

XXVIII. TIBERIAS TO NAZARETH.

March 28th.

It is six hours to Nazareth, but as there is nothing of special interest along the direct route by Lubieh, we will turn northward over this rocky shore to Mejdél. The path commands one of the finest views of the lake and surrounding scenery, and when the water was covered with boats and ships, and the land adorned with villas, orchards, and groves, the *tout ensemble* must have been beautiful, and even magnificent. But now, how solitary and sad! There is something oppressive in this unbroken silence; the very ducks on the lake are "shockingly tame," and the stupid fish gather in crowds, and stare up into one's face without the least alarm. Let us stop and look at them congregated around these copious tepid and nauseous fountains of Fûlîyeh. Travelers call them 'Ain el Barideh—*Cold Fountains*; but I have not heard that name applied to them by the Arabs, and there is no propriety in it, for they are decidedly *warm*. Dr. Robinson says that the great road from the south comes down to the shore at this point, along this Wady 'Ammas; but, if this was formerly the case, it is nearly deserted now, and the main road descends Wady Hamâm. I myself have always ascended by that ravine, nor have I ever seen any one pass up this wady of Abu el Ammâs.

These circular structures about Fûlîyeh have puzzled all travelers who have noticed them. They are ancient, and some think they are ruined baths, but there are no traces of any of the necessary accessories to such establishments, and without these they could not have been used for bathing. They do not appear to have been vaulted over, and the probability is that they were erected, like those at Ras el 'Ain, near Tyre, and at Kabery, to elevate the water of the fountains to irrigate this little vale of Fûlîyeh and to drive the mills of Mejdél. An inexhaustible mill-stream must always have been of immense importance to the inhabitants of this neighborhood.

Is this wild mustard that is growing so luxuriantly and blossoming so fragrantly along our path?



WILD MUSTARD.

It is; and I have always found it here in spring, and, a little later than this, the whole surface of the vale will be *gilded over* with its yellow flowers. I have seen this plant on the rich plain of Akkâr as tall as the horse and his rider. It has occurred to me on former visits that the mustard-tree of the parable probably grew at this spot, or possibly at Tabiga, near Capernaum, for the water in both is somewhat similar, and so are the vegetable productions. To furnish an adequate basis for the proverb, it is necessary to suppose that a variety of it was cultivated in the time of our Saviour, which grew to an enormous size, and shot forth large branches, so that the fowls of the air could lodge in the

branches of it.¹ It may have been perennial, and have grown to a considerable tree, and there are traditions in the country of such so large that a man could climb into them; and after having seen *red pepper* bushes grow on, year after year, into tall shrubs, and the *castor bean* line the brooks about Damascus like the willows and the poplars, I can readily credit the existence of mustard-trees large enough to meet all the demands of our Lord's parable.

Irby and Mangles, going from the south end of the Dead Sea to Kerak, found a tree in great abundance, which had a berry growing in clusters like currants, and with the color of a plum. The taste was pleasant, though strongly aromatic, and closely resembled that of mustard, and, if taken in considerable quantity, it had precisely the same effects as mustard. The leaves had the same pungent flavor as the seed, although not so strong. They think this is the tree of the parable, and it may be so. They give no name to this remarkable plant, but it well deserves a more careful and scientific examination. At any rate, I should not be surprised to find in some such locality a *mustard plant*, which, when grown, "is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." I once discovered a veritable *cabbage-tree* on the cliffs of Dog River, and many curious vegetable anomalies doubtless remain to be detected and described.

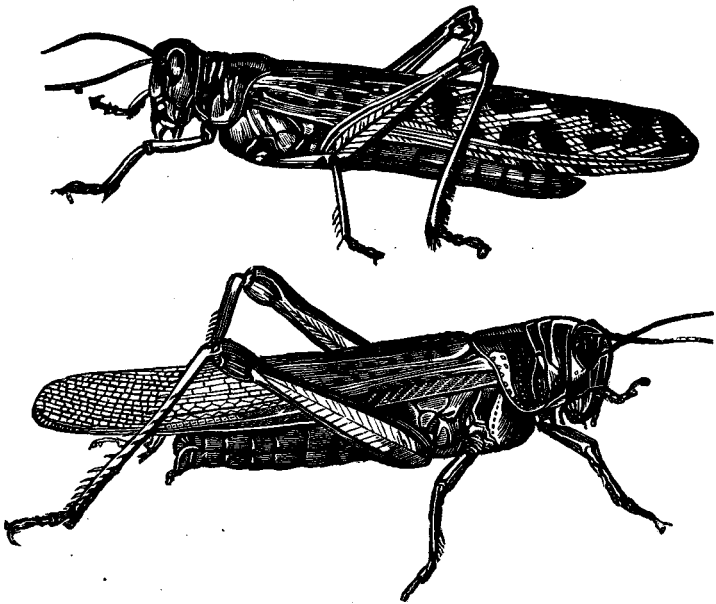
We are not to suppose that the mustard-seed is the least of all seeds *in the world*, but it was the smallest which the husbandman was accustomed to *sow*, and the "tree," when full grown, was larger than the other herbs in his garden. To press the *literal* meaning of the terms any farther would be a violation of one of the plainest canons of interpretation. This ample size, with branches shooting out in all directions, yet springing from the very smallest beginnings, contains, as I suppose, the special meaning and intention of the parable. It is in this sense only that the kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed. Our Saviour did not select it because of any inherent qualities, medicinal or

¹ Matt. xiii. 31, 32; Mark iv. 30-32; Luke xiii. 18, 19.

otherwise, which belonged to it. True, it is *pungent*, and *penetrating*, and *fiery*, and *searching*, and must be *bruised* or *crushed* before it will give out its special virtues; and one might go on enumerating such qualities, and multiplying analogies between these properties of mustard and certain attributes of true religion, or of the Church, or of the individual Christian, but they are foreign to any object that Jesus had in view, and must therefore be altogether fanciful. Such exposition dilutes the sense, and dissipates the force and point of his sayings, and should not be encouraged.

