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I have dealt at length with the subject of sandals because these are all important for any traveller in the desert. I found European boots wear out so quickly, that, although wearing sandals was very painful at first (the *gibal* cutting me between the big and first toe), I persevered and soon acquired a sufficiently hard skin to bear the rub of the leather between the toes.

(*To be continued.*)

GLEANINGS FROM THE MINUTE-BOOKS OF THE
JERUSALEM LITERARY SOCIETY.

By R. A. S. MACALISTER, M.A., F.S.A.

(*Continued from Q.S. p. 60.*)

IV.

At the meeting of 7th December, 1849, Mr. FINN read the following "Journal of a Tour in Lebanon and to the Sources of Jordan" [a continuation of the previous journal].

Acre, Monday, October 22nd . . . Mr. Finzi took us to the dilapidated mosque of Jazzâr Pasha, a beautiful building of variegated marbles, surrounded by trees, fountains, and flower beds bordered by rich marbles. The paths under the cloistered arcades and elsewhere all of marble. The maintenance of such a place, as well as its original erection and formation must have cost large sums. The severe old pasha is buried in the garden beds, contiguous to the mosque. We were taken in by the sheikh of the place and did not take off our boots. The interior is in keeping with the rest: the whole seems to be of marble, but the dome is gradually falling. Around a nobly sculptured kind of pulpit they have placed a strong scaffolding, covered by planks to keep it from being injured when the dome shall fall upon it. . . . We . . . returned to an excellent supper with the Greek bishop. For des[s]ert we had Damascus apples, and they told us that Lebanon snow might be had. During

the conversation I learned that the noble old man, Fra Giovanni Battista of Carmel, was dead. An old gentleman present said that the inscription on the tomb of Major Oldfield is untrue when it declares that he was interred by the French with military honours, for that he was present all the time of that siege of 1799, and remembers Sir S. Smith measuring out with his own feet the ground to be used—"besides, how could the French have got into the town to assist at or perform the funeral?"

Tuesday, 23rd . . . We left Acre at 12.20, the weather being very hot. Passed the Bakhjeh gardens, then the fruit plantation to our left with a few weeping willows, aspen trees and blackberry hedges. Reached Zib (the Achzib of Scripture) a few minutes before 3 While ascending the chalky promontory we heard great guns from Acre announcing the approach of Bairam; we saw the smoke distinctly. How very grand is the view from the summit overhanging the sea!

Arrived at *'Ain Iskanderân* at 4.40, where close to the sea a full stream of water rushes into a trench through two circular holes, in a handsomely built Muslim *sabil* [fountain] and thence escapes to the sea. The stone work has been covered with green moss and creeping plants Passed *Nakûra*, consisting of two or three houses, and reached the renowned *Ladder of Tyre* at 5.40. In seventeen minutes we had crossed it and were on the beach again. This curious ascending and descending road is certainly of great antiquity. Approached by a beach and ending in a beach, it is itself a cutting into a chalk cliff which there intercepts the road. It is difficult to imagine how any map-makers came to confound this place with *Ras el-Abyad* (Cape Blanco): it [the latter] is situated along one-third of a deep bay, and scarcely disturbs the line of the semicircle; whereas the stupendous cape of chalk between *Nakûra* and Zib is a far more remarkable object, and in every respect more deserving of such a name

The sun had now set, and black clouds were gathering in the south and east. A little lightning in the north Reached *Ras el 'Ain* at 7.10 and forded its several wide streams of roaring water arrived in *Eş-Şûr* [Tyre] at 8 o'clock

Wednesday 24th.—Awakened at 7 in the morning by very heavy rain, which lasted three-quarters of an hour. After breakfast we walked a little to the southern bay, in order to point out a piece of conglomerate shells of *murex* combined by strontian, from which I

wished a portion to be broken and sent to me. This is the conglomerate formation upon which an Irish traveller, Mr. Wilde, has made so learned a disquisition, believing it to be the remains of the Tyrian purple dyeworks. On our way across the peninsula, stumbling over broken ground and trenches full of magnificent columns, we started a fine large fox

