

## PHŒNICIA AND LEBANON.

“ With these came they, who from the bordering flood  
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth.”

“ And Canaan begat Sidon his firstborn, and the Hivite, and the Arkite,  
and the Sinite, and the Arvadite, and the Zemarite, and the Hamathite.”

THIS ethnological record in the tenth chapter of Genesis, the most ancient in existence, gives us the earliest account of the Phœnician aborigines. Hamath, on the north-east, and Accho (Acre), on the south-west, were the extreme borders of ancient Phœnicia. The *Sidonians* occupied the coast from Gebal, or Byblos, the modern Jebeil, on the north, as far as Accho, or Acre, on the south. One division of the *Hivites* occupied Shechem and Gibeon, and the other the chain of Anti-Lebanon from Baal Hermon to Hamath. The *Arkites* lived in the plain north of Lebanon, between the mountains of Akkâr and the Nahr el Kebir, their name still remaining in the Tell and river of Arka.

HASRÛN, A MARONITE VILLAGE  
Of North Lebanon, on the summit of a precipice on the  
south side of the gorge of the Kadisha (the sacred  
river).

One of the most striking historic names in Northern Syria is Kûl'at Kadmûs, about twelve hours south-east of Ladakiyeh, probably the former home of Cadmus, who first brought letters into Greece.

In prosecuting our journey through Phœnicia from north to south we will begin at the northernmost relic of Phœnician architecture in Syria, the secluded "Husn Suleiman." In company with the Rev. S. Jessup, of Tripoli, and Professor Dodge, of the S. P. College in Beirût, we visited this then unexplored and comparatively unknown ruin a few years since. We spent Tuesday night at Mahardee, near the castle of Seijar, on the Orontes, north-west of Hamath; and on Wednesday took a south-west course to the foot of the Nusairiyeh mountain range, then ascended a rocky precipitous steep, several hundred feet in height, through tangled forests of oak, to the summit of the range near 'Ain esh Shems, or Fountain of the Sun. Farther to the west we rode down a narrow valley to 'Ain ez Zahib, or Gold Fountain, and then turning southward over a high rounded ridge, came suddenly in sight of the green secluded vale in the midst of which stand in weird solitude the ruins of "Husn Suleiman." The ruin is of unknown origin and of great antiquity. Like Ba'albek, it is of three styles of architecture, the colossal Phœnician, the Greek, and that of the Crusaders. There are two quadrangular courts a short distance from each other and quite distinct. The southern or larger one is a rectangle of four hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred and eighty feet wide, with a wall formerly forty feet in height. In the centre of each side is a great portal ten feet wide, twenty feet high, and eight feet thick. On the soffit of the east and west portals is an immense eagle with a caduceus in his talons and a retreating Ganymede on either side. The work resembles that at Ba'albek, but is far less elaborate. We spent six hours in sketching the ruins, and the engravings from these hasty sketches (in the Second Statement of the American Palestine Exploration Society) were the first pictures of the ruins published in Europe and America. The lintel over the eastern gate is a monolith twenty-one feet long, ten feet wide, and five feet high. It is chastely carved with a cornice of dice and flowers, with a king's head in the centre. On each end is a winged image in high relief, draped from the waist down, supporting the upper portion of the cornice on his shoulders, the arms being uplifted. At the bottom of the cornice is a Greek inscription, which reads somewhat thus: "Theobaitus possessed it. Servants of his household built it in the 682nd year." The cornice of the western portal has alternate dice, flowers, and grotesque faces in relief. The lintel of the east gate alone remains perfect; the western is broken in two pieces, the northern in three, and the southern has fallen.

Inside the northern portal, on a tablet six feet by three, is an inscription in Greek and Latin. The Latin inscription has been translated by Dr. Ward. It states that the Emperor Valerianus and his son Gallienus and grandson Saloninus intrusted the province of Asia to Marcus Aurelius and others, &c., commanding them to see that the distant kingdoms over against the turbulent Parthians remain to them intact. The date is between 253 A.D. and 259 A.D., but the inscription is evidently of far later date than the building, and was not improbably cut in a tablet from which an older inscription had been effaced.

The rectangle is built of huge stones, the largest of which on the north-east corner is thirty feet long, nine feet nine inches high, and four feet seven inches wide, and at an elevation of thirty feet from the ground on the inside. The most of the stones are of similar dimensions, some thicker and narrower and some shorter and wider. Those on the south side have a wide coarse level or draft, and unfinished attempts at a moulding on the top of some of them.

The quarry is on the slope of the hill a few rods from the north-east corner. The north-east corner block has a rude lion carved in high relief on its northern face. The corresponding block on the north-western corner has a lion standing by a cypress tree. This style of rude ornament is still in use among the Syrian stonemasons, and even the Arab women use the lion and cypress tree in decorating the interior mud walls of their rude houses. On both the inner and outer sides of the north portal are niches with canopies for statues. On the inside was once a portico forty-five feet wide and seventeen feet deep. Its roof and columns are fallen and mostly buried beneath the débris. The capitals of the pilasters on the main wall are early Corinthian.

In the southern central part of the rectangular area is the Ionic temple, its cella being seventy-five feet by forty-five feet. To the north are two flights of steps of the width of the temple, covering a space sixty feet in length northward. The temple is built of the same light-coloured limestone with the court, but the blocks are much smaller, varying from six to ten feet long, and from three to four feet in breadth and thickness. It is surrounded by half columns, which become at the corners three-quarter columns. There are four at the south end and five on each side, all being three feet five inches in diameter and twenty-seven feet high. In the interior lie piles of fallen blocks and half columns in utter confusion. In the winter a fine fountain gushes out from under it, and in its original state the fountain was doubtless, as at Fijeh (see page 202, vol. ii.) and Afka (Apheca) (see page 16), the attractive feature of the spot, and connected with the worship of those ancient days, now so completely enwrapped in mystery. The water is sweet, cold, and pure; it escapes from beneath the western wall of the enceinte, its former place of exit being buried beneath the débris.

The northern ruin is also a rectangular enclosure, standing north-west of the great court, and at an angle with it. It contained several small temples, one on the south-east corner, another at the south-west corner, and one outside the western wall forty-five feet by fifteen feet. Behind the platform at the south-west corner are the pedestals of numerous columns, which may have surrounded the cella of a temple whose portico occupied the platform. The little temple on the south-east corner has a portico thirteen feet by twenty-six feet, and twenty feet high, now in ruins, and a vestibule twenty-six feet by forty feet. The portal between them is seven feet wide by ten feet high, its lintel being a monolith thirteen feet long, having an unfinished moulding and cornice, with an egg cornice under the dice and flowers common to the portals of the great court, and a spread eagle above. The stone above the lintel is fifteen feet long. The stones are laid up without mortar, and beautifully joined, like those in Ba'albek and Palmyra. The only building laid up in mortar is the ruined Crusaders' Church on the eastern

side, with its apse towards the north-east. A semicircular projection of the northern wall would indicate the apse of some former edifice within the wall at that point.

The whole mass of ruins is a mystery. It was evidently one of the holy places of the Arvadites, at once a temple and a stronghold. M. Ray, of Paris, in his report on the remains of the military architecture of the Crusaders in Syria, styles this place the best specimen of *τεμενος* that exists in Syria. Its name, "Solomon's Fortress," would indicate the prevailing ancient tradition as to its origin. The whole Arab race believe Ba'albek (see page 215, vol. ii.) and Tüdmür (Palmyra) (see page 191, vol. ii.) to be the work of Solomon aided by the genii, and this Phœnician quadrangle very naturally bears his name. It is not impossible that when Solomon went to Hamath Zobah and built store cities or magazines for storing grain in this district, his men may have made this a store city. The word Hamath means *Husn*, or fortress, and the fame of Solomon must have extended through this entire region, then inhabited by the Phœnicians and Hittites; and it is no improbable supposition that this retired and almost inaccessible spot may have been selected as a stronghold in which to store grain for his subjects in Northern Syria, or even as a military fortress. The small temples were probably of much later date.

Leaving this lovely valley we rode to Burj Safita, the "Castel Blanc" of the Crusaders, and now, with its Protestant church and schools, a veritable white spot in this dark mountain. Thence, on the 1st of June, we rode down for six hours over the undulating chalk hills towards the coast, when suddenly we came upon the modern town of Tartûs, the ancient Antaradus of the Phœnicians. The town contains about one thousand five hundred people, four-fifths Muslims and one-fifth Greek Christians. The majority of the people live within the walls of the castle, an immense structure, whose vaulted halls and chapels, built by the Crusaders, are still in excellent preservation. The castle stands on the seashore, protected from the waves by a massive sloping buttress. On the land side the castle was surrounded by two walls and two moats, one between the walls and one beyond. These are in fine preservation, especially on the north-east side. The ancient structures are solid and beautiful, the modern of the most abject character.

Taking the Arab shakhtûr, or sloop, which plies between the town and its insular sister, we sail across the two and a half miles of sea to the ancient island of Arvad, now Ruâd. This island is three-quarters of a mile in circumference, with a population of two thousand. It was surrounded by a wall intended to serve as a fortification, and a dyke to protect the town from the sea. A portion of the wall still remains, composed of blocks of stone from fifteen to twenty feet in length. The finely drafted stones indicate its Phœnician origin. The rock interior is full of cisterns to supply water to the inhabitants. The inscriptions in Greek begin with the words, "The Senate and People," &c. On the north-east side was the harbour, formed by two moles built of immense stones brought from the quarries at 'Amrît. The present population are chiefly fishermen, whose boats supply fish to Ladakiyeh, Tripoli, and even Beirût, and carry lumber from Mounts Casius and Amanus to the cities of Southern Phœnicia.



THE VALLEY OF THE KADĪSHA (THE HOLY RIVER),  
With a distant view of the Mediterranean Sea and El Mina (Minet Tarábalus), the port of Tripoli.

After the union of Arvad with the Sidonians it still retained its own king as a vassal of the Phœnician monarch. To this brave and hardy insular population, who vied with the Tyrians and Sidonians for the palm as navigators of the Mediterranean and Black Seas, belonged the two towns opposite on the coast, Antaradus (Tartûs) and Marathus ('Amrît), where are found the most perfect, important, and beautiful remains of Phœnician architecture.

The trip to Ruâd can be easily made in the summer months, and generally in the spring, unless the wind blows a gale, as the sailors of Ruâd are skilful and perfectly fearless.

From Tartûs we rode southward along the coast to 'Ain el Haiyeh and 'Amrît. It was the time of wheat harvest. The whole country was golden yellow with the ripened or newly harvested grain, and the muzzled oxen were treading out the corn on the circular earthen threshing floors. South-east of Tartûs stands the Cathedral of the Crusaders, a fine edifice one hundred and thirty feet by ninety-three feet, divided into nave and aisles by two rows of clustered pillars. As is usual in the Syrian cities, this grand Christian edifice is now the property of the Muslims, and we found a Muslim sheikh seated on a mat teaching a dozen little unwashed boys to read the Koran. It is partly roofless, but not an utter ruin. It is a painful and interesting sight, yet such sights abound through this entire region from Aleppo to Tripoli.

The beautiful lordly castles of the French and English Crusaders, with their Gothic chapels and spacious halls, are now turned into stables or filthy hovels, or used by Turkish mudirs and their zabties and servants.

Leaving the Tartûs Cathedral, we reach in one hour the ruins of 'Amrît, so thoroughly explored by M. Renan, and which he has admirably illustrated in the plates of his "Mission de Phœnice." The ruins of 'Amrît are peculiar and striking, being the most perfect Phœnician structures in Syria. There are three lofty massive monuments, one of which is composed of a pedestal sixteen feet square and six feet high, with sculptured lions at the corners; on this stands a monolithic shaft fourteen feet high. The second has a pedestal fifteen feet square and ten feet high, on which stands a huge cylindrical block, and the whole is surmounted by a cone-shaped stone, the extreme height being thirty-three feet. Beneath each structure are sepulchral chambers hewn in the rock, with loculi of a large size, measuring eight and a half by three and a quarter feet. The third is partially destroyed. Lenormant regards these cone-shaped monuments as having a peculiar meaning in the ancient Baal-worship—"At Paphos, the stone representing Ashtoreth was of a conical form." In the island of Malta, in one of the Phœnician sanctuaries, was a very lofty semicircular recess, which was the "Holy of Holies," and "in Giganteja there was found in this recess the conical stone which, as at Paphos, was the emblem of the nature goddess." "We cannot enter here on an explanation of the brutal and obscene symbolism that was the origin of this representation of the divinity by a conical stone. Two monoliths, or enormous stone cylinders, terminated at the summit by a cone or a rounded cap, called by the Arabs of our day 'mughazil' (spindles), were placed like the Egyptian obelisks before the temple of Atargatis at Bambyce. Probably there were some also at the temple of

Melkarth at Tyre, for in the temple of Jerusalem (an exact reproduction of its arrangements), in order to efface all vestiges of a symbolism so contrary to the spirit of the worship of Jehovah, they were replaced by the two columns with bronze capitals, Jachin and Boaz. Three monoliths of the same type are still to be seen among the ruins of Marothus ('Amrit)."

It is probably impossible for one in our day to imagine the depth of immorality and abominable licentiousness which was inwrought in the very spirit and fibre of the old Phœnician Baal-worship.

". . . . Baal next, and Ashtaroth,  
And all the idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes."

Around their religious system gathered, in the external and public worship, a host of frightful debaucheries, orgies, and prostitutions in honour of the deities, such as accompanied all the naturalistic religions of antiquity. Creuzer, as quoted by Lenormant, says, "This religion silenced all the best feelings of human nature, degraded men's minds by a superstition alternately cruel and profligate, and we may seek in vain for any influence for good it could have exercised on the nation." Their human sacrifices to Baal Moloch were followed by feasts in which deep sorrow and frantic joy alternated. The Phœnicians are described by ancient writers as both unruly and servile, gloomy and cruel, corrupt and ferocious, selfish and covetous, implacable and faithless. It is well for us to have these peculiarities of the old Baal-worship in mind as we are proceeding on our journey south through the maritime cities, the Lebanon strongholds, and the characteristic temples of the ancient Phœnicians.

Just to the north of the three conical symbolic shafts of 'Amrit is the extraordinary rock-hewn temple of "'Ain el Haiyeh," or Serpent Fountain. The name is appropriate to the place, for no part of Syria is more infested with venomous serpents than these cretaceous hills along the coast of the Arvadites. On every journey in this region we hear stories of their ravages. While riding ahead of my companions near this very temple I heard a sudden rustling in the wheat stubble; my horse started back, and I saw a repulsive-looking snake about two feet in length, of a dark yellow hue, and about as thick as my wrist from head to tail, floundering along towards a *rejme*, or stone heap. The boy with us exclaimed, "Beware, a serpent!" It was of the most venomous character. Michaud relates, in the history of the Eighteenth Crusade, that when the Christian army remained three days on the banks of the river Eleuctera (Nahr el Kebir), fifteen miles south of 'Amrit, they were assailed by serpents called *tarenta*, whose bite produced death. The Crusaders were stricken with terror, but the remedy proposed by the natives surprised them even more. It was of a nature so vile as to remind one of the abominable rites of the ancient Baal-worshippers of the same plains.

