. Further on and lower down are two Latin inscriptions which may be read in Burckhardt and many other travellers. Near the foot of the present bridge is a very long Saracenic inscription, so involved that our Arab scholars are not able to decipher it. Men of all ages and dynasties have been ambitious to leave some memento of their existence at this remarkable spot. The pass is about half a mile long, rough and rocky and disagreeable in the extreme to a timid rider. The river is always fordable except in very rainy weather, and for such times there is a good stone bridge of three arches erected by the Emeer Bshire.

About six miles above the bridge a large part of the river flows out of a cavern; and there are two other caves further up the valley. Across the interior and lower extremities of these caves the river glides darkly, and disappearing beneath the mountain bursts out finally at the mouth of the lowest cavern. These caves are well worth visiting.[2] The real sources of the river are the great fountains, Neba el-Asil and Neba el-Lebn, some fifteen miles further up the mountain. A few rods below N. el-Lebn the river flows under a magnificent natural bridge; and then fretting and foaming through, over and

[1] Is the village, *Antelias*, which is prettily situated about a mile east of the road where the N. Antelias bursts through the rocky barrier of the hills into the plain, the modern representative of the Leontos mentioned by Strabo as between Beirût and the river Lycus? Here are, and probably always were, the mills which mainly supply Beirût with flour. This of itself would make it a place of importance. The shipping in the bay also water from Antelias.

[2] For a full account of these caverns by Mr. Thomson, see Missionary Herald, 1841, p. 31.—EDS.

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amongst huge rocks it leaps from a giddy precipice into the valley below,—a beautiful but solitary cascade in the heart of these mountains. This natural bridge is one of the largest in the world. The span of its noble and finely turned arch is 163 feet. The elevation above the stream is from 70 to 80 feet, and the width on the top varies from 120 to 160 feet. The rock is 30 feet thick in the centre of the arch, and much thicker at the abutments. The public road passes over the top, which Mr. Wildenbruh, the Prussian consul general, ascertained to be 4926 feet above the sea. No traveller should fail to explore Dog river. The ride to this natural curiosity by Ajeltoon and Fareiyeh is one of the most romantic in all Lebanon.

Two or three miles south-west of this bridge are the ruins of a temple of Grecian architecture called Fukrah. It faces the east, and measures 110 feet by 55. The walls are partly standing, but the columns are all prostrate. They are plain shafts of limestone with Corinthian capitals. Fragments of a Greek inscription are found on broken pieces of cornice, but they cannot be collected into an intelligible record. There are considerable ruins as of a town in the vicinity; and on a hill forty or fifty rods to the north stands an isolated tower of singular construction. What remains, appears to be only the basement, nearly solid and without any arch. Probably there were upper stories on this very substantial base. The prospect from the top down the gorge and over mountain and valley to the distant sea at Beirût is magnificent. The water of Neba el-Lebn is still conducted over the hill to the temple, but it now only waters the plantations around it. Who built this temple, tower and city, and when, it is impossible to ascertain. Every trace of the inhabitants who could have required such a place of worship has long since vanished from Lebanon. There is an illegible inscription over the door of the tower, and on a stone near it is the following, cut in large well-marked characters.

ΛΕΝΤΕΠΙΘΟΛΟΝ
ΡΑΒΒΟΜΟΥΕΠΙΜΕ
ΛΗΤΟΥΕΚΤωΝΤΟΥ
ΜΕΠξΤΟΥΘΕΟΥωΚΟΛΟ
ΜΗΘΗ

In two hours from N. el-Kelb we reached Maamelteîn, a collection of Khans at the extreme north-east corner of the bay of Jûneh. The wady of this place and name divides the districts of Kesrawân and Jebail; and here is seen the best specimen of a Roman bridge in Syria. It is a single arch whose span is 38 feet 4 inches, the width 23 feet 9 inches, and the heighth 26 feet. Some of the stones are 10 feet long by 3 thick. The whole fabric has a bold, substantial appear-

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ance worthy of the hands that reared it. The bridge is now utterly useless since the water in the wady is never a foot deep. As the road must of necessity pass this spot on account of the perpendicular cliff on the north of it, the bridge was probably designed to protect the ford from the sea, when the west wind blew violently. In the course of ages the detritus brought down from the mountain by the brook has encroached upon the sea, so as to leave sufficient room for the road between it and the bridge. Such encroachments are common along this coast. The Nahr el-Mote, near Beirût has pushed back the line of the shore many rods within the last ten years.

We slept on the Roman bridge, and left Maamelteîn at sunrise. For the first half hour the road is carried along a very rocky and narrow pass overhanging the northern shore of Jûneh bay. Burj Kseîbeh, one of St. Helena's towers, stands in lonely desolation on the extreme point of the low cape which protects the bay on the north. Rising to the top of a hill of highly stratified argillaceous marl, we stopped to gaze upon and admire the glorious panorama around the head of this beautiful bay. The mountain rises abruptly from the shore some thousand feet, clothed with dark groves, its sides adorned with hanging villages, and its dizzy summits crowned with white convents. Ghuzîr is the largest of these hamlets and is distinguished by its Jesuit's college and large silk factory. Descending to the shore at a small village called Berjeh, we came in one hour to a wide stairway cut through the solid rock, down to a stream of fresh water which flows into the sea some twenty feet below the surface. It is called Mahûz, and is resorted to by all the neighboring shepherds to water their flocks and herds. There is a great scarcity of water along this coast, and what is found is brackish. The scarcity of fountains admits of the following explanation. For more than twenty miles the strata near the sea dips towards it, at all angles from 90° and downwards. The water is consequently carried below the surface. It frequently comes out *in* the sea where the strata terminate abruptly. These *uptilted* strata form the most striking peculiarity in the geology of lower Lebanon. They are frequently a thousand feet high and double that in thickness, and may be traced by the naked eye for fifteen miles from a single position near Beirût. They are always accompanied by a scarcity of fountains.