Reached the *Kasimiyeh* or Leontes river at 3.15. Here we had luncheon The river seems to me about the width of the Thames at Windsor At the other end of the bridge, on the shady side, sat a portly old gentleman upon his carpet, smoking his *chibouque*, with his servants and good horses standing near. This was Luis Catafago, the richest man in Acre

Reached '*Ain el Kantara* at 6.15, as the moon began to rise arrived in Saida at 8.45. In traversing the square near the house of our Vice-Consul, Signor Abbela, we were informed that they were in deep distress on account of the death of one of the two blind brothers, the one who was the most celebrated for his Arabic learning and poetry. So instead of going to their house . . . we proceeded to a khan near the seaside. A most dirty and miserable place, and filthy was the best room of all, which they gave us

Thursday, 25th.—A filthy place is this khan, yet there are many lodgers in it, and families also Early I went out to the beach . . . the place was cheerful enough with people arriving from the country bringing goods for market: silk spinners busy in long lines, and boats moving in the bay—some brigs also out at sea

We left Saida for *Jûn* at 1.15, taking with us a kawass of [Sig. Abbela] who had been a servant of Lady Hester Stanhope. We turned off from the Beirut road at the river '*Auleh*, which is considered by the native Christians to be the limit of Our Lord's travelling when it is said that He went into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon Near the sea the river '*Auleh* has two beds, along which it runs alternately in some years, but never in both at once. This year it is not in the same channel as last year

Arrived at *Jûn* at 3.45. Lady H. Stanhope's residence crowns a hill by itself, no other residence or person presuming to touch her hill. The village is on a contiguous hill, with the splendid convent *Deir el-Mukhallis* of the Greek Catholics on another hill at a distance I first repaired to the ruined house The gardens and terraces must have been beautiful, and, as we were told, were

always kept in a state of utmost cleanliness. There were large myrtle plants, like small trees, in abundance, besides fruit trees and . . . red roses blossoming without the least care or notice. The strange lady is buried in the garden, and is covered by a simple stone monument. The house is desolate, though from the purity of the atmosphere the walls look clean and new. Not a roof remains, all having been purposely removed immediately after her death. What an extensive suite of rooms was erected for reception of her guests! We were told that at her death Lady Hester had 100 servants, 40 of whom were women. For five years she had never travelled further than her gardens, and during that time her extensive stables were tenanted only by the two famous mares *Leilah* and *Lulu*—the former of these was that with the curious back—which mares had become so ruined for want of exercise, that when she died they were sold for 300 piastres each. Her ladyship died quietly while smoking her *narghileh*. Amid this desolation there was abundant material for serious reflection, but the whole place must have been far more civilized and cheerful than romantic writers have described it

There is a mixture of Metâwili with the Greek Catholics in this village.

Friday, 26th.—Rose at the very first dawn. We mounted for the journey at 7.40, amid the farewells of a simple, kind-hearted people . . . We turned aside from the road to descend and then mount a steep, rugged hill to visit the Convent of the Saviour [Deir el-Mukhallis], which bears such an imposing aspect. It is said to be the largest convent in all Palestine, and is considered the headquarters of the Greek Catholic sect. The monks number 110, and the most celebrated of their priests have been educated there. On alighting we first went to the church and saw some good pictures among others of great degradation as works of art. A service was going on in one of the chapels, being gabbled by a priest in white silk and gold, who waved incense also before his altar: his whole congregation consisted of one person, a sort of sacristan or beadle. While looking at this we were invited to visit the President in his rooms above. We found him to be a handsome man of good size and middle age, reclining on cushions at a great window commanding magnificent views of the Mediterranean, the mountains, and Lady Hester's house. We left the convent at 8.45, impressed with the idea that all the inmates we saw were very well

fed, and surprised to see so many women servants about the establishment. A nunnery containing forty under vows is also a fine building, at half a mile distant, with an excellent road to it from the Great Convent. All the contiguous grounds appear to be well cultivated, and excellent roads are in progress.