On the north-east of the fountain is an excavation a quarter of a mile long, cut in the rock, ninety feet wide at the top, descending in steps to the bottom. The rock-hewn temple consists of a court one hundred and fifty feet square, cut nine feet deep from the ledge of rocks, smoothly hewn on the floor, the north side being cut away to form an opening towards the stream. In the middle of the northern opening a square block of the native rock is left, sixteen and a

half feet square and nine feet high. On this are four huge blocks of stone, one at each side, one at the back, and over them a colossal mass fourteen feet by twelve and a half feet,



CONVENT OF THE MULLAWIYEH, OR DANCING DERVISHES, TRIPOLI,

With a distant view of the snow-crowned summits of Lebanon. In the foreground flows the Kadisha (the sacred river), called also Nahr Abû Ali. On the pathway may be seen a water-wheel and two millstones.

and seven feet thick, concave below, forming a canopy over this immense throne. Here once sat the chief idol of the Arvadites. Around the ruins are ancient sarcophagi, ruined



walls, and signs of an ancient town. The site is beautiful. To the south the green plain of Akkar extends for miles, sweeping around the curving level shore in graceful perspective to the cape and islands of Tripoli, thirty miles away. Beyond, to the south-east, rise the snow-



THE CASTLE OF TRIPOLI, A STRONGHOLD OF THE CRUSADERS.

It was converted into an imperial penitentiary by Midhat Pasha, when he was Governor-General of Syria. It stands on a narrow ridge, which slopes on the west towards the town, and on the east to the bed of the Kadîsha.

crowned summits of Northern Lebanon (see page 8), while to the west sparkle the blue waters of the Bahr er Rûm, "Sea of the Greeks" (the Mediterranean) (see page 5).

Three hours south of Tartûs a magnificent fountain of crystal water rises up from a circular basin, about twenty rods from the seashore, and flows down in full volume to mingle its waters with the sea. This is the famous 'Ain el Hishy, notorious for ages as the resort of highwaymen and cut-throats, who hid themselves in the low copse along the shore and waylaid the passing

traveller. The Turkish Tartar postmen, however well armed, were often shot by Nusairiyeh brigands in these dreary thickets. At the time of our visit a Greek merchant had built a house and was living here, and we spent the night unmolested. Not the least interesting feature in this region is the people who now inhabit it—the Nusairiyeh. They are justly regarded as the descendants of the old Canaanites, never converted to Judaism, Christianity, or Islamism, but retaining the old Baal and star worship of the Canaanites, with their sacred shrines in groves on “every high hill,” and at the same time having borrowed various features from both Christians, Muslims, and Jews. Ali is their God. When they speak of Allah they always mean Ali. They practise circumcision, use wine at their sacrament, a secret rite bound by terrific oaths, and their principal prayer is a series of dire curses upon all other sects. Their present name was derived from Abû Shuaib ibn Nusair in 840 A.D. They are a secret society with mysterious signs and passwords. When one of the initiated dies they believe that Mars or Jupiter descends and takes his soul to the sky, where it becomes a star in the “Darub et tibban,” the “Milky Way.” They believe in transmigration, and that the souls of Muslims pass into donkeys, of Christians into swine, of Jews into monkeys, and of Nusairiyeh into other men. Women are not allowed to be initiated into their secret rites, nor even attend their worship. “Devils were created from the sins of men, and women from the sins of devils.” The soul leaves the body through the mouth, and hence death by hanging is regarded by them with horror. The Turks look upon them as Kafirs, or infidels, and hence for ages have persecuted and oppressed them in the most cruel manner, driving them to desperation. Blood revenge and highway robbery are common. At present they are somewhat better treated, but their fertile mountains have been turned almost into a wilderness. Native writers on the Nusairy religion insist that the initiated sheikhs offer their wives to their guests when visiting each other, but this is not confirmed by credible testimony. Physically they are a fine race. Some of their sheikhs are men of splendid personal appearance, and their girls and boys who have enjoyed the advantages of education in the Christian schools at Ladikiyeh have proved themselves equal to any class of Syrian Arabs in intellect and capacity.

South of Tartûs we meet but few villages of the Nusairiyeh, and on entering the Lebanon district beyond Tripoli we find only a Mohammedan, Christian, and Druse population. Crossing the broad and fertile plain of Akkar, we reach Tell Arka, on a river of the same name, where dwelt the Arkites. The Tell is evidently the site of the old Arkite capital. Fragments of columns, sarcophagi, and blocks of stone lie scattered on the slope and in the deep rocky gorge of the river. A four hours' ride from this point takes us along the seashore, across the Nahr el Barid, and thence to the famous “'Ain el Bedawy,” or “Sheikh el Bedawy,” known as the “Mosque of the Sacred Fish.” Just below the road, down a grassy slope and on the edge of the rich green gardens and orchards of the Tripoli plain, is a circular birkeh, or pool, into which flows the clear sweet water of a fine fountain. The pool is about one hundred feet in diameter, and the water two or three feet in depth. In it are hundreds of fat light-coloured fish, from three to twenty inches in length, resembling river bass. They are

fed by visitors to the mosque, who come from Tripoli, three miles distant, and from the surrounding region on the religious fête days to make vows at the shrine of Sheikh el Bedawy,

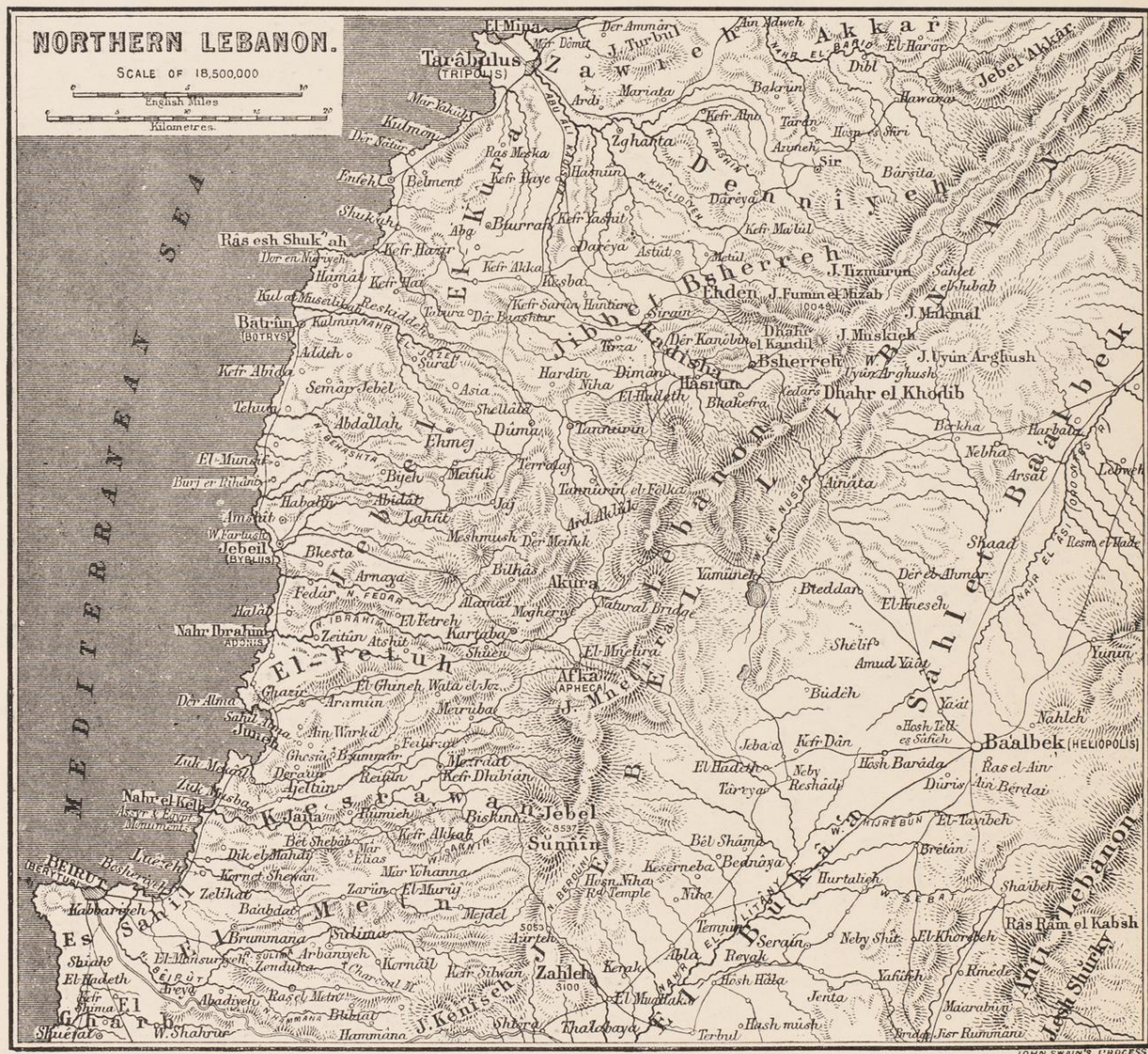


THE CASTLE OF MUSEILIAH ("PLACE OF WEAPONS").

It stands on a precipitous rock by the Nahr el Jozeh, in the middle of a wooded valley, and commands the pass. It was until recently occupied by a band of brigands, the terror of travellers.

or receive a blessing from the sacred fish. These fish are regarded as inhabited by human souls, and killing them is looked upon as murder. The Muslims say that during the Russian

War not a few of them disappeared and went under the sea to fight the Russians. They claim that any one eating them will speedily die, but as I ate of them more than twenty years ago in the house of a Greek aristocratic family in Tripoli, I can confidently deny the assertion. The ride from this point to Tripoli is a delightful one. With dense olive orchards on the right towards the sea, and fig and mulberry gardens on the left, we ride along the level macadamised road, the white roofs, domes, and minarets of Tripoli gradually rising in the foreground, until our horses' hoofs clatter on the pavement at Bâb et Tibbaneh, and we enter this peculiarly Oriental



city. It seems a strange and sudden transition to glance from the ancient khans, Muslim tombs, vaulted streets, and crowding throngs of Bedawin and Nusairiyeh cameleers to the brilliantly painted and gilded cars of the Tripoli tramway, which here has its eastern terminus. It is the East and the West in conjunction, the Syria of the past and the Syria of the future. Tripoli was probably founded about 700 B.C., but it has no continuous history. The Seleucid prince, Demetrius I., erected a palace here, which was succeeded by splendid edifices erected by the Romans, but owing to frequent and destructive earthquakes few traces of the ancient city

remain. The Muslims occupied the town at the time of the Islamic invasion, but the



THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF AKURA.

In front of a vast cavern from which issues a stream called the Neb'a Ruweis, a tributary of the Adonis (Nahr Ibrahim).

Crusaders failed to capture it until five years after their arrival at Antioch in 1104. When the Christian army finally took the city, a valuable library of one hundred thousand volumes was destroyed. This famous library, celebrated through all the East, contained the monuments of the ancient literature of the Persians, the Arabs, the



Egyptians, and the Greeks. A hundred copyists were constantly employed in transcribing manuscripts. The Kadi sent into all countries men authorised to purchase rare and precious books.

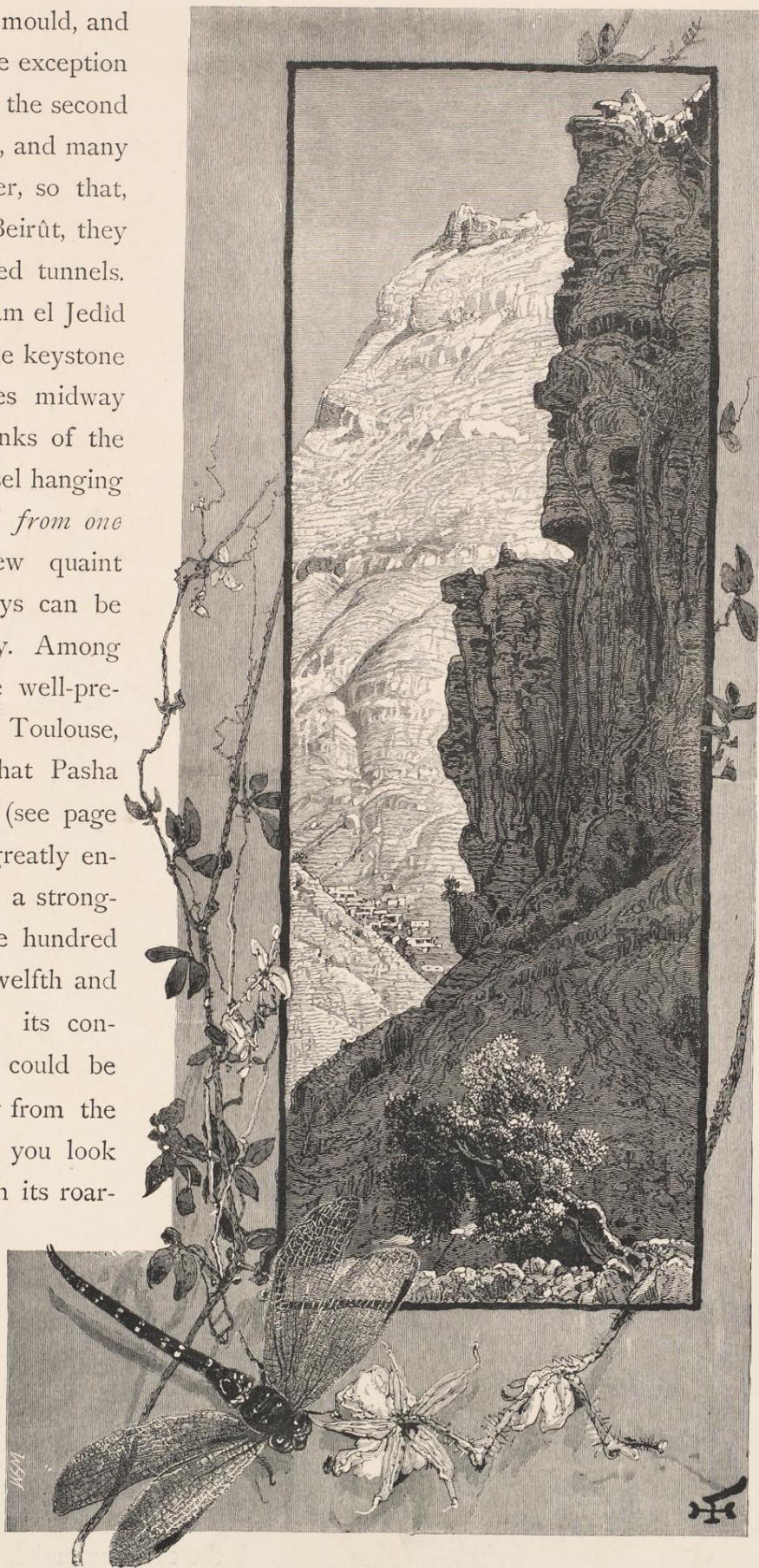
After the taking of the city a priest attached to Count Bernard de St. Gilles entered the room in which were collected a vast number of copies of the Koran, and as he declared that "the library of Tripoli contained only the impious books of Mohammed," it was given up to the flames. Ibn Abû Tai says that the library contained three million volumes, and that the Christians exhibited at the taking of Tripoli the same destructive fury as the Arabs had done who burned the library of Alexandria. Novaïry fixes the number of volumes at one hundred thousand.

