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ceiving them, Dan. 7: 1. Jer. xxxvi. Moreover, it appears from the particularity of the dates with which each section is provided, that the prophet had been careful to denote the day on which he had received his revelations. Finally, the peculiarity of Ezekiel in describing his visions with a minuteness of detail, representing even the smallest features, shows that the impression of the revelation which he had received and of his consequent rapture, was too lively and powerful for any considerable period to have elapsed between the time of the vision and the writing of it. Otherwise, we must assume a later artificial decoration from the mere fancy of the prophet, against which we have already protested, § 8.

ARTICLE V.

TRAVELS IN NORTHERN SYRIA. DESCRIPTION OF SELEUCIA, ANTIOCH, ALEPPO, ETC.

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

[In the Numbers of this work for February and May last, we published Mr. Thomson's narrative of his Tour from Beirût to Bahlulîah, where he was taken ill and obliged to abandon at that time the further prosecution of his object. Subsequently, he visited Aleppo and returned to his home on Mount Lebanon by a very interesting route, through Jeble el-Aala, Apamia, Ribla, etc. The narrative of this tour we shall insert hereafter. We now present to our readers Mr. Thomson's account of the continuation and completion of his journey to Aleppo. A few notices gathered from earlier tours are incorporated. Northern Syria is a most interesting region both to the biblical and classical scholar. Large portions of it remain unexplored, and valuable discoveries will doubtless be made as men of science shall be attracted thither. We are surprised that a field so tempting as Palestine and Syria must be to the geologist and to students in other branches of natural science, is permitted to lie so long fallow.—E.]

Aug. 6th, 1846. It was two by the clock, when, with a prayer, a blessing, and a silent adieu to loved ones asleep, I left Abeih, and by the soft, calm moonlight of a Syrian morning descended to Beirût. A boat, called the Express, I chartered forthwith, purchased

provisions, got passports, health bills, letters to friends, and of that "which answereth all things" enough for the way; and at half past three o'clock we lifted our anchor and sailed for Swadea. The wind was fair and firm, our boat was light and lively, "just as one likes it," and over the sea she flew, as a young gazelle bounds across the desert. We passed Jebeil, and we passed Batrûn, and, when the sun sank to rest, we were gazing upon the bold, bald head of Theuprosopon. The breeze freshened, and the jolly little Express responded most handsomely to its vehement urgency. Through the gray twilight, the "*Nose*" of Enfeh cut the shadowy profile of its low promontory on the dusky horizon. As the moon climbed over the summit of Lebanon, we were sailing amongst the islets of Tripoli, which lay on the heaving bosom of the deep like a flock of great gulls asleep. Arvad we found at midnight, sitting solitary upon the sea, with the weeds of her long widowhood around her. Through the battlements of Tortosa, and Paltos, and Jebilee, all ragged and rotten, the wild wind wailed a melancholy dirge over the "desolations of many generations" as we passed by in haste. And when the sun rose bright and warm, on the dark Ansairiyeh hills, we had swept round the long low Ras, Ibn Hâny, just north of Ladakîa, into the shallow bay between this and the next salient point called Ras Tasera. On both these points are ancient ruins, and near one or the other, once stood the Grecian city Heraclea. By ten o'clock we had crossed the broad bay at the termination of the great Wady Kundeel. High chalk hills, on either side of this wady, bend down to the sea, and in the winter, the wind is drawn fiercely up the valley, rendering the navigation not a little dangerous. *Now*, however, we shot across from headland to headland without fear, and by 11½ doubled the lofty Ras Bossiyeh, and ran into the bay on the north side of the "Ras," to examine the remains of the Greek Posidium. The chalk hills of Wady Kundeel, are here succeeded by dark ferruginous, and silicious rock, the southern commencement of Mt. Casius. The ruins at Ras are insignificant, and we did not delay to look at them, but ran along the base of Casius, only a few rods from the shore. The mountain springs up boldly from the sea, almost perpendicularly, to the height of 5318 feet. Near the middle, it is divided by a huge cleft, or fissure, as though the southern half, when settling into permanent repose, had *sagged* down, with a southwestern *dip*, showing a terrific precipice on the north. This is lower than the other half, and between them a narrow winding valley sinks right down to the shore, and terminates in a small cove, with a little landing place, called Minet Ksab, from an Armenian village of this name, at the head of the gorge. The scenery is

sufficiently wild, and the huts of a few Armenian peasants cling with perilous tenacity to the winding terraces which hang on the brow of this romantic fissure midway between sea and sky. There is another anchorage called Karabajack, at the north of Casius, but our captain, doubting the ability of his pet "messenger," to ride out this south-western gale in such an exposed roadstead, made for the mouth of the Orontes, intending to bound over the bar on the back of some of these great waves. In his terror and confusion, however, he mistook his whereabouts, and when too late, made desperate efforts to carry his craft out to sea again. We were nearly swamped in this fruitless attempt. She refused to answer to the helm, and would not *move* but lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, at the mercy of a tremendous ground swell. The merciless wind all the while blew madly round the north end of Casius, and the waters ran riot, swelling, bursting, and foaming in frantic commotion. The captain and sailors threw off their clothes, and ran to us for money to throw into the angry element, to propitiate St. George whose white-washed *Mazar* stood conspicuous upon the shore. Not understanding well the connection between this offering and the desired result I gave nothing; others, with greater faith, or more fear, bestowed a few paras, which were instantly cast into the sea, with loud supplications to this saint of all sects to save us. He however did not appear to exercise much control over either wind or waves. The one blew, and the other raged as madly as ever, and at length a huge billow lifted us, "nolens volens," upon its giant shoulders, and with a mighty convulsive fling which shattered itself into ten thousand frothy fragments, threw us indignantly upon the shore. —"There let him lie."—A succession of rude waves battered the groaning sides of the poor stranded Express, and quickly keeled her over on her beam ends, pitching ourselves very unceremoniously into the surf. The water on the *land side* of the vessel was not deep, and we easily succeeded in getting all our baggage safely on shore. Defeat is no disgrace in such an unequal contest with the treacherous deep, and thankful to that kind Providence which had rescued us from our somewhat critical adventure, I walked across the plain to the hospitable mansion of ex-consul general Barker at Swadea. This gentleman told me that during fifty years that he had resided in Syria, he never knew so quick a passage from Beirût. We had been exactly twenty-one hours on the water, and he jocosely remarked that we knew well how to fly, but not how to alight in safety. It was by some such summer's blast as this, I suspect, that Jonah was cast on shore; and by the way, a local tradition, assigns that adventure also to this very sandy beach, and why not, since this is the direct road,

and nearest landing point to Nineveh. The very last party of friends who have gone to Mosul, landed here on their way thither.

Aug. 8th. In company with Mr. E. Barker, I spent this day in examining the ruins of ancient Seleucia at the foot of Jeble Mûsa, N. W. of Swadea some five or six miles. In fifty minutes ride, we came to a large fountain called Neba el-Kebeer. The rock is hewn away, and rounded into a grand arch over the fountain, which pours out a generous stream of sweet cold water, sufficient to drive a mill. At this point the remains begin, and extend along the base of the hill for two miles, to the sea. The rock rises in high perpendicular precipices, forming a strong natural rampart beneath which chrystal fountains gush out in delightful abundance. The famous artificial harbor is an irregular oval basin, formerly surrounded by heavy walls with gates and towers, considerable portions of which still exist. The entrance was by an artificial channel, thirty-three paces wide, cut through a projecting termination of the mountain. There was the gate, and the shipping reached the harbor by a winding canal about half a mile long. *Outside* of the gate, there was an exterior harbor, the walls of which were carried into the sea, in the shape of a horse-shoe, the extremities overlapping each other. This outer harbor is 195 paces wide at the present water line, which the accumulated sand of ages has pushed back 115 paces from the gateway. How far the piers extended into the sea I could not determine. The stones of the south pier are twenty-two feet long, six wide, and nearly five thick, cut from the highly fossiliferous limestone of the adjacent mountain. From the extremity of this pier Ras Bossîyeh bears 200°. Highest peak of Casius 170, and of Jeble St. Simon (the younger) 112. The sand of the shore is a dark volcanic pepperite, which constitutes both the rock and the soil of much of the hills immediately north of Swadea. Both the shore, and the interior canal, are now so high above the sea, as to suggest the probability of a rise in this coast since the days when shipping sailed through the narrow gateway into the harbor. The truth of this could be tested by a few days' work in clearing away the rubbish at the gate. If the rock bottom of the gateway is above the present level of the sea, the question would be settled—and appearances decidedly indicate this. I trust some one will have time to make the examination.

The most remarkable thing at this place is the *tunnel*, made, apparently, to divert a mountain torrent from entering the harbor. Across the torrent an extremely thick wall was erected, turning the brook out of its bed *westward*, 194 paces to the foot of the mountain. A channel twenty-two feet wide, cut in the rock, here begins, and is

continued for forty paces. The perpendicular face of this excavation being now about 100 feet, a noble tunnel commences, twenty-one feet wide, and at least as high. Ninety-eight paces brings you under a window, or long sky-light, cut down from the top to let in light. It is sixty-four paces more to the next window, up to which is a narrow flight of steps wrought in the rock. From this to the end of the tunnel is thirty-four paces, and from thence to the sea about 947 paces, cut in the solid rock throughout, but open at top. Through this tunnel the brook still flows, and it is the highway from this part of the plain, up the valley to the mountains. We rode along it, and found it crowded with cattle, sheep and goats, reposing, during the hot day, beneath the cool vault. It is a stupendous work, and the end seems scarcely to justify the vast expense of its execution.