Between Mahûz and Nahr Ibrahim is a village called es-Sûfreh whose ancient ruins have for ages served as a quarry for Beirût and other cities on the coast. The rock is composed almost wholly of well preserved fossil shells. Nahr Ibrahim is about two hours from Maamelteîn. The bridge over the river is a single arch 63½ feet span

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and 36 feet above the water—said to have been built by the Emeer Ibrahim, nephew of Mar Yohanna Marone. This would carry its construction back to the eleventh century. Mar Yohanna Marone must not be confounded with Mar Marone the founder of the Maronite sect. The river however obtained its modern name from this Emeer Ibrahim. As the blood of Adonis has long ceased to colour the water, the very name of the beautiful bay has been forgotten by the modern inhabitants on the banks of this classical stream. The source of the Nahr Ibrahim is a large fountain high up in Lebanon flowing from a cave near Afka. This is probably the Aphaca which Zozimus says was midway between Baalbeck and Jebeil and where was the temple of Venus so celebrated for its impure and abominable rites. The ruins still found near the cave may mark the precise spot of this temple, and the locality is well adapted to such a purpose. A magnificent rampart of rock, a thousand feet perpendicular height, incloses the secluded spot on two sides, while the horrible gorge of the river renders access from below nearly impossible. The road from Baalbeck to Jebeil was probably carried over the southern end of Sunnîn, and around the head of the impracticable gorges of N. el-Kelb and N. Ibrahim. It would thus pass near Fukrah as well as Afka; and were it not for the identity of name, I should place the temple of Venus at Fukrah. The one may as justly be called "midway between Baalbeck and Jebeil" as the other, while the great temple at Fukrah is without a history, and Afka has no ruined temple.[1]

One hour from N. Ibrahim is another of Helena's towers called Mehash, famed over the country for its echo. The response to a person standing about forty rods from it, is absolutely perfect in tone, emphasis and pronunciation. Several of our company had their impertinent addresses returned to them so promptly as to confound their most determined gravity. Here is a khan and some very ancient ruins, and the water of N. Ibrahim was once conducted to it by a stone aqueduct which can still be traced most of the distance along the brow of the hill above the road. *Palaebiblos*, mentioned by Strabo in connection with the Adonis must have been somewhere in this neighborhood. The ruins are on the banks of a wady called Fedâr, which is

[1] Dr. Hogg believes that he discovered the ruins of the temple of Afka at lake Leman. This is not very probable. The road from Baalbeck to Jebeil by lake Leman would not come near Afka. Leman also has a *name* and a history of its own in olden time, and claimed no connection with Afka and its temple. As it was destroyed in the time of Constantine, it is not strange that but little of the ruins remain.

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spanned by a bridge of one arch with the name of Jior Jadge. A broken column lies on the end of this bridge having the following inscription, remarkable on account of the name of *ZHNOBIA*, Palmyra's glorious queen.

+ + + ω Π + + +
?
A N Θ Υ Π (Δ I
A N Є I K H T ω (Є B A (T ω
?
K A I (Є Π T I ⊔ A Z H N O B I A
? ?
(B A Є T H 7 H T P I T O Υ
T O Υ A H T T H T O Υ H
? ?
K P A T ⊔ P O Є O Υ A B A M A
A Θ H N O Δ ω P O Υ

The inscription is much injured by time, but most of the letters are quite distinct.

It is forty minutes ride from Jior Jadge to Jebeil. We examined the ruined church called Marteen or Mar Tîn about a mile south of the city. Tradition carries its origin back to a very high ecclesiastical antiquity, nor do its architectural indications clash with these claims.

The road thus far has followed the sea-shore along the base of the lower hills of Lebanon. The strata dip towards the sea at an angle varying from 10° to 30°. The formation most common is indurated white marl alternating with strata of semi-chrystalline cretaceous rock. It is highly fossiliferous, and in many places is *interlaced* with *seams of dark chert*. These are often disposed with as much regularity as the mortar and brick in a wall, to which it bears no slight resemblance. North of Nahr Ibrahim the shore and adjacent fields are covered with black volcanic sand, gravel and pebbles, often cemented into a tough salt-and-pepper conglomerate. As there is no locality of trap on the neighboring hills and no river to bring this sand from a distance, there is probably an extensive submarine dyke of trap near the shore. I noticed in many places a thick stratum of dark conglomerate, composed of sand and *recent* shells, water worn and comminuted, overlying *unconformably* the limestone, and twenty or thirty feet above the water. This indicates, either that the sea has retired, or that there has been a recent (geologically speaking) rise of the coast.

Jebeil is the ancient Byblus of the Greeks.[1] Benjamin of Tudela, by one of his courageous leaps into the dark abyss of antiquity,

[1] The *Gebal* of the Hebrews, inhabited by seamen and builders, Ezek. 27: 9. Hence were the Giblites, 1 K. 5: 18 margin.—Eds.

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discovered that it was the Gebal of the children of Ammon. It had in his days 200 Jews—probably a cypher too many by mistake,—as must have happened in the manuscript of Volney, A. D. 1786, where he gives the number of inhabitants at 6000. For ages the number has not exceeded 600, and there are no Jews. It was however a place of some importance during the crusades, and was governed, when Benjamin visited it, by seven Genovese Emeers of the family of Embriaco, the chief of whom was Julianus.

The most remarkable thing about Jebeil is the multitude of granite columns which are built into the walls and castles, choke up the small harbour, and lie scattered over the fields. Beautiful sarcophagi are also frequently dug out of the ruins. One was found quite recently of the most exquisite workmanship, and with a Greek inscription. It had never been opened, and consequently the bones of its original tenant were found in it. I have seen the rings, bracelets, and gold leaf which covered the face, and several other ornaments, found amongst the bones. It is to be regretted that these admirable specimens of ancient art are generally broken to fragments by the inhabitants to get them out of the way, or to serve for building their houses and garden walls.

The columns are mostly of gray granite—plain shafts varying in length from ten to twenty feet and in diameter from one to two feet. The style is Grecian, and this applies to all the columns in the cities of ancient Phenicia. Had the Phenicians therefore no columns of their own? Did they import their style from Greece? Or did both borrow from Egypt? The granite probably all came from the banks of the Nile, as there is no granite in Syria, and much of it can be proved to have come from Egyptian quarries. Were there no such columns in Syria before the conquest of Alexander? The fact that innumerable columns were incorporated into temples, castles and piers known to be of the age of Augustus, proves that they had *then* become fragments of *ancient* ruins. But this might well happen in a country so subject as Syria to destructive earthquakes and political convulsions; even if their introduction was subsequent to the Grecian conquest. I have seen no ruins in this country into which broken columns are incorporated that can prefer any claims to a remoter antiquity than the times of the elder Ptolemies. My architectural knowledge however is far too limited to discuss these questions; nor have I access to authors more learned in this matter: and as these cold, rigid, but beautiful creations of races long extinct, will not reveal their age or their history to such a tyro as myself, some more skilful antiquary must put them to the question.