In 1289, when the city was destroyed by the Sultan Kilawûn, it was said to have contained four thousand looms for the weaving of silk, and the *zinnâr* Tarâbulusy, or Tripoli silk girdle, is famous even to the present day. The Arabs call the city Tarâbulus, the Arabic form of Tripoli. The Turks usually speak of it as "Kochuk Sham" (Little Damascus), and it is well worthy of the name. It stands on the eastern extremity of the triangular plain, a mile wide, at the base of the elevated plateau called El Kûra, from one hundred to three hundred feet high, which reaches to the foot of the Lebanon range (see page 5).

The sacred river Kadisha, which rises at Bsherreh, just under the cedars of Lebanon (see page 237, vol. ii.), runs twelve miles through a wild ravine to the plain, then cuts through the plateau for eighteen miles in a deep gorge to Tripoli (see pages 1 and 5), where it breaks out into the level plain, forming a tortuous and picturesque valley, at the mouth of which, on both sides of the river, the city of Tripoli is built (see pages 8 and 9). The roaring Kadisha, called by the Muslims Abû Ali, runs through the city, crossed by two stone bridges, besides the new bridge of a tramway farther down the stream. On the right bank, the houses on the hill are chiefly rough structures of the Maronite fellahîn; those below, between the river and the Bab Tibbaneh, being Muslim. The Christian quarter is on the left side of the river, and stretching far to the southern Blacksmith's Gate is the populous Muslim quarter. The population consists of twelve thousand Muslims, four thousand Greek Christians, five hundred Maronites, and a few Protestants, Papal Greeks, and Jews. These sects live in distinct quarters, and the different trades of the city, as in Damascus, occupy separate streets.

From a fine fountain five miles south-east of the city, the water of the Zghorta river is brought in an aqueduct, which crosses the Kadisha a mile from the city on the Kunatîr el Brins, or Prince's Arches, a structure dating back to Raymond of Toulouse, Count of Tripoli. The distributing reservoir is a small room below the castle, whose floor is punctured with holes a few inches in diameter, through which the water flows in earthen pipes to all parts of the city. Every house, mosque, and khan has its *anbûb* and *birkeh*, in which the water runs constantly day and night, giving a cheerful aspect to the houses, refreshing in summer, but chilling and damp in the winter. The houses are built of the yellow porous sandstone from the reefs along the seashore, and there are few dry houses in the city. The ground floors are

often green with damp and mould, and the entire population, with the exception of the poorer classes, sleep on the second floor. The city is well paved, and many of the streets are arched over, so that, as in Sidon and intramural Beirût, they have the appearance of vaulted tunnels. Over the door of the Hammam el Jedid is a curious stone chain. The keystone of the arch, two arch stones midway down the arch, the huge links of the chain, and a massive stone tassel hanging in the middle, are all *carved from one block of stone*. Not a few quaint Saracenic arches and doorways can be seen in various parts of the city. Among the objects of interest is the well-preserved castle of Raymond of Toulouse, recently transformed by Midhat Pasha into an imperial penitentiary (see page 9). It was either built or greatly enlarged by Raymond, and was a stronghold of the Crusaders for one hundred and eighty years during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Before its conversion into a prison, access could be obtained to the charming view from the top of its walls. On the east you look down into the river gorge, with its roaring waters, the Mullawiyeh Convent, and the orange groves, with snowy Lebanon in the background piercing the clouds (see page 8). On the west, the verdant plain, the blue sea in the distance, its shore broken by the Mina, or marine city, and the five old towers along



CLIFFS OF AKURA, IN THE MOGHERIYE VALLEY, LEBANON.  
Every available space in this valley is cultivated. On the ledges of the cliffs fruit-trees flourish and wheat is grown.



THE FOUNTAIN OF AFKA (APHECA).

Source of the Adonis (Nahr Ibrahim). Close to this spot are the remains of a famous Temple of Venus, which was destroyed by order of Constantine.

the northern beach, while the snow-white roofs, walls, domes, and minarets of the city form the foreground at your feet. From a residence of several years in Tripoli, I can testify to the ever-changing beauty of its scenery, the lusciousness of its fruits, as well as the courtesy and hospitality of the better portion of its people. Passing beyond the castle, and descend-





THE VALLEY OF THE ADONIS (NAHR IBRAHĪM).

The scenery of this valley is not surpassed by any in the Lebanon. The hillsides are in many places clothed with pines and oak-trees, and groves of mulberry and fruit-trees border the stream.

ing rapidly into the gorge of the river, you walk for a few minutes among trees and flowers and murmuring waters to the convent of the Mullawiyeh dervishes, who perform their sacred dances every Friday afternoon, at certain seasons of the year. I have seen it crowded with men below and women above behind the latticed screen, when eight or ten of the dervishes whirled in the literally giddy mazes of the dance for two hours, until the performers fell on the floor exhausted, and the audience retired. This charming spot is a favourite resort of the Tripolitans, and in the month of April, when the orange and lemon groves below and around are in full bloom, and the air filled with the delicious fragrance, this quiet retreat is a place one never wearies of visiting (see page 8).

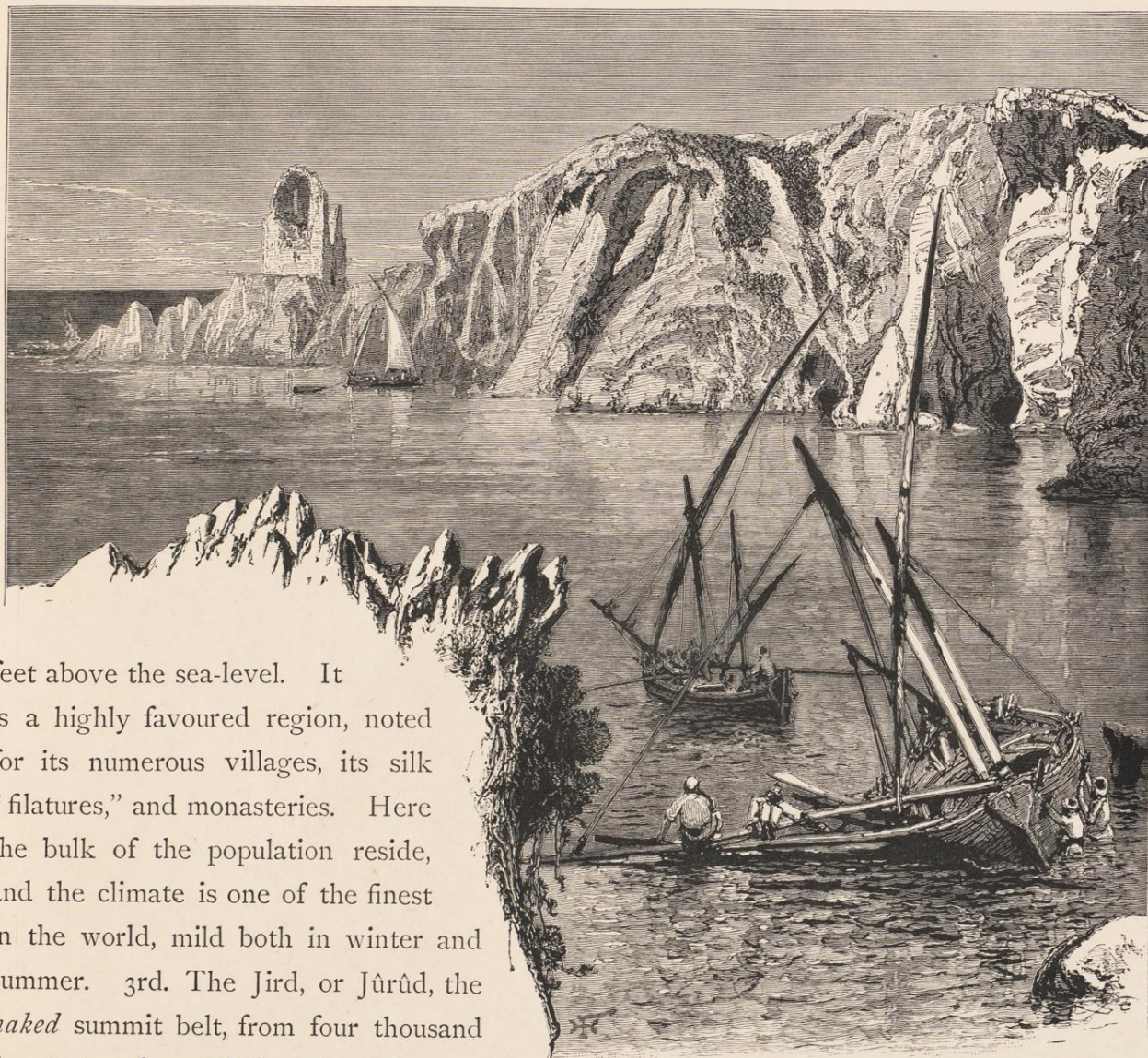
Between the mouth of the Kadisha, on the northern shore, and El Mina, are several fine towers of cut stone, standing like sentinels along the shore. They are called Burj Ras en Neb'a, Burj es Seb'a (Lion's Tower), Burj et Takiyeh (Traveller's Rest), Burj el Mugharibeh (Algerines), and Burj esh Sheikh Affân. These are evidently mediæval structures, and were built on foundations made up of ancient granite columns and fragments of Greek and Roman edifices. They are now being rapidly razed, to supply stone for more modern structures.

El Mina (see page 5) has a population of seven thousand, chiefly Greek fishermen and sponge-divers, who obtain an ample livelihood from their laborious and perilous profession, the sponge crop amounting to £20,000 a year. The steel-tracked tramway from Tripoli passes down the broad level road between the gardens to the Mina gate, and thence to the seashore.

The modern Tripolitans are proud of their fine scenery, their gardens and sparkling waters, their fruits and flowers, their sea and mountain landscape. The Greco-Syrian women of Tripoli are noted for their beauty, and not a few of them are acquiring, through education in Christian schools, the higher charm of intellectual and moral cultivation. The Boys' High School and the Female Seminary, on the American mission premises, are affording the youth of both sexes good advantages for education. The French Sisters of Charity have also an institute for girls. The Orthodox Greeks have opened schools, and the Mohammedans have formed a "Society of Benevolent Intentions" to maintain schools for girls and boys. The proposed railway from this point to Hums (Emesa) and the Euphrates valley will, if completed, make Tripoli the most important commercial port on the entire Syrian coast.

The range of Lebanon, extending for a hundred miles, is a great treasure-house of interest in its geology, botany, ethnology, and archæology. Its lofty summits, its frightful chasms, its deep caverns and subterranean lakes, its magnificent fountains and cascades, its noble cedars, its vineyards, walnut and olive groves, its ruined temples and nameless vestiges of hoary antiquity, its monasteries, churches, khulwehs (Druse chapels), and palaces, its geological structure, its one thousand two hundred villages, and its peculiarly Oriental population, combine to make it a fruitful theme of study, alike interesting to the passing traveller and the most scholarly and patient explorer. Lebanon, the White Mountain, or Mont Blanc of Syria, receives its name from the gleaming white limestone rocks. The Arabs divide Lebanon into three longitudinal belts or zones—the Sahil, the Wâsat, and the Jird. 1st. The Sahil is the littoral or maritime,

which we may call the *Palm-tree* belt, extending from the sea-level to an elevation of about one thousand five hundred feet. On this belt are the cities of modern Phœnicia—Tripoli, Jebeil, Beirût, Sidon, Tyre, and Acre. It is the most fertile in soil, salubrious in climate, and attractive in scenery. The palm, olive and mulberry, orange, pine, lemon, apricot, oak, peach, grape, and Pride of India abound. 2nd. The Wâsat, or medial zone, which we may style the *Walnut* belt, extends from an elevation of one thousand five hundred feet to four thousand



feet above the sea-level. It is a highly favoured region, noted for its numerous villages, its silk "filatures," and monasteries. Here the bulk of the population reside, and the climate is one of the finest in the world, mild both in winter and summer. 3rd. The Jird, or Jûrûd, the *naked* summit belt, from four thousand feet to ten thousand feet above the sea,

which we may call the *Cedar* belt, includes the cedar groves, many of the ice-cold fountains, and the great desert solitudes of the highest ranges. It is of vast extent, running for a hundred miles north and south, and contains some of the finest scenery in the world, although scant in its vegetation.

Before the massacres of 1860 Northern Lebanon was under a Maronite kaimakam, and Southern Lebanon under a Druse, an arrangement well calculated to keep the population in a

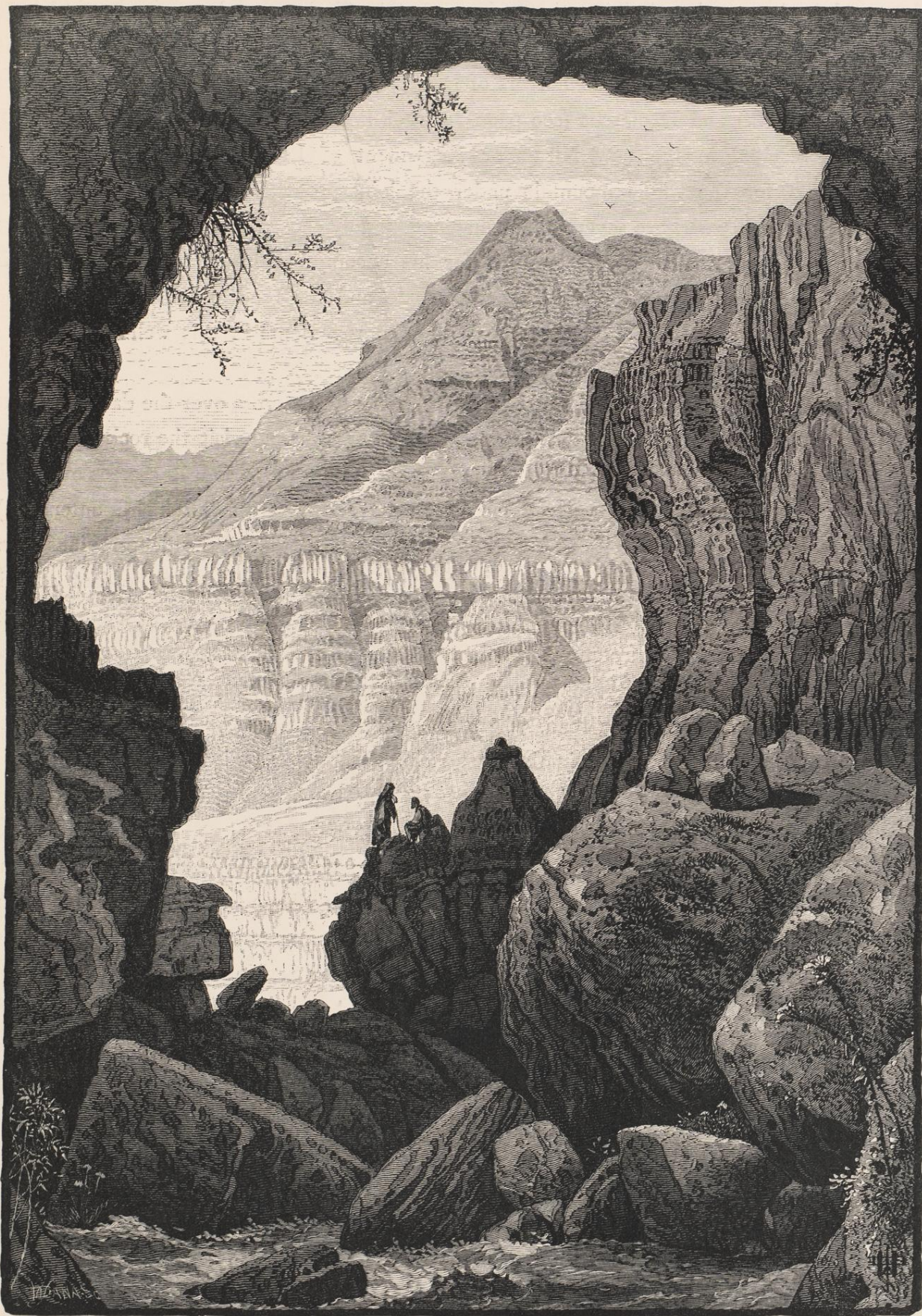
LEBANON COAST NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE ADONIS RIVER.