Here, on the side of this mountain, above Fûlîyeh, I had my first introduction, some twenty years ago, to the far-famed locusts of the East. Noticing something peculiar on the hill side, I rode up to examine it, when, to my amazement, *the whole surface became agitated, and began to roll down the declivity*. My horse was so terrified that I was obliged to dismount. The locusts were very young, not yet able *even to jump*; they had the shape, however, of minute grasshoppers. Their numbers seemed infinite, and in their haste to get out of my way they literally rolled over and over, like semi-fluid mortar an inch or two in thickness. Many years after this I became better acquainted with these extraordinary creatures in Abeîh on Lebanon.

Early in the spring of 1845, these insects appeared in considerable numbers along the sea-coast and on the lower spurs of the mountains. They did no great injury at the time, and, having laid their eggs, immediately disappeared. The people, familiar with their habits, looked with anxiety to the time when these eggs would be hatched, nor were their fears groundless or exaggerated. For several days previous to the first of June we had heard that millions of young locusts were on their march up the valley toward our village, and at length I was told that they had reached the lower part of it. Summoning all the people I could collect, we went to meet and attack them, hoping to stop their progress altogether, or at least to turn aside the line of their march. Never shall I lose the impression produced by the



SYRIAN LOCUST.

first view of them. I had often passed through clouds of *flying* locusts, and they always struck my imagination with a sort of vague terror; but these we now confronted were without wings, and about the size of full-grown grasshoppers, which they closely resembled in appearance and behavior. But their number was astounding; the whole face of the mountain was black with them. On they came like a living deluge. We dug trenches, and kindled fires, and beat, and burned to death "heaps upon heaps," but the effort was utterly useless. Wave after wave *rolled up* the mountain side, and poured over rocks, walls, ditches, and hedges, those behind covering up and bridging over the masses already killed. After a long and fatiguing contest, I descended the mountain to examine the *depth* of the column, but I could not see to the end of it. Wearied with my hard walk over this living deluge, I returned, and gave over the vain effort to stop its progress.

By the next morning the head of the column had reached my garden, and, hiring eight or ten people, I resolved to rescue at least my vegetables and flowers. During this day we succeeded, by fire, and by beating them off the walls with brushes and branches, in keeping our little garden tolerably clear of them; but it was perfectly appalling to watch this animated river as it flowed *up* the road and ascended the hill above my house. At length, worn out with incessant skirmishing, I gave up the battle. Carrying the pots into the parlor, and covering up what else I could, I surrendered the remainder to the conquerors. For four days they continued to pass on toward the east, and finally only a few stragglers of the mighty hosts were left behind.

In every stage of their existence these locusts give a most impressive view of the power of God to punish a wicked world. Look at the pioneers of the host, those flying squadrons that appear in early spring. Watch the furious impulse for the propagation of their devouring progeny. No power of man can interrupt it; millions upon millions, with most fatal industry, deposit their innumerable eggs in the field, the plain, and the desert. This done, they vanish like morning mist. But in six or eight weeks the very dust seems to waken into life, and, moulded into maggots, begins to creep. Soon this animated earth becomes minute grasshoppers, and, creeping and jumping *all in the same general direction*, they begin their destructive march. After a few days their voracious appetite palls; they become sluggish, and *fast*, like the silk-worms, for a short time. Like the silk-worms, too, they repeat this fasting *four* times before they have completed their transmutations and are accommodated with wings. I do not remember to have seen this fact in their history noticed by any naturalist. In their march they devour every green thing, and with wonderful expedition. A large vineyard and garden adjoining mine was green as a meadow in the morning, but long before night it was naked and bare as a newly-plowed field or dusty road. The noise made in marching and foraging was like that of a heavy shower on a distant forest.

The references to the habits and behavior of locusts in the Bible are very striking and accurate. Joel says, He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree: he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white.¹ These locusts at once strip the vines of every leaf and cluster of grapes, and of every green twig. I also saw many large fig orchards "clean bare," not a leaf remaining; and as the bark of the fig-tree is of a silvery whiteness, the whole orchards, thus rifled of their green veils, spread abroad their branches "made white" in melancholy nakedness to the burning sun.

In view of the utter destruction which they effect, the prophet exclaims, Alas for the day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come. Is not the meat cut off before our eyes?² This is most emphatically true. I saw under my own eye not only a large vineyard loaded with young grapes, but whole fields of corn disappear as if by magic, and the hope of the husbandman vanish like smoke.