The whole lower face of the mountains is perforated by innumerable tombs. I measured one room fifty-nine feet long and twenty-seven wide, having thirty-two full sized niches in it, of various shapes and styles of ornament, and another room communicates with it having 14 niches. The entrance was adorned with demi columns, and a handsome façade, and the roof, with large shell work and other ornamental devices. Generally, however, these tombs are very plain, and multitudes of them are broken and disfigured.

Seleucia was built by Seleucus Nicator, and its site possesses almost every advantage for a great city, except a harbor, and this was formerly supplied by art. It therefore rose rapidly to great eminence and wealth. The prospect, near and distant, combines both beauty and grandeur. The plain stretches some eight miles south, to the foot of Casius, which lifts its bald head to the clouds, like a mighty pyramid rising out of the sea. Near its base flows the "rebellious" Orontes, the only considerable river in Syria, and its tortuous meanderings are visible up to the wild gorge through which it issues from the eastern mountain. Most of this plain, of perhaps eight miles square, is covered with mulberry orchards; and from Kepsy to Swadea, the vegetation is particularly luxuriant, being everywhere well watered by copious fountains, which flow down from the sloping declivities of Jeble Mûsa. Notwithstanding this rank vegetation, and abundant irrigation, Swadea is healthy, owing undoubtedly, to the regular and vehement sea-breeze, or *inbat*, which, during summer and autumn, rushes up the valley of the Orontes between Casius and Jeble Mûsa. This effectually dissipates the miasma, and "defecates the standing pools" along the marshy shore.

The present population of the *plain* of Swadea (in which are included several small hamlets), is estimated by the Messrs. Barker at

about 9000. They are Ansairiyeh, Greeks and Armenians, an industrious, peaceable and honest sort of peasantry. The climate would be very hot were it not for the *inbat.* This relieves the *sensation of heat,* although I found that the thermometer, in the afternoon, in my room, ranged from 87 to 90. Mr. Barker declares they are never sick in Swadea, but this precious immunity from disease he thinks is mainly owing to the fact that they have no physicians!

The "Bay of Antioch" as the coast is called by Col. Chesney, is nothing but the open sea, as is shown by all accurate maps, and to call it "well sheltered on every side except the north-west," or indeed on *any* side, but the east, is to take unwarrantable liberties with the surrounding localities, or with the queen's English. Let no tempest-tossed mariner trust to its "shelter."

Seleucia called also Pieria from the mountain above it, is but one of nine cities erected, or enlarged and adorned, by Seleucus Nicator, and called after his own name. This Nicator was the greatest builder in the world. In addition to these nine, sixteen of his new cities, bore the name of his father Antiochus. Three were dedicated to the memory of his wife Apamia, and six were called after his mother Laodicea. It was from this port that Paul and Barnabas embarked on the first foreign mission; and after eighteen centuries have come and gone, a missionary from that western world unknown to prophets and apostles, sent to rekindle the lamp of life on these, now benighted shores, may be allowed to gaze upon this broken pier, and choked up harbor with peculiar emotion. When Paul stepped from these great stones into his boat, bound for Cyprus, the kingdom of heaven began its *westward* march, and for eighteen hundred years it has steadily adhered to the line of its early election—*westward* to Greece, to Italy, to Spain, to Britain—and westward over the wide ocean to America, and westward still is its march to the shores of the Pacific, and far, far beyond, to the green isles that sleep in its ample bosom.

A few miles south of the harbor of Seleucia is a large Zeareh or Mazar of el-Khûdr (St. George). Its white-washed dome is a conspicuous object from the sea, and the superstitious mariners make vows and prayers to this very popular Saint, as they sail along the coast. Our captain, though a Moslem, threw money into the sea for his saintship, when he found his beloved boat must be driven on shore. The Ansairiyeh also hold el-Khûdr in the highest veneration. Mr. Barker informed me that after all the harvests, and fruits of the year are gathered in, the Ansairiyeh from the mountains around, assemble in immense numbers, to hold a feast and offer a great sacrifice at this Mazar.

This feast seems to resemble the Jewish festival of ingathering, see Ex. 23: 16. Women and children, as well as men crowd to the place, but when the religious sacrifice and ceremonies are performed, only a few of the head sheikhs enter the Mazar, and a trusty guard is placed all around, at a distance, to prevent any intrusion into their dark mysteries.

The geological indications about Swadea point to a time when the plain formed a deep bay extending inland some ten miles to the foot of the mountain. The soil is a rich marly deposit of the river, mingled with volcanic pepperite, trap boulders, and water worn stones and pebbles. This pepperite is consolidated into a *hard volcanic grit*, along the base of the hills north of Swadea. As there is no basis of rock within reach, the foundation of the houses of Swadea are laid in this marly deposit. This absence of rock rendered it comparatively easy, I suppose, to excavate a harbor, and the work was actually achieved by the Syro-Macedonian kings. The process of filling up, and enlarging the plain, still goes on. The water of the Orontes has a whitish-blue tinge from the great amount of marl held in solution, and the line of coast is, by its constant deposition, gradually encroaching upon the sea around the mouth of the river.

The most valuable product of Swadea is silk, of which there is grown about 300 cantars annually. The Messrs. Barker have introduced the Italian cocoon and mulberry, and are now using the *short reel* to prepare the silk for European markets. This must ultimately impart great activity to the business, and increase many fold the amount of silk produced. Mr. Barker has a beautiful mountain residence, three hours distant in an Armenian village called Btias, where are some fine ruins of ancient temples or churches. He thinks that this is the Biblias or Babylas of ecclesiastical celebrity, but probably this honor belongs to another village some distance further north which still preserves the name amongst its Armenian inhabitants. Btias is also a silk growing village, and abounds with noble fountains by which the mulberry plantations are irrigated. Mr. Barker has expended much time and capital on his garden and fruit orchards at this place, and with very happy success. In this secluded mountain retreat, amongst fruits and flowers, he is spending the evening of a long and checkered life with, he believes, a sky as lovely, and an air as balmy as this world affords. All peace and prosperity to his green old age!

Aug. 10*th.* It took us five hours to ride to Antioch, on the miserable hacks hired in Swadea—distance fifteen or sixteen miles. Started at eight and in fifteen minutes crossed a small river called N. ez-Zeitune. At the end of one hour rose a considerable hill, having passed

over beds of volcanic sand and marl, succeeded by pebbles and gum-stone boulders—and this again, by fieldspathic trachyte, argite rock, granite boulders, jasper, agate, arenacious marls, volcanic tuff, etc., in chaotic confusion. In two hours crossed Kerajak el-Kebeer, a wide, straggling river, coming down from Mount Rhossius north of Btias, and falling into the Orontes. From this to Karajak es-Sugeer is fifteen minutes, and forty minutes more to N. Hasseinly, where is a ruined church dedicated to St. Spiridion, an old grave-yard, and a large oak tree, under which we took shelter from a burning sun. These land-marks will all attract attention on this utterly desert road. The hills thus far are covered with oak and other coppice, henceforward they are naked. From N. H. to N. Mûrr is three quarters of an hour. Here is an extraordinary conglomerate of water-worn volcanic pebbles, and stones of various mineralogical ingredients. From this to N. Hanna is thirty-five minutes, and to Antioch ten minutes more. Alas, for the desolations of Syria! Between this once great capital of the East, and its celebrated port of Seleucia there is not a village on the road and but little cultivation.

On a former occasion, I travelled across the country from Btias to Daphne, passing the Orontes in a boat, and swimming my horse by its side. The course of the river here is nearly south, and the fountains of Daphne are on the east side. They burst out of a ledge of perpendicular lime rock, and leaping and foaming over successive terraces, down a steeply inclined plain for a mile or two, fall into the Orontes. Here are the fountains just as they were 2000 years ago, but where are the solemn groves of laurel, bay and cypress? spoken of by Sozomen. Where, the lofty columns, the magnificent temples, the shady walks, the noisy cascades, the silvery pools, the playful *jet d'eaux*—the delight, the glory and the wonder of the world? According to Strabo and others of olden time, gone, all gone—the altars are fallen, the images stamped to dust, the gold and the gems have filled the coffers, and adorned the palaces and the persons of other nations, in other climes. Daphne, the beautiful and the idolized, has fled from her favorite haunt, and where the mellow music of a hundred fountains fell in soft cadences upon the soothed ear, a half-dozen chattering mills now grind corn for the peasant, and discord for the disappointed traveller. Cows standing in the stream, and buffaloes wallowing in the mire regale the senses with their abominations, where spicy groves once shed their fragrant odors. Daphne, sweet and blushing, of course is not there, but a few curly-headed, sunburnt, unwashed wenches came carrying corn to mill on their backs. And as the disappointed and wearied visitor broils in the fierce rays of the

sun, he will sigh for the "peaceful groves consecrated to health and joy, to luxury and love,"—and if he be hungry, as I was, he would gladly partake of "Julian's solitary goose," if he could find such a repast in this utter desolation. As all the world knows, it is five miles from Daphne to Antioch, and there is evidence that most of this distance was, at one time, covered by the extensive suburbs of that great city.

The name Daphne occurs far back in ancient history. According to 2 Mac. 4: 33, Onias, the high priest fled (to the temple) at Daphne near Antioch, and being treacherously drawn out of his sanctuary by Andronicus was slain.

Jerome takes the Riblah mentioned in Numb. 34: 11 to be Antioch, and Ain to be Daphne. And in the Arabic (translated from the Vulgate "contra fontem Dapnim") this passage reads "over against, or opposite to Daphne." This false translation, perhaps, first suggested to Jerome the idea that Riblah and Antioch were the same; and from this source a long series of mistakes has arisen. Dr. Keith constructs much of his argument for the northern border of the Land of Promise, upon the passage thus translated and paraphrased.