The iron-stained soil of the sandstone strata is annually washed down into the river by the heavy winter rains, and the discoloured stream can be traced far out in the blue sea. This gave rise to the belief that the river was tinged with the blood of Adonis every year, in memory of his death.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, LEBANON.

It is called in Arabic "Jisr el Hajr" (the Bridge of Stone). It spans the chasm through which flows the Neb'a el Lebban (Fountain of Milk), one of the sources of the Nahr el Kelb (the Dog River).



UNDER THE NATURAL BRIDGE, LEBANON.

The stream, after passing under the bridge, descends the mountain-side through a glen like a huge fissure, and then dashes over a ledge of rock in sheets of foam.

ferment and to obstruct the administration of justice. The Turks were determined to break up this European compromise and place an Osmanli pasha over the whole of Lebanon. The result was a bloody war, the frightful horrors of Deir el Kamr, Hâsbeiya, Râsheiya (see pages 133 and 138, vol. ii.) and Damascus (see page 177, vol. ii.), which forced the intervention of Europe, and resulted in the new Nizam or Règlement of Lebanon, which guarantees a Christian pasha for the whole mountain under the joint protectorate of the six European Powers. Under the pasha are several kaimakams, generally chosen from the most numerous sect in the locality. Rustem Pasha is noted for his uncompromising hatred of bribery, his even-handed justice, his efforts for civilising the people, and for road and bridge building in Southern and Central Lebanon. He promises like improvements in this well-nigh roadless district of Northern Lebanon.

Before ascending eastward to the cedar amphitheatre, let us cross over the dazzling white chalk cliffs of Râs esh Shuk'ah to the valley of Nahr el Jozeh and visit the rock fortress of El Museilihah (see sketch map, page 12). The Tripoli coast-road to Beirût crosses over this lofty promontory, called by the Greeks Theou Prosopon (Cape of the Divine Countenance), and down its southern precipitous face on a slippery road, which follows the deep ravines worn by the rains, and which change their course with every winter's storm. At the foot of this dangerous descent and on the right bank of the Walnut river, "Nahr el Jozeh," stands on an isolated mass of cretaceous limestone the ancient "Kûl'at el Museilihah" (see page 11). The name signifies "The Place of Weapons," and there is probably no pass in Syria, unless it be Wâdy el Kûrn, on the Damascus road, where more robberies have been committed. The castle is one of the most picturesque in the East, rising abruptly on its isolated rock, seemingly a part of the rock itself, surrounded by wide-spreading trees and murmuring waters, and overhung by lofty and precipitous chalk cliffs.

We now cross the Kûra Plain eastward to the fine village of Kesba, plunge into the ravine of the Kadîsha, and begin the ascent to Ehden. This village is perched on a lofty spur of the Jird, nearly five thousand feet above the sea, and commanding one of the sublimest landscape views in Lebanon. The magnificent fountain at Mar Sarkis sends a deep, broad, and crystal stream of almost ice-cold water through and around the village, producing a luxuriant growth of walnut, fir, mulberry, pine, and oak, with summer vegetables in abundance; wheat, maize, and the potato being largely cultivated.

Ehden, or Eden, as it has been called, is the paradise of the Maronite priests, where, as in Bsherreh, Hasrûn, and Kesrawan, they hold undisputed sway; but, under the impartial rule of the present pasha, their former theocratic and despotic civil rule over the people has been reduced to a mere religious authority.

Our present limits will not allow more than a passing allusion to the history of the Maronite sect, now the dominant one in Lebanon. Their name is derived from Mar Marûn, a hermit who lived in the Bûkâ'a, near Neb'a el 'Asy, in the fifth century. His followers were condemned by the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 681, as holding the monothelite heresy, and, being driven from the cities and towns of Syria, they took refuge in the fastnesses of Lebanon.

They adhered to the Papal Church in 1182, and now pride themselves on their devotion to the Pope of Rome, yet it was not until 1438 that they consented to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in matters of ecclesiastical discipline. Their parish priests are married men, and they use the Syriac language in their Church Service. Their patriarch yields only in dignity to the Pope himself. The present patriarch is Boulos (Paul) Butros Masaad, taking the name Butros (Peter) as an official title. Under him are thirteen bishops, one thousand priests, one thousand two hundred monks, six hundred nuns, and seventy-one monasteries. The Maronite people number two hundred and fifty thousand, the mass of whom are grossly ignorant. The immense revenues of the monasteries are devoted to the support of the monks and nuns or the private emolument of a few who control the monastic estates. The total number of monasteries of all sects in Lebanon is one hundred and seventeen, with two thousand five hundred monks and nuns.

Ehden, we have said, is a typical Lebanon village, with its Dar or great house, surrounded by the flat earth-roofed stone tenements of the peasantry, its numerous churches with their clear-toned bells, its village convent at Mar Sarkis, its copious water, its primitive oven, consisting of a large earthen jar sunk in the ground, its brawny youth, and buxom girls with their unique head ornaments of an inverted silver cup, over which the white veil is thrown, its comfortless houses in which the people sleep on the earthen floors, the cattle, goats, and sheep sharing the one large room with the husband, wife, sons, and daughters.



THE CHASM OF NEB'A EL LEBBAN.  
Just above the Natural Bridge (Jisr el Hajr).

Yonder village of Hasrûn (see page 1) is noted for the beauty of its women and girls, many of whom, for a wonder, are light-haired and blue-eyed.

After two and a half hours' ride over the undulating moraines which extend east of Ehden, and form the curved shelf around the base of the encircling amphitheatre of giant mountains, we descry on our right, far down in the east end of the Kadîsha gorge, the large crowded village of Bsherreh, with its churches and convents, its water and trees, and east of it the roaring cataract which leaps down the rocks from the fountain of the sacred river. Still higher up, standing solitary and alone, is the dark compact cluster of trees known as the Cedars of Lebanon (see page 237, vol. ii.).

We hasten our pace, if it be in April, over the scattered snow-drifts and muddy fields, or,



ROMAN BRIDGE NEAR JUNEH.

It spans a little stream called Ma'amiltein, which in the winter flows from the hills to the beautiful bay of Juneh. Adjoining the bridge there is a Syrian khan.

if in August, over the dusty, parched, and cracked earth, to the sacred grove called "Arz er Rub," that is, "The Cedars of the Lord." There are three hundred and ninety-three trees, some ten or twelve of which are of giant girth, though the loftiest is not more than eighty feet in height. The twelve largest trees are called by the fellahin "The Twelve Apostles," and they have a curious tradition that our Lord and His apostles came to this spot and left their walking staves standing in the soil, which sprouted into cedar-trees. A Maronite chapel stands in the grove, and the patriarch claims the sole right to the sacred trees. The clergy have cultivated the superstition that those cutting the trees for fuel will be smitten with disease or calamity by the guardian divinity of the grove. It is pleasant to find that one at least of the thousand superstitions of Syria has been of some utility to the people in the conservation of



valuable trees.\* The range of Lebanon for a hundred miles along the Jird was doubtless



LIMESTONE ROCKS, AJELTÛN, LEBANON.

In this district, well named Kesrawan (Broken Region), is a chaos of rugged mountains, which in some places assume grotesque and in others grand architectural forms. The belfry of the great Convent of Ajeltûn is shown in the background.

once covered with cedar forests. We have visited eleven distinct groves of cedars in

\* H.E. Rustem Pasha, Governor-General of the Lebanon, has surrounded this grove with a well-built stone wall with two strong gates, and appointed guardians to prevent the ravages of the goats on the young trees, and to compel travellers to pitch their tents outside the enclosure.

Lebanon:—1. The ancient "Cedars of the Lord" above Bsherreh, three hundred and ninety-three in number (see page 236, vol. ii.). 2. The grove at the fountain of Ehden, fifty trees. 3. The great grove between El Hadeth and Niha, numbering tens of thousands of trees, covers an area of nearly twelve miles. 4. A smaller grove farther south on the summit and brink of the precipice. 5. The scattered trees above Duma. 6. The Ain Zehalteh grove of ten thousand trees, cut down by Murad Akil, and now growing up again. 7. A small grove on the cliff overhanging El Medûk. 8. A small cluster near Kûl'at el Bizzeh. 9. The fine grove of Mâsir el Fukhkhar, about three hundred trees, some of great size. 10. The forest of Jird el Barûk, thousands of trees. 11. The eastern grove of Barûk, about two hundred trees.

The first historical notice of the cedars of Lebanon is in the reign of David, when this monarch built himself a palace of cedar-wood (2 Samuel v. 11). Solomon caused cedars to be brought from Lebanon for the building of the Temple, and they were floated down the coast from Jebeil to Jaffa, after being cut by the "four score thousand hewers in the mountains." In 536 B.C. Zerubbabel hired the Phœnicians of Tyre and Sidon "to bring cedar-trees from Lebanon to the Sea of Joppa." The cedar was also used in ship-building and in idol manufacture. Tiglath Pileser, after his successful campaigns against the Khatti and the Hittites and the subjugation of Carchemish, visited the Lebanon for the purpose of obtaining cedar-wood to adorn the temples and palaces of Kileh Shergat. The groves of Lebanon have thus been despoiled for three thousand years by the kings of the adjacent countries, until the upper ranges are quite denuded, and the voracity of the flocks of goats in nipping the tender shoots, and the rapacity of the fellahin, are preventing the growth of new forests from the seed. Were it not for the energetic action of the Lebanon Government the whole mountain would soon be stripped of its forest glory.

The geological formation of Lebanon is the lower cretaceous limestone with a stratum of ferruginous sandstone running through it almost from one end to the other, and here and there an outcropping of trap, amygdaloid or partially columnar. In the sandstone is a well-defined stratum of bituminous coal or lignite, which crops out at Kornâil and elsewhere in the district of El Metn, east of Beirût (see sketch map, page 12). The Jura limestone has been found by Professor Lewis, of the Beirût College, in but one place, at Mejdél Shems, on the southern slope of Mount Hermon, where the Jurassic fossils, such as half-crystallized Ammonites, &c., have been found in great profusion.

The strata of the Lebanon rocks, upheaved by mighty internal convulsions of nature, stand at every conceivable angle of inclination. On the very top of Ard Aklûk is a singular battlemented hill called Jebel Aklûk, looking in the distance like an artificial fortress. Passing around it on the west, we turn south-east and begin the four-mile descent to Akûra, which lies at the head of the great valley of Moghêriye, or "little cavern." To the east of the village rises a rock wall one thousand feet in height, through which a narrow chasm has been rent, opening a highway to the east, the shortest route from this point, *viâ* 'Ain Rûmeh, to the Cedars and to Ba'albek, *viâ* Yâmûneh (see page 15). The village is small, but the sides of

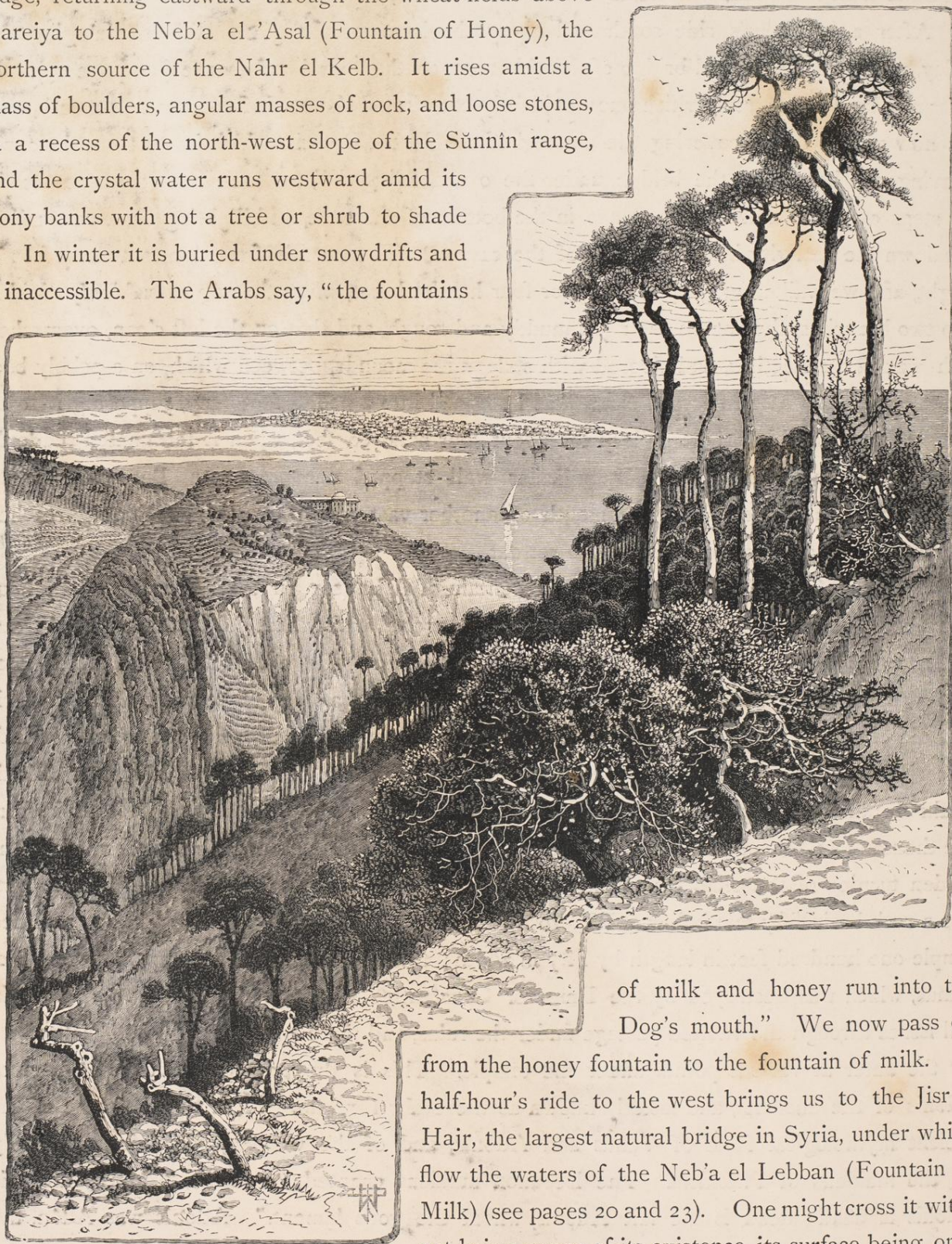
the valley below are everywhere cultivated and verdant in the summer, with mulberry, walnut, and other fruit-trees, and with fields of wheat and barley.

