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A table of contents for *Bibliotheca Sacra* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_bib-sacra_01.php

when the ripening spirit of the church may yet succeed in explaining the relation of the divine and human activity, more satisfactorily than has yet been done by most symbols, by whose premature determinations one or the other side is always made to suffer.

It is precisely this remarkable union of two apparently conflicting tendencies which forms the ground of the peculiar greatness of Augustine, and of that widely extended influence he still continues to exercise over the whole Christian world. Both tendencies, the *churchly*, sacramental, objective, or in one word catholic, and the *evangelical*, *spiritualistic*, subjective, in one word protestant, have in themselves deep truth and immense living force, as is shown conclusively by all church history. But both have also their peculiar dangers. The first, *one-sidedly* carried out, conducts to Romanism, with all its errors; the second, developed in opposition to the church, runs over easily, through the medium of abstract supernaturalism, into absolute rationalism; and these two extremes then, as usual, again meet each other. The church without Christianity is a body without a soul; Christianity without the church is a soul without the body. The conception of man, however, includes one as well as the other, contents and form together; the two sides can stand also, only so far as each, though it may be unwillingly, has part in the other. The truth holds in the organic and indissoluble union of both; and now to accomplish this, and so, in the spirit of Augustine, to transcend his own still defective system, yea, to surmount the whole *antipodal* development thus far of Catholicism and Protestantism, by the exclusion of their respective errors and a living, inward reconciliation of their truth—this, we say, appears to be the grand task and mission for the church of the present and the future.

ARTICLE II.

TOUR FROM BEIRÛT TO ALEPPO IN 1845.

By Rev. W. M. Thomson, Missionary at Beirut. [Concluded from No. 17, p. 23.]

Oct. 25th. About 2 o'clock last night we were waked up by some horsemen sent by the governor of Sâfetâ to demand who we were, and what was our business. They at first talked loud and impudently,—wondered how we dared to enter their country without permission, etc.

After holding a private conference with our horseman from Abood Beg, they came and apologized for their insolence—said they were not sent to look after us, but, as *howalies* upon the Sheikh. They however left us before morning, and were no doubt sent by the governor as spies upon our proceedings. The people throughout these regions are remarkably suspicious, and will never give an answer to the simplest question if they can avoid it. Perhaps the utter secrecy of their religion develops into universal reserve. I suspect however that it is more a result of general insecurity and universal oppression, under which they have groaned for ages. If these poor wretches see us take notes, they make off as fast as possible. When we arrive at a village we are assured, with an infinite profusion of oaths, that the people have nothing either to eat or to sell—have neither bread, eggs, chickens, barley, straw, nor anything else. But by little and little, confidence is established, and diplomatic relations settled on an amicable basis—eggs and all other eatables for man and beast are discovered and brought out with surprising effrontery, and being actually paid for, the owners appear to be as much puzzled as delighted. This state of things speaks of enormous oppression and robbery on the part of the rulers, and the testimony is corroborated by a thousand other witnesses.

It was well we did not attempt to reach Sâfetâ last night. By daylight, with the castle in full view, we could not find the way without a guide. We have again come upon trap, and the traveller from the south finds himself involved in a labyrinth of impracticable gorges, and passes that are impassable. As on the south of N. Kebeer, the rents and seams made in the strata by the obtrusion of trap dykes appear in general to run east and west, and hence it is difficult to get across the country from south to north.

Sâfetâ is a considerable village—better built than usual, and has 101 taxable Greeks and 58 Moslems. The district is large and populous. There are 332 villages containing 310 taxable Moslems, 5820 Ansairiyeh, 815 Greeks, 81 Maronites; which multiplied by 5 gives 35,075 as the entire population. The Burj, which we have had in view for two days, occupies the top of a conical trap hill which it entirely covers. The sides of this hill are built up by heavy masonry of Roman work to the height of about forty feet. This was done to enlarge the top and give symmetry to the castle, which assumes the shape of an oblong octagon, 172 paces from east to west and 140 from north to south at their greatest diameters. The circumference of the whole is 564 paces. The outer wall inclines inward at an angle of about 75° until near the top, whence it is carried up perpendicularly,

and was originally finished with projecting parapets. It was protected by a walled ditch thirty-five feet wide. Between the great wall and the trap rock, which receded in the inside, vaults were constructed extending nearly, if not quite round the castle. The upper surface was levelled off, making a splendid terrace. Upon this terrace, and nearest the east end, stands the Burj or tower. It is 101 feet 10 inches long from east to west, and 59 feet 8 inches wide, and its present height is 82½ feet. This lofty building is constructed of large smooth cut stone. The stones of the uppermost course on the battlements, are ten feet long by two square, and some in the lower part of the Burj are much larger. The walls at the base are twelve feet thick, solid, and at the top eight feet six inches. The Burj is divided into two stories. The lower one is a church bearing the name of *Mar Mekhial*. The lofty vault is supported by two massy square, or *clustered* columns, with half pillars in the angles. The entire east end is one grand circular nave, simple, bold and quite impressive. The only entrance to the Burj is the low door of this church, at the west end, and it is lighted by tall lancet windows. The ascent to the second story is by an admirably vaulted stairway in the southern wall. This is also one large room, whose vault is supported by three clustered columns with half columns in the angles, as below. The work here however is more elaborate, and is adorned with pedestals and cornice. This was evidently designed as a place of refuge and defence, in times of danger; a church militant fitted not merely for spiritual contests, but also to sustain the rude encounters of a grosser warfare.

Near the door of the church is a cistern hewn in the solid rock sixty feet long, thirty wide, and thirty deep. A flight of steps conducts to the bottom. It is now dry and the reverberation of the slightest noise is long in subsiding, and a pistol fired off is rather a dangerous experiment upon the strength of one's tympanum.