Again, How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate.³ This is poetic, but true. A field over which this flood of desolation has rolled shows not a blade for even a goat to nip. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea and *nothing shall escape them*. Before their face the people shall be much pained: how emphatically true! all faces gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war, and they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks.⁴ When the head of the mighty column came in contact with the palace of the Emeer Asaad in Abeih, they did not take the trouble to wheel round the corners, but climbed the wall like men of war, and marched over the top of it; so, when they reached the house of Dr. Van Dyck, in spite of all his efforts to prevent it, a living stream rolled right over the roof. They shall run to and fro in the

¹ Joel i. 7.² Joel i. 15, 16.³ Joel i. 18.⁴ Joel ii. 3, 6, 7.

city; they shall run upon the wall; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.¹ Every touch in the picture is true to the life. If not carefully watched, they would have devoured the flowers which were carried into the inner rooms in pots.

The Prophet Nahum says that the locusts camp in the hedges in the cold day; but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and the place is not known where they are.² Paxton and others have remarked that there is much difficulty in this passage, but to any one who has attentively watched the habits of the locust, it is not only plain, but very striking. In the evenings, as soon as the air became cool, at Abeîh they literally camped in the hedges and loose stone walls, covering them over like a swarm of bees settled on a bush. There they remained until the next day's sun waxed warm, when they again commenced their march. One of the days on which they were passing was quite cool, and the locusts scarcely moved at all from their *camp*s, and multitudes remained actually stationary until the next morning. Those that did march crept along very heavily, as if cramped and stiff; but in a hot day they hurried forward in a very earnest, lively manner. It is an aggravation of the calamity if the weather continues cool, for then they prolong their stay and do far more damage. When the hot sun beats powerfully upon them, they literally *flee* away, and the place is not known where they are. This is true even in regard to those which have not wings. One wonders where they have all gone to. Yesterday the whole earth seemed to be creeping and jumping, to-day you see not a locust. And the disappearance of the clouds of flying locusts is still more sudden and complete.

David complains that he was tossed up and down as the locusts.³ This reference is to the flying locust. I have had frequent opportunities to notice how these squadrons are tossed up and down, and whirled round and round by the ever-varying currents of the mountain winds.

Solomon says, The locusts have no king, yet go they

¹ Joel ii. 9.

² Nahum iii. 17.

³ Ps. cix. 23.

forth all of them by bands.¹ Nothing in their habits is more striking than the pertinacity with which they all pursue the same line of march, like a disciplined army. As they have no king, they must be influenced by some common instinct.

I am not surprised that Pharaoh's servants remonstrated against his folly and madness when they heard the plague of locusts announced. Let the men go, said they to their proud master, that they may serve the Lord their God. Knowest thou not yet *that Egypt is destroyed?* And when they came they were *very grievous*, for they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened, and they ate every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees, and there remained not any green thing in the trees, nor in the herbs of the field. Moses declared that they should cover the face of the earth so that one can not be able to see the ground.² I have this dreadful picture indelibly fixed on my mind. For several nights after they came to Abeih, as soon as I closed my eyes the whole earth seemed to be creeping and jumping, nor could I banish the ugly image from my brain.

The coming of locusts is a sore judgment from God. If I command the locusts to devour the land, says the Lord to Solomon.³ Yes, it is the command of God that brings these insects to scourge a land for the wickedness of the inhabitants thereof.

Do you suppose that the meat of John the Baptist was literally locusts and wild honey?⁴

Why not? by the Arabs they are eaten to this day. The perfectly trustworthy Burckhardt thus speaks on this subject: "*All the Bedawins of Arabia, and the inhabitants of towns in Nejd and Hedjaz are accustomed to eat locusts.*" "*I have seen at Medina and Tayf locust shops where these animals were sold by measure. In Egypt and Nubia they are only eaten by the poorest beggars.*" "*The Arabs, in preparing locusts as an article of food, throw them alive into boiling water with which a good deal of salt has been*

¹ Prov. xxx. 27.

² 2 Chron. vii. 13.

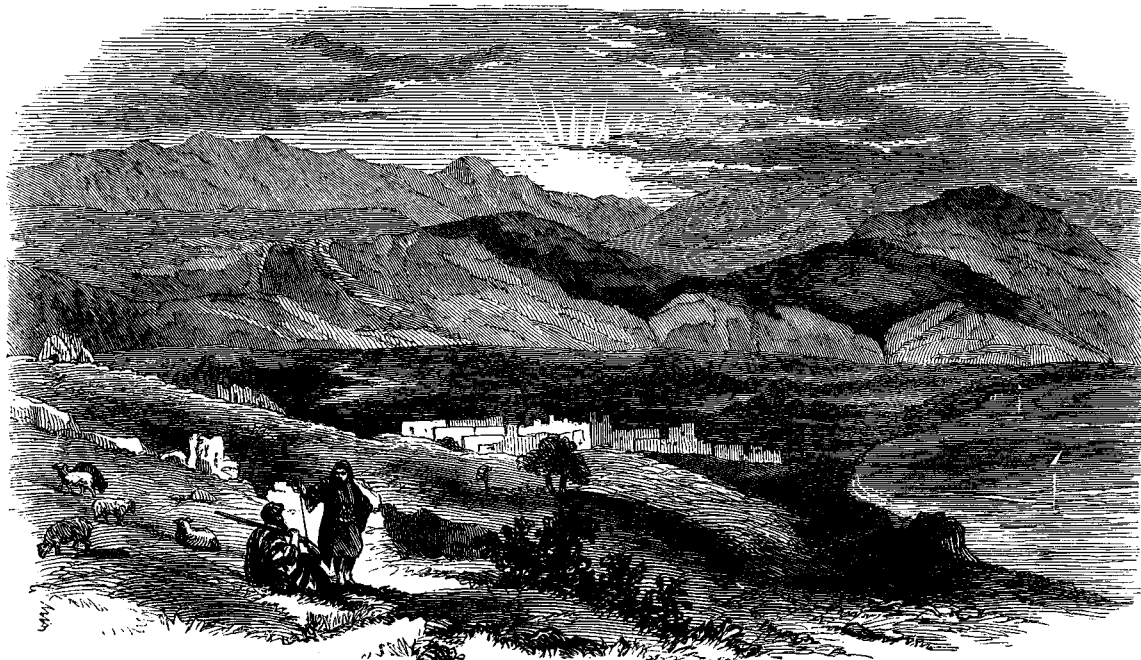
³ Ex. x. 4-14.