After a half-hour's ride southward along the base of the giant cliff overhanging the valley, we reach the natural bridge of El Akûra, over the mouth of a cave (see page 13). It is formed by a fallen rock which once evidently constituted the roof of the cavern's mouth, and has now settled down, covering the channel of the Neb'a Ruweis, which issues from the cave. Leaving our horses on the bridge, under the overhanging cliff, we took our staves to steady our steps over the mud-slimed stones in the bottom of the cave, and, lighting our wax candles, slid down the declivity into the mouth of the cavern. The roof is from ten to twenty feet in height, and we walked or groped along for four hundred feet, when the cavern suddenly divided into two branches, the one on the right muddy and rough, and that on the left clean, overarched with wax-like stalactites, and floored with stalagmitic mounds, between which, on a pebbly bed, runs a stream of water so crystal clear, that I stepped into a pool a foot deep, supposing it to be dry. We traced this bright gallery for about four hundred feet, when it terminated suddenly in a lofty arched room, whose perpendicular wall stopped our progress. But some twenty feet up the side of this wall is the mouth of another vast cavern, which could not be reached without ladders, and we were obliged to retreat.

From El Akûra (see page 15) to the fountain of Afka (see page 16) is a ride of an hour and a half along a tableland overhanging a valley covered with wheat-fields and scattered trees, until, turning to the south-east, we come to the Maronite village of El Mnetira, which faces southwards towards the fountain, to which we descend over a steep rocky road. This historic fountain of Afka (Apheca) issues from the cave, and from the limestone strata below it, which descend in stair-like gradations to the road, and below it to the deep gorge of the river Adonis (Nahr Ibrahîm) (see page 17). The great cliff wall rises abruptly above the fountain from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet, and the water bursts forth from the recess formed by the sudden turning of the cliffs from a north and south to a westerly direction, and dashes down into a rock basin fifty feet below. We cross this basin on a bridge, which leads us to a ruined temple one hundred feet in length by fifty in width; this is without doubt the ancient temple of Venus, which was destroyed by the Emperor Constantine in the fourth century. A fountain still issues through the vaulted passage under the ruins, and there were probably artificial outlets for the water at various points under the temple. This is the principal source of the river Adonis of the ancients, and latterly known as the Nahr Ibrahîm. Here was the scene of the ancient mythological fable of Venus and Adonis, and of the weeping for Adonis annually by the maidens of Phœnicia. The Lebanon maidens chanted, "I mourn Adonis; the fair Adonis is dead: dead is the fair Adonis, whom the gods lament." Adonis was Adôn, the Baal god, the sun—the same in meaning with Tammûz, the present Arabic name of the month July, which was the month of the feast of Adonis. The scarlet anemone of Lebanon was thought to be stained with his blood.

Leaving the Temple and Fountain of Afka (see page 16), we ascend gradually towards

the south-west and ride on by Neb'a el Hadid (Iron Fountain) and around the edge of the ridge, returning eastward through the wheat-fields above Fareiya to the Neb'a el 'Asal (Fountain of Honey), the northern source of the Nahr el Kelb. It rises amidst a mass of boulders, angular masses of rock, and loose stones, in a recess of the north-west slope of the Sünnin range, and the crystal water runs westward amid its stony banks with not a tree or shrub to shade it. In winter it is buried under snowdrifts and is inaccessible. The Arabs say, "the fountains



BEIRÛT, FROM JAITA,

A beautifully situated village north of the Dog River (Nahr el Kelb), on the heights above the gorge. In the distance, beyond St. George's Bay, the sandy promontory of Beirut appears.

of milk and honey run into the Dog's mouth." We now pass on from the honey fountain to the fountain of milk. A half-hour's ride to the west brings us to the Jisr el Hajr, the largest natural bridge in Syria, under which flow the waters of the Neb'a el Lebban (Fountain of Milk) (see pages 20 and 23). One might cross it without being aware of its existence, its surface being on a level with the fields on both sides. But a glance suffices to reveal the great chasm of the south branch of the Dog River, flowing from Neb'a el Lebban,



J. J. CREW. SCULPT.

J. D. WOODWARD. ENGRAVER.

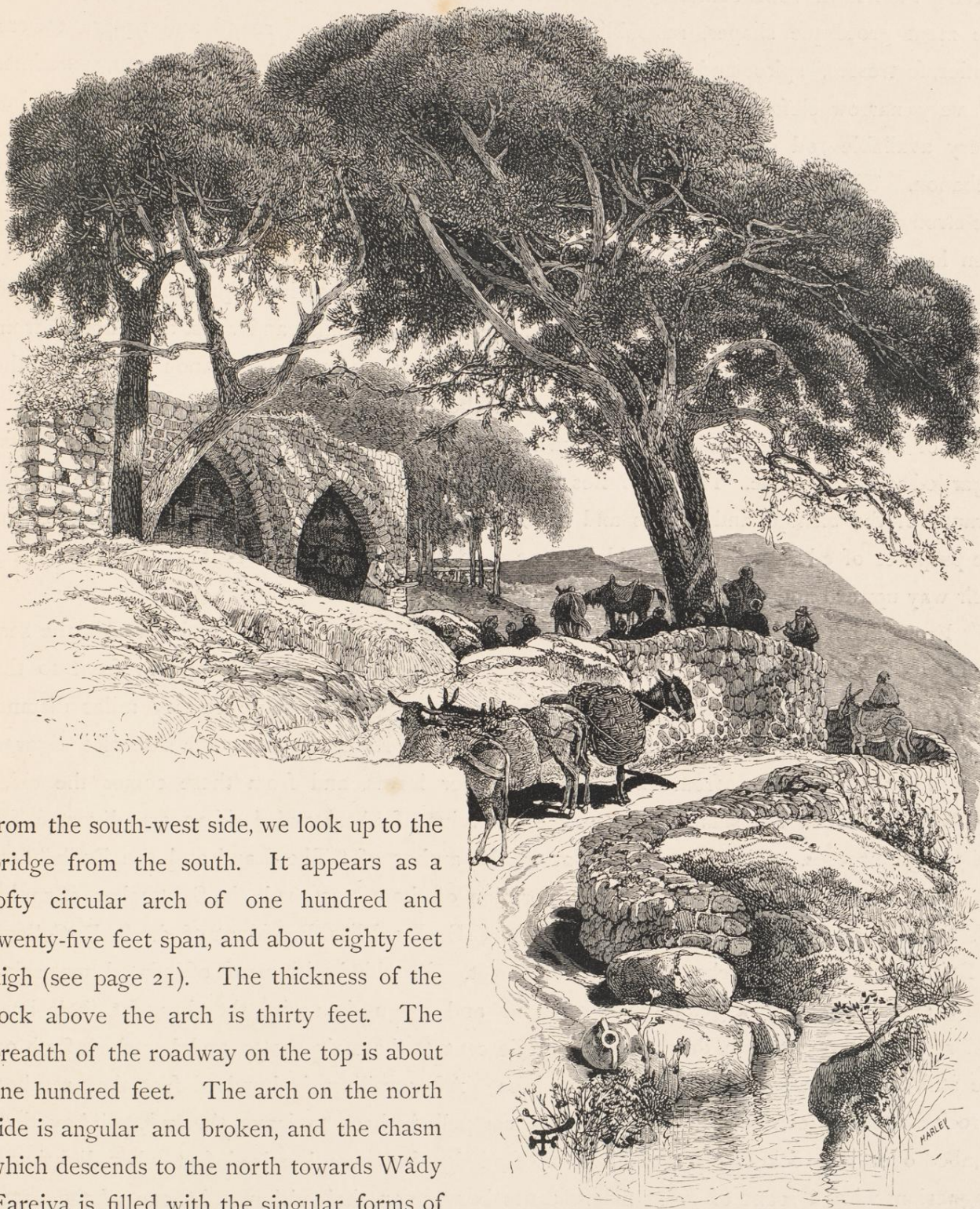
JAFFA, THE ANCIENT JOPPA.

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fifteen minutes farther up, under the base of the mountain. Climbing down into the chasm



from the south-west side, we look up to the bridge from the south. It appears as a lofty circular arch of one hundred and twenty-five feet span, and about eighty feet high (see page 21). The thickness of the rock above the arch is thirty feet. The breadth of the roadway on the top is about one hundred feet. The arch on the north side is angular and broken, and the chasm which descends to the north towards Wâdy Fareiya is filled with the singular forms of rock wrought out by the detrition of ages.

We follow the irrigating canal which carries the water of Neb'a el Lebban down through Upper Kesrawan, and hasten onwards to the great Convent of Ajeltûn, which stands in the midst of a singular region of projecting limestone rocks (see page 25). The strata stand

A LEBANON CAFÉ,

Pleasantly situated by a mountain stream and sheltered by the dense foliage of carouba trees (*Ceratonia siliqua*). The presence of one of these wayside resting-places always indicates a good site for an encampment, for it is sure to be near a supply of good water.

in a vertical position, and the rains and storms of centuries have worn away the softer parts, leaving the harder veins standing upright, often to a height of forty or fifty feet. They assume the most grotesque shapes, resembling "columns, blocks, houses, round and square towers, castles, fortresses," spires and shafts; and the road passes through the midst of them, sometimes by very narrow clefts. In the western part of the village is a good camping ground, but every available rod of soil is occupied by the mulberry, the staple product of this part of Lebanon. This district is the Kesrawan, or broken region, a chaos of rugged mountains, and the stronghold and holy mountain of the Maronites. Monasteries, nunneries, and churches are seen in every direction; the monks own the best part of the land, and the people are largely their tenants. The industry of the people is remarkable. They have quarried the rocks and built terrace walls like steps up the sides of these steep mountains, and wrest a livelihood from the soil. The insecurity of the great plains east and north-east of Lebanon has driven the people into these mountain fastnesses; and in the civil wars of Lebanon, when the Druses south of the Damascus road have everywhere defeated the Maronites, this region has been regarded as impregnable. The Maronites are a fine race, and if once freed from the ecclesiastical tyranny of the bishops and monks and given possession of the immense monastic estates for the purposes of education, they would become a power in the East. As it is, they are forcing their way upward and reaching positions of influence throughout Syria and Egypt.

From Ajeltûn (see page 25) we descend gradually over a rocky road towards the sea, having on our left the deep chasm of the Nahr el Kelb (see page 21), and in front to the west a fine view of the promontory of Beirût (see page 28), some twenty miles distant. About three miles and a half from the mouth of the Dog River, on the north side of the gorge there are three grottoes, from two of which water issues, and from these comes the chief supply of water in the summer, when the fountains of 'Asal and Lebban are diverted for irrigating purposes. The late Dr. Thomson, the author of "The Land and the Book," first noticed these caves, but the first full exploration of them was made in September, 1873, by W. T. Maxwell, C.E., aided by H. G. Huxley, C.E., Dr. Bliss, President of the S. P. College in Beirût, and Dr. Brigstocke, M.R.C.S., of Beirût. Provided with a raft of inflated goat-skins and a small boat, with a good supply of lights and magnesium wire, they brought their boat and raft into the entrance, down the rugged descent to the main grotto, and launched forth on the still, clear waters of the subterranean lake. After sailing six hundred feet, they reached a rock barrier fifteen feet in height, which compelled them to leave the raft. They then climbed over the rock screen and along a lofty ledge for seven hundred feet, when, lighting a magnesium wire, a scene of great magnificence burst upon their vision. As one of the party says, "From the lofty vaulted roof and precipitous sides hung massive stalactites, between which the rocks were studded with others of a more slender and graceful make, while from below shot up in wild profusion stalagmites which towered aloft, in some cases almost reaching their pendant companions."

From these caves we pass down the river gorge by the stone aqueduct and the weir of



the London Waterworks Company, then by the ancient Roman aqueduct on the north bank, where a wonderful discovery has just been made by Mr. J. Loyted, a Danish architect in Beirût, in company with Dr. Hartmann, Chancellor of the German Consulate. On a line with the ruined abutment of the old Roman bridge they found a series of Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions, engraved on a rock eight mètres and forty centimètres long and twelve mètres in height. The modern aqueduct (see page 37) passes above it. These inscriptions have not yet been fully translated, but it has already been ascertained that one of them relates to the time of Nebuchadnezzar, and his name occurs more than once upon the tablet. From this point we cross the ancient bridge (see page 36) and observe an almost obliterated Arabic inscription at the base of a rock on the south bank, supposed to have been the work of Sultan Selim in 1517. Farther on towards the sea, on the left of the paved road, is a Latin inscription (of 173 A.D.) which settles the identity of the Lycus flumen of the ancients with the Dog River, the wolf having given place to the dog. There is another short Latin inscription of Antoninus farther west towards the sea. On the rock-cut road round the promontory south of the Dog River (see page 33) are to be seen the collection of Assyrian and Egyptian tablets for which this pass has long been celebrated. There are nine tablets in all, three Egyptian and six Assyrian. Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen has arranged them as follows :—

	Height. ft. in.	Breadth. ft. in.	Depth. in.	Date, &c.
1. Egyptian, square-headed . . . . .	7 6	3 8	6	By Rameses II., dedicated to Phtha.
2. Assyrian, square-headed . . . . .	6 7	4 5	4½	By Assur-ris-ilim (?), B.C. 1140.
3. Assyrian, square-headed . . . . .	5 1	2 4	5	By Tiglath-pil-esir, B.C. 1140.
4. Assyrian, round-headed . . . . .	6 1	2 6½	4½	By Assur-Nazir-pal, B.C. 885.
5. Assyrian, round-headed . . . . .	6 4	2 9½	5	By Shal-men-esar, B.C. 860.
6. Egyptian, square-headed . . . . .	7 6	3 8	5½	By Rameses II., dedicated to Ra.
7. Assyrian, round-headed . . . . .	7 3	3 8½	5½	By Sennacherib, B.C. 702.
8. Egyptian, square-headed . . . . .	7 4	3 8	5½	By Rameses II., dedicated to the Theban Ammon.
9. Assyrian, round-headed . . . . .	6	3 1	6	By Esar-haddon, B.C. 681—671.

At the top of the pass on the modern road is a pedestal, and near by it a fragment of a Roman milestone. Here, according to tradition, once stood the statue of a dog, which gave its name, Nahr el Kelb, to the river. Among the striking features of the pass are the old road beds cut in the solid limestone rock by successive monarchs of antiquity. The foot-holes of the horses and the grooves worn by the chariot wheels of armies are still distinctly traceable in the rock. Here passed Pul, Tiglath Pileser, Sesostris, Shalmaneser, Sargon, and Sennacherib; here swarmed the hosts of Alexander the Great *en route* for Egypt; here passed the Romans, the later Greeks, the Arabs, the Turks, and the Crusaders; and here pass constantly the traders and travellers of the East.

