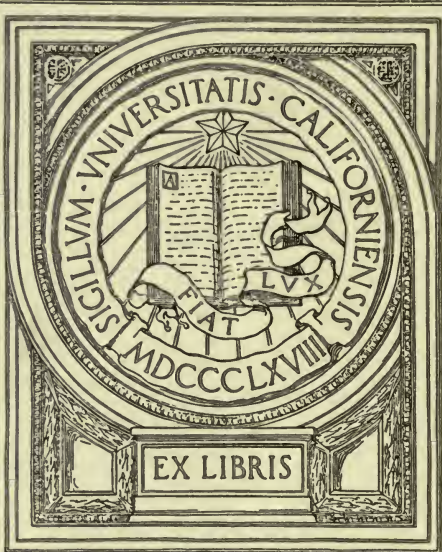




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IIOMRA TREE, FORTY-TWO FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE:

Peculiar to Tropical Climates. Its Fruit is called Gangulos.

[See Page 175.]

بحر النيل والصحراء

SEA NILE, THE DESERT,
AND NIGRITIA :

TRAVELS IN COMPANY WITH CAPTAIN PEEL, R.N.

1851-1852,

DESCRIBED BY

JOSEPH H. CHURI, MARONITE,

OF MOUNT LEBANON.

WITH THIRTEEN ARABIC SONGS,

As Sung by the Egyptian Sailors on the Nile,

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, AND THE ARABIC WORDS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH AS PRONOUNCED
AND SET TO MUSICAL ANNOTATION; WITH OTHER ARABIC SONGS.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,

31, KING STREET, HOLBORN.

1853.

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CARPENTIER



LONDON:
PETEK AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE-YARD,
BLACKFRIARS.

PREFACE.

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

I HOPE, gentle reader, that you will not regret reading these Travels, which, with much diligence, I have undertaken to describe for you. I trust you will derive some pleasure from the account of the Life in the Desert, of the Arabs, of Nubia, of the interesting conversations I held with the people amongst whom I travelled, and of many other things which may serve to give you a just idea of the Blue and White Niles and of the Negroes. You will, no doubt, feel moved to compassion by some dolorous passages; but even these I have tried to mingle with descriptions that will interest you.

I do not intend giving you here a dissertation that would not be to the purpose, but I feel obliged to say one or two things that seem needed. You must know, gentle reader, that I am a Maronite of Mount Lebanon, and at the age of fourteen I was sent to the College of Propaganda, in Rome, to be educated in virtue and doctrine for the ecclesiastical state; and, as I then knew no other language but Arabic and Syriac, I began my course of European studies with the a, b, c, then followed Latin grammar, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, and one year of divinity. During this time I always kept up the use of

my own languages, and added to them Hebrew. I entered college in the beginning of 1842, and I left it at the end of 1849 owing to sickness. I was unwilling to return home for several reasons, and I determined to come to England to try and teach Oriental languages, such as Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic, and also Latin and Italian. I came from Malta to Marseilles, and to Paris, where I arrived without any letters of recommendation; and thence got to London. Though I had no means I never lost courage, but I repeated to myself, "Be thou faithful to God, and he will help thee in thy ways." And so it was, for I hardly arrived in London when I met with virtuous and charitable persons who took great interest in me, especially Mr. D. Braggiotti, and Mr. P. Hava, my countryman, who is of an ancient and distinguished Maronite family, highly respected for its learning and extreme charity. Two months after I began to give lessons in Arabic and Latin, and shortly after in Italian and Hebrew. Amongst my Arabic scholars was Captain W. Peel, R.N., who, by daily lessons for three months, made great progress. In September, 1850, he proposed to take me with him to Egypt as his teacher in Arabic, and to go up the Nile to Uadi Halfe, to Suez, Mount Sinai, Arabia, Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Syria. I had some difficulty in consenting to this project, as I was unwilling to break off the lessons I was giving to other pupils; but finally I promised to go with him, and we left Southampton on the 20th of October, 1850, and after a prosperous journey through the places above named, we returned on the 20th of February, 1851. I will not give you a detailed account of the virtues of Captain Peel, lest I should offend him; but I must say that, besides his talent and excellent

memory, he is very charitable towards the poor, and he has not those prejudices so common to the young men of his station.

