

inclosure; nevertheless, there is room for an equal number of other buildings of the same size. Dr. Prime estimates that were all the ruins of ancient Rome now extant gathered together in one place they would not equal in extent or grandeur these vast walls and columns of Baalbec.* Our party encamped within the entrance-court, together with a much larger party, yet with our nine tents and nearly fifty horses and mules tethered there the space that we occupied appeared very small—in fact, hardly noticeable. Another considerable structure is what is called the Circular Temple, located in the town a short distance from these. It appears to have been constructed originally of stones hewn for the purpose, but a mosque in the town and also one by the road which leads to Beyroot have been largely built of material taken from these old ruins.

Baalbec is quite a silk-growing place. There are extensive mulberry-groves all around the town, and even right under the walls of the temple. We were shown through one of the buildings where the young silk-worms were being fed. They were of all dimensions, from the head of a pin to an inch in length. They were feeding upon mulberry-leaves, which had been laid upon loose mats of reeds. A slow fire was kept burning in the middle of the room to keep an even temperature. The principal things necessary seemed to be plenty of mulberry-leaves and an even temperature, while the worms go on feeding, and finally begin to weave their costly cocoons. The town appears to be one of some importance, being connected with Beyroot by a telegraph line in addition to a well-built *diligence* road. A considerable part of the population are Christians, who have a separate quarter of their own.

* Dr. Prime would not say this since the excavations on the Palatine Hill at Rome.

Leaving Baalbec on the morning of the 27th of April, we had not ridden many miles toward Beyroot before encountering immense swarms of locusts. The strong east winds of the few days previous had brought them over from the Hauran beyond the Jordan. They were much larger than those that scourged Missouri a few years ago, and were of a yellow color. They had come too recently to do much damage to the growing wheat, and yet were evidently foraging, although much disturbed by the strong winds which were still blowing. They were very vigorous, and of so large a size that it was not at all pleasant to have one strike you in the face while riding by. A flock of nearly a hundred cranes were busy feeding on the locusts a few yards away. Their visits occur here, as with us in Missouri and Kansas, only at intervals of several years, so that the people are evidently not accustomed to them as food. They are fine, plump fellows, and it would not take many, even when dried, to make a meal. Beyond the Jordan they are dried and used for food by the Bedouins, and, *it is said*, are even fed to their horses like barley.

Our ride all day was through rather a fertile country—a considerable valley, in fact, known as the Bekaa. Much attention is paid here to silk-growing, and there are large groves of mulberry-trees. Vineyards abound on the hill-sides. These latter are protected by watch-towers, as in Palestine, but the whole family usually sleep among the vines as the grapes begin to ripen. Far across the valley, just near where the *diligence* road comes down from the Anti-Lebanon, we could see the few ruins of Calcis, where Herod once lived.

The most interesting feature of the day's ride was a visit to Zahleh, a Christian town of some fifteen thousand souls. Just before reaching there we stopped at the village of Kerak Nuh to see the tomb

of Noah. We were taken up a pair of steps and then into a room, where was gravely pointed out to us a tomb, one hundred and thirty-two feet long, as the last resting-place of Noah. It was a Moslem shrine that we were in, or the almost irresistible impulse to burst into a fit of laughter would have been yielded to *before* we remounted our horses and got to a safe distance from the village. Conceive of a man one hundred and thirty-two feet high and of the conventional breadth, and you have the Moslem idea of the Prophet Noah. The tomb was of plaster, such as is common in Moslem cemeteries. Shreds of cloth were tied as votive-offerings in the windows, while the tomb was partly covered with embroidered cloths. The grotesque appears again in this, that the prophet was too long for his bed-covering.

Zahleh would impress any traveler as inhabited by a different class of people from the average in Syria. The houses are better built and neater, while the people have an air of life and business about them very unlike the lazy gait of the Arabs. The population are mostly Greek Christians, and have been so for many years. The town was captured by the Druses in 1860, since which time, after the expulsion of the Druses, the people keep armed ready for defense in the event of a new attack. It is a Christian stronghold, and already native Christians have begun to flock here from the more exposed cities, like Damascus. There are many enterprising merchants in the place, some of whom bring sheep all the way from Persia. Much attention, too, is paid to silk-growing and manufacture.

On entering the town we met the Rev. Mr. Dale, Presbyterian missionary there, who kindly accompanied us through the place, and afterward, in company with the Rev. Mr. March, of the same mission, dined with us at our camp near Sthora. Quite a number of clergymen of another party camping

at the same place called in afterward, when the whole mission-field in this part of the country was thoroughly discussed. A growing liberty is felt in preaching Christ in this town and adjoining villages, where the mission has some twenty schools taught by native Christian teachers educated at the Syrian Protestant College in Beyroot. While not many of the Moslems and Druses have been reached, many of their children attend these Christian schools, the demand for which is so great that the people offer to pay the rent of the building and furnish the text-books wherever one is established. As the text-book is invariably the Bible, copies of the Scriptures are thus bought in large numbers by the people, and they preserve and read them in order to get the worth of their money.