South of the Adonis river, riding down the coast, we cross a lofty paved bridge, pass numerous khans and rock tombs on the right of the road, and then come down to the low cliffs which skirt the northern shore of the Bay of Jûneh. Following an old Roman road hewn in the face of the precipice above the water, we come down on the sandy beach to the river Ma'amiltein. This little torrent is spanned by a round-arched Roman bridge in fair state of preservation (see page 24). It is called Ma'amiltein, or "Two Districts," as it divided



THE SLOPES OF LEBANON.

With a characteristic Maronite village in the foreground, the principal feature of which is its strongly fortified monastery.

the pashaliks of Tripoli and Sidon (see pages 9 and 45) in ancient times. A Syrian khan stands near it, offering kindly shelter to man and beast.

We gallop over the sandy beach to the Nahr Beirût, entranced by the landscape. The promontory of Beirût, crowned with its cream-coloured sandstone houses, palaces, churches, and mosques, its colleges and schools rising from the water's edge to the ridge of the cape, the pine-crowned ridges of Lower Lebanon to the east, form a picture only equalled by the Bay of Naples (see page 28). St. George, or Mar Girgius, as he is called by Oriental Christians, is the favourite saint in the Syrian



CLIFFS AND SCULPTURED TABLETS.

On the rocky promontory which projects far into the sea, south of the Nahr el Kelb (the Dog River), rising to the height of about one hundred feet.

calendar. The Moslems call him El Khidr. Near the bridge of seven arches over the Nahr Beirût is a Muslim mosque or mazar, said to be his place of burial, and farther on towards the city is a ruined tower on the north side of the road, claimed to be the place where St. George killed the Dragon and washed his hands of the bloody stains.

We now enter Beirût, the metropolis of modern Phœnicia, and its most beautiful and most enlightened city. Its situation is all that could be desired, on the northern slope of a promontory which runs west for three miles from the Nahr Beirût to Râs Beirût (see page 28). Here where the changes of temperature through the successive months of the year are so gradual that autumn fades imperceptibly into winter, and winter itself is a genial spring, and spring warms into summer with hardly a change of half a degree a day, you have the perfection of climate, and do not wonder that the Greek poet should call it "the nurse of tranquil life."

Beirût is the Berytus of the ancients, and was probably founded by the Phœnicians. It is the common opinion that its name is derived from its wells, Beer-oth, but M. Renan labours, in his "Mission de Phénicie," to prove that the name was taken from its Pineto or Pine Groves, "called in the Chaldee בְּרוּת, Beeroth, and rendered in the Arabic Bible *snobar*, or pine-trees." But in this view M. Renan stands alone. In the verse Cant. i. 17, to which he refers, the Chaldee word is rendered, in Dr. V. Dyck's Arabic translation of the Bible, *seru*, or cypress. Robinson gives both cypress and pine as the meaning of "BerOTH." Beirût has been celebrated both for its wells and its pines, and the pine grove of Beirût is certainly a more striking feature than its brackish wells could have been in former times, but the weight of traditional authority is in favour of the wells. Strabo first mentions the city in 140 B.C., when it was destroyed by Tryphon during the reign of Demetrius Nicator. The Romans rebuilt it and colonised it with veterans of the fifth Macedonian and eighth Augustan legions. It was here that the two sons of Herod the Great were tried unheard and in their absence, and condemned to death by their cruel and unnatural father. The Elder Agrippa greatly favoured the city, and adorned it with a splendid theatre and amphitheatre, besides baths and porticoes, inaugurating them with games and spectacles of every kind, including shows of gladiators. Here, too, after the destruction of Jerusalem, Titus celebrated the birthday of his father, Vespasian, by similar exhibitions in which many of the captive Jews perished.

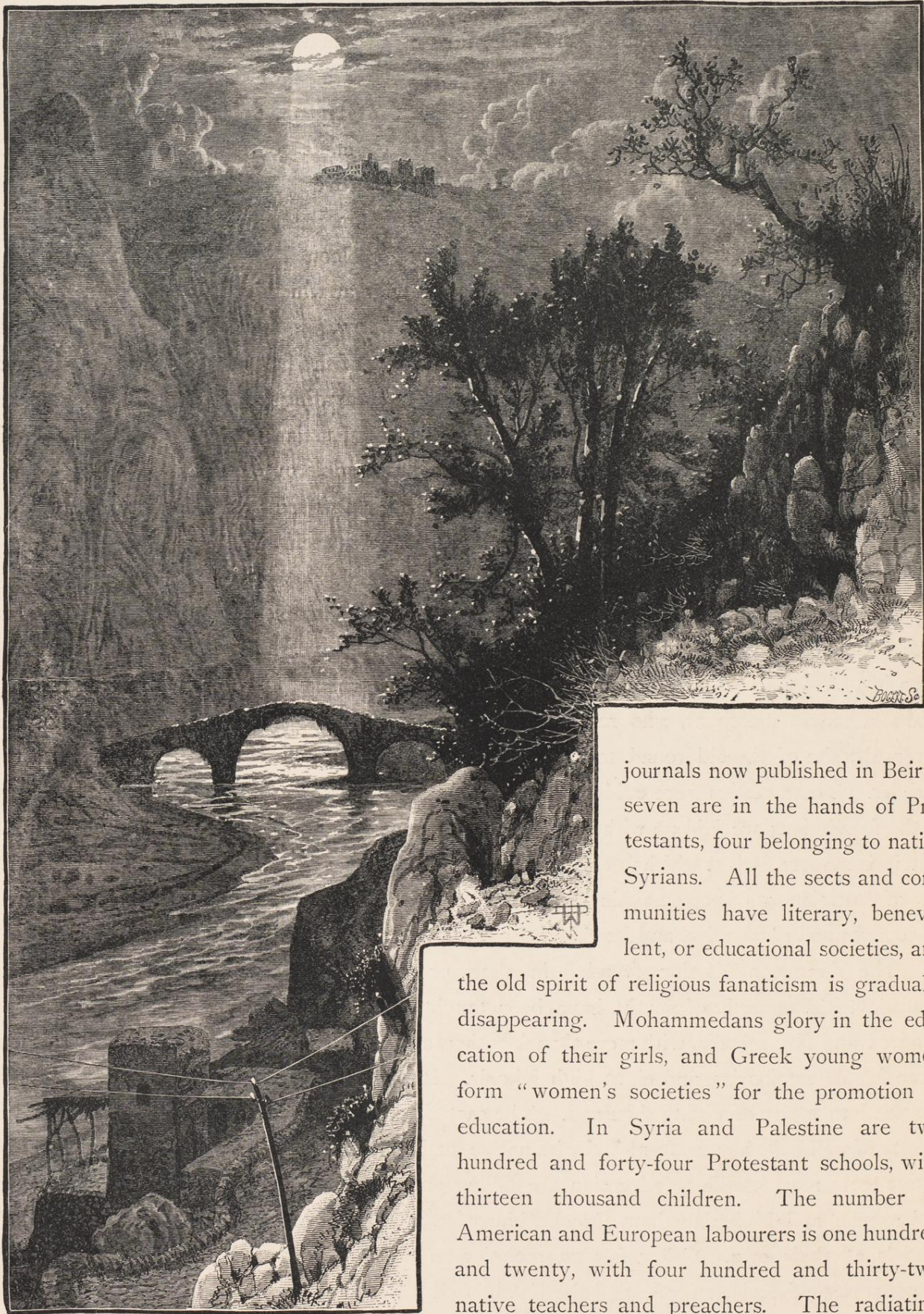
In the middle of the third century a celebrated Roman law school was founded here. Students flocked to it from all countries, including Gregory Thaumaturgus and Apion, the martyr. Apollinaris taught grammar here in the fourth century. After the death of Julian the Apostate the Emperor Jovian compelled one Magnus, who had demolished the Church of Berytus, to rebuild it at his own cost. From 250 A.D. to 550 was the golden age of literature in Beirût, which reached its zenith in the reign of Justinian, who regarded the Beirût school with special favour. On the 9th of July, 551, this city was destroyed by an earthquake, and its learned men went for a season to Sidon. In the seventh century Khaled, "the Sword of Mohammed," swept over the land. Beirût fell into Muslim hands, and its decline was rapid and complete.

In 1110 Baldwin I., with the Crusading army, captured Beirût, and they long held it as a religious and military centre, the Maronites of Lebanon acting as a friendly barrier to the Muslim hordes of the east. Saladin occupied it for a short period, but the Christians were not permanently displaced until after the battle of Hattin, in 1187. From that time until the days of the famous Druse prince, Fakhr ed Dîn, it continued in obscurity. This energetic man rebuilt the city and planted new pine groves. In 1840 the English fleet bombarded the city to expel the Egyptian army of Ibrahim Pasha. In August, 1860, it was occupied by six thousand French troops, sent by Napoleon III., with the consent of the European powers, to check the tide of massacre and civil war which had overwhelmed the land.

The antiquities of Beirût are few. Columns of granite and porphyry are scattered everywhere, and built into the old castles at the entrance of the harbour (see page 41). Stone, earthen, and leaden sarcophagi are constantly dug up in excavating for the foundation of houses: three massive granite columns are still standing near the Russian church; old Roman mosaic floors are often uncovered; a Greek inscription is still legible over the Bâb ed Dirkeh; and a picturesque Roman aqueduct crosses the Nahr Beirût a few minutes' ride above the stately bridge just built by H.E. Rustem Pasha. Smaller relics, such as lachrymatories, jewellery, and various articles of bronze and glass, are often discovered.

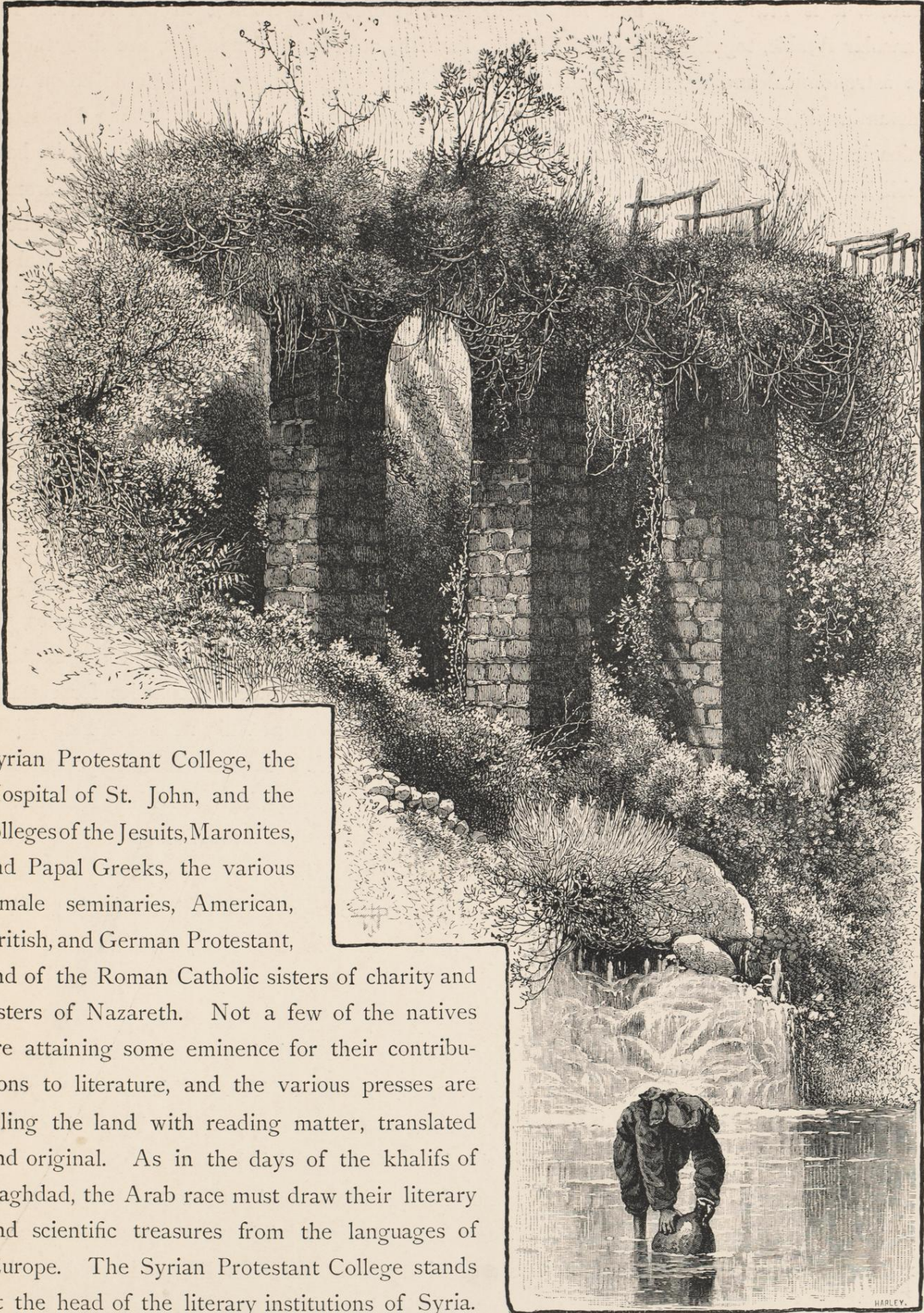
The ancient coins of Beirût are adorned with various temples and porticoes, and it was once noted for its castles, of which four were standing a few years since. The most lofty and imposing, Burj el Kesshaf, stood outside the south-east corner of the old city, but was recently sold to a native merchant, who razed it to the ground for the stone. The military hospital covers the site of the old round tower, and the two remaining ones guard the entrance to the harbour. These castles were evidently built by the Crusaders from the ruins of ancient Beirût, as the foundations are laid up with granite columns from the old Roman porticoes and temples. But it is modern Beirût which is chiefly interesting to the traveller in our day. This favourite city of Justinian has become again the literary centre and pride of Syria. Here are gathered its colleges and seminaries, and its chief hospitals and churches, journals and printing presses.