Another object of interesting inquiry to the traveller is the age of

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the castle. That part of it which appears most ancient is constructed entirely of large and finely *beveled* stones. These seem never to have been disturbed; and if the *bevel* characterizes the Phenician architecture we have here a good specimen of this most ancient order. The fact that there are in this part neither columns nor fragments of any kind countenances the idea that it is a portion of the original castle. The Romans evidently built extensively around this primitive nucleus. Granite columns abound in these portions, and the whole appears to have been constructed out of fragmentary materials found on the spot at the time of its erection. The lighter works are Saracenic and Arabic. The crusaders may have also made additions and repairs; and the large church in the city is said to have been built by them. Perhaps it owes its origin to the piety of some of the Embriaco Emeers. The castle was occupied, by a detachment of Ibrahim Pasha's troops in 1840, and a number of British soldiers were wounded, and some killed in an ill-directed attack made upon it.

From Jebeil to Amsheet is one hour. The village is on a hill east of the road, and is distinguished by ancient ecclesiastical ruins—a convent, two churches and a subterraneous, cavernous chapel still used, and sacred to St. Sophia. The churches are dedicated to St. George and our Lady Mary. There are many tombs hewn in the rock which resemble the Phenician sepulchres near Tyre; and I found a long inscription on a slab recently dug out of the ruins, in a character which we could not decipher. It was much injured and some of the letters seemed to be Arabic, and others resembled the old Syriac. The tradition is, that these ruins belonged to a Syriac Patriarchate which was destroyed when the Moslems first conquered the country. Half an hour north of Amsheet is a place called el-Bârbârâ, and on the hill above it a solitary tower named Rehân. Abrupt hills, rocks, indentations of the shore and yawning caverns render the road in this neighborhood quite picturesque. A deep cut ravine called Medfoor divides the district of Jebeil from that of Batrone, one hour from the latter place. The distance between these two cities is four hours.

Batrone is believed to be the Botrus of the Greeks, nor is there any reason to question their identity. It now contains about 3000 inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are Maronites—the remainder are Arab Greeks. There is no family of hereditary, feudal chiefs residing in this district, *el-hamd lillah* (praise be to God), as one of the inhabitants concluded the announcement. And with good reason, for these feudal sheikhs, be they Druze, Maronite, Moslem or Mettawalie, are an unmitigated curse. The trade of Batrone is chiefly in raw silk, oil and sponges, which are fished up in great numbers along this

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coast. The women are celebrated for their skill in weaving the coarse *abays* and other fabrics worn by the peasants—all honor to their useful industry. I fancied I could perceive the fruits of it in their well dressed husbands and brothers. We slept on the sandy beach of their miniature harbor, inside the town. The ancient harbor was on the south of the city, and was protected by a wall and pier. The present one is too small for boats of a large size, and is very unsafe. There are no antiquities of any note at Batrone.

Oct. 18th. Left Batrone at half past 3 o'clock, and following the wady et-Jous came in half an hour to the castle called Mesalaha. It is Saracenic, built on the top of an isolated rock whose small summit is entirely covered by it. This rock is perpendicular on all sides, and a stairway was hewn into it by which you ascend to the top. Standing in the plain midway between the rugged mountain walls of the valley at its narrowest part, the castle completely commands the road, and when garrisoned by robber bands of Mottawalies from upper Lebanon (as it often was in former days) no traveller could pass without paying whatever *aroniget* or *buksheesh* was demanded. It has been wholly deserted for many years, except by the adventurous goats that clamber up the well worn steps to repose beneath its cool vaults. From this castle the road leads over the mountain, at all times a romantic ride but doubly interesting in the bright morning moonlight. This spur of Lebanon projects far into the sea, and like Carmel, terminates in a lofty abrupt promontory, the Theoprosopon of the Greeks. It is now called Ras es-Shukah or Hâmât or Jeble Nûrîyeh, according as your informant is a sailor, a traveller or a pilgrim to the celebrated convent hanging on its northern declivity and dedicated to the Virgin as the Nûrîyeh or light-giver. The mountain is composed of chalky marl, very white and easily washed away, and the road winds up amidst curiously shaped cones, and along fearful precipices. In former times it was a famous haunt of robbers, and my Arab companion seemed to think the ghosts of those bloody deeds still lingered in those unfathomable ravines. At the foot of the *descent* is a very old graveyard, far from any inhabited village, and near it are traces of a ruined town. This may possibly be the Gigarta mentioned by Strabo as lying between Batrone and Tripoli.

From the foot of the mountain a wide plain stretches northward towards Tripoli. It is traversed by the following brooks on their way to the sea,—Asfoor, Shikka, Burgone, Jadge. The rock everywhere protrudes through the scanty soil of this plain, but little of which is under cultivation. This rock is highly fossiliferous, and so easily worn away, that the brooks have excavated deep channels through it,

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so narrow that one may step from bank to bank, while the water dashes furiously at least ten feet below. This feature is quite unique, and in winter, renders the torrents troublesome and some of them even dangerous. Rising out of this plain, over a low marl hill we came upon some singular remains of ancient buildings, said to mark the site of a church called el-Kûtrûb. There was once a village in the vicinity. Further west towards the sea, are the remains of another church distinguished by the pompous name of Kneset el-Ouameed (church of columns); and quite on the extreme point of the low cape or headland which stretches into the sea, is the village called Enfeh (tip of the nose). There was once a considerable city on this point, and the ruins are supposed to mark the site of the Trieris of ancient geographers. A gentleman of Tripoli, every way worthy of credit, assured me that he examined the remains of twenty-six (!) churches at Enfeh, most of which were so well preserved that they might be fitted for worship at a very small expense; and there were many others quite ruined. I regretted extremely that we had not taken the lower road along the shore, which would have carried us through this interesting village. We could distinctly see the ruins, and could trace for several miles, the aqueduct that conveys water to the place even down to the present day.