In three-quarters of an hour the scenery became more picturesque. Then all on a sudden burst upon the view a wondrous scene of valley and plain deep below us, with a river and villages and orchards: cascades dashing down impetuously in several spots of the landscape at once—incessant echoes among the cliffs and rocks—the whole backed by high mountains much clothed in trees, from which was seen issuing the smoke of charcoal-burning. It is the most strangely beautiful scene that I have ever witnessed. Descending a precipitous narrow road we . . . forded the river in front of *el-Bifrah*, the most conspicuous village in the plain, at the foot of brown ochreous rocks. Aspen trees (or rather a species of tall poplar, with leaves and long leaf-stalks the same as aspen) lined the river side

We began to mount by what we were assured was the only road to Hasbeya—a road so steep and so narrow among thick trees that we required repeated assurances before we could believe this to be the . . . High Road. At first through olive plantation, then among evergreen oak, and higher still the pines—still, as we mounted, looking almost perpendicularly to guess at each time where the road could twist its course next. Still higher towards the frowning, incorrigible, black cliffs touching the sky, the pines grew more tall and numerous, and scarlet berries upon the arbutus bushes. Near what seemed to be the climax we stumbled upon a village named *Azûr*—where a school of boys were humming away in the open air on the shady side of a house, and a plank suspended near them, which when struck serves for a bell . . . It seemed a long time since we had seen or heard anything of Muslims—except the one kawass with us—perhaps not since Acre. In this part of the world the hills are crested with Christian convents having bells, whereas in Southern Palestine the hills are crested with Muslim *welys*. Still higher, where the pines are fewer, but taller and straighter than before, were found large patches of wild myrtle, some in blossom, but not much. The wind much stronger. We looked down upon mountain villages all with flat-roofed houses. At noon we overtook our luggage [which had gone on while they visited the convent],

and the boy-servant of the muleteers vowed that his head was turned grey since we left them four hours ago, from the labour and anguish of mind he had suffered on so awful a road. He was continually calling upon God by epithets from the Koran, as "O thou Knower of the East," "O thou Father of Goodness," and alternately cursing the mule or praying that her back might be strengthened. At 12.5 we were at the greatest height, and commenced a descent to *Jezein* on a slippery road with purple crocuses in blossom at intervals. Arrived at 12.30 at this pretty village in a valley where sycamore, walnut, and apple-trees abound The inhabitants are Greek Catholics, Maronites and Metawili. Our guide returned home, and we had to get another as well as we could, who assured us that the road before us was worse than that we had already passed over. Before mounting I picked up a fossil shell—this was at 12.45

After a time we ceased to ascend, but the road was over a horribly broken level the air like the breath of a furnace, with now and then a momentary gush of cold air between sharp peaks and round summits.

At 3 we were at *Fahûreh*, a lovely retired village quite surrounded with sycamores, walnut trees, poplars and vineyards, abundance of water in running streams, and long lines of tall oleanders in flower along their courses then the road improved, and the rocks becoming more friable were streaked with pink and yellow traces of manganese.

At 3.40 we first saw the Anti-Lebanon, and had woody scenery below. Among the mountains to the south the guide pointed and said he could distinguish Safed. We could perceive a long line of [the] Mediterranean