⁴ Matt. iii. 4.

mixed. After a few minutes they are taken out and dried in the sun; the head, feet, and wings are then torn off; the bodies are cleansed from the salt and perfectly dried, after which process whole sacks are filled with them by the Bedawîn. They are sometimes eaten boiled in butter, and they often contribute materials for a breakfast when spread over unleavened bread mixed with butter." Thus far Burckhardt. Locusts are not eaten in Syria by any but the Bedawîn on the extreme frontiers, and it is always spoken of as a very inferior article of food, and regarded by most with disgust and loathing—tolerated only by the very poorest people. John the Baptist, however, was of this class, either from necessity or election. He also dwelt in the desert, where such food was and is still used, and therefore the text states the simple truth. His ordinary "meat" was dried locusts; probably fried in butter and mixed with honey, as is still frequently done. This honey, too, was the article made by *bees*, and not *dîbs* from grapes, nor dates from the palm, nor any thing else which ingenious commentators have invented. Wild honey is still gathered in large quantities from trees in the wilderness, and from rocks in the wadies, just where the Baptist sojourned, and where he came preaching the baptism of repentance.

Nor did John transgress the law of Moses by thus eating locusts. Disgusting and nauseous as this food appears to us, the Hebrews in the wilderness—probably in Egypt also—were accustomed to use it, and in Levit. xi. 22 it is declared to be clean in all its varieties, one of which is wrongly called *beetle* in our translation. No people ever eat any of the *beetle* tribe so far as I can discover, and there can be no reasonable doubt but that *sal'am*, rendered *beetle*, and *khargal*, *grasshopper*, are both varieties of the locust.

Here is Mejdél, seated on the southern margin of Genesaret. It is a wretched hamlet of a dozen low huts huddled into one, and the whole ready to tumble into a dismal heap of black basaltic rubbish. This is the city of Mary Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils, and it seems to be in very significant keeping with the only incident that



MEJDEL AND THE PLAIN OF GENNESARET.

has given it a history. Evil spirits of some sort must possess the inhabitants, for they are about the worst specimen in the country; and yet they dwell on the shore of this silvery lake, and cultivate this plain of Gennesaret, which Josephus calls the "ambition of nature."

And so it well may be called, to judge from this large expanse of luxuriant barley and wheat. The whole plain is one waving field of grain, without hedge, ditch, or fence of any kind to break the even continuity.

Turn westward here, along the base of the mountain, and in half an hour we shall enter the great gorge of Wady Hamâm. Let me call your attention to these "tares" which

are growing among the barley. The grain is just in the proper stage of development to illustrate the parable. In those parts where the grain has *headed out*, they have done the same, and *there* a child can not mistake them for wheat or barley; but where both are less developed, the closest scrutiny will often fail to detect them. I can not do it at all with any confidence. Even the farmers, who in this country generally *weed* their fields, do not attempt to separate the one from the other. They would not only mistake good grain for them, but very commonly the roots of the two are so intertwined that it is impossible to separate them without plucking up both. Both, therefore, must be left to *grow together* until the time of harvest.¹



TARES OF PALESTINE.

¹ Matt. xiii. 29, 30.

The common Arabic name for the tare is *zowan*, and this, I presume, is the root of the Greek name *zizanon*. The tare abounds all over the East, and is a great nuisance to the farmer. It resembles the American *cheat*, but the *head* does not droop like cheat, nor does it branch out like oats. The grain, also, is smaller, and is arranged along the upper part of the stalk, which stands perfectly erect. The *taste* is bitter, and when eaten separately, or even when diffused in ordinary bread, it causes dizziness, and often acts as a violent emetic. Barn-door fowls also become dizzy from eating it. In short, it is a strong soporific poison, and must be carefully winnowed, and picked out of the wheat, grain by grain, before grinding, or the flour is not healthy. Of course the farmers are very anxious to exterminate it, but this is nearly impossible. Indeed, grain-growers in this country believe that in very wet seasons, and in marshy ground, the *wheat itself turns to tares*. I have made diligent inquiries on this point, and find this to be their fixed opinion. Nor is this a modern notion, or one confined to the ignorant. It is as old, at least, as the time of our Saviour, and is met with both in heathen writers and in the expositions of the early fathers. Still, I am not at all prepared to admit its truth. If it could be proved, as these old authors assert, that *zizanon* is merely a degenerated wheat or barley, it would be reasonable to allow that such degeneration might occur in a soil and season adapted to cause it, but I do not believe the fundamental fact in the question. *Zowan* differs so essentially from wheat, that it will take the very strongest evidence to establish their original identity. Besides, it does not accord with the general law of degeneracy that it is completed at *once*, and by a single process. Such changes are gradual, and require successive production and reproduction, each adding to the gradual deterioration, before such a radical change can be effected. The farmers, however, stoutly maintain that they "sow good seed in their fields," and in clean ground, and yet that the whole is turned to *tares* in consequence of extraordinary rains during winter—that is, that perfect *wheat* is changed to perfect *tares* by one single

process; and farther, that this change is *permanent*. These extemporaneous tares ever after produce tares, and tares only, nor can you, by any legerdemain, *reverse* the process, and change *tares* back to wheat. *If* this be true, it is a species of original sin in the vegetable kingdom every way surprising.