After five hours' ride from Batrone we stopped to breakfast at Calmone, the Calumis of Strabo. It is now a small modern village, but having excellent water, it is surrounded by luxuriant orchards and gardens. From Calmone to Tripoli is a little more than one hour, and the approach to the city is through a large grove of olive trees, at the commencement of which is a small river called Bâhsâs, having a substantial stone bridge.

Modern Tripoli is built on both sides of the river Kadîsha where it issues from the mountains. This river rises amongst the Cedars of Lebanon above Bsherrai, and flows past Cânobîn, (the residence of the Maronite patriarch—the last prison, and the grave of Asaad Shidiak,) and finds its way to the plain through one of the wildest gorges in the world. Tripoli is a well built city of Saracenic origin, containing about 13,000 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom are Moslems, the remainder Christians of the Greek church. West of the city is a low flat delta, called Tripoli Point, extending into the sea two or three miles, at the extremity of which is Mînet Trabolus, or Landing of Tripoli, an unwalled town of about 4000 inhabitants. This is the site of the ancient city, which Strabo says was originally settled by colonies from Sidon, Tyre and Arvad. If they at first formed three settlements or villages, probably each had a Phenician name, and when the three

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were united into one by the Greeks, they took a new name suggested by the union. Be this as it may, this place has no historic name but Tripoli, nor is there any Phenician name attached to any locality in this immediate vicinity. The existing ruins are of Grecian origin. Granite columns lie scattered along the shore, and are wrought into the old castles. There are also large masses of the ancient wall, particularly that which defended the east or land side of the city. It commenced at the sea near the modern town called et-Diwân, and ran south-west quite across the point of the Delta to the sea again, a distance of 600 paces. The other three sides being defended by the sea appear to have had less substantial walls, at least nearly all traces of them have disappeared. Only the *rubble* work of the eastern wall remains, the facing having been carried off for building-stone. Without the facing, it is eighteen feet thick, and appears to have been very high. Every foot of this enclosed Delta appears to have been covered with heavy buildings; and after the ruins have been dug over again and again for, no one knows, how many centuries, I found men still at work in this inexhaustible quarry. The ancient city was built on the Point, probably because it was much easier fortified—more healthy, as it still is—and nearer the shipping. The river passes through the present city, and so much water is distributed to the houses and gardens; and vegetation is so rank in consequence, that fevers prevail to a sad extent in autumn. Notwithstanding this serious evil Tripoli is regarded, by the natives, as, after Damascus, the most desirable residence in Syria. The houses are large and well built, and the gardens delightful, abounding in oranges, lemons, apricots, plums, pears, apples, peaches, and other oriental fruits. It is eminently a city of roses, and gives its name to one of the most beautiful varieties of this queen of flowers.

At the date of the first Crusade the city stood on the point. Raymond of Toulouse is said to have built the castle of the modern city in 1103, to protect the pilgrims from the Moslems of the city, in their passage down the coast. It was called the castle of the Pilgrims. Raymond died in this castle. The *city* was taken by Bertrand, assisted by the king of Jerusalem. Abu Tai, an Arabic historian, relates that a priest in the train of Bertrand, entering the large library of the city, and finding many copies of the Koran there, supposed that the whole collection consisted of this book, and therefore ordered them all to be burnt. Thus perished, says the author, 300,000 volumes! *Novairi*, another Arabic author, says there were 100,000 volumes in Arabic, Persian and Greek. This library was founded by the Cadi Ala Taleb Hasn, an author of much celebrity. Arab historians lament

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the destruction of this magnificent library, while the Crusaders do not even mention it. In 1188 Saladin attempted to retake Tripoli but failed. But it was captured in 1289, by the sultan of Egypt, and the inhabitants massacred. In 1366, the king of Cyprus, assisted by the Knights of Rhodes, took and burnt Tripoli, and ravaged all the coast as far as Ladakî. In 1202 it was destroyed by an earthquake, which overthrew most of the cities in Syria,—a like calamity occurred in 1285. Such were the varied fortunes of this beautiful city during the middle ages.

Six square towers or castles command all the salient points around the bay. There were originally seven, but all traces of the seventh have long since disappeared. They are probably Saracenic, and about the age of the first crusade. Several of them have been nearly destroyed by Berber Aga, and his successor, Ibrahim Pasha. The Burj es-Sebaya is the largest, best built and best preserved. It is about ninety feet long, sixty-six wide, and has seventy granite columns wrought into the walls. The entrance affords a fair specimen of Saracenic architecture. Above the door was once a tablet with two lions carved upon it, and hence the name. This tablet was no doubt placed on the castle by some of the Counts of Tripoli. All the castles had embrasures for cannon built on the sea side. These appear to have been added after the invention of gunpowder rendered such appendages necessary.

A group of small islands extends into the sea about ten miles in a north-west direction from the Point. The most distant is called Ramkîn. The next is distinguished by an aged palm-tree, and called Nahly. It is said to have water on it, and was formerly used for rearing poultry and pork. They all appear to be destitute of soil and vegetation, and serve no valuable end but to protect the shipping in the harbor. I have the names of fifteen, and there are several more near the shore, but I shall not trouble myself or others by recording them. If any one is curious about names, he may consult Burckhardt, where most of them will be found. Did this Point once extend out to Ramkîn, and are these islands the only remnants which the waves have left? The rock of both, is the same loose sand conglomerate, and both the point and the islands rise but a few feet above the sea. If this is the origin of the islands they may wholly disappear in the course of future ages. On the other hand there are indications along the Syrian coast, that the shore has risen above its former level. And if such an elevation should again occur, the Point may be extended some ten miles further north-west. One more inquiry to the curious and the learned in such matters: Is the whole Delta, islands

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and all, a deposit of the river Kadisha? This is the opinion of at least one who has examined the localities with much care.

In the district of Dûnnîyeh, east of Tripoli, near a village called Sufîry, are the remains of a Grecian temple. On one side there are three doors, the centre one at least twenty-five feet high and eight wide. A stairway led from one of the side doors to the top. A considerable part of the walls is still standing, but the columns are all prostrate. Some of the stones are twenty-two feet long. A friend of mine who recently visited these ruins, copied the following inscription from a stone which had lodged in the fork of a great tree that has grown up amongst the ruins.