The part of these remains most interesting to the antiquary, is on the east end of the *octagon*, but *outside* of it. Here are very heavy foundations and some high walls of the pure old Jewish and Phœnician bevel, identical in size and style with the foundations of the temple at Jerusalem. A portion of these works has the name *Kusr Bint el-Melek*. These foundations appear never to have been disturbed from their first position in a remote antiquity. There are several remarkable windows now walled up. They are narrow, tall, and the arch running to a point as though the value and power of the keystone had not been understood. Above these foundations a more modern building once stood, the remnants of whose elegantly turned arches

are seen from the east side of the ruins. If I ventured to speculate on such subjects I would suggest, that at the Kusr we have a specimen of ancient Phœnician work, built probably by the Arvadites, whose island and city are directly below it. This castle commands the pass and road from Arvad and Tortosa over the mountain to Hamah. The great octagon is a splendid example of Roman work. Their object in keeping up and strengthening the fortifications of this pass is sufficiently obvious. The Burj, half church, half castle, was probably erected (out of Roman wrought stone found on the premises) about the troublesome times which succeeded the early Moslem invasions; that is, about the middle of the seventh century. It is barely possible that it may have been erected by the crusaders who possessed Tortosa, as a frontier church and castle. The Arabic works found on and about the castle do not merit any particular notice.

The rock used in building the Burj is white limestone, semi-crystalline and highly fossiliferous—pectens, cones, venuses and other existing shells abound in it. The view from the top is vast, varied, and magnificent over plains and hills, over mountains and valleys east, west, north, south; and far across the dark blue sea to Cyprus. We took many bearings, but only a few of them appear to be of importance. Tripoli Point, 89. Ras es-Shukah, 42. Highest point of Lebanon, 8. Kulaet Husn, 120. To Kulaet Husn is 5 hours, to Tortosa 6, Arca 7, Tripoli 12½. Burj Husn Solyman is out of sight to the north-east about six hours. The people urged us to visit this castle. Many of the stones are thirty feet long by ten wide, and there are long Greek inscriptions. Whether these reports are all true or not the castle is well worth visiting, but our time was too limited.

Scattered over the hills around Sáfetâ are a great number of castles and towers, most of them ancient and in ruins; and nearly every conspicuous point is covered by a white tomb of an Ansairiyeh saint. These are all places of pilgrimage and prayer. So far from having no places for devotion, these poor people have more than any other sect in the country.

We reached Tortosa in 5 hours 15 minutes' rapid riding. The road is a continued descent along the bed of the N. Gumkeh, which rises to the north-east of Sáfetâ and falls into the sea a mile to the south of Tortosa near a large artificial mound. There are but few villages on this road, owing to scarcity of water in the dry season. Ain el-Keam is an hour and ten minutes from Sáfetâ. Ain es-Sifsâfeh 2½ hours. The ruins of Behaneah are 2½ from Sáfetâ. There appears to have been a temple with columns at this place; its history

is unknown. The hills in this neighborhood are beautifully rounded off as if by art, and well wooded. The rock is limestone with occasional localities of pudding-stone and argillaceous schist. In the valley of the Gumkeh there is an immense quantity of chert, quartz, chalcedony, and jasper geodes and pebbles, some of them very pretty, but I had no time to gather, and no means to carry them.

Tortosa or Tartos.

Oct. 26. This is generally supposed to be the Arethusa or Orthosia of Strabo and the Itineraria.¹ Strabo however appears to place it south of the river Eleutherus, but I heard of no ruins near that river bearing this or any kindred name. There is some confusion in the order in which the cities on this part of the coast are mentioned by ancient authors, as we shall see hereafter.

Though once a large city, Tortosa is now a mean village of 241 taxable Moslems and 44 Greeks. The district of Tortosa or Tartos, as it is called by the Arabs, is small, containing only four villages with a population of 489 Moslems and 116 Christians, making an aggregate of 2775. The inhabitants of Tortosa live mostly within the castle or strong hold of the city, which was defended by a double wall with salient towers, and was further protected by a double ditch cut in the rock. The width of the ditch between the two walls was 68 feet; outside the outer wall it is 40 wide and 12 deep. Both the walls were built of heavy *beveled* stones which still rest on their original foundations of solid rock. The outer wall is at one place more than sixty feet high at the present time, and *was* higher—the most imposing specimen of Phœnician fortification in Syria. The side towards the sea had but one wall, still in good preservation. The base has been strengthened, probably by the Romans, by a heavy wall of smooth cut stones, built against it at an angle of about 60°. In other parts this more modern work has been built *into* the ancient, so that the latter *appears* to rest upon the former, which would confuse the chronology of the place. A careful examination detects the mistake. I regard the ruins of Tortosa with peculiar interest, as they appear to me to decide the question as to which style of architecture is most ancient. The Greek or Roman, and the more modern works are here manifestly built *upon* the heavy *beveled* walls, which are believed to

¹ So Maundrell and others, but incorrectly. The ancient name of the city was *Antaradus*. This Arabic geographers write *Antartus* and *Antarsis*; whence the common Arabic name *Tartus*, in Italian *Tortosa*. The ancient Orthosia was twelve Roman miles from Tripoli, probably at the Nahr Bârid.—Eus.

be Phœnician. The Jews built in the same style, as is clearly seen at Jerusalem, and a few other places in Palestine.

The form of the city was a rectangular, and nearly equilateral parallelogram. The eastern wall was built somewhat irregularly and appears never to have been completed according to the original design. These walls were constructed of very large, smooth cut stones after the Roman model, on the north and east sides, but the south wall was less substantial. Probably it is more modern, built about the same time as the cathedral, possibly to enlarge the bounds of the city in order to include the cathedral. Outside the whole ran a wide and well walled ditch. The circuit of the wall is 1400 paces.