But how are you to answer a farmer who takes you to a field nearly all tares, and declares that he there sowed clean seed, and that in previous years he always reaped good harvests of pure grain? Whence the present crop of tares? he asks, and so do you. I have repeatedly examined such fields with all the care in my power, and without finding an answer. It would be easy to say, as in the parable, an enemy hath done this; but, though I have read in authors *who never resided in Palestine* that bad men do thus injure their enemies, I have never found a person in the country itself who had either known or heard of such an act. It is certainly remarkable that Arab malice has never adopted this mode of injuring its victims; but the fact must be told, it is altogether unknown at the present day. It must have been done, however, in the time of our Saviour, or He would not have mentioned it in his parable. At all events, the farmers of this day will not admit that their fields have thus been filled with tares, and I believe them. We must, therefore, find some other solution of a phenomenon which occurs so often that I have myself had frequent opportunities to verify it. I suppose that several separate causes conspire to bring about the result. First, very wet weather in winter *drowns* and kills *wheat*, while it is the most favorable of all weather for *tares*. In a good season the wheat overgrows and chokes the tares, but in a wet one the reverse is true. The farmers all admit this, but still they ask, Whence the *seed* of the tares? we sowed "good seed." To this it may be answered, The tare is a very light grain, easily blown about by the wind; that a thousand little birds are ever carrying and dropping it over the fields; that myriads of ants are dragging it in all directions; that moles, and mice, and goats, and sheep, and nearly every other animal,

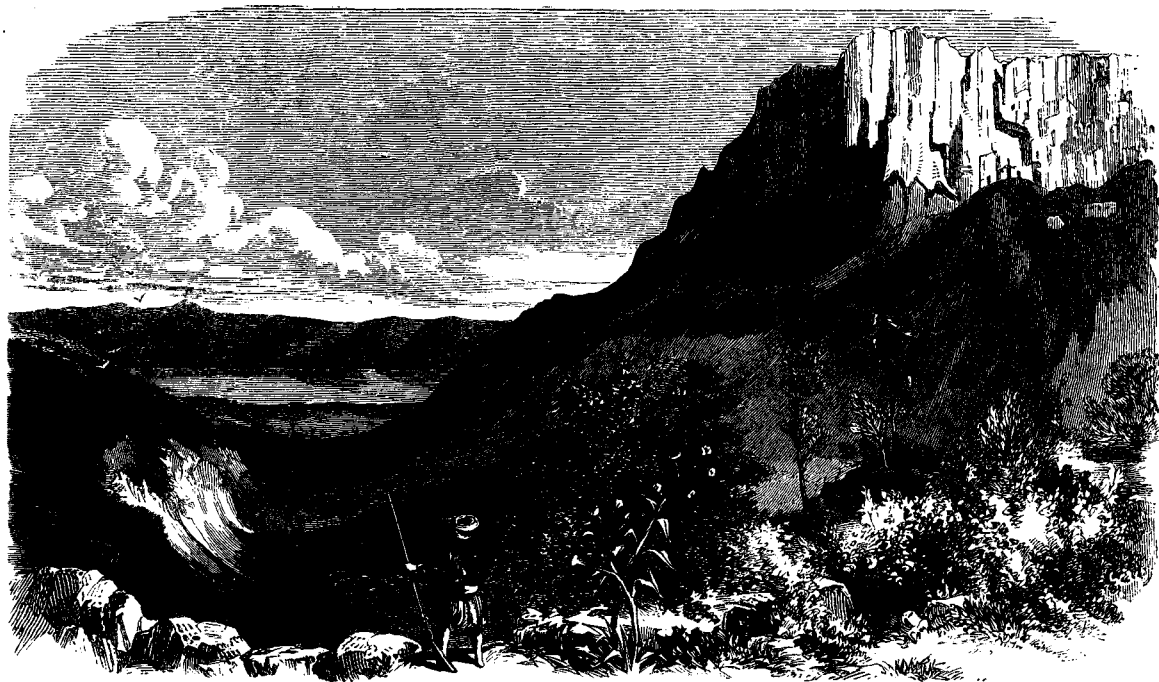
are aiding in this work of dispersion; that much of the tares *shell out* in handling the grain in the field; that a large part of them is thrown out by the wind at the threshing-floor, which is always in the open country; that the heavy rains, which often deluge the country in autumn, carry down to the lower levels this outcast *zowan*, and sow them there; and these are precisely the spots where the transmutation is said to occur. It is my belief that in these and in similar ways the tares are *actually sown*, without the intervention of an enemy, and their presence is accounted for without having recourse to this incredible doctrine of *transmutation*.