ΑΥΡΙΗΡΟΚΜΔΟΜΝΟΥΤΥΝΗΑΥϹΑΟΥ
ϹΙΤΟΥΝΗΤΡΝΟΥΗΟΜΟΥΡΟΗΥΗΑΚΑΙΔ
ΕΤΙΠΡΟΤΕΡΟΝΧΤΕΤΡΑΚΟϹΙΩ
ΝΕϹΑΕΡΤΑΖΗϹΚΥΡΙΑϹ.

This is probably the temple which M. Paujoulat calls Aurore, though my informant says it is called Kulaat el-Husn.

The building-stone of Tripoli is the same porous sand conglomerate as at Beirût, and the houses require to be plastered externally on the south and west sides, to prevent the rain from passing through the walls. As at Beirût also the rock on the shore is constantly worn away by the waves, and the sand thus formed is driven in upon the cultivated parts of the Delta by the prevailing south-west winds. But at Tripoli the water is abundant and vegetation luxuriant, and the encroachment of the sand will be much slower than at Beirût, and with care might be prevented altogether. Tripoli has long been stationary, nor is it likely to increase except in connection with some future general amelioration and advance of the country. The sudden and rapid growth of Beirût in our day is owing to causes which can never apply to Tripoli, and moreover when the commerce of the East shall be again restored to the head of this great sea, at the uncontrollable dictation of rail-roads, the fortunate *entrepot* will probably be at the mouth of the Orontes, or somewhere near the centre of Palestine, possibly at Acre. The heights of Lebanon cannot be scaled by the revolutionizing lines of trade and travel.

According to the register of taxation made by Ibrahim Pasha, there were in the city and Mîneh of Tripoli, 2167 taxable Moslems, 925 Christians of the Greek church, 83 Maronites, and 18 Jews; which multiplied by 5 gives an aggregate population of 15,965. Burckhardt estimated the inhabitants at 15,000 in 1812; and the city remains in most other respects precisely what it was when that most accurate traveller visited it.

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Oct. 22nd. Left Tripoli at twenty minutes past 7 A. M. and at 8 o'clock we stopped to examine the Wely of Dervîshes, called Kubet el-Bedawy; were not able to ascertain whether this place derived its name from Bedâwy, the celebrated Arabic writer on jurisprudence, or from some great Moslem saint. The antiquated and dilapidated buildings of this famous convent of Dervîshes stand near a large fountain whose waters are collected in a pool in which are thousands of a peculiar kind of slate-colored fish, sacred to the saint, and fed by the Dervîshes. They may not be killed, not even by these holy anchorites, and legends without number and sufficiently marvellous, are current about them, all over the country. What other vocation, besides feeding these highly favored fish, is prosecuted by this fraternity of Moslem monks, does not appear. Both appeared to be full of fat and frolick, and altogether contented.

It is two hours and a quarter from Tripoli to Nahr Bârid, a considerable stream which comes down from the northern slope of Lebanon. The plain is well watered and fertile, but neither the brooks which wander through it, nor the villages which adorn the first slopes of the mountain, have any historic interest. A few minutes south of the bridge over the river, is a conspicuous mound with very ancient remains on the top. It is called Burj Hakmone el-Yehûdy. Who this Hakmone the Jew was, cannot now be ascertained, but the ruins are probably Phenician or Jewish, and form one amongst many indications that the Jewish kingdom extended in a remote age over this plain of Junia, and a part at least of the Ansairiyeh mountains. Near the mound are some sarcophagi of the most antique and primitive form; and on the north of the river above the khân are the remains of an extensive city. The large stones have all been removed, probably to build the city and castles of Tripoli. Rubbish, pottery, cisterns and wells cut in rock, are the works which remain of this once large town. The very name—all name—is lost in the darkness of remote antiquity.[1] The only building hereabouts is the old khân at the bridge bearing the name of the river, and also that of sultan Murâd the builder. Like most other public khâns in Syria it is gradually falling to decay. Arab geographers speak of three old castles in this neighborhood, none of which now appear, unless the curious square structure named B'hunneen, standing alone in the plain below the vil-

[1] May not these remains mark the site of the ancient Orthosia? The Peutinger Tables place that city at twelve Roman miles from Tripoli, and thirty from Antaradus, which corresponds very nearly to this position. The language of Strabo is indefinite. The Synecdemus of Hierocles enumerates it as north of Arca; but the authority of this writer is less than that of the Tables.—EDS.

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lage called Mineh, be one of them. Perhaps there may have been a castle at Hakmone, and another at Kulâât, in the centre of the Junia.

In twenty-five minutes from Nahr Bârid we turned up from the sea shore eastward, to visit the ruins of Arca, the capital of the Arkites. The distance from the sea is about five miles; and in many places we noticed traces of the ancient Roman road. Along this same high way, some eighteen centuries ago, Titus led his victorious legions, after the destruction of Jerusalem, dragging after him crowds of Zion's most miserable captives; and in the magnificent temple of Venus Archites, upon whose broken columns we are about to gaze, did that victorious captain return thanks for his victories. The road crosses a beautiful plain rising gradually towards the eastern mountains. Midway between the sea and the city is a very ancient burying-ground, called B'ragief or Buragief, all solitary, with not a human habitation in sight, except a temporary encampment of Arabs. What mighty changes have passed over this plain!

Arca.