An effort to explain the confusion growing out of this translation may possibly have led, in later times, to find or invent a Daphne at Banias—the fountains of the Jordan. For, to jump the land-marks over mountain and plain from Daphne at Antioch, to Chineroth, or Tiberias, must have appeared a difficult exploit. And yet Numbers 34: 11 requires this, if Riblah is Antioch and Ain be Daphne.

Antioch. It is difficult to decide what to write after this name. A city, once the third in size, beauty and wealth in the Roman world; long the capital of the Syro-Macedonian empire—the city where men were first called Christians—and from which, even to this day, the patriarchs of the East derive their great sounding titles. Where the Seleucidae, the Caesars, the Constantines, the Persians, the Arabs, the Tartars, the Turks, the Franks have all successively fought, bled, conquered, reigned and disappeared. This is no ordinary locality. Built by Seleucus Nicator, and called after his father, it was enlarged and beautified by his successors, until it contained, as tradidition reports, 700,000 inhabitants—famed the world over for soft refinement, luxury and licentiousness. Under the Byzantian emperors, Antioch was most known as the rival Patriarchate to Constantinople. This lordly priest possessed jurisdiction over about 150 metropolitans —his name was all powerful, from the extremity of Arabia to the north of Mesopotamia. His list of ecclesiastical sees comprised almost

every name celebrated in oriental history—Seleucia (two of this name), Boerhea (Aleppo), Chalcis (Zobah of Bible), Apamia, Arethusa, Hamah, Hums, Salemiyeh, Samosata, Philadelphia (two of them), Zeugma, Edessa, Jerusalem, Tyre, Sidon, Akka, Beirût, Tripoli, Orthosia, Aradus, Arca, Panias, Laodicea, Jebilee, Tarsûs, Damascus, Heliopolis, the Ba'albek of our day, Palmyra, Bosra, and a hundred other historical names. How wretchedly fallen from its ancient glory! It is now a village of no political importance, and though the Greek and Greek Catholic and Maronite Patriarchs still call themselves by the august title of "Antioch and the East," not one of them has a church there. A few Greeks, worshipping in a private room, or saying *kuddas* by some ruin, are the only mementos of her former ecclesiastical glory. The name of Christ, honored and adored throughout the civilized world, is blasphemed at Antioch. A few fanatical Moslems, and depraved Ansairiyeh possess the ancient capital of the East, and of Christianity.

Antioch has fallen and forever. All nations have been called to aid in her destruction. The Persians sacked it, the Moslems pillaged it. It was ravaged by the Tartars. It was ruined by the Turks. Many times earthquakes have overthrown it, and fire has consumed it. Pestilence, again and again, depopulated it. Finally, commerce diverted, dried up the source of its prosperity, and for ages it has sunk into obscurity. And it most probably must ever remain subordinate and insignificant. Should rail-roads once more turn the tide of eastern trade and wealth to the head of this sea, it will very likely roll down the valley of the Orontes, but it will not pause one moment at Antioch, but hasten to the port at Seleucia. Antioch has, therefore, no prospect of ever regaining her former position. Still all the patriarchs of the East cleave to the name—the *name* preserved, while the thing is gone—a striking symbol of their whole system.

Antioch, fallen as she is, still retains her old habits, vices and corruptions. In open day, women came round our tent and sought to attract attention by their lewd songs, and in the evening, as Ibn Beshara and I were returning from Bab Bûlus, we met a troop of these unequivocal characters, strolling the streets. I never saw this in any other town in Syria.

Those who wish to know how the walls of Antioch look, may purchase any one of the thousand pictures of them. True, no such representation can be very satisfactory, but it is still more difficult to draw a satisfactory picture with the pen. The pen climbs the rugged rocks on the east of the city, without fatigue, traverses yonder dizzy

crags, and rugged ravines with ease, and descend to Bab Bûlus at the end of a single sentence. But this feat, actually performed, is a hard morning's work. It was a singular idea to run the wall up this steep mountain to the top and then carry it along the ledge of rock so far, across yawning gorges, and foaming torrents. Such a prolongation of the wall must have increased greatly the difficulty of maintaining the defences. And but a very small portion of this mountain, thus included within the walls, could have been occupied by buildings, except those of the dead. These sepulchral excavations were numerous and the perpendicular rocks are admirably adapted for a city of the dead. Benjamin of Tudela says that there was a fountain on the top of this mountain, from which water was distributed to the houses. This is probably a mistake, but there is still a fountain on the side of the hill, high enough for such a purpose. And the tradition is probably well founded that the water of Daphne was brought to Antioch. The remains of this great city are quite insignificant, and there is no trace of Phenician work, or of anything older than the era of the Seleucidae, if indeed any part can lay claim to so early a date. According to some ancient authors it would appear that the Orontes once ran through the city, but there is not the least appearance of that at present. The walls along the *eastern* bank of the river are apparently the most ancient of all, and if there ever was a suburb on the *west* bank all traces of it have disappeared. For ages this has been the general cemetery of the city. Antioch must, however, have extended to the south, far beyond the walls toward Daphne. The space within the walls could never have accommodated one half the inhabitants. The inclosed area practicable for building, is not more than two miles long, and one broad. Only a small portion of this, is occupied by the houses of the present town—the remainder is planted with mulberry and fruit trees. In many parts, it is a wilderness where a stranger may easily get *be*wildered as I was, in one of my evening rambles.

Much of the stone lying about these gardens is black trap rock, and the bridge over the river is paved with compact greenstone. Columns, buried under rubbish, appear here and there, and now and then a broken capital, but the traveller is disappointed in his search for antiquities or inscriptions. It is singularly barren in all these historical elements. In the legends of chivalry, and in the songs of the Troubadour, it has far more enduring memorials. And any one who has read Michaud's splendid History of the Crusaders will wander amongst the ruins and over the plains of Antioch with intense emotions. Deeds of chivalry almost unequalled in daring, immortalize every foot of the soil. But these are themes fitter for the "minstrel's lay" than the

brief notes of a passing traveller. Both in the city and on the hills, especially around Daphne—now called Beit el-Mâ—the bay-tree flourishes luxuriantly. And they suggest thoughts more instructive than the "Tales of the Palmer," or the "Chronicles of Crusades." Every child has learnt from David that the *prosperity* of the wicked is like to a green bay-tree. And truly those of Daphne afford a beautiful emblem of a flourishing family. You there see large trees perfectly green and vigorous surrounded by a dozen hale and thriving young plants springing from their roots—like a patriarch encircled with his family of stalwart sons. But though his prosperity appeared to be as enduring as the bay-tree, yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

An astonishing succession of earthquakes during the sixth and seventh centuries repeatedly overthrew Antioch, burying beneath the ruins each time multitudes of the inhabitants. On one occasion the earth continued to rock for forty days, and volumes of sulphurous smoke issued from the ground and nearly suffocated the people. At another time the coast sank and rose, and the sea encroached upon the land, according to the account of Ibn Shehny. I think it not improbable that by some of these terrible convulsions the gate of the harbor of Seleucia was so much elevated as to render it useless, and if so, this will give both the date and the course of the total desertion and destruction of this city and harbor, as well as the ruin of Antioch. All the old authors mention these awful overthrows of Antioch. From their effects it never could entirely recover, although the Byzantine emperors made extraordinary efforts to restore their splendid eastern capital. If the supposition of the rising of the coast at the harbor of Seleucia proves true, the cause of the permanent and utter decline of Antioch is at once explained. Commerce and trade would thereby be immediately and finally directed to Scandaroon and Ladakîa and settle upon Aleppo as the great centre of exchange with eastern caravans.

11*th*. We left Antioch at one o'clock, and four hours' brisk riding by morning moonlight, brought us to Jisr el-Hadîd, where we crossed the Orontes. Here is a very substantial bridge, built since 1822, in which year the great earthquake of Aleppo broke down the old one. There is a guard-house with a gate built on the bridge, and on the south bank of the river is a small village with two or three badly supplied shops, where the traveller can perhaps purchase something to eat, and certainly something to smoke. The water of the river is of a muddy drab color, occasioned by the continual erosion of the banks, which are of a blueish earthy marl. No doubt the vast long plain,

which requires two or three days to ride round it, is entirely a fresh water deposit, and it is still extensively overflowed in winter. It was, in fact, a large lake, the small remnant of which is found in the Yagara or Bahr Agoula, more commonly called the Lake of Antioch. The Orontes and Nahr el-Burak from the south, and Aphreen and Aswad from the east and north-east have for countless ages been filling up this lake, and enlarging the plain, and this work will one day be completed and the lake wholly disappear. At some remote period, this plain was crowded with people. Hundreds of artificial mounds, some very large, were raised all over it. These were doubtless occupied by the peasants who cultivated the surrounding fields, much as the Mexicans did, when Cortez first visited that fair and fairy land. I counted forty-one mounds from a single station.

The land of this plain belongs to government, and as a natural and necessary consequence, is almost entirely abandoned and useless. It might all be brought under the highest cultivation. Every foot of it could be irrigated by canals from the several rivers which find their way through it, to the lake; and rice, cotton, madder and corn might be grown to any amount; or it might be planted with mulberry orchards for the production of silk. A single Nauza or Persian water-wheel, will raise water sufficient for 30,000 mulberry trees, and the cost of constructing the wheel is only about 200 dollars. This is the whole expense, and yet there is neither capital nor enterprise in the country to achieve this work. Let Europeans or Americans enter upon the work, and this magnificent plain will soon be like the garden of Eden. And when rail-ways bring the trade and the travel of the East down the valley of the Orontes, this delightful renovation will spring up like magic. A better government, however, is indispensable to success. The peasant is now cruelly oppressed. If he settles on any of these lands he engages to pay a tenth to government. This is moderate enough. But the collectors make the estimates according to their own selfish purposes, and hence arises immense oppression. They will determine that a man's fields have produced 100 bushels of wheat, for example, and take the tenth according to this estimate, while he has not in fact realized 20 bushels; and in the same way every other article of produce is taxed. Thus left at the mercy of the collectors, the poor farmer is utterly ruined, and obliged to flee from his house and abandon his labor. No improvement is to be expected on this system.