The main entrance to the castle is at the north-west angle, close to the sea, which rendered any assault upon it very difficult. It still strikes the beholder with surprise, and inspires respect by its great solidity and obvious antiquity. In Maundrell's time the gate was reached by a draw-bridge over the outer ditch; now the approach is by a substantial stone arch. The gate opens into a large room, whose vault is supported by handsome clustered arches. The centre stone over the door has a somewhat defaced symbolical sign like the ace of clubs deeply cut in the rock, and there are many single words and parts of sentences dimly carved on the walls, but there are no inscriptions of any significance. Crossing the inner fosse you enter through the second wall, into the open court of the castle, passing on the left hand the large hall mentioned by Maundrell, 155 feet long and 56 wide. The walls of it are seven feet thick, and the vault or roof was supported by five granite columns, upon which rested as many clustered arches springing out of the walls on either side. The decorations were of a mixed order, and indifferent taste. The base of the arches appears to have had the human head wrought upon them. The front of this great hall had originally six large windows. The one in the centre was adorned with Corinthian columns, and had the figure of a lamb carved above it. I cannot think it was ever a church. There was too much light; the ornaments are not ecclesiastical; there is no nave, although the east end remains entire. There is a neat church a short distance east of it, plainly of the same age and style. The tradition of the place is, that this great hall was built by king Dokaanes for an audience chamber, and for public offices. Who is Dokaanes? The governor tells me that there were two kings called Dokaanes. One was a Jew, called also Hâkim; this was "a long time ago." The more modern was a Christian, who built the cathedral, this great hall, and the church mentioned above. Do you now know who Dokaanes is, this king of yore? now that his legal successor, this con-

descending Moalem governor, Muhammed el-Beg, has told you? I do not. Alas for human greatness! This same hall has witnessed strange doings in its day. The last paragraph in its history relates to the bombardment by the English in 1840, to dislodge a company of Ibrahim Pasha's troops. Many balls struck it, and one large one lies imbedded in the wall over the west window. Several Arab huts, miserable and mean, have lately been built in the east end of it, and the spacious vaults below are used for stables.

We spent this afternoon in examining the vast quarries, five or six miles to the south of Tortosa. Their prodigious extent astonishes and perplexes the curious visitor. We rode for hours amongst them. Pococke makes rather too grand an affair of his idol temple cut out of the solid rock. It is but one of the hundred quarries to be seen hereabouts, having the sides cut down a little more regularly than the rest. The block of solid rock left in the centre, and subsequently converted into the throne of an idol, is found in many others. But the canopy placed upon this base, beneath which the god reposed, is not found elsewhere. The base of this throne is 17 feet by 16 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. Above this, on the east, south and west sides, two courses of thick stone are laid, leaving the north side open. The whole is covered with one huge stone, 14 feet 4 inches by 12 feet 8 inches, and 7 feet thick, concave below, like a canopy; and under it no doubt sat the idol, facing the north. The court is about 150 feet square, and open on the north. The sepulchral monuments so well described by Maundrell, still rear their gigantic figures in this dreary desert. One is thirty-three feet high, pedestal fifteen feet square, and ten high, then a shaft or column, surmounted by a pyramid. The other is thirty feet high, the pedestal sixteen feet square, and the corners supported by four huge misshapen lions, more defaced than when Maundrell saw them. The sepulchres underneath so exactly resemble those at Lodakia, and other places hereafter to be described, that I shall pass them without remark at present.

About a mile south of these sepulchres, is a square monument altogether unique, and well worth examination. The base is 32 feet by $31\frac{1}{2}$, and rises about four feet above the ground. Above the base it is 28 feet 2 inches, by 27 feet 6 inches, having two courses of stone, each stone 14 feet 9 inches long, by 8 feet 5 inches high. Over these are two other courses of smaller stones, and the whole finished by a very graceful cornice. The entire monument forms a nearly perfect cube, height, width and length equal. It is divided into two stories, and the roof and floor are composed of two great slabs of stone placed side by side. To each room there is a small window on the north side.

Standing altogether alone in this desert, amidst sand-heaps and myrtle jungle, it is a very solemn and impressive object.

After all, the quarries themselves form the greatest curiosity. What became of this prodigious amount of stone? No satisfactory answer can be gathered from the ruins of Tortosa and Rued. Stone sufficient to build ten such cities has been quarried from this locality. As the Arvadites were great mariners, and this rock is a soft sandstone conglomerate easily wrought, and near the sea, perhaps it formed a great article of export. The fact that this kind of stone is met with in nearly all the cities along the coast, may favor such a supposition. This neighborhood is called by the Arabs *Amreet* or *Maabed Amreet*, 'the fane of Amreet.' This name the Greeks probably changed into *Marathus*, and the old vaults, foundations, sarcophagi, etc. near the 'Ain el-Hiyeh (Serpent's Fountain), may mark the precise locality of ancient *Marathus*. From remotest times the Arvadites must have fortified their landing and watering places on the main land; which are still at 'Ain el-Hiyeh (*Amreet* or *Marathus*), and *Nahr Gumkeh* at *Tortosa*. To this day whoever holds these places can compel the Arvadites to submit, or abandon their city for want of water; as there is no fountain on the island.