Enough about tares. We are just entering the throat of this tremendous gorge. It is called Hamâm, from the clouds of *pigeons* which "flock to their windows" in these rocks. Look up now to that cliff on the left. It is more than a thousand feet high, and a large part is absolutely perpendicular. It is perforated by a multitude of caverns, holes, and narrow passages, the chosen resort of robbers in former days. The walls and fortifications which united these caverns, and defended them against attack, are still visible. They are now called Kūlaet Ibn M'an, but anciently they bore the name of Arbela, from a village on the top, a little back



ASSAULT OF ROBBERS.

from the precipice, the ruins of which are now named Irbid. Josephus has a graphic description of the capture of these caves by Herod the Great. After various expedients to expel them had failed, he let boxes filled with soldiers down the face of the precipice, and landed them at the entrance of the caverns. This was a most daring ex-



KULAIET IBN M'AN, WADY HAMAM.

plot, but it succeeded, and by fire and sword the robbers were entirely exterminated. Josephus himself afterward fortified this place in preparation for the Roman war, but he does not appear to have made any use of it.

This is truly a most surprising gorge, and there is nothing in this region which leads the traveler to expect such precipices.

The country above is yet more deceitful, and one is on the very edge of the awful cliffs before he is aware of their existence. I have passed up this ravine many times, and yet can never get through without stopping again and again to gaze, admire, and almost shudder. But we have still a hard ascent to the top, and must no longer loiter here. See these prodigious blocks, each "large as a meeting-house." They have tumbled from those giddy heights, and nearly block up the wady. Some of them have fallen since I last came this road. Dr. Wilson is mistaken as to the size of this brook, but still here is a fountain of delicious water. My first ascent through this stupendous gorge had all the romance of a veritable discovery. I had never heard of it, and was almost wild with excitement.

This is indeed a fatiguing ascent, but now we have gained the summit, what a beautiful plain spreads out to the south and west! and those cone-like hills must be the Horns of Hüttin.

They are, and that village at their base on the north has the same name. It is half an hour hence, and our path lies through it. Dr. Clark and others have exaggerated the height of these "Horns," and the grandeur of the prospect from them; yet Dr. Robinson, who makes the criticism, scarcely does them justice. Neither the Horns themselves, nor the prospect of plain, and gorge, and lake, and mountain, is to be despised.

Nor are these gigantic hedges of cactus which surround this village to be passed without remark.

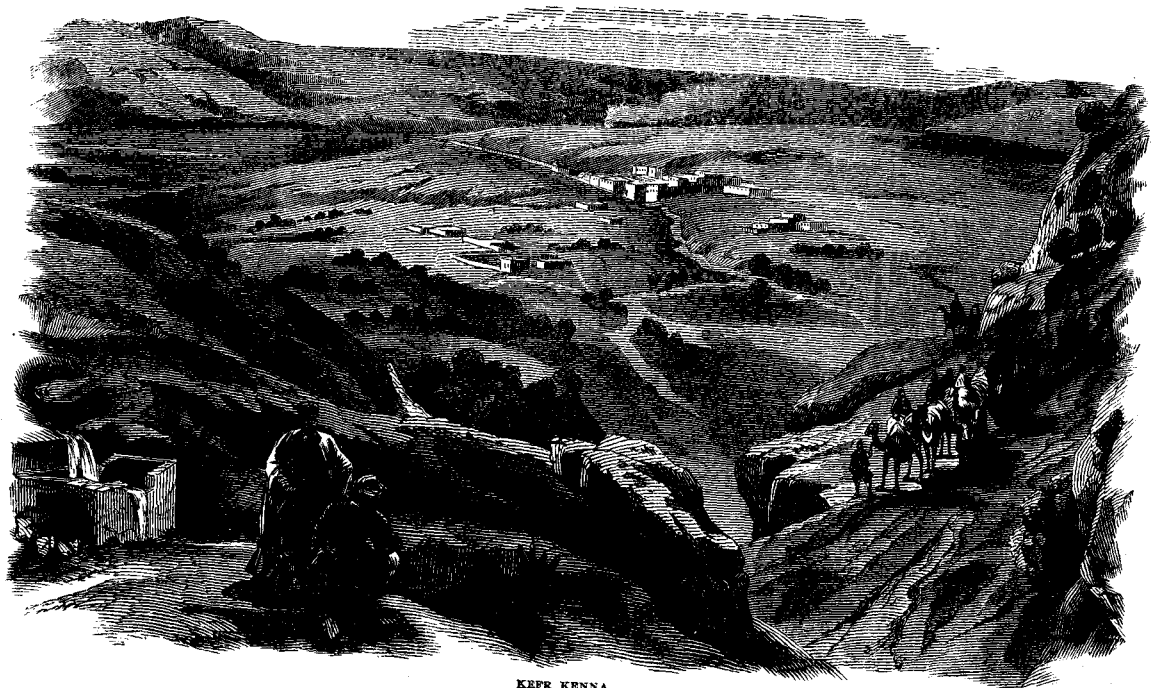
They are very large, and you will find the same at Lûbieh, three miles south of us, and at Sejera, between that and Tabor. In fact, the cactus hedges form impenetrable ram-

parts around many of these villages in Galilee, which neither man nor beast will scale, and which fire can not consume.

There are no antiquities of any significance in this Hüt-tîn, and nothing else to detain us except to get a drink of their good water. We shall find none equal to it between this and Nazareth. There is a Moslem *mazar* hid away in this ravine, which comes down from this nearest of the "Horns." It is called Neby Shaiyib, and is celebrated for the cure of insanity. Sheikh Yûsûf of Abeîh was brought here several years ago, and two of our muleteers were of the party. They are now laughing at the foolish experiment. The poor sheikh derived no advantage from the long journey, hard usage, and silly ceremonies; but that will not deter others from making a similar experiment. Ten thousand failures a thousand times repeated apparently have no tendency to cure the mania for miracles and miracle-working saints and shrines.