The houses in this region are built of large sun-dried brick—two feet long, one broad, and six inches thick. I watched the process of brick-making, as we lay under the shade of a great mulberry tree at

the foot of the bridge. One man tramped the mortar with his feet; a woman threw in chopped straw and chaff; another woman supplied the water which was handed her from the river by a man entirely naked; another man shaped the bricks, and boys and girls carried them to a distance and ranged them on the ground to dry in the sun and wind. The veils of the women are in place on such occasions certainly. The people in this region are sadly degraded—there is not a Christian church, or a school of any kind in all these villages. When will such utter desolations revive! Kurds and Arabs wander now and then with their flocks, over these fertile plains, and then disappear like birds of passage. From Jisr el-Hadîd, Mount Casius bore 260; highest point of Jeble el-Aala, 160; of Mount Rhossius, 295; of Jeble Ghawir Dâg, 352.

Between these mountains the wind at this season rushes up the plain from the sea, a hot, dry and merciless tempest. It is almost impossible to endure it. The intense heat of the plain, I suppose, produces rarefaction to such an extent that the sea air is drawn in, with immense vehemence, to fill the void. Whatever be the cause it is now incessant, day and night, and so violent as to be very disagreeable.

In three hours from Jisr Hadîd we come to Harim, which is pleasantly situated on the eastern border of the plain, upon a salient spur of Jeble el-Aala. There was (and still remains in tolerable preservation) a circular castle on an artificial mound—the base of which is the termination of the hill—cut off on the upper side by a deep ditch, and strengthened by a wall and towers. It was a plain of strength and importance, not only with the first Moslems, but with the Crusaders. Copious fountains refresh the fields, and cultivation is carried to a higher degree of perfection than in the neighboring villages. Groves of poplar and other trees also add much to the beauty of the spot. Abu el-Fida, Ibn Shehny, and other Arabic geographers, speak of this tower and castle. It received the name of Little Damascus, on account of the abundance of its fountains, and the excellence of its fruits. For many centuries it was the capital of a large sub-province, but it has shared the general fortunes of the country, and has sunk into an insignificant village. There are some curious old ruins on the north of Harim, and what appears to have been, at one time, an aqueduct. The plain stretches away northwards—a boundless expansion of luxuriant verdure; and our road leads over a low, rocky point eastward, to el-Burak—a handsome *cheflik* (or farm) owned by a Turkish grandee of Constantinople. The large farm houses, newly white-washed—*a la* Constantinople style—rise on a beautiful ascent near the banks of the pretty Burak. This crystal brook is crowded

with fish, and hereabouts, covered with geese and ducks—a rare sight in Syria. I have not seen a sweeter farm-scene in the East. The Burak flows down from a narrow vale on the east side of Jeble el-Aala, and crossing the plain westward from this *cheflik*, falls into the Lake of Antioch. There was anciently a large town at this place, the ruins of which are to be seen, scattered over the hill north-east of the ford. A bridge of several arches once spanned the brook, and we now cross on its ruins.

12*th*. We slept on the margin of the Burak, or more properly, spent some six hours of the night in an earnest contest with this merciless wind, when, finding it impossible to keep our tent erect, we struck, and started at 2 o'clock, A. M. and went on to Dana, a ride of 4½ hours, direction east by north. During the latter half of this ride our attention was constantly attracted to a constant succession of old ruins, on all sides of us. They are of various styles of architecture, partly Grecian, partly of a tortuous, mixed order, and of a very uncertain age. They fill the reflecting mind with wonder and sorrow. What has become of the hundreds of thousands of intelligent, prosperous, wealthy people, who once crowded these plains, and built cities, temples, and palaces, all over these hills?

At Dana we took refuge from a burning sun, and persecuting wind, in an old building, once a church or temple, now a mosque. It is a heavy vaulted building, mostly in ruins.

Passing through large fields of castor bean, maize and cotton, we began, in half an hour, to rise over a rocky hill; and in the valley beyond it, came to some very old remains, with a large ruined town some two miles further south. After ascending another rocky hill, we pitched our tent at Deir et-Tîn, two hours from Dana, and six from Aleppo. The rock thus far has been mostly a compact limestone often semi-crystalline. From this to Aleppo the cretaceous and marly formations abound. This little village is distinguished for its cisterns. The whole cretaceous hill is perforated with them, but the water is an abominable decoction, from stables and barn-yard drippings, and swarms with minute red worms, very lively, but not at all desirable qualifications to a thirsty man's potations. The *Deir* is gone if there ever was one, but the orchards are just now loaded with excellent *Tîn*—figs. We placed a high wall between us and this hot, parching, pitiless wind, ate something or other for dinner, *cooked* a pot full of this *living* water for tea, and threw ourselves on the ground to sleep.

13*th*. Rose at midnight, took a guide and set out to visit the ruins on Jeble St. Simon, leaving the luggage to proceed to Aleppo direct.

We travelled *across* the mountains by a blind path—most execrable road—floundering in the dark, over rude rocks, for four hours and a half, when we reached the main ruins just as the sun rose. These mountains are full of deserted villages, and old towns in melancholy desolation. Huge gray rocks, "as old as the hills," utterly disrobed of all verdure, and even of soil, are piled up in hopeless, desperate confusion. Amongst these remains of ancient architecture, stand towns, and temples, and cities, and castles of by-gone centuries, and extinct races. They are constructed of large smooth cut stones, carried up from the foundation, in single layers, and without mortar. They are probably Graeco-Roman, and of the Lower Empire. Many of the private habitations were large and spacious, with upper and lower porticoes, supported by columns of various shapes, and undefined, and undefinable orders—neither Phenician, Grecian, Roman, Saracenic, or Arabic—a degenerate, bastard generation—column, capital, cornice and all. But these ruins are altogether surprising in extent and solidity of structure. Towns and temples built of smooth chiseled stones ten feet long and two square, arranged one on another from base to battlement, stand all over these hills in utter solitude.

These halls deserted, now echo only the wail of the jackal or the hooting of the owl. My previous reading had not prepared me for this morning's ramble amongst the habitations of races long dead, and the heart saddened and sickened at the dismal sight.

The main attraction of Jeble Simôn is the Kulah or castle—a large temple, church, or convent, or all in succession, according as men of different nations and opposing creeds held possession. The principal building is in the form of a grand cross, the centre forming a magnificent octagon. The length inside is 253 feet 6 inches, the width is 76 feet. The diameter of the octagon is 89 feet 6 inches, and the length of each side is 35 feet 7½ inches. There are two beautiful Corinthian columns in each of the eight angles—sixteen in all—about fifteen feet long. From an entablature on the top of these columns, spring the eight ground arches which supported the dome of the octagon. It is thirty-two feet to the centre of the arches; and a very heavy, and most elaborately decorated cornice and fringe, run all round their noble curvatures. Eight shorter columns occupied the superior angles, resting upon pedestals above the main columns. Above these there appear to have been projecting pedestals for images or statues; and beautifully carved tracery covered the interior face of the lofty dome. The whole, when perfect, must have been eighty feet high—an impressive and august rotunda. The live rock of the hill has been cut away, to form the platform of this immense structure,

and a pedestal of it is left exactly under the centre of the dome, as if for an idol or a statue, and possibly it was the base of the column or "stile" upon which St. Simon stood. The crest of the hill lies N. E. and S. W., and this is the direction of the temple. The principal entrance is from the south-west. The stile here is highly decorated Corinthian, massive, lofty and grand. The wall is at present about seventy feet high, and immensely strong. The interior is choked up with an infinite amount of broken columns, capitals, and prostrate arches, fatiguing the eye and the limbs of the visitor in his rambles. The east, or rather south-east wing, has, at some time or other, been transformed into a church. The circular nave is adorned on the *outside* by an upper and lower range of Corinthian columns producing a fine appearance from the hill on the south of the temple. In effecting the transformation, the elaborately wrought original doors, windows, and cornice, have been built up, and concealed by an interior wall. The length of this church inside is 129 feet 6 inches, and the breadth 77 feet. It would be an endless task to explain in detail, the position and character of the numerous side cloisters, small chapels, and recesses of this vast pile, and still more tedious and unsatisfactory to describe the immense buildings attached to it, particularly on the south-west side. There are some very peculiar and surprising sepulchres on the south-east angle of the external court or yard, which will attract the attention of every visitor. There are no fountains, but immense cisterns supply their place. The rock beneath the whole length of the temple is perforated with these indispensable reservoirs. Hither the flocks of the wild Yezidy shepherds are still brought twice a day, when the otherwise desolate scene is sufficiently lively.

The prospect northward, over the plain and the valley Nehor Apprîn is surprisingly lovely, but in any other direction the eye wanders fatigued over bare, gray rocks, or huge old ruins, as bare and as gray. The rock is a white compact sub-crystalline limestone, richly fossiliferous in many specimens which I examined. It takes a beautiful polish, as is manifest from the columns and tracery of the grand octagon.