An excellent drawing of the cathedral, or great church of *Tortosa*, may be seen in "*Fisher's Views*," and it is abundantly described by many modern travellers. It is the best specimen of its kind in Syria. Very solemn in its loneliness, very filthy and very full of fleas. I copied an Arabic inscription from a stone above the pulpit, from which it appears that one *Muhammed es-Sultan* purified this church and made it a mosque, in the year of the *Hejira* 655, about 600 years ago. This must have been after the expulsion of the Crusaders, for the Moslems conquered *Tortosa* about the middle of the seventh century of our chronology. There was formerly another Arabic inscription legible, commemorating a second purification in the year 782 by *Fuay el-Halaby*. Who this *Aleppo* gentleman may have been, tradition says not, and this only record of his only historic act will soon crumble to dust. I suppose this superb edifice is a relict of the prosperous days of the church, under the emperors of *Constantinople*.

Tortosa was taken by *Godfrey* in 1099. It was again in the hands of the Moslems in the twelfth century, and *Saladin* rebuilt and fortified it. In 1367 it was sacked and burnt by the king of *Cyprus*, assisted by the knights of *St. John*, and it has had many other sacks and sieges both ancient and modern. I love to linger about its sturdy old ruins, gray with age, and rich in legendary lore. Take a specimen. The governor showed me a low door beneath the centre tower

of the castle, opening upon a passage, which, he said, led to a deep dungeon. In this dismal hole the crusaders confined Melek et-Dâher, bound on an iron saddle; a very uneasy seat for this king Dâher. At length one of his friends, named Shikâ, tunneled his way beneath the tower, and up to the dungeon, and released his majesty from his uncomfortable saddle. What further exploits they did, do not illustrate this locality, and need not be told. Another door communicated with a secret passage which led up the centre of the enormous buttress, to the top of the tower; and similar dark passages, without number, ran all over and under, like mole tracks in a cornfield; and divers strange adventures did happen in them. But of this enough. Here is another scene—a live one—caught in the very acting of it. This curious little city is full of cattle, I mean during the night. This morning, after the flocks and herds were driven out, an alarm ran through the town that the Ansairiyeh had made a descent from the hills and were driving off the cattle—a regular raid or foray this, of the “Border” fashion—a beetle in a bee-hive. What a buz! Away scampered some 15 horsemen, with 80 or 100 footmen *of all arms* at their heels, yelling and shouting like mad men. In about an hour they came back with two of the thieves, and all the cattle. I went with the crowd to the palace, to witness proceedings; and verily two more sinister looking sinners than these Ansairiyeh Borderers, I have not seen. Perhaps Scott would have discovered romance, or even poetry in them, but to my grosser vision they did look like two most shaggy, most unpoetic villains. Let them eat plenty of stick—as a bystander termed the bastinado—a very undignified, unromantic, and rather indigestible breakfast.

Ruad or Arvad.

I was rowed from Tortosa to Ruad in one hour, the distance about three miles, south-west. Most modern travellers represent this little island as covered with ruins, and nearly deserted. In reality it is covered, all except a small space on the east side, with heavy Saracenic and Turkish castles, within which resides a maritime population of about 2000 souls. The shape of this celebrated island is an irregular oval, longest from east to west, and is only 1500 paces in circuit. On the very margin of the sea there are the remains of double Phœnician walls, of huge beveled stones, which remind one of the outer foundations at Baalbek. In one part this wall is still 30 or 40 feet high, and was originally 15 or 20 feet thick. This must have been a stronger place than Tyre, for its distance from the shore, and depth

of channel, rendered it impossible for even an Alexander to destroy its insular character. The harbor was on the north-east side, formed by carrying out into the sea, two walls of great stones, to move any one of which, would puzzle our best modern engineers. The space thus protected was divided into two, by a similar wall in the middle. The harbor opens towards Tortosa. The whole island is perforated to the depth of 30 feet with very ancient cisterns. There are said to be 300, and some of them are still used to collect the rain water from the houses.

Road, the ancient Arvad, is frequently mentioned in the Bible, and also by ancient historians, who represent it as being a very strong place. The inhabitants were celebrated navigators in those olden times. Its long story, however, of 3000 or 4000 years, is irrecoverably lost—all that is known might be written on a single page. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

That there were real live Phœnicians, full grown men in their day, at Arvad, these huge old walls do testify. The Greeks have left witnesses of their presence graven on columns of hard black basalt—a most scribbling generation.

First Column.

ΑΡΙΣΤΩΝΑΣΚΑΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ
ΙΕΡΕΑΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΥ
ΩΡΟΒΟΥΛΟΝΤΩΝΝΑΥΩ...ΙΙ
ΣΑΝΤΩΝΔΟΥΝΟΣΥ--

Second Column.

ΟΔΗΜΟΣ
ΔΕΚΜΟΝΑΙΑΙΩΝ
ΛΕΚΜΟΥΤΙΩΝ
ΕΠΑΡΧΟΝΤΟΔΟ
ΕΤΝΟΙΥΕΕΝΕΚΕΝ

Third Column.

ω υ υ
ΚΟΜΗΩΩ
ΗΠΑΙΩ

Fourth Column.

ΗΒΟΥΛΗΚΑΙΟΔΗΜΟΣ
ΑΡΑΔΙΩΝΔΑΜΙΝΜΝΑΣΕΟΥ
ΑΓΟΡΑΝΟΜΗΣΑΝΤΑΚΑΔΩΣ
ΚΑΙΦΙΑΟΤΕΙ-ΜΩΣΕΝΤΩΖΟΥ
ΕΤΕΙΤΙΜΗΣΚΑΙΕΤΝΟΙΑΣ
ΧΑΡΙΝ

Fifth Column.

ΗΒΟΥΑΗΚΑΙΟ
ΔΗΜΟΣ
ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΝΔΗΜΟΡΕΥ
ΤΟΤΤΟΤΚΑΤΜΑΡΙΩ
ΝΟΣΚΑΑΔΣΓΡΑΜΜ
Τ(ΥΣΑΤΩ)
ΤΩΣΟΤΕΙ
ΤΕΙΜΗΣΧΑΡΙΝ

First Square Block of Black Trap Rock.