Thence we commenced descending into a level space between two hills thence a stage lower into a barren valley running southward, where the wind blew very cold. This change in our direction was made on account of the impossibility of pursuing our eastern direction to the *Beka'a*. Down into a green glen, still southwards, emerging from which an astonishing prospect was before us of glens, chalk fissures, and red slopes, as petty items amid an unbounded extent of wild mountain country. After a [while] we arrived on the precipitous top of an amazing descent, at the foot of which was what seemed a narrow stream of pale green, fully occupying a narrow passage between cliffs well bordered

by oleander and other shrubs. Half-way down I first heard the sound of the rushing water On reaching the foot of the long steep hill the stream became a river, namely, the *Litâny* or *Kasimiyeh*, which debouches near Tyre, and whose classic name is the Leontes—in this place as wide, and very much stronger in current than at Tyre—quite as rapid as the Jordan opposite Jericho, but of beautiful clear water. The green borders which I had imagined to be bushes were in reality gigantic trees in profusion . . . [the sun set and] . . . we continued along the river side for some distance—in some places parapets had been made by the road side for the sake of safety. Crossed an old bridge by moonlight, the rays of which were greatly broken in the . . . stream—further up, the course of the river appeared to be along a sharp fissure through the heart of a huge cliff. Ascended on the opposite side, rising for a long time . . . at length we turned again to the north-east, towards the plain with the river Hasbeya flowing through it. Passed close to the village of *Kökaba* crossed the little shallow river, but still had a long, tiresome ride before reaching our destination At length arrived at 8.30

We were conducted to the schoolroom (or perhaps chapel room) of the native Protestants, and were speedily surrounded by them. A wedding procession with numerous brilliant lights, and loud native drums and monotonous singing was issuing from the gates of the Emir's palace, being a party of the *Harim* going to invite some friends at a distance to the wedding festival The room we were in was very simply furnished with one plain table, two rude chairs, some shelves—with small religious books and tracts, and an Arabic bible upon the table

Saturday, 27th Proceeded to visit the Emirs of *Hasbeya*. The ruler of the district is the Emir, but all his sons are also called Emirs. It was the feast of Bairam—and I found the great Emir Sa'ad ed-Din a very gentlemanly, well-informed man. On leaving him I was invited to visit his eldest son, the Emir *Ahmad*, in another part of the palace. This young chief has always proved a good friend to the Protestants, even at times when his father has not been so. In the courtyard of his part of the palace were many retainers in holiday costume, with hawks and hounds. Emir *Ahmad* (having first given notice to the *harim* to get away) took me to a higher stage on a terrace, to see a beautiful and lofty alcove of variegated marbles and fine oriental sculpture, now, alas! sadly

defaced by the brutal Arnauts, who were quartered there some years ago during a Lebanon warfare. I left the house much pleased with what I had seen of the Emirs The town is, I think, the cleanest and in best repair of its size that I have seen since I embarked at Folkestone for Boulogne—though it has no good stone buildings or stone pavement

Left Hasbeya at 12.15 Proceeding to *Bâniâs*, for some time our road was the same as we had arrived by last night; but of late I have frequently had occasion to observe how very different is actual travelling in the Lebanon from drawing a pencil line over a map from town to town.

At 1.50 we first saw Lake *Hüleh* due south of us, and in a few minutes we were down on the plain, which is much strewn with volcanic stone of dark brown, porous and rounded at the edges.

Meeting a peasant with a donkey-load of grapes, I got him to conduct us to *Tell el Qady*, one of the two sources of the Jordan, in the middle of the plain, before turning up a short valley to the left to *Bâniâs*. However, before arriving there we found many little streams running towards the *Tell el Qady*. But on reaching the spot it was an agreeable surprise to find a river appear all in one minute at the foot of a small hill—the water rushing and raving over a rough bed. Plenty of tall aquatic flowers in the water. Here we rode our horses into the flowing stream, and then rested under large [oak] trees on the hill itself The main body of the water issues from near the centre of the hill; but with all my efforts I could not penetrate the lofty tangled brambles and gigantic scented flowers to see the actual spot of its rising from the ground—though I rode round it.