By whom were these ruins constructed, when, and for what purpose? These are questions for others to answer. My historical reading, both Arabic and European, casts but little light on the subject, and there is nothing very decisive in the architectural indications. They appear to have been erected in different ages, and for different purposes. I could find no inscriptions of any kind except names of European travellers who visited the temple in former days, mostly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. On some of the columns

there are circular and highly involved figures, so carved as to appear to have formed part of the original design. They may have had a mystic signification. The Arabic historian of Aleppo, Ibn Shehny, calls this place Kefr Nebo, and says that anciently an idol, called Nebo, was worshipped in this temple. This is the name of a Babylonian divinity, and the tradition may go for what it is worth. A part of it at least, was certainly used as a Christian church during one period of its history. Many of the buildings in these mountains are evidently of Christian origin, and probably owe their existence to the first invasions of the Moslems, about the middle of the seventh century. The defeated Christians fled from the cities and the open country to these savage and impracticable deserts, and there reared these heavy buildings, half castle, half church or convent, as the case might be. The style, however, is very different from any purely Grecian or Roman city whose ruins exist at the present day. The stones are heavier, the work more massive, the arrangement awkward, and unscientific, and the whole is laid up without mortar. Many things lead me to suspect that most of these buildings which cover the long ranges of mountains from Sâfetâ northwards through the Jeble el-Aala and St. Simon, were constructed out of materials wrought by a more ancient people than the Syro-Greek Christians of the seventh and eighth centuries. Both in Jeble el-Aala and St. Simon the *arch* is unknown in the heaviest and most antique buildings; and as there is no patch work about these specimens, they may possibly exhibit undisturbed examples of the handiwork of a very remote race. On these questions, however, it does not become me to pronounce an opinion. One thing is certain, we shall not again meet a single trace of Phenician architecture until we reach Ba'albek. In a wilderness of ruins extending southwards for hundreds of miles, and often in sight of the Phenician coast, there is not one stone with the Phenician *bevel*. This early maritime people appear to have confined themselves to the seaboard, and in all the cities, from Ladakîa to Gaza, the peculiar cut of their chisel can be traced, but if you ascend to the summit of the hills which separated them from the interior plains of Syria, all signs of their work disappear suddenly and totally, except in a very few instances far south, where the Jews seem to have borrowed both the workmen and the style from their Syrian neighbors. This peculiar *bevel* is therefore the distinctive mark of the Phenician architect, and as such I always look upon every old stone which bears these credentials of a very honorable antiquity, with particular respect. I would give something to know whether it is met with amongst the ruins of Carthage! But of this enough.

The shepherds who wander, with their flocks, amongst these ancient desolations, are mostly Yezidees—a strange, wild race, of very dubious reputation. The prevalent opinion in regard to their religious veneration of the Evil principle, and of his very reputable companion and symbol, the serpent, is undoubtedly well founded; but with what particular rites they endeavor to maintain friendly relations with his satanic majesty, I could not ascertain. I may refer to this people again.

Very old tradition connects the name of St. Simon Stylites with these ruins, and, as before intimated, I think it probable that the column reared upon the base or pedestal of live rock, in the centre of the octagon, was selected by the saint to be the theatre of his astounding exploit. The fallen blocks are much broken, and appear as if they may have been diminished by the hammers of devout pilgrims, who flocked to this holy shrine from all parts of the Christian world, and were, no doubt, anxious to carry home some of the sacred stone as precious mementoes or efficacious amulets. I found a very old Arabic volume in Aleppo, which professes to give the history of St. Simon. It is filled with incredible legends and accounts of stupendous miracles, recorded with resolute and even desperate gravity. Additions appear to have been made to the original chronicle, from time to time, one of which says that "pilgrims came to the sacred shrine even from America." Anachronisms of this kind are of no significancy, and will scarcely attract attention amidst the splendor of such transcendant miracles as are constantly achieved by this prince of saints. The church constructed out of the south-east wing of this grand temple, was probably made for the accommodation of the vast crowds of pilgrims. And the numerous buildings attached to different parts, were for monks and anchorites who were wedded to the spot by the fame of the holy man.

Here, then, was displayed that most hideous abortion of blind fanaticism. A living man perched upon the end of a pillar three feet in diameter and 50, 60, or 70 feet high, according to different accounts. There he stood, day and night, without descending, for thirty-seven years, in winter's winds and snows, and summer's scorching sun, muttering prayers, making ten thousand dangerous and painful genuflections, and giving utterance to mysterious predictions to the demented and awe-struck multitude below. How he did contrive, on this dizzy pinnacle, to bow down till his forehead touched the top of the column at his feet, is not easily understood; but an eye-witness declares that he saw him perform the exploit 1244 times, and then he left off counting! Any one curious to see what kind of marvels are religiously re-

lated, by grave historians, about this monstrous manifestion of ascetic mania, may consult Stephanus, or Theodoret, or St. Anthony, or Cosmos, or the somewhat tedious epitome of the whole in Assemann's Bib. Orient. Vol. I. The temptation to translate from my old Arabic author must be resisted for want of time and space; and we leave it to some of our modern lovers of legendary lore, to do justice to the memory and the merits of this unparalleled saint.

There are the remains of a column on the top of a mountain, some six miles east of Swadea, and Mr. Barker supposes that this is the site of Simon's Pillar. Pilgrimages are still made to it on this account by the superstitious, and it appears, from time immemorial, to have been regarded as the spot by the surrounding Christians. And since some ancient authors mention different pillars, it is possible that the saint may have occupied one on this promontory for a season. But I think it more probable that this was the *pillory* of Simeon Stylites junior, who maintained his awkward post for sixty-eight years!! according to the testimony of Evagrius, who was personally acquainted with this remarkable *junior* gentleman.

It took me eight hours to ride from the *Kulah* to Aleppo. The road leads over low rocky hills, utterly destitute of trees, and, in August at least, of vegetation. The soil has, for ages, been washed off the rocks into small side valleys, which in spring are, no doubt, green enough, but now they are of a burnt-iron rust color, very naked and very dreary. Ancient ruins are scattered over the hills, and as you approach Aleppo villages begin to appear.

Aleppo. I shall bring into one connected narrative the substance of my miscellaneous notes about this important city and the regions adjacent to, and depending upon it. The origin of the name, and the ancient history of Aleppo are involved in obscurity. It is the Boerhea of the Greeks, and in the Syrian and Armenian ecclesiastical books of the present day, it still bears this name. Ibn Shehny, the Arabic historian of Aleppo, has collected with much industry and from many authors, the ancient traditions in relation to the name and primitive history of his native city. He gives different versions of the fable of Abraham ("upon whom be peace") milking his flocks at castle-hill—all of which, however, derive the name *Haleb* from this *milking* operation. The Patriarch, it seems, possessed the Moslem virtue of almsgiving in an eminent degree; and when he milked his flocks at the hill, a crier from the summit proclaimed حلب ابراهيم (*haleb* Abraham) Abraham has milked—his flocks, and immediately the pauper crowd assembled for their daily portion. From the constant repetition of this call, the name became appropriated to the hill itself and subsequently to the

city that was built around it. Ibn Shehny, however, appears to regard all these traditions as somewhat apochryphal, and evidently acquiesces in the opinion of those who derive the name from the milk-white chalk hills upon which it is built. It is, nevertheless, curious to see how pertinaciously Moslem authors insist upon the reality of Abraham's residence. One author, however, quoted by Ibn Shehny, says that Haleb and Hums, Ibn Mahir, Ibn Hums, Ibn Hâb (in another genealogy it is Ibn Hâm), Ibn Maknif, of the children of Amalîuk, built Haleb and Hums. And again, he says that the occasion of building Haleb, was the expulsion of the Amalekites from Palestine by Joshua. But then this same author in another place maintains that Haleb has been in existence ever since the visit of Khalîl (the beloved), that is, Abraham "upon whom be peace." And once more—an author with a string of *Ibns* to his pedigree altogether too long to copy, states that the king of Nineveh, called Belukush, or Belkhurus, built Aleppo and compelled the Jews to inhabit it—and Ibn Shehny adds—*Allah* knows whether this is not he whom the Greeks call Sardanapalus. Finally, Ibn Shehny declares that he found it recorded in an ancient author called Ashuarus, that in the first year of the Alexandrian era, Seleucus Nicanor built Seleucia and Apamia, and Riha, and Haleb, and Ladakîa;—so much for Ibn Shehny. Benjamin of Tudela says without the least hesitation, that it is the Aram Zobah of Scripture. This is probably a mistake into which the Jewish tourist fell by confounding Aleppo with Kunserîn, whose ruins are about a day's journey south-east of Aleppo. Ibn Shehny says that Kunserîn was a great city before Aleppo was built, and at first called *Súria*, from which he derives the name Syria. It was the capital of the kingdom or province in which Aleppo is situated, and gave name to the whole country as far as the Euphrates. When Kunserîn declined and Aleppo rose to distinction there arose a confusion in authors, who were not always careful to distinguish between the ancient name of the province and its actual capital. The south-east gate of Aleppo is still called Kunserîn, and this name figures largely in all the old Syriac and Arabic writers upon this region. Girgius el-Makîn in his Saracenic history, says that Kunserîn was conquered A. D. 636 by Abu Aubeid, after a sharp contest, and probably the whole province, including Aleppo, was brought under Mohammedan rule at that early day. It, however, often changed masters subsequently.

Most modern geographers identify Kunserîn—the Chalcis of the Greeks—with Zobah or Hamath Zobah of the sacred Scriptures. This may be correct, but when visiting the great "salt vale," some

twenty miles south-east of Aleppo, I heard of a very ancient ruin on the south-eastern margin of the vale, which the Arabs call Zobah or Zebah, and some appeared to me to pronounce it Zebad. They told me that the ruins were much older than those of Kunserîn, and covered a space as large as Aleppo; and moreover, that, at this place was the only fresh water on the south shore of this salt lake or vale. As this is probably the salt vale where David conquered Hadadezer, king of Zobah, when he went to recover his border on the Euphrates (2 Kings 8: 3—13), I think it not improbable that this Zebah marks the site of Hadadezer's capital; David may have destroyed it, and in the subsequent prosperity of the kingdom of Zobah, Kunserîn may have become the capital. It is a full day's journey west of Zebah, and all that distance from the salt vale, where David overthrew Hadadezer. The position of Zebah, therefore, agrees best with the Bible account of David's expedition. Our narrative having led us to this *salt vale*, I may as well complete what I have to say in regard to it.