. ΙΗΒΟΥΑΗ
. ΙΝΙΟΝΣΕΚΟΥΝ
. ΧΟΝΣΠΕΙΡΗΣΟΡΑ
ΩΤΗΣΕΠΑΡΧΟΝΝΘ
ΙΝΑΝΤΡΗΠΙΤΡΟ
ΥΙΟΥΑΙΟΥΑΔΕ
ΑΡΧΟΥΙΟΥΤΙΟΥΔΑΙ
ΡΟΠΟΝΣΥΡ
ΩΙΑΕΓΕΩΝΟΣΕ

Second Square Block.

ΗΒΛ
ΟΔΗ
ΜΑΡΚΟΝ . . .] ΤΙΜΙΟΝ
ΜΑΡΟΥΥΙΟΝΦΑΒΙΑ
ΜΑΓΝΟΝΕΚΑΤΟΤΑΡΧΗΝ
ΑΙΤΕΟΝΟ(ΔΕΚΤΟΙΝ)
ΤΟΝΕΑΤΤΑΝΩΟΑΙΤΗΝ
ΕΥΝΟΙΑΚΑΙΤΙΜΗΣΧΑΡΙΝ.

Trap rock is not found in place on the island, and therefore these columns and blocks have been brought from the Ansairiyeh hills on the main land. With a farewell *ΧΑΡΙΝ* to *ΑΣΚΑΗΠΙΟΣ* and *ΔΗΜΟΣ*, the doctor and *demark* of old Aradus, we row back to Tortosa.

Oct. 29th. We have spent several days about these interesting localities and now start for the great castle of Markûb. Issuing from the gate, the road lies along the sea-shore. If I had not examined them at my leisure I would turn to the right a little, to look at some very ancient sepulchres cut in the rock above the road. The Mineh Tortosa, or harbor of the city, is a small, shallow basin about a mile north of the gate. It is protected from the western waves by a wall carried along a natural ledge of rocks which extends about 300 feet into

the sea northward, where the shore makes a sharp detour inland. The extreme north point of this ledge is covered with granite columns, remnants of a splendid custom-house I suppose. The entrance into the harbor is from the north, under a strong vaulted room, where there was once a gate. None but small vessels ever entered this harbor. The water is about seven feet deep near the vaulted room. The anchorage for ships is at Ruad, and only coasting boats take refuge in this Mineh.

Half a mile north, is a wady called 'Aiyûn, in which are several fountains—one named Harûn. In the sea a few rods from the shore an immense fountain called Ain Ibrahim (Abraham's fountain) boils up from the bottom. In calm weather the boatmen of Ruad still draw fresh water from this fountain. Probably this gave rise to the ancient story that the Arvadites drew their water from a sub-marine fountain between the main land and their island. About a mile further north are extensive ruins called by the Arab peasants Carnoon—the site, doubtless, of the Karnos or Caranus of the ancients.¹ The people from Arvad still quarry stone from these ruins, and below it on the north is a small harbor which appears to have been fortified like that at Tortosa.

From Tortosa to the castle of Markûb is six hours and a half. Passed the following places in order: Nahr Husein, one hour and ten minutes; Ayn et-Tiny, ten minutes; Kirbet Nasif, below which are ruins on the sea-shore, twenty-five minutes; to Tel Busireh, thirty minutes; to Zemreh,² the ruined site of an ancient town, twenty minutes. A large village, on the hill, of the same name, is the capital of the district called Zimreen. To Nahr Markea, thirty-five minutes. One hour and ten minutes further to Ain el-Frary; about half an hour further is Nahr Bos, near which we left the coast and turned up the mountain to the castle.

Benjamin of Tudela says this Markûb is Kedemoth in the land of Sichein! The castle covers the entire summit of the high trap mount upon which it is built—perhaps 1000 feet high—triangular at top—sides nearly perpendicular, except on the south where it joins on to the general range of mountains by a narrow and low neck. Here is a deep ditch and an immense round tower, some seventy feet high, wall sixteen feet thick, of hard black basalt. Here are vaults and magazines enough to hold half the grain of Syria, and cisterns and stables,

¹ This name and site are here for the first time identified.—Eds.

² Not the seat of the *Zemarites*, Gen. 10: 18. That was probably the *Simyra* mentioned by Pliny and others near the river Eleuthernus; Cellar. Not. Orb. II. p. 375.—Eds.

etc. to any amount required. Outside the castle, on the "neck," is a very large cistern to which water was formerly brought from the eastern mountain, and below it are ruined baths. The wall of this castle is carried round the brow of the hill, and wherever there was need of it, a ditch was dug in the solid trap rock. This is the largest and naturally strongest fortification I have seen; 2000 families might find accommodation in it, and a thousand horses stand in its stables. When in complete repair, and the draw bridge (on the west side) up, I do not see how it could be entered. It was, however, captured by the crusaders, and then retaken by the sultan of Egypt in 1282-3. It then belonged to the Hospitalers who made a protracted and desperate defence. The walls, however, were undermined and thrown down; and after dreadful slaughter on both sides the standard of the Prophet floated proudly from the great tower. So says Abu el-Fida, who assisted at the siege, being a lad of but twelve years. There is a fine church in the tower at the south angle of the castle—now a mosque. History ecclesiastic reports that the bishops of Balanea, at the base of this mount on the north, were obliged to retire to this castle during the troublous times of the age mediæval, and this was probably their cathedral.

The face of the mountain down to the sea presents a most extraordinary appearance. It is trap rock of a bright iron rust color, and drawn and tossed about in a wonderful manner.