It wanted about an hour to sunset when we turned eastward for *Bâniâs*—the hill and castle of which appeared not far distant. There were numerous small streams yet with all these blessings the plain is neglected and abandoned to a scattered population of wretched Ghawarineh Arabs and some buffaloes. We passed through *Dôm* trees and scattered stunted oaks, some *kharrâb* trees, and sumach about 20 feet high with its red berries through a path between good trees, and then all on a sudden appeared *Bâniâs* at the foot of a steep hill which is crowned with a castle

Sunday, 28th.—The people of this place bear a bad character, so we engaged two guards from the village In a field near our tents are two prostrated granite columns of about 15 feet long by

2 [feet] in diameter, besides a piece of column of common stone on the ground 3 feet in diameter. In another part of the same field is a square capital of a pilaster with some plain moulding, and plenty of squared stones of 2 to 3 feet dimensions; but, indeed, such as these are to be found all about there, and they must be the relics of Herod's temple built in honour of Augustus.

But the great charm of the place is the stream of running water dashing violently over a bed of stones and winding its way to Lake Hâleh.

Crossing the ancient bridge to a small ruined square tower of Roman building, we found numerous large rebated stones rolled down, or even some in their places . . . I did not . . . ascend to the castle . . . though it is said there are strange passages and wells to be seen there.

During the day I went once more to the source of the river, the cavern, and the inscriptions. The whole of this site may be described as a semicircular cliff-termination of a valley. Half-way up the cliff, on the natural platform, is the large grotto of Pan: a simple rough ochre-coloured cavity, unpolluted by chiselled marble, as Juvenal wished the fountain of Egeria to be. Near it, on the left hand of the spectator, is a votive niche cut in the solid rock, which formerly held a statue; but on the right hand are several such niches, two of them still bearing Greek inscriptions, one of which has been painfully chiselled at some period in order to efface the inscriptions. However, the first three letters, ΠΑΝ, are still legible. The more legible of the two inscriptions I found to be very different from the account of it given by Burekhardt as quoted by Robinson. I made it out carefully at three different times of the day, as follows:—

Τ[ΗΝ ?]Α [Θ ?]
C

ΦΙΛΕΥΗΧΩΔΙΟ[Μ ?]ΑΝΙ ~

ΟΥΙΚΤΩΡΑ8ΠΙ . . ΗΡΑΥCΙ

ΜΑΧΟΙΟ . . ΟΝΟC

but cannot make out its sense in connexion, only two or three disjointed words . . . The niches are of pretty device.

Some pieces of small round columns are lying about this platform in front of the cave. From the platform down to the valley is a rough mass of common stones, but at the foot of this heap of

stones gushes out, in two or three places, the brilliant water of the Jordan. But of the water of amazing depth within the cave we could find no trace—on the contrary, we walked about its floor

Robinson must be correct in attributing the real sources of the Jordan to a greater distance northwards, namely to the farther of the two sources of the river Hasbeya, and is right in concluding that it is now too late to set the world right after they have for so many ages declared Bânias and Tell el-Kady to be the fountains of this sacred river.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM HAZEROTH TO MOUNT HOR.

NOTES ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE WILDERNESS.

By the REV. CALEB HAUSER, M.A.

IN endeavouring to describe the journeys and identify the encampments of the Israelites in the wilderness, we must keep in mind :—

1. That we cannot, in the desert of the wanderings and the regions bordering upon it, find localities in which, by pastoral or agricultural pursuits only, a multitude of several millions could have found sustenance. “And the consistency of the Biblical narrative is in nothing more manifest than in the fact that it narrates the Divine interposition to give the people water as only an exceptional thing, but the miraculous supply of food as constant and permanent.” (S. C. Bartlett, *From Egypt to Palestine*, p. 355).

2. All these encampments must have been near some water supply (spring, well, reservoir, or subterranean water bed). “A Bedouin encampment is never far from water.” Even at Kadesh there was a copious supply of water which, however, must have failed, either because of the Israelites long abiding there, or on account of some other natural cause. A miraculous supply was required.