Was not the "sermon on the mount" preached upon one of these "Horns," according to ecclesiastical tradition?

When I first passed from Nazareth to Tiberias, I was taken to the very stone upon which the Great Teacher was said to have stood. It lies round on the southeastern slope of the second Horn, but it is needless to say that there is not the slightest evidence in favor of this locality. The same remark applies with even more certainty to the tradition that the feeding of the "five thousand" took place on this mountain; and this in spite of the half dozen "stones of the Christians"—Hajâr en Nusâra—which are still shown to substantiate the fact. These Horns of Hüt-tîn, however, will always have a melancholy celebrity in memory of the miserable and utterly ruinous defeat of the Crusaders in A.D. 1187, by the great Saladin. Michaud has given a minute account of this terrible battle in the second volume of his great work, and Dr. Robinson, in the third volume of his *Researches*, a much better one, which you can consult at your leisure. Nothing so forcibly pictures to my mind the deplorable mismanagement of the Crusaders, or the inca-



KEFR KENNA.

capacity of their leaders, as the fact that they allowed themselves to be hemmed in upon these barren Horns of Hüttin, to *die for want of water*, when there was this copious fountain at the base, within a bow-shot of their perishing ranks.

If you wish for an opportunity to cultivate your antiquarian ability, try it on this ancient ruin which we are approaching. It is now called Meskîna, and has evidently been a place of importance, to judge from the rock-tombs, cisterns, and old foundations scattered over the plain; but I do not recall any such name either in the Bible or elsewhere. The same, however, is true of 'Ain Baida, 'Ain Mâhy, Em Jebeîl, and half a dozen other sites along the ridge upon our left, between Lûbieh and Kefr Kenna. That large village ahead of us, and almost concealed among the olive-groves, is called Tûr'an, and from it this long, narrow plain takes its name.

When riding up this road on a former occasion, I pestered every body I could find on the right and the left, farmers, shepherds, Bedawîn, and travelers, with inquiries about the place where the *water was made wine*. With one consent they pointed to Kefr Kenna. Some of them knew of a ruin called Kânâ, on the north side of the great plain of Bûttauf, but only one had ever heard of the word Jelîl as a part of the name; and, from the hesitancy with which this one admitted it, I was left in doubt whether he did not merely acquiesce in it at my suggestion. It is *certain* that very few even of the Moslems know the full name Kânâ el Jelîl; and yet I think Dr. Robinson has about settled the question in its favor as the true site of the miracle recorded in the second chapter of John. Kefr Kenna, however, is worth looking at for its own sake, and also because it has long borne the honors which are probably due to its neighbor, and *may* possibly have a right to them. It is prettily situated on the side of a shallow vale, has some ruins of ancient buildings, and some tolerably respectable modern ones, and, above all places in this vicinity, abounds in flourishing orchards of pomegranates. Pomegranates have a certain mystical office to perform in native marriages, and no doubt

those from Kefr Kenna have special virtue and value. We shall not trouble ourselves to look up the fragments of the six water-pots which were shown to me long ago, nor any other fabulous antiquities of the place. Here, at this well, I always find a troop of bold, but good-looking girls, like those of Nazareth. If this were the Cana of the New Testament, the servants doubtless drew water from this identical fountain, for the village has no other.

As we can not now turn aside to visit the Kânâ on the other side of the Büttauf, I will give you an account of my ride thither on a former occasion. We obtained our guide from this village, and, as they are hunters, and familiar with every acre of this region, they are the best that can be procured. Where the vale of Kefr Kenna unites with the plain of Tûr'an is a very ancient ruin, called Jiftah (or Geftah). This, I suspect, is the site of the Gath-hepher, mentioned by Jerome as being two miles east of Sephoris, on the way to Tiberias. A respectable tradition makes this the birth-place of the Prophet Jonah. His *tomb* is now shown by the Moslems of this neighborhood at Meshhed, on a hill a little to the south of it. This Jiftah, with the curious addition of the article *el*, is the name of the important bounding valley, repeatedly mentioned by Joshua,¹ between Zebulon and Asher, and it is the only place that now bears that name. It is situated on the edge of the long valley of Tûr'an, which stretches from above Tiberias westward into the Büttauf, and thence southwest, under the name of Nehar el Mélék, down to the Kishon, at the base of Carmel, and there the boundaries of the two tribes might meet, for both extended to Carmel. I have the impression, therefore, that this is in reality the valley of Jiphthah; and as that part of it which spreads out into the Büttauf was doubtless the great plain of Zebulon, a new idea struck me while exploring it as to the proper punctuation (if you choose) of that remarkable prophecy concerning the great light of the Sun of Righteousness that rose on Zebulon and Naphtali. Nazareth, Kefr Kenna, Kânâ, and all the regions adjacent, where our Lord

¹ Josh. xix. 14, 27.

lived, and where he commenced his ministry, and by his miracles. "manifested forth his glory," were within the limits of Zebulon; but Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida were in Naphtali. It was this latter tribe that was "by the way of the sea beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles."¹ Zebulon did not touch the sea of Galilee at any point, but the territories of these two tribes met at the northeast corner of the Büttauf, not far from Kânâ, and within these two tribes thus united our Lord passed nearly the whole of his wonderful life. To others there may not appear to be much in these remarks, and yet the facts, as they came out clear and distinct during my ride round the "plain of Zebulon," seemed to me to add a beautiful corroboration of the ancient prophecy and promise.