The district of Markûb has eighty-seven villages. The governor's name is Achmet Aga es-Swaidan of the Beit Adra, an ancient but dilapidated family. A branch of this family governs in Zemry or Zemreen, a sub-district south of Markûb. And another branch govern the district of Khowaly, further south and east. It has fifty-six villages. This family is Moslem—the people mostly Ansairiyeh. East of these is the large district of Kudmûs with 177 villages. The rulers are Ismailiyeh and reside in the celebrated castle of Kudmûs. They are of the Hejawieh and Swaidonea families and are called Emeers. The next district northward is Sumt Kubleh with seventy-one villages, divided into three sub-districts, governed by the Beit Mutrad, Beit Athman and Beit Abu Asy. They are Ansairiyeh and their title is Mekuddam. The fifth district is Biny Aly, forty-two villages. The name of the governing family is Abu Sheleh, residence at Ain es-Shukâk. They are all Ansairiyeh. Sixth district is Kur-dabeh with seventy-seven villages—has so many sub-districts, and petty rulers, with hard names, that we will not attempt them. Above these two last named districts is a long tract of mountain covered with ruins, and abounding in fountains but now entirely deserted. This is

worth exploring. Seventh district is Mehabebeh with forty-seven villages, whose sheikhs of the Beit Ghush live in el-Leddīyeh. Eighth district is el-Mezeirāh, divided into mountain and plain with sheikhs of various names and residences. There are 113 villages of which more than one half belong to the plain. Ninth district is Sahiyūn having forty-seven villages. In this district is the great castle Sahiyūn, now deserted. The sheikhs are Moslems of several different families, with the title of Jenad. The inhabitants mostly Ansairiyeh as in all the other districts. Tenth district, Sahil Ladakiyeh with fifty-eight villages. Eleventh district is Bahlūliyeh—44 villages—cursed with a host of sheikhs. Twelfth district, Jeble Krād—117 villages broken into five sub-districts, each with its family of Moslem sheikhs called Agas. Thirteenth district, el-Baiyer—small, and my list of villages imperfect—have only twelve names. It is north-east of Ladakiyeh. Fourteenth district is Bujāk with 175 villages. Their rulers are Moslem Agas of Beit Tubukmā of el-Kshīsh and Beit 'Arbony of Dally Kurrally. This is the extreme north district belonging to the government of Ladakiyeh. Besides these 1123 villages there are many small farming establishments called cheffiks, not mentioned, and the list of Baiyer is imperfect. There may be, therefore, some 1200 villages under the governor of Ladakia. The consul of Ladakia estimates the number of inhabitants as follows: Ansairiyeh, 70,000; Moslems, 25,000; Christians, 6,000, mostly Greeks; Ismailiyeh, 2,000 or 3,000, residing only at Kudmūs. This estimate accords well with the results of the government lists of Tripoli, where the number of inhabitants of each village was taken by Ibrahim Pasha. The average number of inhabitants to a village, according to these lists, is 104. The entire population in the province of Ladakia, including wandering Arabs and Kurds, may therefore be set down at 120,000. This province is very extensive, and naturally fertile, but the people are poor and ignorant and degraded, far below the general level of Syrian population. The mountains and hills are generally trap rock, or marl and limestone, dislocated and tossed about in a wonderful manner by the obtrusion of trap dykes. The plains of Jebilee and Ladakia are mostly argillaceous and cretaceous marls. The mountain districts abound in ruined castles, some of them ancient, and bearing Jewish names—as Musa, Daood, Solyman, Sahiyūn (Sion), etc., and the tradition is, that they were built by the Jews. These mountains will probably well reward the traveller who may have time to explore them. This examination should be undertaken with some precaution against robbery and worse, for those more than half savage mountaineers are not to be trusted.

With these general remarks about the region through which we are travelling, we shall pursue our journey.

Oct. 30th. The descent from Markûb to the sea at Baniâs (Balinas and Balanea of the ancients) took one hour and ten minutes. This city was pleasantly situated, facing the sea northward, and having the river of Baniâs on the south and west. The foundations of a handsome church are still visible, and extensive Roman ruins cover the plain, for a considerable distance. Near the sea are many granite columns, marking the site of some public edifice—a temple, or a custom-house, perhaps. To the east, on a low hill, are what appear to be the remains of the ancient acropolis, or strong hold. This city has an ecclesiastical history, and is also mentioned by the crusaders. It is now utterly deserted. There are only two or three large vaulted rooms on the shore, used for salt depôts, and a mill on the south of the city.

From Baniâs to N. Jobar, one hour; a broken bridge, and above the road some ruins, of Roman brick. To N. Hussein, twenty minutes; another broken bridge, and in the plain to the east, large and very old buildings. To N. es-Sin, forty-five minutes. The ruins at the mouth of this river, are now called Baldeh—the Greek Paltos. There are many granite columns on both sides of the river. Some parts of old castles made out of more ancient ruins—stones with Phœnician bevel—granite columns, and Roman cut stones built together. The river is never fordable, the banks being marshy and the water eight or ten feet deep, with a stiff current. On the north of the bridge stands the only building now found at this site, called Tâhoon Baldeh (Mill of Paltos), designed probably as a guard house to command the bridge. A little to the north of this, was the ancient harbor, once artificially protected—and a ditch from this to the river eastward made the part where the Tâhoon stands an island. The plain for a mile or two north of the harbor is covered with remains of ancient buildings. But the river itself has probably a historic interest greater than the city. I suppose it marks the territory of, and derives its name *Sin* from the ancient *Sinites*, mentioned in the Bible (Gen. 10: 17 and 1 Chron. 1: 15) along with the *Arkite*, *Arvadite*, *Zemarite*, etc., all which names have come down to us (as seen in this journal) attached to their original localities.¹ I suspect that the Phœnician ruins wrought into the castle of Paltos belonged to a city bearing the name of the grandson of Ham—lost in the Greek word Paltos—the name of the

¹ The *Sinites* mentioned with the *Arkites*, are more probably to be sought for near *Arka* and *Lebanon*. *Jerome* speaks of a place *Sini* not far from *Arka*; and *Strabo* also mentions here a city *Siani*. Gesen. Lex. art. 1170.—Eua.

tribe was transferred to the river, and has thus been preserved down to our day. I have a suspicion that the twenty-four clans of these strange Ansairiyeh who inhabit the wild mountains from Arka to Jebilee are the remnants of the old Arkites, Arvadites, Zimrites, Sinites and Jiblites. They themselves declare that they have always lived there from *kudileem-es zoman*, which means 'before antiquity began,' I suppose. They are a very strange people, and sufficiently under the curse of Canaan to be his lineal descendants.