Aside from their influence on the non-Christian community, a decided effect is produced among the Greek and Latin Christians. Even the Jesuits have yielded to the demands of the people, and have furnished a translation of the Bible very little different from the Protestant version. The Turks are regarded as less bigoted Moslems than the Arabs, so that as long as immediately under Turkish rule there is some little religious liberty. All classes, however, are greatly oppressed by Turkish corruption and taxation. The same taxes are collected more than once, and unless the people respond a second and third time if necessary, the dreaded horsemen are quartered upon the village until the whole is paid. The tax-collectors now are as notorious sinners as were the publicans of our Lord's day. Our missionary friends are heartily devoted to their work. We marked the close of our interview, as well as the last evening of our tent-life, by all uniting in "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" and a most fervent prayer by the Rev. Dr. Schaff.

We started west with the sun on the morning of

April 28, reaching Beyroot by the time he was on the meridian. It was a long ride over the Lebanon. The excellent *diligence* road winds zigzag up the mountain, while the Arab road runs almost parallel to it, occasionally taking a shorter cut. Our party, now consisting of nearly thirty, including servants and muleteers, found the shorter cuts not economical of time, and so followed the *diligence* road nearly all the way. We had a steady ascent of some two hours before reaching the top of the mountain. Much money is yearly spent in keeping the road in a perfect state of repair, especially during the winter season, when it is blocked with snow. Extra poles, like telegraph poles, are placed along the more exposed parts to designate to the workmen the line of the road, even when it is entirely hidden otherwise by the snow-drifts. At length the stiff breeze which sweeps down from the top of the mountain assures us that the Mediterranean is near, and in a few minutes we see its blue waters extending as far as the range of our vision. A storm is evidently raging, and great clouds of sand are sweeping over the city of Beyroot, while the biting wind reaches twenty miles away to the top of Lebanon.

We descend somewhat more rapidly, passing numerous villages all along the slopes of Lebanon, and terraced valleys that would do credit to Japan. A most industrious people live on these slopes, for the influence of Christian Beyroot is felt for many miles around. The city is in sight for the last four hours of our ride. We stop for a hasty lunch within an hour of the town, when we hear the first authentic news of the declaration of war. Much of our road into the city was skirted by groves of pines, planted to protect from the sands which sweep in from the south. On the hills in the distance we could see an occasional cedar with its long

lateral branches, not unlike the small groups of the old cedars of Lebanon about a day's ride from the city. We were told that the cones are eaten by the goats as fast as they fall from these old trees, and that they promise before many years to wholly disappear without leaving any successors.

The first thing after reaching Beyroot was to take a Turkish bath. It is a fit ending of a life in camp and a good beginning of a new civilization. I enter a large domed building, hung with towels and paved with marble. A fountain plays in the center beneath the frescoed dome, while on a raised platform there are divans on each of the sides of the octagonal room. Some of these were in recesses separated by curtains from the rest of the room. In one of these an attendant wraps the would-be bather in long towels and leads him, walking on clogs, to the bathing-room. The temperature increases in the different rooms through which he passes until the large bath-room is reached. Here, on a circular marble platform in the center of the room, the bather stretches on a divan just spread with fresh towels. He soon begins to perspire quite freely, when the attendant aids the process of relaxation by pulling each finger until the joints crack, by kneading the whole person as if it were so much dough, and by twisting the limbs until they seem capable of assuming any position. While the heat is thus gradually doing its work the bather often smokes the nargile, or water pipe, and drinks Turkish coffee. These, however, I eschewed, and was the quicker prepared to be taken into a smaller room, where the temperature was yet higher. Here began the peeling process, as the attendant rubbed me with a glove of goat's hair until I lost all the flesh gained during the last three weeks of horse-back riding. To let me see that he was doing his work well he would occasionally gather up a handful of the scrapings and show them. Next the

bather was covered with soap, a thick lather having been made and freely applied with a handful of coarse lint for rubbing it in. Then buckets of hot water were used for rinsing off the soap, and while the bather kept his eyes shut for prudential reasons, the attendant disappeared, taking with him the bucket of cold water that should have ended the bath. Unable to command enough Arabic to call for the cold water, I submitted to the slower cooling-off process of being wrapped in towels and going back on my clogs to the dressing-room, where, again declining the nargile and coffee, I was left to take a pleasant nap on the divan, or watch the skill with which the attendants could double up the towels in their hands and throw them so that they would fall stretched out properly on the lines nearly twenty feet above their heads. I left the bath feeling more respectable than when I entered, and more willing to be seen in civilized society after this strategic movement against the Syrian fleas.