The American Mission, founded in 1820, preceded all other agencies in the work of education. Thousands of youths have been taught, and there are now under its care one hundred and four schools, with more than four thousand pupils, a college and medical institution, three female seminaries, and eight high schools. It has seen Beirût rise from a town of eight thousand to a city of eighty thousand. The cactus-bordered lanes have become macadamised streets of well-built houses, furnished with native-made furniture vying with that of Europe. The native sects most hostile to education are falling under the influence of educated young men and women, and Mohammedans, Greeks, Maronites, Papal Greeks, and Jews have established schools of their own. Other foreign societies, as the British Syrian Schools, the Prussian Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, and the Established Church of Scotland, have opened schools for girls and boys, until there are to-day in Beirût three thousand five hundred children in Protestant schools, and seven thousand in the schools of the native societies. Of the twelve



THE NAHR EL KELB (DOG RIVER),  
And ancient bridge connected with the rock-cut coast road. In  
summer the river is fordable here.

journals now published in Beirût, seven are in the hands of Protestants, four belonging to native Syrians. All the sects and communities have literary, benevolent, or educational societies, and the old spirit of religious fanaticism is gradually disappearing. Mohammedans glory in the education of their girls, and Greek young women form "women's societies" for the promotion of education. In Syria and Palestine are two hundred and forty-four Protestant schools, with thirteen thousand children. The number of American and European labourers is one hundred and twenty, with four hundred and thirty-two native teachers and preachers. The radiating centre of influence for all these movements is in Beirût. The finest edifices in the city are the



Syrian Protestant College, the Hospital of St. John, and the colleges of the Jesuits, Maronites, and Papal Greeks, the various female seminaries, American, British, and German Protestant, and of the Roman Catholic sisters of charity and sisters of Nazareth. Not a few of the natives are attaining some eminence for their contributions to literature, and the various presses are filling the land with reading matter, translated and original. As in the days of the khalifs of Baghdad, the Arab race must draw their literary and scientific treasures from the languages of Europe. The Syrian Protestant College stands at the head of the literary institutions of Syria. The language of instruction is English, and in its various departments, medical, literary, and

MODERN AQUEDUCT ON THE NAHR EL KELB,  
Near to which are the newly discovered Assyrian tablets relating to Nebuchadnezzar.

scientific, it is fitting young men for the highest spheres of usefulness in the future. The vernacular Arabic, together with the French, Turkish, and Latin languages, are also taught. The astronomical and meteorological observatory is in daily telegraphic communication with Constantinople, London, and Washington. The American, British, and German Protestant seminaries for girls are training hundreds of the choicest daughters of Syria. The Jesuits have established a college and printing house on a scale of great magnificence, and the Maronite, Papal Greek, Orthodox Greek, Mohammedan, and Jewish academies are educating a vast body of youth, while the *Sœurs de Charité* and the *Dames de Nazareth* have under training about seven hundred and thirty Arab girls. The massacres of 1860 drove thousands of Christians from the interior into Beirût, many of whom have made this city their permanent home. Its fine climate, pure water, educational advantages, commercial importance, and security from the perils of civil war and massacre have made it the favourite refuge for all sects and classes. Beirût is connected with Damascus by a fine French macadamised road, with diligences running through twice a day (see pages 142 and 143, vol. ii.).

The *Mutserrif* and all executive and judicial officers are appointed by the Sultan, but the municipality are elected by the people. The Christians of all sects outnumber the Mohammedans two to one. There is an increasing Jewish population and a small European element. Beirût has been noted for its silk culture and manufacture for many centuries, and its modern jewellers and weavers excel in silver and gold filigree work and in the exquisite fabrics of silk, woollen, and cotton, now so greatly in vogue in civilised countries for curtains, cushions, and divans. The silk and gold cloth curtains woven at Zûk, near the Dog River, are sought for to adorn the palaces of Europe. The future commercial importance of Beirût will depend on the terminus of the great trunk railway from the Mediterranean to India. But its literary importance and its eligibility as a home for the most enlightened of Syria's sons in the future can never be materially changed. Its people, largely descended from the vigorous races of Lebanon, are enterprising and capable of high cultivation. The city is growing year by year in beauty and in influence in the East, and its institutions bid fair to be far more potent for good than its famous university in the golden age of Justinian.

About one mile south-west of the College, the cape of Râs Beirût terminates in an abrupt cliff at the Rausheh, the old Syriac name for râs, or headland. The cliff is worn away in a curve, at the base of which is a deep grotto or cavern only to be approached by rowing boats. Opposite the mouth of the cavern, and in the focus of the semicircle formed by the cliff, rise the two picturesque Pigeon Islands, under one of which is a natural tunnel. Not only pigeons, but vast shoals of seals formerly added interest to the spot. The cretaceous rock presents a curious appearance with its alternate strata of white chalk and black flint, and the distortions and curvatures of the strata are beautifully marked in the islands. On a recent visit during a westerly gale the scene was one of indescribable grandeur. The mighty waves came rolling in from the deep sea, and, striking upon the ledges outside the islands, burst into milky foam



and swept around and behind the islands with deafening roar, dashing far up the cliffs and falling back into the boiling abyss of waters (see page 40).

South of the city, and for four miles along the beach, is the drifting sandbank called "Ramel Beirût," which for ages has been creeping slowly northward and eastward, threatening



BATH AND CAFÉ, BEIRÛT.

Of late years a great impetus has been given to fishing on this coast. During the summer nights fishermen may often be seen out on the rocks and reefs with torches and cressets, by which certain kinds of fish are attracted.

the destruction of the city. Within twenty-five years, to my own knowledge, it has advanced in some places not less than one hundred feet. The prevailing west winds drive it up from the seashore on the south-west, and during the rainless summer months it drifts like new-fallen snow towards the city. Numerous houses have been removed to make way for it, and orchards



PIGEON ROCKS, BEIRÛT.

In the cliff, from which these island rocks have broken away, there is an enormous cavern which can be entered by small boats.

and gardens are being engulfed (see page 28).

The present elective municipality have obtained permission from the Porte to remove the sand or check its farther progress.

Leaving Beirût for Sidon, we pass the great pine grove of Fakhr ed Dîn and the rich gardens and olive orchards of the plain, emerge upon the beach at Kossis, pass the ruins of Kuldeh, and lunch at the iron bridge over the deceitful Damûr. From thence we reach the Khan Neby Yûnas, near which is the Wely Neby Yûnas, with a white dome, marking the place where, according to Muslim tradition, the prophet Jonah was

thrown up by the fish (see page 44). The part of Lebanon between Beirût and Sidon is

known as Druse Lebanon, from the Druses, that extraordinary people who inhabit it. Their religion is a secret politico-religious code, El Hakim is their incarnate god, and while they may, when convenient, profess any or all other religions, they still continue Druses at heart. Courteous, brave, united, and industrious, they are the puzzle, the unsolved problem of



BEIRÛT CASTLE.

Built by the Crusaders, but partly with materials which had been used in earlier structures, for there are many granite columns introduced transversely into the lower part of the walls.

Syrian society. They speak pure Arabic, and are English in their political bias. Leaving Neby Yûnas, we ride over the successive sand beaches and rocky nukkars for three hours, until we reach the river Auwaly, where we have the ancient city of Sidon in full view (see pages 45 and 47).

## SAIDA, OR SIDON.

"Sidonii que lares . . . . Sidonaque pulchram."  
 "The gods of Sidon . . . . Sidon the beautiful."

These two lines from two of the later Latin poets sum up the two striking features in the history of Sidon, the antiquity of its religious cult, and the beauty of its scenery. Sidon was the Divine City, which gave gods to the Phœnicians, and through them to Greece, Italy, and Carthage. It was the Jerusalem of Baal worship. Here was worshipped that divine couple of the Phœnician religion, Baal Sidon and Ashtaroth, the same which at Gebal (Jebeil) was called Thammuz and Baalath, at Carthage Baal Hamon and Tanith, among the Hittites Shed and Shedath, and in Damascus Hadad and Atargath. Here was the home of—

"Astareth, whom the Phœnicians called  
 Astarte, queen of Heaven with crescent horns:  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon,  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

The hardy navigators of Sidon and Tyre, in pushing their adventurous prow into the Euxine, the Ægean, and beyond the Pillars of Hercules, carried with them their religion and their peculiar divinities. Their Ashtaroth became Aphrodite in Greece, and the temple of Thasos in the Ægean was dedicated to Melkarth, the Tyrian Hercules. In the island of Malta a dedicatory inscription speaks of "the lord Melkarth, Baal of Tyre."

Old Sidon, named by the grandson of Noah, and styled Great Zidon by Joshua, is, perhaps, the oldest living city in the world, and claims the honour of being mentioned both in the book of Genesis and in the Homeric poems. Homer speaks of Sidon as rich in ore; but its ores were not native, excepting the iron, brought down from Southern Lebanon. Its tin was brought from Britain (Ber-et-tanic), Spain, and the Caucasus, its steel from Colchis, its gold and copper from the Red Sea and Cyprus, and the Sidonian and Tyrian artificers became famous for their bronzes and other works in metallurgy.

The Sidonians were already a commercial nation when the Egyptians expelled the shepherd kings, and from the first half of the seventeenth till the end of the thirteenth century B.C., the Sidonians were subject to the Egyptians.

A papyrus in the British Museum contains the account of an imaginary journey made by an Egyptian officer into Syria, at the end of the reign of Rameses II., which indicates that Beirût, Sidon, and Tyre at that time were peaceful tributaries of Egypt.

The Sidonians supplied the mercantile and military navy of Egypt, and during this period, when no rival navy existed, Sidonian trade and commercial prosperity reached their highest point. Beyond the Nile valley, the sailors of Sidon and Beirût coasted along the shores of Africa and founded Cambe, afterwards Carthage, and Hippo. The Egyptians had a superstitious horror of the sea, regarding it as impure, and as the domain of Set, the god of evil, the adversary of Osiris. An Egyptian navy was therefore out of the question. Sidonian officers and seamen manned the Egyptian fleets in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and

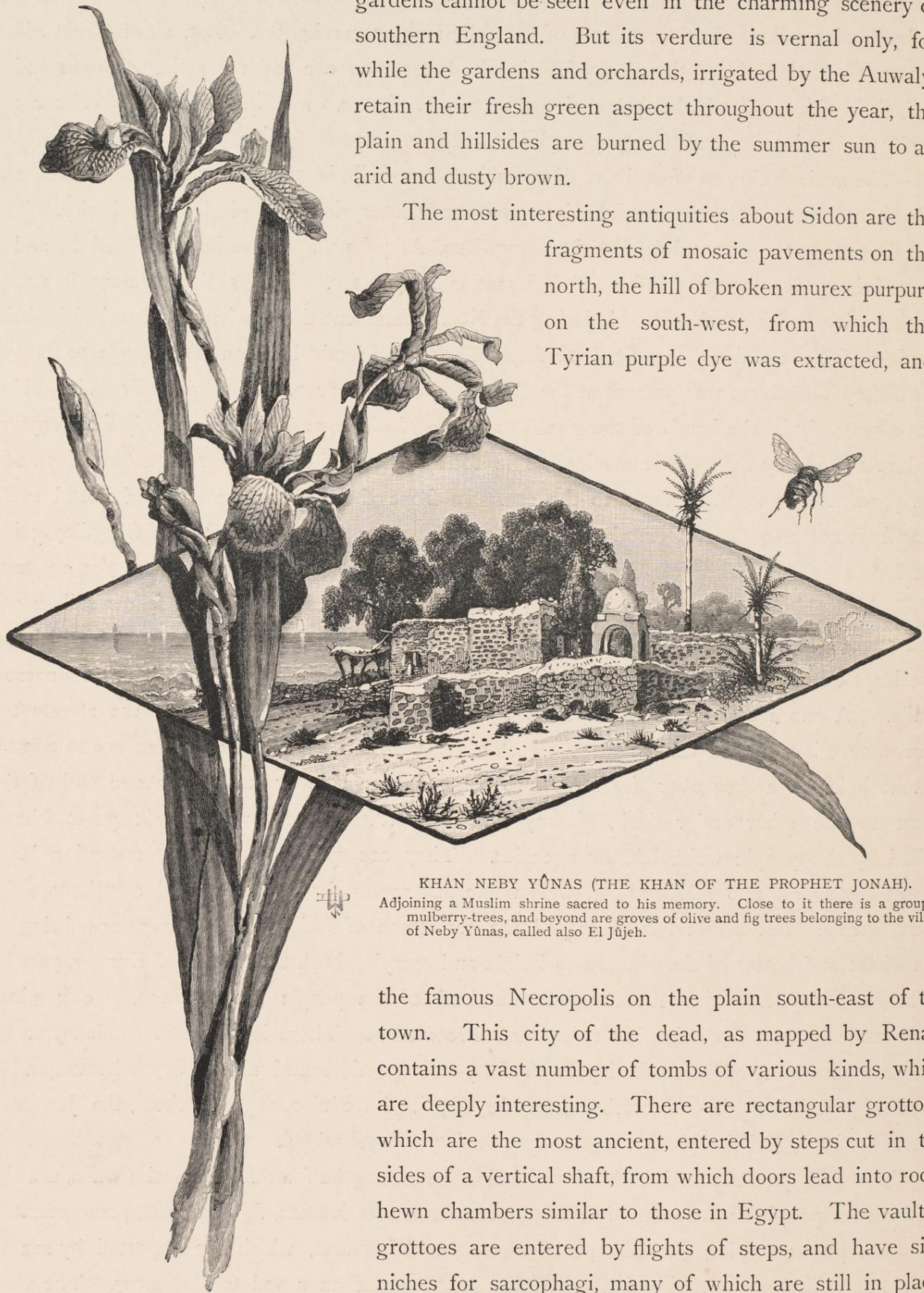
the commerce of Solomon between Ophir and his ports of Elath and Ezion Geber was carried on by Tyrian sailors, the descendants of the old Sidonian navigators. But, alas! Great Sidon is now only little Saida, "the place of fishing." Its seamen are mere coasting sailors running their little feluccas and shakhtûrs along the Syrian shores, while its contracted harbour can hardly shelter its tiny craft (see page 45).

The ancient city, so often built, destroyed, and re-built, is now a town of nine thousand inhabitants, and in its want of business life and enterprise, a typical oriental city. The Israelites never conquered it, but the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Persians subdued it, and it opened its gates to the two-horned Alexander in 332 B.C. Under the Romans it was a wealthy city, and it continued such during the New Testament times, when our Lord visited the borders of Tyre and Sidon. St. Paul found Christian friends here on his voyage to Rome. Its Bishop Theodorus was present at the Council of Nice, 325 A.D. During the Crusades, Sidon was alternately in the hands of the Franks and the Muslims, and suffered terribly from capture and re-capture by the hostile armies. The town is situated on the north-western slope of a low promontory extending down to the sea. In front of the sea wall a chain of island rocks runs from north to south, formerly enclosing a harbour large enough to hold fifty galleys; but the Druse prince, Fakhr ed Dîn, filled it up with stones and earth to prevent the entrance of Turkish ships, and now only the little shakhtûrs of Kozta Jiz and his fellow sailors can find anchorage in the shallow waters. Sidon is a walled town, and, unlike Beirût, which has overleaped its walls and spread for miles around, it keeps closely pent up within its narrow limits. A more compact city could hardly be imagined, for not only are the streets too narrow to allow loaded camels to pass each other with facility, but the houses are to a great extent built on arches over the streets, so that one can ride or walk from one end of the town to the other under dark, gloomy tunnels. Within the town are six great khans, called by the people wakkaleh, or agencies. They are quadrangular, built around a large paved courtyard, two stories high, with numerous rooms for travellers and storehouses for merchandise. But Beirût has destroyed the commerce of Sidon, and the caravans, bringing the wheat and butter of the Haurân to Beirût and carrying back the wares of Europe, pass by Sidon, outside the walls. About seven hundred of the people are Muslims, five hundred Jews, and the rest Catholics, Maronites, and Protestants. There is a female seminary under the care of the American Mission, with forty-five boarders and ninety day scholars, and a boys' high school. The French Sœurs de Charité have also a girls' school, the Jesuits a school for boys, and the Muslim Benevolent Society a boys' school.