This river is also sometimes called N. el-Milk, from a tribe of stationary Arabs with this name, encamped on its banks. The water is beautifully clear at all seasons; nor does it greatly increase or diminish through the year. It is said to take its rise in an immense fountain a few miles up in the plain—more likely it is the drainage of a large marsh which I also heard mentioned—or it may be the joint contribution of many fountains which are likewise said to abound in the eastern hills. From N. es-Sin to N. el-Moileh is twenty-five minutes, thence to N. Sucas is fifteen minutes, where is a very large mound on the north of a pretty little bay. Hereabouts existed a large city sometime "before antiquity began." The ruins are extensive. From Sucas to N. Jebilee or, as the natives call it, Ibn Bûrgûl, is thirty-five minutes; and half an hour more to the town of Jebilee. Most of this day's ride has been through a very fertile plain.

Jebilee or Gebiles.

Benjamin of Tudela calls this Baal Gad under Lebanon! Whatever it may have been formerly it is now a miserable Moslem town—a patch work of old things and new—a very unsatisfactory place. With rain and rats and fleas, a glorious Arabian night's entertainment had we this 30th of October, 1845. We got into the bath and amused ourselves with a midnight scouring. This bath belongs to Sultan Ibrahim, as does everything else in this place, the rats and the fleas and the roguish dervishes who preside over the whole. We went in, to have a night view of the grave of this great saint. The room is much the same as when Maundrell peeped into it in 1696, except that there are now about 200 silver lamps suspended from the roof. We listened to the same stories of Sultan Ibrahim—"especially touching his mortification, and renouncing the world," etc. with which that celebrated traveller was entertained—got small bits of sacred wax from the candles at the grave, paid a *bukshesh*, walked about a good deal, slept a little, and watched for the morning. It did come at last, this 31st of October, bright, clear, and sweet after the rain, and we walked

out in very good humor to look at the lions "and other savages" of Jebilee. And first the theatre. This majestic old Roman edifice will probably continue to stand thousands of years, dimly shadowing forth the wealth, magnificence and gaiety of the good people of Jebilee in days of yore. It is a semicircle whose radius is 150 feet, outer circumference 450 feet, which agrees well with my measurement, although I could not complete the measurement on account of some huts erected against the wall. The portico, the orchestra, the scene, etc. are all gone, but the *cavea* is nearly perfect with its concentric ranks of seats divided by their *præconationes*, *cunei*, etc. quite distinguishable. Beneath the seats are the dens for lions and beasts of savage name. They are very spacious, and in good preservation. Several parts of the *cavea* are occupied by mean Arab huts, and the place of the *scena* is a sheepfold for half the town. All the columns and other architectural ornaments have been carried off.

Jebilee has a small harbor, once defended at the entrance by very many piers, the stones eleven feet long by six wide. Above these stood a temple I suppose. More than forty granite columns have tumbled into the sea. The rock in place is petrified coral, the only example of the kind I have found on the coast of Syria.

Started for Ladakia about seven o'clock, having around us a crowd of the daily pensioners upon the bounty of sultan Ibrahim—assembled for their breakfast—a noisy, filthy, lazy rabble. Such an institution as this, is a nurse of idleness, pauperism and vice, especially in a country like Syria, where the climate, the religion, and the habits of the people tend to create a recklessness of the future, and a disgust of steady industry. Nor is there any necessity. Whoever will work has a wide field and plenty of unoccupied land before him.

From Jebilee to Ladakia is a ride of five or six hours—the distance not far from twenty miles—a desert without a village. In half an hour is Nahr Rumeileh. In another hour N. er-Roos, where is a broken bridge, and below it a very large artificial mound covered with the rubbish of a very ancient town. It was once fortified with a wall, and a ditch at least 100 feet wide. The circumference is somewhat more than a mile, and the present elevation may be fifty feet. We rode to the next river in fifty-nine minutes—called Mudîyuke. It once had a bridge; the banks are marshy, and it is celebrated as the scene of many robberies. To N. Snubar is thirty minutes. This river has forsaken its former channel—a good bridge now stands useless over the original bed of the stream. From this to N. Kebeer is a good hour, and the same distance thence to Ladakia. The bridge over N. Kebeer was broken down last winter, and travellers find much

difficulty in crossing during the rainy season. The whole route from Jebilee to Ladakia is over a level plain, with the sea at no great distance to the left.