Everything here is interesting. The river (which ought to have a location on our maps between N. Bârid and N. 'Akkâr) comes tumbling down from the eastern hills, leaping over rocks, and bolting through dark chasms in a style altogether its own. The bridge spans one of the chasms, by a single arch not more than ten feet wide. This bridge is at the base of the high mound, which formed the Acropolis of Arka, upon whose summit stood the far-famed temple of Venus. This mound is about a mile in circuit at the bottom and rises a truncated cone to the height of about 200 feet above the bed of the river. The upper half of this cone is artificial, the base is solid rock. The temple stood on the south-east side, where the rock is perpendicular, and down this precipice the columns have been thrown. I counted sixty-four lying at the base of the rock, most of them broken. About one-third of these are of red Egyptian granite, the rest are gray. Amongst these columns I noticed a few large stones having the ancient (Phenician?) *bevel*—almost the only indication of an Arkitish origin. The city was built on the east, north, and west sides of the Acropolis. The ruins are extensive, and have many columns of granite and common limestone mingled with them. Most of the larger building-stone has been carried off, and the tradition of the place is that Arca has for many ages served as a quarry for Tripoli. This may be the origin of the *beveled* stone found in some of the castles at Tripoli. Another tradition states that there was an underground pas-

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sage from the top of the Acropolis to the river near the foot of the bridge. We saw the door of this passage blocked up with a rude wall. It is in the mill at the bridge. High up in the face of the perpendicular rock over which the temple was built is a horizontal *tunnel* leading *under* the temple. A stream of water evidently flowed out of this tunnel, and probably came down through the centre of the mound from the temple. The canal which conducted the water to the temple from the mountains three hours (?) distant was *tunneled* through rocks, or carried over valleys on arches, as circumstances required. The mill-race at the bridge is carried under the surface, by a tunnel through the rock. It is probably ancient, and not originally made for a mill-race. Many of the people, and amongst them a venerable old priest, assured me that they had been up to the fountain which fed the canal, and that it was *tunneled* into the very heart of the mountain for half an hour! I could not visit this singular fountain, as it lay altogether out of our route.

A few rods above the bridge, on the south side of the river, is a high, perpendicular cliff of white calcareous sandstone, crowded with recent shells in as perfect preservation as when thrown up on the sea beach. I gathered many specimens of pectens cordium, Venus, etc. The *dip* of this formation is west, about 20°.

The present village has twenty-one families of the Greek church and seven families of Moslems—a wretched hamlet standing amid the columns of this once splendid city.

This city can claim a very high antiquity. It was the capital of the Arkites mentioned Gen. 10: 17 and 1 Chron. 1: 15. Josephus says that Arucæus the son of Canaan possessed Arca which is in Lebanon; Antt. 1. 6. 2. This is the amount of its history until the time of Alexander, in whose honor a splendid temple was erected, and dedicated as is supposed to Venus, the Artemis of the Phenicians. The worship of this goddess at Arca was probably far more ancient than the time of the Grecian conquest. The emperor Alexander Severus is said to have been born in this temple. Titus passed through Arca on his return from the destruction of Jerusalem. It is mentioned in all the itineraries of this region, and is conspicuous in early ecclesiastical records. It also figures largely in the exploits of the Crusaders. In 1099 it sustained a long siege from the first Crusaders. The vast plain below the city was covered by the tents of that most extraordinary army; and here occurred the famous dispute about the *sacred lance*. The question was no less grave than whether this lance was the one which pierced the side of the Saviour on the cross. The multitude was divided in opinion. Barthelemé (Bar-

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tholomew) a crazy priest, was the champion of the sacred relic. Visions and revelations there were in abundance, but the unbelieving generation were not convinced. Barthelemé therefore resolved, or was persuaded, to submit to the ordeal or trial by fire. This quieted the camp. A large fire was kindled in the middle of the plain. Barthelemé advanced barefoot, holding the lance in his hand; and the chaplain of St. Giles pronounced in a loud voice these awful words: "If this man has seen Jesus Christ face to face; if the apostle Andrew has revealed to him the divine lance; may he pass safely through. If, on the contrary, he has been guilty of falsehood, may he be burnt with the lance which he holds in his hands." The whole multitude shouted amen! the will of the Lord be done! Barthelemé on his knees called heaven to bear witness to his truth and sincerity;—then rising walked deliberately through the fire unhurt!! But alas! the multitude rushed upon him to touch the victorious lance, trampled him under foot, tore off his clothes, and would have killed him outright, if Raymond with his guard had not rescued him. Poor Barthelemé died a few days after, either from his burns, or bruises, or both, and in his dying agony upbraided those who had persuaded him to dare the dreadful trial.[1] Notwithstanding this miracle, the holy warriors could not take the city; and after three months they broke up the siege, burnt their camp, and departed for Jerusalem. In 1109, however, Arca was captured by Bertrand, immediately after the fall of Tripoli. The expelled Moslems perhaps then retired into the mountains, and built the city of Akkâr, whose ruins we are next to examine.

A ride of two and a half hours into the wild mountains east of Arca brought us to Jibraîl where we spent the night. Although there are no villages on the plain, these mountains are crowded with them—a mixed population of Moslems, Mettawalies, Greeks and Maronites. The road led over chalkly marl hills, commanding a lovely prospect of mountain and vale and plain and sea. During the last hour we crossed numerous trap dykes traversing and tilting up the marl, and limestone strata, in every possible shape, angle and direction. In many localities trap dykes, shaped like huge wedges, have been driven up from unknown depths, bursting the strata and carrying them up in exact conformity to their own movements—thus showing both the disturbance, and the disturbing cause in most convincing and striking proximity. No better field for investigating certain geological questions need be desired. Most of the villages are built of black basalt, which gives them

[1] See also Wilken Gesch. die Kreuzz. I. p. 259 sq.

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a gloomy aspect. The country is eminently fertile, and even in this dry season, both hills and valleys are clothed in green. Indian corn is the staple crop of Akkâr, and man as well as beast lives upon it.

Oct. 23rd. Left Jibraîl at sunrise. We are now passing over new ground. The people of this village never saw a Frank before, and were so curious and rude that we were obliged to use the *corbaj* to clear our tent last night before we could sleep. In half an hour from Jibraîl is the village Beit Millat—Maronite—in ten minutes more we came to el-Aiyune, where there is a mill, and near which is a large Greek village called Bainow. In seven minutes came to Cubbûla, embowered with trees, and with charming scenery all around. Burj el-Kuraiyeh is twelve minutes further, where is the palace of Muhammed Beg, the Mettawaly governor of this district. He is of the house of Miriab, an ancient and powerful feudal family. Aly Basha, famous over all these regions, for his wars, his works, and his wisdom, was an ancestor of the present Beg. We passed the palace without thought or ceremony, but a horseman was sent after us with a peremptory order to return and pay our respects to his Begship. This was sufficiently provoking, but after disputing for sometime, we *accepted the invitation*, and in the end had no reason to regret it. We were received very politely by the Beg—a mere lad. There was a show of playing the *jenud* for our amusement, a breakfast was produced, and after endeavoring in vain to detain us for the day, he sent a horseman to guide and protect us to Akkar. Without this we should have lost our way twenty times, and very likely have been robbed. We had gathered but a very inadequate idea of the wild country, we were about to penetrate, and of the wilder people that inhabit it.