The comforts of tent-life in Palestine are far greater than are usually imagined, and but for this omnipresent insect the drawbacks would be very few. The rides are usually not long, the horses are all fair walkers, and often canter and pace well, while the *cuisine* will compare with that of the average hotel in most of the cities. There is no difficulty about getting a good dragoman, provided one is not in a hurry. I would especially recommend not getting one until after visiting Jerusalem, where you may find a good hotel, and do not need his services, and can engage one there when needed. The trip from Joppa is best made in a carriage. I am delighted that the trip is over, in view of the increasing danger of travel on account of the war. Boat-life in China and tent-life in Palestine are among the most pleasant experiences of this tour of the world.

Beyroot is rather a beautiful city, especially as

seen from the water, a view which we did not have until leaving. It has a population of eighty thousand, and is, next to Damascus, the largest city in Syria. The Christian population is largely in excess of the Moslems. There are a number of Protestant agents at work here and in other parts of Syria, and already some three thousand persons are *enrolled* as Protestants, and are so recognized by the government. All taxes are raised from different sects—Moslems, Greeks, Maronites, Druses, and Protestants—and the people have to enroll themselves accordingly. It makes no difference to an individual in what class he may be taxed, but the Moslems oppose any one becoming a Protestant, because it lessens by one the number who must bear the Moslem share of the taxes. It is accordingly a decided proof of sincerity when any man volunteers to brave this opposition.

We were especially interested in the work of the American Presbyterian Mission. Years before I had heard the Rev. Dr. Jessup give an account of the work being done in Beyroot, and now I saw it, naturally exceeding this time the account then given. On Sabbath morning a congregation of natives completely filled the large and neat church. Of these more than two hundred were communicants. The Sabbath-school numbers four hundred scholars, and is as well conducted and orderly as any that I have seen in America. The native maidens, with their white veils covering the head but not concealing their features, would have been regarded as handsome anywhere in the world. Many of them, educated in Christian schools, are ushering in the era of neatness and cleanliness in the domestic life of the country. We heard two of them recite in Arabic, and almost without a balk, the whole of the Shorter Catechism. Nearly all the scholars have learned it, and the blind in the school have caught it from

hearing it so often recited. There were a number of blind scholars. One entire class is composed of blind lads and men, and is taught by a converted Druse. Aside from the congregation in charge of Dr. Jessup, there are others to which native preachers minister.

The Mission Press seems to be doing a fine work, from the number of volumes printed, and the different papers issued weekly or monthly. But most wide-reaching in its influence is the Syrian Protestant College. This is not under the auspices of any one denomination, although mostly officered by Presbyterians. It has an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars, and buildings and property worth as much more. Its course of study is high, and its professors are men of fine culture, who would bring honor to any institution in America. The institution has found many patrons and benefactors among the wealthy of England and America, and is well equipped with fine apparatus both in its astronomical and scientific departments. Its medical department is well attended, and its graduates are commanding extensive practice. In short, the whole institution, in its various departments, whether literary, medical, scientific, or theological, is doing a work that makes glad every Christian heart acquainted with it. Dr. Bliss is president, while such men as Drs. Van Dyck, Post, Lewis, and others, compose the faculty. It numbers over one hundred students, and has an income from tuition fees of about four thousand dollars annually. Its work is thus evidently appreciated by the natives, while it is so well done as to attract students from England and America who are anxious to acquaint themselves thoroughly with Arabic. We left our friend and fellow-traveler Mr. Sampson to pursue his studies here under these favorable auspices. The Christian atmosphere of the college is such that the

young men go out equipped no less as Christian workers than as physicians and teachers.

Seven years ago Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reached Beyroot after having successfully made this much of the tour of the world in the interest of the missions of his Church. He visited the college one day, and the following morning Dr. Bliss was suddenly sent for to find him dead, an attack of some disease of the heart cutting short a useful life. In company with our excellent consul-general at Beyroot, Mr. Edgar, Bishop Marvin and I drove out to his grave. A large granite monument, erected some years ago, bears the following inscription: "Rev. Charles Kingsley, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Born in the State of New York, U. S. A., September 8, 1812. Died in Beyroot, Syria, April 6, 1870, while making for his Church the first episcopal tour of the globe. May his tomb unite more closely Asia and America!" On the reverse side are these words: "Erected as a tribute of affection and esteem by order of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

After a memorable visit of just a month we left Syria, May 1, for Constantinople.

The Dardanelles, May 7, 1877.