But let this pass. Crossing the plain of Tûr'an toward the northwest, we followed the stream which drains off the water into the Büttauf. It is called Jerrûban, and was on that day a boisterous brook, in consequence of the heavy rain that, in spite of Mackintoshes and umbrellas, was soaking us to the skin, from head to foot. In an hour from Kefr Kenna we came to Rümmaneh, on the very edge of the Büttauf. This, no doubt, marks the site of the ancient Rimmon that belonged to Zebulon.² Between it and Seffûrieh is a ruin called Rûm—the Ruma, I suppose, mentioned by Josephus as the birth-place of two of his heroes of Jotapata.³ The hills around the Büttauf, east, north, and west, are wild, picturesque, and crowded with ancient ruins, some of them with old columns, as at Em el 'Amûd and at Sûr, west and northwest of Hüttîn. The day we crossed the Büttauf the eastern half of it was a lake, and the path from Rümmaneh to Kânâ led through the oozy, spongy end of it. It was the most *nervous* ride I ever made. For two miles the horses waded through mud and water to the knees, along a path less than two feet wide, which had been *tramped down* to a consistency sufficient to arrest the sinking foot for a moment; but if the careless or jaded nag stepped elsewhere, he sank instantly into a quivering quagmire. After several adven-

¹ Matt. iv. 15.² 1 Chron. vi. 77.³ Wars, iii. 7, 21.

tures of this sort, we "came to land" just at the foot of Kânâ.

Leaving our tired animals to rest and crop the grass and shrubs, we ran eagerly up and down the hill on which the village was built. It faces the southeast, and rises boldly from the margin of the Büttauf. The hill itself is nearly isolated. Wady Jefât comes down to, and then along the southwestern base of it, and another deep ravine cuts it off from the general range on the north and northeast, and it is thus made to stand out like a huge *tell*.

The houses were built of limestone, cut and laid up after the fashion still common in this region, and some of them may have been inhabited within the last fifty years. There are many ancient cisterns about it, and fragments of water-jars in abundance, and both reminded us of the "beginning of miracles."¹ Some of my companions gathered bits of these water-jars as mementoes—witnesses they could hardly be, for those of the narrative were of *stone*, while these were baked earth.

There is not now a habitable house in the humble village where our blessed Lord sanctioned, by his presence and miraculous assistance, the all-important and world-wide institution of marriage. This is a very curious fact, and might suggest a whole chapter of most instructive reflections. It is a sort of divine law of development to hide away the beginnings of things the most momentous in some almost undiscoverable point. This is an example. Innumerable millions in their happiest hours have had their thoughts and hearts directed to Kânâ. Poor little lonely thing! the proudest cities on earth might envy your lot. Nineveh, and Babylon, and a thousand other names may be forgotten, but not Cana of Galilee. It may even come to pass that Paris, London, and New York will be dropped out of mind, and their very sites be lost; but to the end of time, and to the end of the world, whenever and wherever there shall be the voice of the bride and the bridegroom, then and there will Cana of Galilee be remembered. Some names we

¹ John ii. 1-11.

pronounce with honor, some with shame and sorrow, many with cold indifference, but *Cana* will ever mingle in the song of the happy, to symbolize the peace and purity of domestic happiness—the bliss of wedded love.

Kânâ is not only deserted itself, but, so wild is the immediate neighborhood, that it is the favorite hunting-ground of the Kefr Kennits. Ibrahim, our guide, had shot a large leopard among its broken houses only a week previous to our visit. He had been hunting wild boar in Wady Jefât; and up this wady we next proceeded in search of Jotapata. It took just half an hour to ride from Kânâ to the foot of the rock of Jefât, which Mr. Schultz first identified with the site of that far-famed castle. It is therefore about two miles west of Kânâ. The path is in the bed of Wady Jefât, and is easy enough for a single horseman, but it would be quite impracticable for an army, and this agrees well with the description of Josephus. The sides and lateral ravines, of which there are many, are covered with a thick jungle of oak coppice—the very best haunt for the wild boar, and wild Arabs too. We, however, saw nothing more formidable than a jackal.

From the nature of the place and its surroundings, Jotapata could never have been any thing much more respectable than a retreat for robbers. Whatever appears greater than this in the account must be put down to the imagination or the *necessity* of the historian. The wadies about it are neither deeper nor more savage than scores of other wadies in Galilee, and Gamala was vastly more difficult to attack. The absence of fortifications on the top of Jefât can easily be explained. The original works were ephemeral, extemporized for the emergency, and built of the soft cretaceous rock of the place, and being demolished and deserted, they would crumble into just such rubbish as now covers the extreme edges of the rock. There are a few caves and old cisterns about it, quite sufficient for the story *reduced*, as this, above all others in Josephus, ought to be. He manifestly intended to rest his fame as a warrior upon the defense of Jotapata, and with this idea to stimulate his pen,

there is scarcely any conceivable length of exaggeration to which he would not go.¹

But there lies Nazareth in its pretty vale, and I leave you to walk or ride down these slippery paths as you prefer, and to enjoy in silence your own reflections, which must be far more impressive than any words of mine.

¹ See Wars, iii. 7 and 8.



THE VALE OF NAZARETH.