In fifteen minutes from Kuraiyeh we passed Aiyât, where are the remains of a temple of most antique style, called Mar Manos. The columns are square, rudely cut, and of an unknown age and order. Our guide (a respectable officer of the Beg) assured us that brazen calves have been frequently found amongst these ruins. In his young days he had repeatedly seen them, and from his description of them, they are exactly like those found in Lebanon, several specimens of which I myself have examined. This would prove, if proof were needed, that these brazen calves are not idols of the Druzes. From Aiyât we ascended a heavy trap mountain for half an hour, and from the summit called Dahar, and also Tel el-Kous we took the following bearings—Tripoli Point 84½, Palm Island 92, Ruad 145. A hill dimly seen to the north-east, which our guide said was at Hamath, bore 48. The prospect from this Tel is vast and magnificent, includ-

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ing in its range the north of Lebanon, Tripoli and far south of it—the sea coast to Ruad and Tortora, with Cyprus in the horizon—the Ansaniyeh mountains, and the plains and hills towards Hamah and Hums. Akkâr, the object of our search, lies at the bottom of the gorge, directly east of us, at one hour's distance. The descent to it was through a beautiful wood of pine and other trees, and by a path not always safe. Our muleteer upbraided us for bringing him to a place from which he could never return with his mules alive, and we reminded him that he had deceived us, by positively declaring that he knew the place well, and could guide us to it; whereas he knew no more about it than his mule, and was frightened out of his wits at the mere sight of it. These ruins are called el-Medîneh, or 'the city,' by way of eminence. They cover the north-west slope of a steep hill—are piled up in endless confusion, and overgrown with briars, thorns, bushes and trees. The ruins are modern. I found the date 720 on an old mosque, which, however, appears to have been a church before it was transformed into a mosque, 542 years ago. The walls of many well built palaces and castles are still standing—the stones, however, are not large, and there are no columns. The palace called et-Tekîyeh presents the most imposing appearance. The entrance is lofty, and built of polished trap rock and limestone in alternate layers. Some of these palaces are covered with the richest mantle of ivy that I ever saw. Large walnut, oak, and other trees, with an impenetrable net-work of briars, bushes, and wild vines, conceal the ruins from distant observation, and the visitor is surprised and perplexed to find himself entangled, ere he is aware of it, in a maze of crooked, choked up streets, running, in all directions up and down this savage hill.

The castle stands on an isolated crag of rock, south of the city, from which it is separated by a tremendous ravine. The rock rises perpendicularly to a great height, and is defended by towers and a wall carried round the very edge of the precipice. It presents a formidable appearance, and to get to it, one appears to be entering the very bowels of the mountains, by this darkest and most sinister looking ravine. Taken altogether—the jagged Jurd Akkâr with its overhanging woods darkly frowning from above, the fearful gorge of the Nahr Akkâr, whose waters, the united contributions of a hundred rivulets, bound and bellow in hoarse vexation, through labyrinths of rocks and a wilderness of rank vegetation below, and the utter desolation and loneliness of the ruins, fit haunt for owls, satyrs and doleful creatures—yes, taken altogether, I have seen nothing to equal Akkâr in all my rambles through this strange world. But it is too wild, too

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stern and savage, a very paradise of pirates and robbers, and by such it was perhaps first frequented.

Akkâr was for a long time governed by the Emeers of Beit Seîfa, a family now extinct. The tradition throughout Lebanon is, that they and this mountain city were destroyed by the celebrated Fakhr et-Deen. The fame of this Druze Chieftain had spread far and wide, but his personal appearance did not correspond, and the Emeer of Akkâr who had married Fakhr et-Deen's sister made himself merry at his expense. Fakhr et-Deen left Akkâr in a huff, swearing by everything sacred, that he would build his palace at Deir el-Kamar, with the best stones of Akkâr. This sinister threat he is said to have, in part at least, carried into execution when the city was destroyed. Some of the stones of the Tekîyeh of this place are believed to be in one of the palaces at Deir el-Kamar. Our guide however said that the Emeer of Akkâr having rebelled against the government, two armies were sent against him, one from Baalbeck, came over the mountain, the other came up from Tripoli. The place was taken by assault, the people butchered, and the city burnt. The Emeer Fakhr et-Deen may have been with one of those invading armies. Those of the people who escaped fled to Tripoli. I saw a Moslem merchant in Tripoli whose ancestors lived in Akkâr, and who still hold deeds of property which belonged to his family in this city several hundred years ago. At present the property has no owners. Whoever chooses to come and work the land may do so, paying only the taxes to Mohammed Beg of Kuraiyeh. The present village consists of about thirty miserable huts. The population is not stationary. There are now three Greek families, two Maronites and about twenty Moslems and Mettawalies. In a year to come there may not be an inhabitant, or there may be many more than at present.

The numerous rivulets which come tumbling down from the ragged Jeord and unite at the castle, form the river Akkâr, which works its way with difficulty to the plain in a north-western direction, and then meanders through it to the sea. By an energy altogether immeasurable the strata along this river have been twisted, dislocated and heaved up in maddest confusion; and the cause cannot be mistaken. Subterranean fires generated the gigantic power which drove these huge dykes of trap through the superincumbent limestone and threw the wrecks about in such wild disorder. The mountains hereabouts, and to the south, are called Jeord Akkâr. They rise in impracticable ruggedness to the snow-capped summits of Lebanon above the cedars, are clothed with forests, and abound in wild boars, hyenas, bears and panthers.

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With face and hands sufficiently lacerated by the thorns, with clothes soiled and torn, and limbs wearied out with clambering over rocks and ruins, we left Akkâr and rode to Cûlaiât, a straggling village two hours distant, in a direction nearly north. Here are the ruins of several churches some of them having a traditionary history extending back to the primitive ages of Christianity. The people of this secluded spot, to our surprise, said they were all French, and as we were Ingleese and protestants, they would not sell us food either for man or beast. The mystery was now explained by the appearance of a Jesuit priest, who had recently settled amongst them. This gentleman however may not be at all accountable for the austere carriage of these poor peasants, as the Maronites are sufficiently surly and inhospitable to protestants without any foreign instruction.