On my return I got back my scholars, and even fresh ones, and I thought no more of travelling. In the month of June, Captain Peel proposed another most interesting journey—to the centre of Africa from Cairo, to Darfor, Bargu, Barnu, and to the Niger, towards the Cape of Good Hope. After a long delay I consented, and we left England on the 20th of August, 1851, by the steamer *Pottinger*. The passengers knew nought of our destination, though they all tried to find it out. On our arrival at Cairo we hired a boat, and went up the Nile to Corosco, in Nubia; and then we crossed the Desert, suffering intensely from the heat.

We passed through Nubia, and got to Kartum, the capital of a province of Upper Nubia and of Sudan. Here we crossed the White Nile, and went to Lobaied, the capital of the eastern part of Cordofan, where we hoped to penetrate into Darfor; but our hopes were vain, and our firm resolution and courage were broken through by sickness. After having suffered from twenty-five days of intermittent fever, we were obliged to turn back *ad pellem salvandam*. We returned to Kartum by another road on the western side; and this was useful, as we went through all the villages of Cordofan. I got information on all sorts of points about these villages, and on agriculture, &c.

It only now remains, in order to conclude this introduction, to ask the gentle reader to peruse attentively these Travels. It is very difficult for a writer to combine in his description the truth with beauty—the simple with the sublime—the interest with delight; but he ought to do so according to the best of his

ability, and not lose courage in the task. I beg you, therefore, not to regard any defects of mine, but to pass them over, knowing what the Latin poet recommends—

“*Eximia est virtus præstare silentia rebus.*”

I am greatly obliged to a kind friend for the great assistance and interest which he has taken in the publication of these Travels, and desire to return him here my best thanks for such kindness. I am also indebted to Mr. H. Bannister for having had the kindness to correct the notes, to whom I express my sincere acknowledgments.

NOTICE.—The second note on page 140, and the third on page 141, belong to Chapter xxi. The second note goes after the second period of the second paragraph, and the third at the end of it. Also the note in page 185 belongs to page 187—after the name “Lobaied,” eleventh line.

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TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO AND JOURNEY TO KENEH.

AFTER a stay of six days at Cairo, we determined to set off on our journey and go up the Nile to Corosco in Nubia, and having hired a dahabie (boat), and provisioned it for the voyage, we embarked at the anchorage in Bulac,* on the 11th of September, at six o'clock in the evening. The wind being fair, we set sail, and soon were stemming the current of the sweet sea,† the Nile. I say the current, for the Nile (as I think all know,) differs from all other

* Bulac is the same as Cairo, with this exception only, that it is situated on the bank of the Nile, and is the port where all the boats are moored. The great city is about half a mile distant from it.

† The Arabs call the Nile sweet sea to distinguish it from the Mediterranean, which they call salt sea.

rivers. Whilst they in general increase during the winter months, the Nile, on the contrary, does so in the summer. In the month of September, the Nile is in all its majesty, filling not only its own channel, but inundating all the islands in its course. The first which we saw after leaving Bulac, was Delta; a beautiful and large island, surrounded by a high and strong wall, so that it has the appearance of an inexpugnable rock. But with all this, it had almost succumbed before the torrent, and our dahabie, as it sailed on the copious stream, was on a level with the high trees, planted there long ago. I was very sad at such a spectacle, for I remembered, that last year I stopped there to catch the breeze and enjoy the shadow of those fine trees, which were now almost covered with water. I had not much time for such thoughts, for the wind increasing, we sped onwards, and soon left Delta behind us. The night advanced, and seemed preparing to cover us with its darkness, but the silvery moon, the sparkling and trembling stars in that limpid sky reflecting on the waters, which gradually became calm,* continued the light as if it were still day. I remained up some time, observing and enjoying that beautiful sight. Then wishing the captain good night, I retired to rest. The wind, however, again increas-

* The waters of the Nile become calm near sunset, and are generally calm at night. I was very attentive in noticing this to see if the observation of the learned Abdollat was true. It is really as he stated in his History of Egypt and the Nile, that the Nile becomes calm near sunset.

ing, our dahabie was so tossed about as to render sleep impossible; but I was still glad to lie down on my couch. As it was important that the sailors should not attempt anchoring* for the night, Captain P. kept watch, remaining awake all night.