Ladakia was built, or at least repaired, enlarged, and named by Seleucus Nicator. I obtained a large silver coin, with his name on it. There are many traces of Phenician work about this place, and the superiority of its harbor over all others on the Syrian coast, for purposes of ancient shipping, must have caused a city to spring up around it in the remotest times. The name and history of the original city, have perished together;—not so the tombs of its inhabitants. These are found on the north and west of the present town—rooms, crypts, and sarcophagi—almost without number hewn in the solid rock, of all shapes and sizes, from the small baby nich eighteen inches long, to spacious apartments with side niches long enough and large enough for the last repose of a whole generation of Anakims. A peep into one will give an idea of the rest. A descending passage twenty-two feet long, cut down through the solid rock, conducts you by eleven good steps to a low door, and into a room 19½ feet square. Each side of this room has four large niches dug into the rock at right angles to the side, and each capable of containing two bodies. The height of the vault is six feet, but the rooms are partially filled with the accumulated rubbish of ages. No bones are found in any of them. They were empty relics of antiquity during the first century of the Christian era; and how much earlier I know not. Their prodigious number, and the great expense of making them, speak with certainty of a numerous and wealthy people. These sepulchres resemble those found in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, and in many places along the Phenician coast. One of the largest is called *Mar Tukleh*; and there is a tradition that this celebrated young lady and saint, in one of her flights, concealed herself in this tomb, where she received the visits of the devout, and united with them in their secret worship. There is a well of water in this tomb, and on the festival of her ladyship, prayers and masses are performed there with great solemnity. It is nothing strange that the primitive Christians assembled in such tombs as these for worship when persecution raged. They are large, dry, and hidden from view.

The harbor is at the extreme west point of the cape or headland of Ladakia. It is a circular basin of water capable of containing some twenty brigs and other small craft, and might be greatly enlarged. It was protected by a wall on the sea-side, and the narrow entrance is commanded by a strong tower. Granite columns have been plentifully used in constructing these defences, which proves them to be,

not the work of the original inhabitants of the place, but probably Roman. I need not speak of the city itself, of the columns found in many places, nor of the triumphal arch. These things are described by all travellers.

Ladakhia, with a Greek population of not more than 1000, has five Greek churches, an Armenian church with but one worshipper, and a Latin chapel with a few Catholic families. The Moslems number 4000, and have many handsome mosques. The Christians of all sects are pleasant and sociable, and the wealthier families have a strong leaning to Frank habits. Ladakhia has now but little trade. Not half the magazines at the Mineh are used; the remainder are gradually falling to ruin. Nor do I see reason to expect that this process of decay will be arrested. Scandaroon has diverted the Aleppo trade, and the surrounding country is becoming more and more impoverished and depopulated. Tobacco is the main article of export, and that is falling off. The following table of the yearly exports was given me by the British consular agent, himself a principal merchant.

Tobacco,	2500 Cantars,	valued at about 2,050,000 Piasters.
Silk,	20 " " "	1,500,000 "
Cotton,	400 " " "	520,000 "
Simsam,	1500 " " "	360,000 "
Wheat,	3000 Shimbals,	600,000 "
Barley,	1500 " " "	150,000 "
Indian Corn,	300 " " "	30,000 "
Oil,	800 Cantars,	240,000 "
Honey,	20 " " "	60,000 "
Butter,	100 " " "	120,000 "
Wool,	30 " " "	25,000 "
Beeswax,	20 " " "	60,000 "

Nov. 3rd. Started for Aleppo, and rode 5½ hours to Bahluliah, the head of the district of the same name. At the end of the first hour, passed a small village called Skûbin, from which to Jendiyeh is an hour and a half. Thence to the ford of Nahr Kebeer one hour, near Damat. The next village is Restin, from whence to Bahluliyeh is half an hour. The road led over white marl plains and low hills, through which bluish green serpentine occasionally obtrudes. There are also localities of jasper and silicious shale. As we approach Bahluliah the rock is limestone; and below the village are large beds of gypsum of the kind called selenite; the crystals are large, pure and transparent as glass. In the bed of N. Kebeer, along whose banks we rode for an hour, is an infinite quantity of trap boulders in rich variety, porous lava, vesicular, amygdaloid, globular basalt, compact greenstone, etc.; also geodes of each, spar chalcedony, quartz-chert, and

often all combined in a single specimen. The marl abounds in fossils extremely well preserved.

It is melancholy to ride a day through such a lovely country, without meeting a human being, or coming to a tree large enough to shelter one from the burning sun. I asked the sheikh of Bahlulîah why they did not plant orchards, cultivate their fields, and multiply their flocks on these beautiful hills. "Why should I plant a tree? said he; I shall not be allowed to eat the fruit of it. If I repair my old house, or build a new one, heavier exactions will surely fall upon me. To enlarge my fields, or increase my flock, would have the same effect. We grow only so much grain as we can conceal in wells and cisterns. How much tax we are to pay, and when a fresh demand is to be made, we never know. You see my village full of horsemen quartered upon us; it is always so. To-day it is, Give money; to-morrow it is barley; next day wheat; then tobacco, or butter, or honey, or—Allah knows what. Then some one has been robbed, somewhere or other, yesterday or some other day, or never, by some body or no body—it matters not—the horsemen come, and take whatever they can get. Now we have nothing left, they beat us, our wives and our children. Some of the people flee, the rest of us have horsemen quartered upon us until we bring back the runaways. Some, driven to desperation, really turn robbers in the wild *jurd*, which again adds to our sufferings. Why should we work for such a government? The curse of Allah rest upon their fathers! We can bear this no longer. In reality many are fleeing north to the plains of Adona, and the mountains of Sinjar."

At Bahlulîah I was taken sick; and as the fever did not yield to what medical skill we had at command, I was obliged to abandon the journey to Aleppo for the present. We returned to Ladakîa, and from thence by sea to Beirût. Subsequently I completed the tour to Aleppo and returned through the country by Jebel el-Aala, el-Bara, Apamea, Ribla, Humel, Baalbek, to Abieh in Lebanon. This was an interesting and somewhat untrodden route, which will be described in a future article. And if time and health permit, I may prepare a paper on the Ansairiyeh, Ismailiyeh, and other tribes which inhabit these districts, from materials collected during these tours.