Oct. 24th. Left our camp-ground at sunrise, and in forty-five minutes passed *old* Culaiyat, built of black basalt and mostly in ruins. The brook in the valley of Culaiyat flows into N. Akkâr. At the old village we ascended a high trap hill in a north-west direction, and the water on the north of this hill runs into the N. Kbeer. A rapid descent over trap rock and volcanic tuff brought us to Beri in twenty-five minutes. This village is the capital of the district called Draib, and the present governor is Abood Beg of the house of Miriab. The Beg informed me that the palace occupies the site of an ancient ruin which he supposed to have been a convent. In clearing away the rubbish they came upon a strong vault in which were found a variety of strange relicts, and amongst them brazen calves like those at Mar Manos near Aiyât. This information was given incidentally and not in answer to inquiries on our part, and seems to be worthy of credit. The worship of the calf appears to have prevailed throughout all these mountains.

The Beg gave us a horseman to guide and guard us across the country to Sâfetâ. To our surprise he led us for two hours and a half in a direction nearly west, although the great castle of Sâfetâ was in full view directly north. Our ride was a continual descent over trap bowlders which lay piled up in heaps as far as the eye could reach in every direction. Amongst these grow thick, short, gnarly oaks. This vast oak orchard is the most striking feature in the landscape, and extends from south-west to north-east twenty or thirty miles. At Amar Beg-kat a village of some note one and a half hours from Beri, I saw several basalt sarcophagi now used as watering troughs at the fountain. From this place we descended a steep hill of trap rock, and by two other similar descents, we reached the N. Kebeer at the bridge called Sheikh Aiyash, and also Jedeed. It was built by Aly

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Basha of the Beit Miriab, who died seventeen years ago. It is an excellent affair of one large arch, and here passes the great road from Hamah to Tripoli. We were obliged to travel west all this distance to avoid the great trap chasms and perpendicular steps, which traverse the country from east to west, and across which no road can be carried. Through these dark chasms the rivers find or force their way to the plain. The N. Kebeer (the Eleutherus of the Greeks), forms the northern boundary of the Draib. The district south of it is called Junia and Jumeh and is governed by Mohammed Beg, and a third district further south is called Kaîteh and Kaitah, and is under the government of Mustafa Beg,—all of Beit Miriab. These three districts constitute the Akkâr, in which there are 141 villages, 1415 taxable Moslems (Mettawalies), 710 Ansairiyehs, 1775 Greeks, 910 Maronites. Total, 4810 which multiplied by five would make the population 24,050. The governors are all Mettawalies, the people are their serfs, and together they exhibit the most perfect example of old feudality to be seen in the country, with all its pomp and parade and poverty.

From Jisr Jedeed our direction was east of north across a fertile plain, and in half an hour we crossed a considerable stream called Mshahir at a village named Medhĕleh, where there is an encampment of stationary Arabs, and near it a large mound with the name of el-Jamûs or the Buffalo. Medhĕleh marks the west boundary of the district es-Shaarah, which extends east to the hills of Husn. In half an hour more crossed another branch of N. Kebeer, called Nahr Tel el-Khalîfeh, on the bank of which is the Ansairiyeh village Arzuneh. From this to N. Arûs is twenty-five minutes. The last branch of the N. Kebeer is the Sabbatic river of Josephus, which issues from the great intermitting fountain below the convent of St. George, called Nebâ el-Fuâr.[1] All these rivers are branches of the N. Kebeer, and they are all laid down incorrectly on the maps to which I have access. The main branch of N. Kebeer rises in the trap mountains a long way north-east of Kulaet Husn, flows through the elevated plain east and south-east of Husn for perhaps ten miles south of the castle, and then breaks down the great trap steppes, in a direction nearly west, which it continues across the plain to the sea.[2]

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[1] An account of this fountain was given by Mr. Thomson in Silliman's Journal of Science, Nov. 1846.—EDS.

[2] In respect to the plain or country between Lebanon and the more northern mountains, Mr. Thomson remarks in a private letter as follows: "The water from the great fountains of the Orontes might be carried round the northern end of Lebanon into the Junia and to Tripoli."—EDS.

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At N. Arûs the trap rock disappears and the road ascends a considerable hill of semi-crystalline limestone, passing Tel Tûrmûs, and then et-Tulaiyeh. At the latter village we found the governor of Sâfetâ with all his posse of ragamuffins, apparently making *caif.* Everywhere we are looked at with wonder, and often with suspicion. Franks have never been seen in these parts. From Tulaiyeh the water flows north and falls into the N. Abrosh which we crossed at a bridge of four arches—the name I failed to obtain. In Arrowsmith's map this river is placed *south* of N. Kebeer, which is a mistake. The distance between the two, by our road, is three hours' rapid riding—at least twelve miles. In twenty-five minutes from N. Abrosh is the first *harah* (division) of the village called Yesdîyeh—over the worst road I have met with out of Lebanon; twenty minutes more brought us to the second *harah* of Yesdîyeh, the inhabitants of which are Greeks and have a curious old church embowered amongs large oak trees. The third *harah* is fifteen minutes further, and here the sheikh of the whole resides. It being quite dark, and the road dangerous even by daylight, we pitched our tent in the yard of the sheikh—a surly, beastly looking Ansairiyeh, who gave us but a cold reception. From this to Burj Sâfetâ is one hour; to Tripoli, twelve hours; to Tortosa, six; and the same to Kulaet Husn.

Scattered over the fields to the north of Tulaiyeh, are bowlders of a yellow siliceous rock, which are crowded with very curious fossils. They bear a striking resemblance to *cows' tongues.* I obtained one about a foot long, which can be compared to nothing else. These bowlders are altogether foreign to the limestone rock of this region, and were probably transported from a distance. This however needs further examination.

[To be concluded.]

ARTICLE II.

THE STUDY OF GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE WITH REFERENCE TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

By Charles Siedhof, Ph. D., late Rector of the Gymnasium at Aurich, in the Kingdom of Hanover, now teacher of a private Classical School, Newton Centre, Ma.

After the long, almost lethargic slumber following the storms of the Reformation, and interrupted, if we except political disturbances,

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