We progressed so favourably during the first night, that at half-past eight in the morning, we came in sight of Beni Seuf, the first bandar† of Upper Egypt. The wind failing, we did not reach it until two p.m., and we anchored there for a little time. We set off thence with a strong wind, which, at sunset, became almost tempestuous; so we anchored for the night. On its abating, we again started and went so rapidly that on the 13th, a few minutes after four p.m., we arrived at Minieh, the second bandar of Upper Egypt. Without stopping there we continued our course; but about midnight we were obliged to anchor, on account of the strong and furious wind. At five in the morning of the 14th, we left the shore, where we had taken shelter, and although the atmosphere was clear and the sun was shining brilliantly, the howling of the wind was so frequent and horrible as to frighten every one. The boatmen wished to stop, as they usually do in such circumstances, but Captain P. up-

* The custom of the Egyptian sailors is to anchor as soon as the sun sets, though the wind is fair; that they intended to do, but Captain P. forced them to leave the dahabie to her course and profit by the favourable wind. They never sail at night for fear that the dahabie should strike on the rudder shoals, which are numerous, and be lost.

† Bandar means a market town or village, as Beni Seuf and others.

braiding them for their cowardice, threatened them with bastinadoes, if they presumed to shorten sail. They were frightened and trembling lest the dahabie should be overturned, and as we perceived this, we showed ourselves all the firmer, and even displeased. A short course took us past the port of Osiut, capital of Upper Egypt, and the best bandar in that region. At half-past six p.m., just before we lost sight of Osiut, the wind ceased, being nightfall, and as it was perfectly calm, we anchored. At ten o'clock we were induced by the appearance of a gentle breeze to loosen the sail; but they had hardly filled, when they hung heavily against the mast, which obliged us again to cast anchor. A little after this the wind began to blow, and Captain P. called out loudly for the sailors to set sail, which they did. It did not, however, appear prudent to proceed after two o'clock in the morning, on account of the numerous sand banks, on which, if the dahabie had struck, she would have been lost. Captain P. seemed inclined to give the vessel her course, but I advised him, that the boatmen had nothing to loose (as I heard them say), in the event of an accident, and we had everything to loose, while exposing ourselves to such danger. He yielded, and we anchored.

At five o'clock in the morning we set off with a very pleasant breeze, and sailing all day, we came, about six p.m., to Ekmim, and availing ourselves of the wind we passed Girghe about eleven at night. The dahabie

was so tossed about by the increasing wind, that we were obliged to anchor a little after midnight. At four o'clock in the morning we again set sail with gentle breeze, which, although very slight, seemed quite domesticated to us, and instead of the frightful howling of the day before, blew gently and mildly all day, and brought us to Keneh about midnight, where we anchored and lay down to rest in quietness and peace, until the orb of day shining in our dormitory awoke us from our sweet slumber.

Chere asks,

"Has the orb of day, &c. - ?"

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM KENEH FOR OSUAN.

ON awaking on the morning of the 16th, we found the wind favourable, but were unable to avail ourselves of it at once, being obliged to stay at Keneh to purchase several articles and provisions which we had bought at Cairo, but forgotten. Immediately the bazaar was opened we were amongst the first to enter, and having bought coffee (bun), sugar, and other things, we embarked, and were quickly under sail. The dahabie pursued by Eurys, quickly sped along, leaving a course similar to a wounded or frightened serpent in the grass.

The Nile winds about this neighbourhood, and consequently Keneh was soon out of sight. At mid-day the wind ceased, and the Nile became tranquil; the sailors at once jumped on shore, and commenced towing the dahabie with a long cord attached to the mast. They continued doing so till evening. My companion, taking pity on the weary sailors, ordered them to anchor, which they speedily did, and we remained there quietly the night.

The following morning we departed early, the da-

habie tracked by the sailors as on the previous day. They had to apply all their strength to make up for the want of wind. The dahabie no longer proudly stemmed the waters, but glided gently along. At evening the tired sailors entered the dahabie to repose. I quickly followed their example, overcome with the excessive heat of the day. Captain P. rarely slept, but remained on the little seat outside our dormitory ready to awake the sailors, when the wind should rise. He roused them at four in the morning, when Eurys commenced to shake his wings. [I woke suddenly, startled by the shouts of the sailors, and their united cries of "Hele, hele," as they hauled up the sails]; we progressed well till the rising of the sun over the Eastern hills. The wind seemed to increase, but the sun caused it to burn us. We were in sight of Thebes and of Korna, but did not arrive there till eleven the following morning. We stopped for about an hour, and then rowed over to the Eastern bank. The sailors were obliged to drag the light vessel till sunset, when we anchored, leaving the sails spread, in order not to lose time, should Eurys favour us. Shortly he came, but so weak, that we scarcely advanced, and although the dahabie proceeded like an old cripple, we nevertheless passed Armant, situated at a short distance from the Western shore, a place celebrated for its breed of dogs, whose barking, echoing in these silent neighbourhoods, reached our ears. I remained with my companion

till ten, contemplating and enjoying the sight of that clear and brilliant sky, glittering with its numerous silvery stars, which reflected on the water below, and formed a second sky beneath, adding beauty to the beautiful nature. Eurus then was giving forth his last sighs; died precisely at midnight, and the dahabie was anchored at the uatad.*