I left Aleppo on the 18th of August, with a company of friends, and rode to Sphery—anciently called Sephra—situated near the western border of the *vale*. Passing out of the city by the gate of Kunserîn, we rode over chalk hills planted with the pistachio tree, for half an hour, and were then in the open desert. As we advanced through boundless tracts of unappropriated land, the villages became more and more rare, until we reached Sphery, from whence to the Euphrates it is "without inhabitant." Sphery is a large village. The houses are built of *sun*-dried bricks—shaped like large *haystacks*—huddled close together like their types in a Western barn-yard, with narrow *circular* streets or paths between stacks, leading to *anywhere* you please. This is the universal style throughout all these deserts, between this and Hums. They present a most original and striking appearance. The Moslem inhabitants—half citizens, half Bedouins—received us with great cordiality. A large *haystack* was placed at our disposal—and, of as many of the villagers as it would hold. We drank any quantity of coffee, and the smoke of any number of pipes escaping through the apex, made our *stack* somewhat like a young volcano. But we were entertained with very lively talk from these rude sons of the "Border." Many of them had wandered far into the desert—had been to Zebah, and to Khanasorah, which they always confound with its ruined neighbor Kunserîn, though they are really distinct places. From their accounts there are many columns with inscriptions, etc. at Kunserîn. I exhausted all my persuasive powers in vain efforts to induce some of them to conduct me to these interesting ruins, offering to start at once, and ride all night. But they

steadfastly asserted that it was impossible at this season to reach them, on account of the Anazy Arabs. They are in such dread of these wild robbers, that, after sunset no one would go even to the neighboring vineyards, to bring us grapes—nor would they venture out at all without being completely armed. These Arabs have been particularly troublesome of late.

Our friends here assure me that from Khânâsir they can ride to Hamah in a day, directly through the open desert. An old Arab author—Ibn Shiddar—quoted by Ibn Shehny, says that Khânâsir was a large city with walls, castles, etc., built of black (trap) rock. He derives the name from the man who built it—Khânâsir. Another old Arab author says that there was a city here called Kunsarîn the less, which he says was the Chalcis of the Greeks, and was mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures under the name of Zoma—the Zobah of the Bible misspelt. He says that it derived its name from an Arab chief of the Beni Keis. Ibn Haukel, in his Geography, says that Kunsarîn was destroyed by the emperor Basilius, after which it was repeatedly rebuilt and overthrown, until it was entirely demolished by Taj ed-Dowleh at the close of the eleventh century. Amongst the rebuilders of Kunsarîn which he mentions are the Beni Busseis et-Tenukhiyeh—the ancestors, probably, of the Tenukh Emeers who built these palaces here in Abeih where I am now writing this note. These Emeers were exterminated in a dreadful massacre, several hundred years ago, but their palaces still remain. The name Keis is also still perpetuated amongst us—the Druzes being divided into Beni Keis and Beni Yemen. The leading sheikhs of Beni Keis emigrated to Lebanon long ago from the province of Kunsarîn. The ancestors of Naaman Beg Jemblat came from Maarat Naaman which belonged to the same province. And in Aleppo itself, I found an old palace called Seraiyet Beit Jemblat—and since my return, Naaman Beg has assured me that his ancestors owned property in Aleppo. It is interesting to discover the progenitors of our friends and neighbors, in these distant deserts and ancient chronicles. The *Temukhs* carry up their genealogy through the kings of Heri, etc. to Kahtan or Yoktan, and with a little aid from the Hebrew tables they may "cross the flood" with a bound, and ascend to Adam! This puts to shame the pedigree of the most ancient European nobility. Before taking leave of these old tales I must give one more quotation from Ibn Shiddar. He says, "the town of Kaab was on the Euphrates. There the Israelites dwelt for a long time, and they held to it with such tenacity, that they were nine times expelled before they were finally exterminated." This Kaab was in the province of Kunsarîn, and as we have found the

Zobah, where David overthrew Hadadezer when he went to restore his border on the Euphrates, may not this Kaab be his frontier garrison city, and this be the reason why they clung to it with such tenacity?

On the morning of the 19th, my companions went to the hills on the south of Sphery, to hunt, and I hired a guide and rode to the salt vale—about six miles east of the village. The plain subsides gradually into the "vale," and having always understood that it was a lake, and having seen the setting sun reflected from its polished surface last evening, I supposed of course that we were approaching a fine inland sea. There too, was the shore, a short distance in advance of us, as distinctly marked as that of the ocean; but what was my surprise not to find one drop of water—nothing but a boundless extension of encrusted salt. With strange sensations I left the *shore*, and began to ride over this sea of salt. The water is just ahead of me—on I rode to meet it like a child chasing the rainbow. Presently I saw a large flock of white gazelles about a mile from me, actually standing *in* the water, with their graceful proportions beautifully reflected below. At full speed I attempted to overtake them, but not being partial to the society of strangers, they bounded away over the sea, pausing now and then to gaze at their baffled pursuer. Finally, when I reached an artificial mound which stood in the midst of this tantalizing sea, I was forced to admit that I had been the dupe of an optical illusion more perfect than I had thought possible. On looking back I found myself in the middle of the sea—well I am now prepared to credit any story about mirage, however marvellous. From the top of one of the numerous artificial mounds, I surveyed at leisure this strange vale. A vast expanse of glassy salt, glowing in the burning sun of August—an oppressive, saddening, *dismal* brightness. I have rarely felt such a sadness at heart as when steeped, *drenched* in this flood of glory. The very atmosphere trembled, and *simmered*, and quivered, as if it were molten silver. The excess of brightness was terrible, and the total silence and utter absence of any manifestation of life, were oppressive. It is a vale of utter death, polished and burnished into intolerable and horrid splendor. It is four days' ride in circumference.

In winter this whole region is actually a lake, with its margin as accurately defined as any other, but by August the water has all evaporated, and a crust of white, coarse grained salt, has been deposited over the entire surface. I nowhere saw this crust thicker than half an inch. The quantity, however, depends upon the amount of rain during winter, and it is said, sometimes, and in certain places, to

be several inches thick. Ibn Shehny says that the salt is brought down by two small rivers which enter the vale from the north-east. This, however, needs further investigation. Maundrell found a locality on the border of the lake itself where salt exists in a mineral state. The current opinion in the neighborhood is, that the salt is brought down by the tributary streams, and they urge in confirmation, that when the rains are long and copious, the amount of salt is increased in proportion. After riding some time, I came in sight of the salt gatherers in the neighborhood of Jebbaal. Men, women and children, camels, donkeys and mules, in long lines *floating in glory*, now lifted into the air—now wading through molten silver—now utterly concealed, according to change of position, or the vagaries of this most wonderful mirage. I shall not readily forget the impressions of this day's ramble. Jebbaal is about ten miles north-east of Sphery, and is the great depôt of salt, from whence it is distributed all over northern Syria. The salt gatherers get from 200 to 800 piasters per camel load, but the government, I am told, takes from 50 to 70 piasters tax, on each load. This is a very rigidly enforced monopoly.

I rode over a large camp ground of the Anazy Arabs on the western margin of the *vale*. These Arabs refused to pay a certain tax last winter, and the Pasha of Aleppo surprised them in their camp, took several sheikhs prisoners, and compelled them to purchase their freedom at great expense. This is the reason why they are so troublesome at present—and on this account I could not get to Kunsarîn.

From a large artificial mound not far from the margin of the "vale," I took the following bearings:

Village of Sphery, ...	300	distance 6 miles.
Castle of Sphery, ...	290	" 9 "
Aleppo, ...	305	" 24 "
Tel Araran, ...	320	" 12 "
Tel Nowam, ...	360	" 10 "
Jeble Zaran, ...	50	" unknown.
Jebbaal, ...	62	" 8 miles.
Peak called Jeble Hamimeh, . .	65	" on horizon.
Deir Hâfir, ...	70	" "
Jebbaarin, ...	88	" uncertain.
General centre of the Vale, . . .	130	
Jeble el-Baaz, ...	135	" on horizon.
Direction of Zobah or Zobad, . .	140	" 8 hours.
Wady Amira—and direction of Kunsarin,	165	" 6 "

The "castle" of Sphery is situated four or five miles south-west of the village, and from it the castle of Aleppo bore 317; Jebbaal, 90; Sphery, 93; Tel Abu Jerrain, from whence the other bearings were taken, 105.

Between Sphery and Abu Jerrain, is a small village called Mellahab, built on, and out of the ruins of a considerable town. There are many columns amongst these ruins. The Italian traveller, Peter della Valle—a second Joseph Wolf, in the variety and extent of his wanderings over the East, passed this village in 1617, on his way to Bagdad; but he gives no particulars, and his journey across this interesting desert, is as barren as the desert itself. After following him from Aleppo to the Euphrates we remain as ignorant of this terra incognita as we were before.

The castle of Sphery is on a high volcanic hill, and is merely a cyclopean enclosure, made by piling up the large trap rocks in irregular lines. My guides, who are great hunters, and have wandered over these deserts as far as Kunsarîn, represent the whole country as volcanic, which agrees with Ibn Shehny's statement, that the towns in that region are built of black stone. The soil, however, is fertile, and the country is desert merely because it is overrun by the Arabs. Innumerable flocks of the *white* gazelle pasture on these hills and fertile vales. These, with wild boars, hares, bustards, quails, partridges and woodcocks, are the chief victims of the sporting gentlemen of Aleppo. Our party having joined me at the "castle," produced from their nets some dozen of the red legged partridge, and a few hares—a rather unsuccessful day in their opinion; and when one thinks of a ride of fifty miles, during such a withering wind as this, he sees no reason to question the justness of their estimation. Still, the exercise is healthy and invigorating, and this is an adequate compensation for the time spent, the fatigue endured, the tattered garments and blistered skin.