The fruit gardens and orchards of Sidon, extending half a mile from the walls, are the pride of its people, and abound in oranges, lemons, sweet lemons, figs, apricots, pomegranates, almonds, plums, apples, peaches, pears, citrons, and bananas, which are exported by sea to Beirût and Alexandria, and by land to all the towns of Lebanon and to Damascus. The view of the plain and town from the Neby Yahia, or Tomb of John the Baptist, a mile to the east, in the month of April is extremely beautiful. A more verdant glade than that south of the

gardens cannot be seen even in the charming scenery of southern England. But its verdure is vernal only, for while the gardens and orchards, irrigated by the Auwaly, retain their fresh green aspect throughout the year, the plain and hillsides are burned by the summer sun to an arid and dusty brown.

The most interesting antiquities about Sidon are the fragments of mosaic pavements on the north, the hill of broken *murex purpura* on the south-west, from which the Tyrian purple dye was extracted, and

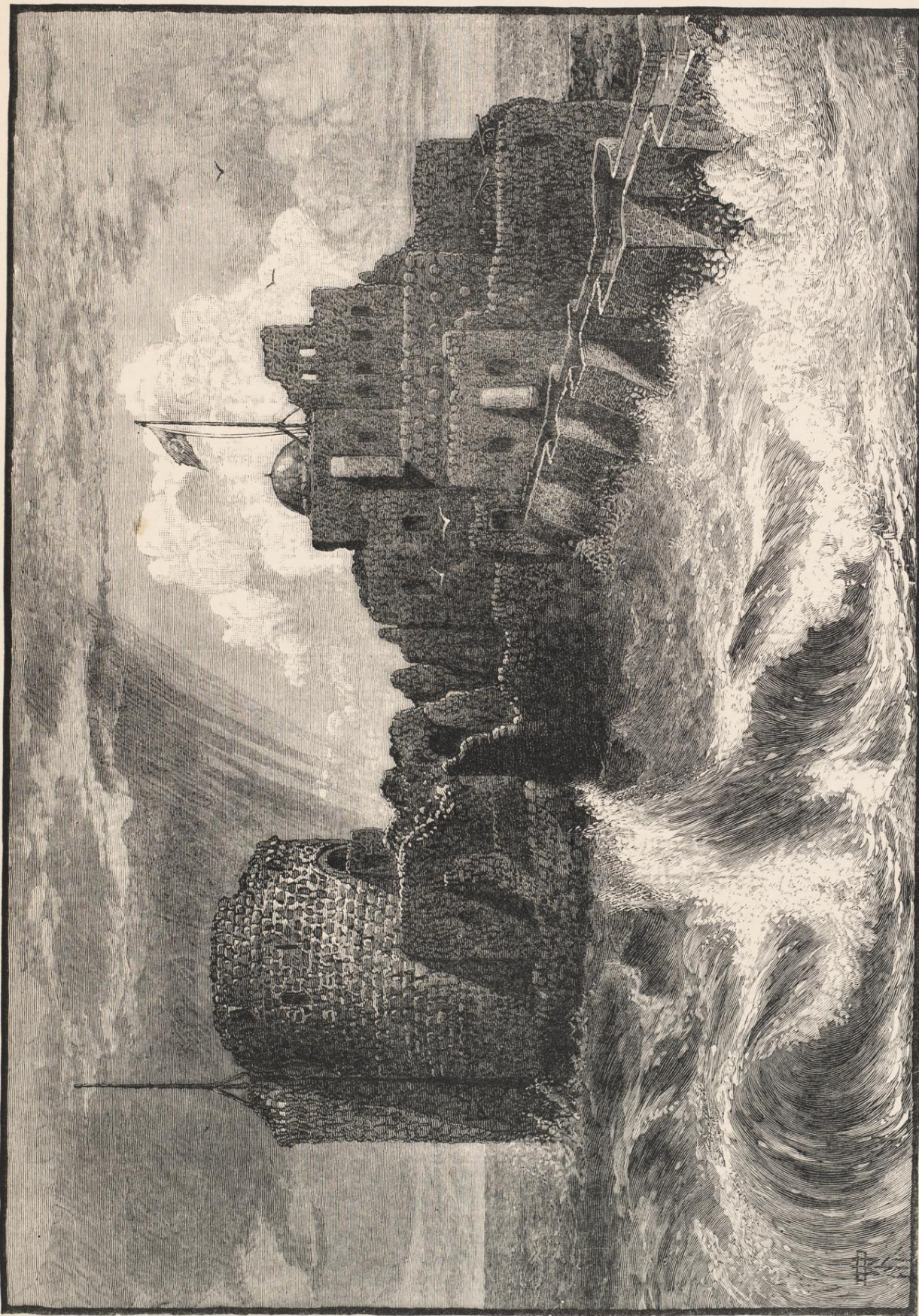


KHAN NEBY YŪNAS (THE KHAN OF THE PROPHET JONAH).

Adjoining a Muslim shrine sacred to his memory. Close to it there is a group of mulberry-trees, and beyond are groves of olive and fig trees belonging to the village of Neby Yūnas, called also El Jūjeh.

the famous Necropolis on the plain south-east of the town. This city of the dead, as mapped by Renan, contains a vast number of tombs of various kinds, which are deeply interesting. There are rectangular grottoes, which are the most ancient, entered by steps cut in the sides of a vertical shaft, from which doors lead into rock-hewn chambers similar to those in Egypt. The vaulted grottoes are entered by flights of steps, and have side niches for sarcophagi, many of which are still in place.

There are also grottoes lined with lime cement, painted in the Græco-Roman style, some having Greek inscriptions. In the rectangular grottoes are marble sarcophagi of the



THE CASTLE AND HARBOUR OF SAIDA, THE ANCIENT SIDON. It stands on a rocky island opposite the north-east end of the town, with which it is connected by an embankment with arches.

Phœnician anthropoïde style, fitted to the shape of the embalmed body. There are also sarcophagi in lead, such as are constantly found in the villages east of the city. Those in the vaulted grottoes are generally of pottery, and those in the decorated tombs are square, profusely decorated with garlands and other sculptured ornaments. About ten minutes south-east of the Acre Gate of Sidon is the Mugharet Ablûn, or Cave of Apollo, where, in 1855, was discovered the beautiful black basalt sarcophagus now in the museum of the Louvre in Paris. The Phœnician inscription of nine hundred and ninety words on its lid is well cut and perfectly preserved. European scholars have made several translations of it, which agree in the essential features.

"In the month Bul, in the 14th of my reign, King Ashmunazar, the king of the Sidonians, son of Tabnith, king of the Sidonians, grandson of King Ashmunazar, king of the Sidonians, spake, saying, I am snatched away before my time, like the flowing of a river . . . . ."

"Every royal person, and every man who shall open this funeral couch, or who shall take away the sarcophagus of this funeral couch, he shall have no funeral with the dead, nor be buried in a sepulchre, nor leave behind them son or posterity . . . . and the holy gods shall cut off that royal person, nor shall his root be planted downward, nor his fruit spring upward, for I am Ashmunazar, king of the Sidonians, son of Tabnith, king of the Sidonians, grandson of Ashmunazar, king of the Sidonians, and my mother, Immiastoreth, priestess of Astarte, our sovereign queen, daughter of King Ashmunazar, king of the Sidonians . . . . ."

"It is we who have built this temple of the gods—in Sidon by the sea, and the heavenly powers have rendered Astarte favourable. It is we who have erected the temple to Esmuno and the sanctuary of Ene Delil in the mountain . . . . the temple of Baal Sidon, and the temple of Astarte, the glory of Baal, lord of kings, who bestowed on us Dor and Joppa and ample corn lands which are at the root of Dan . . . . ."

This inscription is written in the Phœnician character, and is one of the most important Phœnician inscriptions yet discovered, the next in interest being that of Mesha on the Moabite stone, the Siloam tablet,\* and a tariff of sacrifices of Punic origin. The various Phœnician cities possessed rich archives and regular records, preserved with care from the most ancient times, the most valuable of which is the Græco-Phœnician work of Sanchoniathon the Beirût scholar, and dedicated to Abi Baal, king of Beirût. It is the opinion of Professor Sayce, that remains of the old Phœnician libraries must still exist somewhere in the unexcavated ruins of Syria. The gardeners of Sidon are constantly on the watch for new treasures, as they plough the soil or dig foundations for building. The citadel of Sidon, called by the Arabs Kûl'at el Mezzeh, is an ancient tower, said to have been built by Louis IX. in 1253. Near its base two colossal statues were recently exhumed. The Kûl'at el Bahr, or Castle on the Sea, stands on a small island connected with the land by a bridge of nine arches. It was built in the thirteenth century, the large blocks belonging to a more ancient structure. The

\* As the "Siloam tablet" had not been discovered when Colonel Wilson wrote his description of the Conduit and Pools of Siloam (see page 102 *et seq.*, vol. i.), a few words respecting it must be added here. The inscription was first observed, in June, 1880, by a pupil of Herr Schick, an architect who has long resided in Jerusalem. He was wading along the rock-cut channel which conveys water from the Fountain of the Virgin to the Upper Pool of Siloam, when he suddenly slipped and fell into the water; as he rose he noticed "some marks which looked like letters" on the rocky wall of the channel, which in this part is not more than two feet wide; its length is one thousand seven hundred and eight feet, but the direct distance from the Fountain to the Pool is only one thousand one hundred and four feet, for the channel deviates considerably from a straight line. The inscription is in a recess at the lower end of the conduit, and about nineteen feet from the place where it opens out into the Upper Pool of Siloam (see page 78, vol. i.). Before the inscription could be copied it was necessary to reduce the level of the water till the stream was not more than six inches in depth; but in this the copyist was obliged to crouch down in a cramped attitude, for the last line was still only just above water. Nevertheless Herr Schick and Professor Sayce each made a copy, and Lieut. Conder afterwards obtained a squeeze of the inscription from which casts were made for distribution, and thus many independent translations (which only slightly vary) have been made. The language is primitive Hebrew, the characters are Phœnician of the sixth to the eighth century B.C. The record implies (according to Professor Sayce and others) that the channel was excavated from both ends, and that the workmen met in the middle. "Behold the excavation! Now this is the history of the tunnel. While the excavators were lifting up the pick, each towards the other, and while there were yet three cubits to be broken through, the voice of one called to his neighbour, for there was a (crookedness?) in the rock on the right. They rose up . . . . they struck in the west of the excavation, each to meet the other, pick to pick; and there flowed the waters from their outlet to the Pool for a distance of a thousand cubits, and (three-fourths?) of a cubit was the height of the rock over the head of the excavation here."—[M. E. R.]



island on the west and south-west was once covered by a massive sea-wall, protecting the harbour from the waves, but after the destruction of the harbour by Fakhr ed Din, the

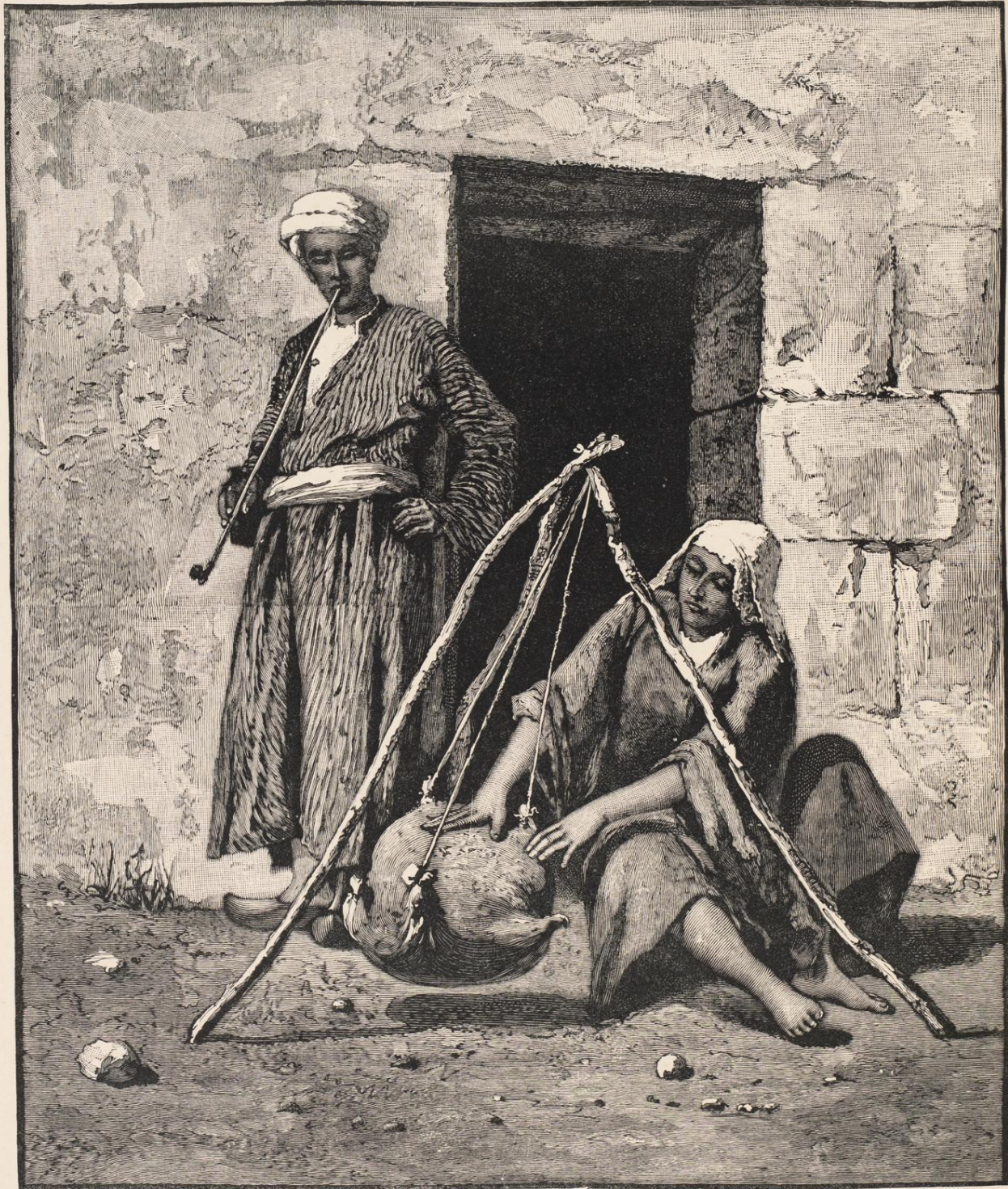


THE CITADEL OF SAIDA, THE ANCIENT SIDON.

Now called the Kü'l'at el Mezzeh. It stands on the south-eastern extremity of the town, on a heap of rubbish in which layers of the purple shell still are visible.

huge blocks were removed for building purposes, and in rough weather the sea makes a clean breach over the rocks into the little harbour. The old seats of Phœnician art and commerce have fallen into ruin and decay. Arvad, Gebal, Sidon and Tyre are hardly

known to modern commerce, while Beirût is monopolizing the Syrian trade. The art of extracting the purple dye from the murex purpura, millions of whose broken fragments



A PEASANT WOMAN CHURNING.

The churn is made of the tanned skin of a goat stripped off whole; it is partly filled with milk, and the extremities being securely closed, it is suspended in any convenient place by four ropes fastened to the skin of the legs; it is then regularly moved to and fro, with a jerk, until the process is completed.

form a hill at the south-west gate of Sidon, is hopelessly lost. The arts of gold and silver fancy work and the weaving of silk and wool have left Sidon and Tyre for the more thriving markets of Beirût and Damascus.