The volcanic hills appear to rise about 500 feet above the general level of the country, and they are said to abound over all these plains, to the Euphrates. This great volcanic region commences at the sea, not far from Tortosa—spreads over all the Ansairiyeh mountains—constitutes the major part of northern Coele-Syria—stretches by Hams, Hamah, Salemiyeh, Maanah and Kunsarîn, to the Euphrates; and how much beyond, into Mesopotamia, I have not been able to learn. In the vales, and low plains, water can be procured at a moderate depth—at Sphery only a few feet below the surface. Ibrahim Pasha began a noble system of *colonization* in order to restore the ancient cities and villages of Kunsarîn, by settling peasants and parties of Arabs in them—granting them grain, oxen and ploughs, and compelling them to abandon their migratory habits and cultivate the soil. He would have succeeded if he had been allowed to remain master of the country. The present government has been disposed to pursue

the same plan, but with little prospect of success I fear. They lack energy, wisdom, perseverance and patriotism in the subordinates, upon whom the carrying out of the plan must depend. A good government, however, would soon cover the province of Kunsarîn with an industrious and thriving peasantry. In this province resides permanently the singular tribe of Arabs called *Slaîb* or Sulaiyîb. They are the most primitive in their habits of all these dwellers in the desert. They do not mingle with other tribes—are not Moslems, and are reported to have no religion whatever. By many who are well acquainted with them, however, they are believed to be a sort of degenerate Christians. They raise no grain nor flocks, and never eat bread, but live entirely upon the meat of gazelles; and their only clothing is made out of their skins. They are very ingenious in their devices to catch gazelles, but their most successful method is to build long diverging walls in the desert; and at the point of junction, they dig a deep pit. The whole tribe then make a grand hunting circle, and drive the gazelles within the arms of these walls; after which they are easily forced into the pit, and slaughtered in immense numbers. The meat is dried in the scorching wind and burning sun, and laid up for future use very much as the Indians preserve the meat of the buffalo. These Arabs have no domestic animals but the donkey, and in every respect exhibit the lowest form of human society. I made many efforts to become acquainted with some of these semi-savage, semi-Christian Bedouins, but unfortunately failed. On account of the fierce attitude of the powerful Anizey, the Slaîb have not lately ventured out of their desert, even as far as Sphery, though in peaceable times they are often found in Aleppo. Mr. Barker, and other gentlemen who have had much intercourse with them, inform me that they are simple, peaceable denizens of the desert, not given to rob the traveller, or to make hostile incursions upon other tribes. My Arab friends in Sphery assured me that the word Zobah was incorporated into many of the names of these primitive inhabitants of this very ancient province. This, however, needs further examination.

It is now *threshing* time over all this region, and I have been much struck with their *machine*. Five circular iron plates, about a foot in diameter, having sharp iron teeth on the external circumference, are fastened on a cylinder of wood five or six feet long. This cylinder is attached to two *slabs*, like the *runners* of a sled. Upon these a seat is erected over the cylinder, upon which the driver sits. This machine is drawn over the grain by horses or oxen, until the straw is chopped into fine chaff. It is then heaped up in the centre of the

floor, and a fresh supply is thrown down, which in turn is ground into chaff, and so on until the whole crop is finished. The grain is then separated from the chaff by tossing it up in the air during a windy day, of which there are abundance, according to my experience. This chaff is as carefully gathered up as the grain, and serves for provender during the entire dry season of the year. The grain is pulled by the hand, as we pull flax, or cut off at the very ground by a rude sickle, and by this process of threshing, the entire stem is preserved for the cattle; and as there is no hay in Syria, this straw is an indispensable article for every peasant. Of course, the floor is the bare ground in the open field, and the grain is covered with a fine dust or sand, which gives the flower a brownish color, and a *gritty* touch and taste, unless the wheat is washed before going to the mill. This machine is used in no other part of the country, and I suppose it is the sharp threshing instrument *having teeth*, mentioned by Isaiah 41: 15, by which God declared he would make the "worm Jacob" thresh the mountains and make *the hills as chaff*. It differs essentially from the broad *slab* with bits of porous lava fastened in the bottom, which is used in other parts of Syria to grind the straw into chaff.

We returned to Aleppo, which we reached by nine o'clock at night, having rescued a poor boy and his donkey from a company of robbers, who were prowling about seeking prey. As our party were mostly Franks, and well armed, they allowed us to pass, but in a few minutes we heard the cries of the poor lad—and galloping back, the robbers made off, and were soon lost in the surrounding darkness.

To this dull Moslem city our narrative must now return, and amongst the thousand things which might be said of it, and which have actually been said and *sung* a thousand times by fond Arab lords and partial historians, one is at a loss what to select. Almost everything, however, must now be described by parallels of opposition, and the resemblance of contrast. Instead of being surrounded by splendid forests, Aleppo shows long ranges of low, naked hills, burnt and blasted and desolate. Ibn Shehny says that the all-destroying Tartars cut down the forests—"may the graves of their fathers be defiled." Its "sweetest of all waters" which gushed in crystal fountains, in every mosque and market and *medrisy*—in private dwellings, orchards and gardens—the delight and glory of Aleppo—is now dreaded by both natives and foreigners, as the mother of that most odious of blotchers—the Aleppo button. (This journal owes its existence to one of these hideous eruptions which has confined the writer to his room for the last month, and has set him to reviewing his notes to pass

away the dull imprisonment). Instead of 250,000 inhabitants, mentioned by Ibn Shehny and others—"the wealthy, the learned, the polished, the peaceable, the *honest*, faithful, generous and hospitable," —and a long array of magnificent adjectives besides, altogether untranslateable—this city now numbers about threescore thousand in all —a mingled race, abounding in paupers, rogues and ragamuffins. Instead of a mosque for each day in the year, and a medrîsy, or college, for each mosque, they have scarcely one for each day of the month, and the less said about their medrîsies the better. And thus we might extend the contrast between what *is* and what *was* indefinitely, and with the same result. But as this would be, like her deserts, a very barren *extension*, we shall not prosecute it any further.

We must now mention some things positive about Aleppo. Her celebrated castle is a very positive ruin, and a most conspicuous object. Her fortifications, well described by Gibbon, have now fallen to decay, never more, I devoutly trust, to be restored, for I most cordially hate all castles, city walls and gates. The top of this hill would make one of the finest observatories in the world, and I hope it may be converted into some such beneficial purpose in some future day of Syria's prosperity. From the summit one enjoys an admirable view of this city, as it is very lofty and stands nearly in the centre of its wilderness of mosques and houses. It is nearly a mile in circuit, at the base, and rises some 200 feet high; and is a noble specimen of the thousands of artificial mounds which abound in all the plains of Syria. Those who are anxious to know more about them in general, or this one in particular, must consult some of the many authors who have described them at large. Ibn Shehny has exhausted his powers of oriental magniloquence upon the castle, which was built on the summit of this mound. The towers, or minarets of several mosques, were belfries of Christian churches, to every one of which there is a separate history in Ibn Shehny, as there is also for every school, and *nusjed*, and market, and gate, and palace, but such things have an interest only to the citizens of Aleppo, and we shall not translate. The river Quoik rises in the neighborhood of Aintab (in two separate sources as our historian contends, others say but one), and after passing Aleppo, it is lost in a marsh not far from Kunsarîn. It is an insignificant affair, and the water is not fit to drink until it has been filtered, or allowed to *settle* in a tank. The universal opinion is that the *hûbet es Sineh—Aleppo button*—is produced by some mineral ingredient in the water. I am now paying the penalty of a visit to this city, in a large *button* on the ancle, which from the constant irritation of walking has become large, inflamed and painful. But if not irri-

tated in some such way, it is rarely troublesome, and after running its course for about a year, it disappears of its own accord, and never returns. All kinds of medical treatment hitherto applied to it, only increase the evil, and the safe course is to *let it alone*. It very frequently attacks *natives* on the face, where it always leaves an ugly scar, and sometimes it destroys the eye when it appears near it. I never saw a foreigner who had had it on the face. There are two kinds—*male* and *female*—why so called, is not very clear, certainly not because the one is peculiar to the male and the other to the female sex. The female button however produces a number of separate blotches, the other only one. This curious phenomenon is not confined to Aleppo, nor to the towns along the Quoik. It is found along the Euphrates as far south certainly as Bagdad, and *a button* very similar, if not identical, has lately appeared in many places in Lebanon. It is asserted here that the Druze soldiers who returned from Ibrahim Pasha's army in 1840, brought it with them from Aleppo, and that it has been propagated by infection. This would be a very curious fact if it could be well established.

Ibn Shehny gives the following list of districts or sub-provinces which belonged to the government of Aleppo.

1. Sheizur, "a city and castle on the river Orontes, N. W. of Hamah. 2. Bkas es-Shugar, with a strong castle. 3. El-Kseir, and castle. 4. Deir Kûsh, a castle on the Orontes west of Edlip, built by the crusaders. 5. Harim and Sheikh el-Hadîd, at the N. W. base of Jeble el-Aala. 6. Antakiah, Antioch. 7. Bagras, a castle on the confines of Armenia. 8. Derbesak, with a castle. 9. Hajr Shuglan, with a castle. 10. Er-Rawendan, and with it Tel Haran, the Tower of Russas and Tel Bashir, all famous castles N. W. of Aleppo. Joceline took Tel Haran and destroyed it. 11. Aintab, a beautiful city with a fine castle, and belonging to it Debook and Koores, two celebrated castles. 12. Bakseny, a beautiful city bordering on Armenia, and capital of a rich province. 13. Kerker, in the same region. 14. Kahfa, of which my author merely says it had a castle. 15. El-Bîreh, celebrated for its large castle. 16. Kulaet er-Rûm, in which were the modern Adana, Tarsûs, and Museiseh a Grecian city called by them Mamustra or Mumustia, according to my author, on the Gihon twelve miles from the sea. 17. Menbej. 18. El-Jebûl and el-Bab, N. E. and E. of Aleppo, the author's ancestral district, large and fertile, and the waters of it carry down the salt to the great salt vale. 19. El-Keizein. 20. Arzaz, a very celebrated castle which figures largely in crusader times. The Tartars destroyed it. 21. Sermein, and with it el-Fuah. Maaret Musrîn and Mertah-

wan, famous in early Moslem history. 22. Kefr Tâb, N. W. of Hamah, a very ancient city. 23. Balis, an ancient city S. E. of Aleppo, sometimes called Kunsarîn the second. In this large district was Dufein on the Euphrates, and Russafah an ancient Grecian city in the desert resorted to by the Khalifs to escape the plague, finally destroyed in the thirteenth century, and the inhabitants transferred to Salemiyeh. Khânâsir and Khiyarliny, and the modern Kunsarîn and Kâkâ also belonged to this province, and Allah knows how many more ancient cities, says the author. I could now identify but eleven of these districts, and my list of villages amounts to but 662. There are probably more than 1200 villages still under the government of Aleppo.

Ibn Shiddad has copied from a book written by Kerîm ed-Dowleh, secretary of king Dâhir in the year 609 of the Hegira, the following list of the taxes of Aleppo.

	Drachms.		Drachms.
Tax on water, canals, and tanks,	1,000,000	Soap factories,	10,000
The 'Ashr or Tithes,	600,000	Census of Arabs,	100,000
El-Wekaleh—Agency office,	100,000	Salt magazines,	350,000
Horse, cow and camel market,	380,000	Slaughter houses,	100,000
Exterior and interior fountains,	430,000	—— ——	100,000
Melon market,	100,000	Potash,	20,000
Grape market,	100,000	——	100,000
Vegetables,	50,000	Census of Turkomans,	150,000
Tanners,	150,000	30,000 head of sheep,	600,000
——	100,000	A kind of capitation tax,	100,000
Silk dyers,	80,000	Tax on places of pleasure,	600,000
Sheep market,	450,000	Tax on Khan es-Sultan,	80,000
" " of Turkomans,	300,000	Tax on prisons,	60,000
Lumber market,	50,000	——	50,000
Spice market,	40,000	Greens or grass,	20,000
Smelting furnaces,	5,000	Weighers,	50,000
Bath and oven fuel?	20,000	Iron,	50,000
Auctioneers of Greens?	20,000	Hemp,	50,000
Flower gardens,	50,000	Silk,	80,000
The mint,	100,000	Capitation,	30,000
(Pasture-ground ?)	400,000	Manure,	10,000
Tax on commons,	100,000	—— —— by estimation,	300,000
Wood and coal stores,	20,000		
		Total,	7,755,000

This is a curious exposé of the amount, and the sources of revenue in the early part of the 13th century. Matters and things, and "ways and means" have greatly changed since that day. Most of the sources of revenue were *farmed* out to the highest bidder. This pernicious custom is still practised, greatly to the injury both of the government and the people. These tax-gatherers are necessarily clothed with great power, and they abuse it to lay a heavy additional per centage for their own pockets.

Aleppo was long distinguished for her manufactories of beautiful silk stuffs, but the modern introduction of English goods has completely broken up these looms, and thousands of weavers have been reduced to poverty by the change. The same is true in Damascus. Multitudes of paupers crowd the streets, and the suffering poor do not know how to direct their energies to any other means of procuring subsistence. Aleppo lives upon her caravan trade, and the produce of the surrounding country. Most of the caravans to Bagdad now start from this place rather than Damascus, the route from this latter city being too much molested by the Anazies. These Arabs are a strange set of robbers. One of my acquaintances was recently obliged to come from Bagdad direct to Damascus. He and his companions left all their effects to go by Aleppo, dressed themselves exactly like Bedouins, and, on swift dromedaries, struck through the desert. On the morning of the third day they saw, afar off, the tents of a large encampment, and made boldly for it. The Arabs saw them, but supposed it was one of their own marauding companies returning, nor were they undeceived until our friends were actually within the camp, at the sheikh's door. The Arabs then began to quarrel amongst themselves because they had not gone out and robbed them. They finally brought the case before the câdi of their tribe, and this respectable judge decided, that as the strangers had deceived them by wearing their clothes, until they got into the camp, it was lawful still to plunder them. However, the better class rose against this decision, and would not allow their tribe to be disgraced by plundering guests who had actually reached their tents. If they had been seized only a short distance outside, it would have been lawful, and very honorable to have stripped them of everything they had, and left them to perish on the desert; but now they must be treated as friends, and conducted in safety. And this was actually done, and a guide was given them across the desert to the neighborhood of Damascus. These roving gentry have lately moved south of the line from Aleppo to Bagdad, and hence the northern route is the safest. Still the caravans are often attacked, even those that go by the way of Diarbekir, and the north, to Mosul.

The gardens of Aleppo produce excellent fruits, vegetables, and melons, quite sufficient for the consumption of the city. The low hills on the east of the walls are covered with pistachio orchards. And from time out of mind, this is the only locality where this nut has been extensively grown. It looks like the terebinth, and is believed by many to be a species of that tree. The houses of Aleppo are very substantial and spacious. Most of them are vaulted, which makes them

cool in summer and dry in winter; but many of them are falling to decay, and rents are low. The city has not recovered from the earthquake of 1822, and the shattered walls have not all been repaired. The gates are kept by a guard, but one can ride over the prostrate walls in different places. Many of the Europeans and native Christians have built houses in a suburb called Kittab, since 1822, for greater security. Whether Aleppo is to rise out of her present depressed condition, depends upon the route which a reviving commerce shall find or make for itself. In the adjustments which modern trade and travel will surely make, Aleppo will either be restored to her former wealth, or utterly annihilated. Her internal resources are almost nothing, and she does not possess a single natural advantage for meeting the exigencies of modern enterprise. She is the pet daughter of Mohammedanism, and lives by the old regime. When the slow and silent step of the sponge-footed camel shall be superceded by the whirling car, and the whizzing engine, the need of a great city in a dry, stony desert, a couple of *car*-hours from the sea, will probably not be felt. Caravans, the very life-blood of Aleppo, will disappear from Syria, and with them this city will, not unlikely, sink out of sight. It has neither wood, nor coal, nor water, nor any one element to fit it to become a busy, bustling modern town. During the Ottoman dynasty, however, it will continue to be the grand radiating centre for all northern Syria.

In a country abounding with ancient ruins, Aleppo can show no traces of a high antiquity. Near the Antioch gate there is a portion of a triumphal arch with a Cufic inscription upon it; and on the wall are the remains of an old church with short, ill-shaped columns of basalt. On a block of the same, are a few hieroglyphic figures, too much effaced to be copied. The south-east corner of the wall itself is probably of Roman work, though tradition ascribes it to the Phenicians, in the palmy days of their power and commerce. On a large stone in the wall, at the Bab Nusr, is an inscription. The stone is a fragment, and may have belonged to a temple dedicated to Artemis, the Astarte of the Phenicians and Syrians generally, according to some authors. But to me it appears that the abominable licentiousness said to have constituted much of the worship of Astarte, corresponds better with the rites of Venus, than with the chaste Diana. It is curious to see how a certain superstitious veneration lingers about this old stone. All classes of Aleppines, and particularly Moslems, as they pass in and out of Bab Nusr, rub their fingers over these Greek letters, and then kiss them, to extract the mystical virtue, or to draw down the blessing of the beautiful Artemis. Although the rock is very hard, yet by this process long continued, the inscription has been

nearly rubbed out, and is scarcely legible. Some of the gate-ways, and the entrances to some of the mosques, show splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture. The Tartars have also left the impress of their barbarous rule in huge old Khans, now generally in ruins. I visited one large mosque whose portico, 150 feet long, was supported by a double row of handsome Grecian columns, the ruins of ancient Boerhea. These columns are elegant shafts of a yellow semi-crystalline lime rock, found in the neighborhood. The entablatures are entirely Saracenic, very rich and beautiful. In this porch I found one of the "medrîsehs" so much boasted of by Ibn Shiddad, a ruin too, I suppose; at any rate it was a sorry collection of boys trembling under the *corbadge* of a fierce looking sheikh. He was in the act of inculcating a difficult lesson with his terrible weapon, applied to the extremities most distant from the "seat of reason," thus—the feet of a stout lad were entangled in the complexities of a cord attached to a pole, which, being then raised upon the shoulders of two of his companions, reversed the natural position of the disciple, and upon the *soles* thus exalted, the pedagogue was addressing his *corbadge* discipline with all his strength. Our intercessions in behalf of the writhing victim were unavailing, and the bastinado ceased only with the strength of the zealous master. I have witnessed this mode of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," in several other "medrîsehs" of Syria.

The rock and marl strata around Aleppo have in many places been tilted up and dislocated by the obtrusion of volcanic dykes, some of which even run under the city—an unsatisfactory basis for one's habitation. And Aleppo has actually had her full share of calamities from frequent and dreadful earthquakes, both in ancient and modern times. It was totally overthrown by one of these executors of Divine wrath in 1169, and it also suffered severely in all the similar disasters which so often destroyed its great neighbor Antioch. And in 1822, it suffered more than any other city in Syria by the earthquake of that year. Joseph Wolf participated in the dangers, and has given a description of that fearful visitation. Not a year passes without repeated shocks of greater or less violence, and it requires considerable experience before strangers become reconciled to these "nervous affections" of "mother earth."