The day dawned beautifully, but with no refreshing breezes. The sailors with their cord tracked the vessel all day till evening, only interrupting their work for a short time, in the middle of the day. This interruption was due to [the odorous smell of the cooked lentils inviting them to enjoy themselves a little. After satisfying their appetites, they took a few minutes recreation—some smoking, others jesting and sporting to keep up merriment, as is usual amongst persons employed in the same work together.

Finished their short, but agreeable rest—they gaily retook to their not very agreeable task so heartily, that we reached Esna at five p.m.†

There we stopped a quarter of an hour and left with a good wind, which continued till eight; when it ceased, we anchored for the night. The following morning, the gentle zephyrs scarcely moved the dahan.

* Uatad is a big stick, four or five feet long, sharp at one extremity. When the sailors anchor in the day, or in the evening to spend the night, they fix the uatad in the ground two or three feet, and bind the boat to it.

† Esna is a bandar, and residence of the Medir (governor), who governs those villages around. They are dependencies of the Medir of Esna, and form a province called Mediriat Esna (the province of Esna.)

"Ah, the odorous smell of cooked lentils!"

bie, and the sailors tracked again to Leban,* singing as they were wont. At four p.m., to our delight the wind sprung up pretty strong, but cold. The dahabie went so rapidly, that we passed Gibel Olselsele (mountain of the chain), at three in the morning; it became calm till about eleven a.m., when retaking its previous strength, the dahabie flew along, so that at seven p.m., we arrived at Osuan—the last bandar of Upper Egypt. The captain wished immediately to pass the first cataract; (improperly so called) but he was persuaded, that it would not be prudent to attempt to take the dahabie through the rocks during the night, which, though serene, was without the light of the moon.

I and the cawas went off immediately to the Effendi of Osuan, with the firman given us by His Highness the Pascha, and he immediately sent off for the head man employed in taking the boats through this dangerous portion of the river—ordering him and his men to be ready to take the dahabie through the first cataract the following morning, (it is a rapid, and not a sciallal as ignorant persons have called it. This I will explain fully in the following chapter). We returned from the Effendi to the dahabie, and casting care aside, resigned ourselves to sleep.

* Leban is a cord made of the fibres, which are twisted round the branches of the palm. The cables too of many boats are made of these fibres, which are as strong as hemp. The Nubians have no other cords, but this, and the possessor of a cord amongst them is esteemed a great man.

CHAPTER III.

PASSAGE OF THE FIRST CATARACT, AND ARRIVAL AT
BAB-OLCALABSCE.

ON awaking on the morning of the 23rd, we wished immediately to commence the ascent of the first cataract, when the cawas informed us of a visit from the Effendi, who shortly arrived with his suite, and seated himself in the dahabie. The captain handed him the firman, which he could with difficulty read. Wishing to second the views of Captain P., I gently avoided the subject, which the Effendi opened, concerning news from Cairo; and taking the paper, which he was sending to his secretary to write something, I told him I would write for him, as well as his secretary, if he would tell me what he would like to write. I did so to get rid of him, and having quickly finished, we took leave of the Effendi. The dahabie was now filled with men, who with their captain had come to take us through that difficult passage. Orders were given to start, and behold us entering, full sail, into the so much feared first sciallal or cataract.

The dahabie advanced well, steered by one of the men who came for that purpose. In two places, in consequence of a little current, four men got out to drag the boat. We might certainly have passed with the sails; but for greater security they dragged the boat a little, and caused us to get on much quicker. These two were not the principal points of the [improperly called cataract,] for we could not recognize the place where, in winter, little vessels and dahabie are drawn by main force with cords, and frequently damaged. One, who had never seen the river in its full flow, could scarcely say, whether it was a current or not. We spent an entire day here last year, but were unable to distinguish the place of the current. The agitation, however, of the water among the rocks there, gives an idea of some interesting point in the Nile. This is that magnificent current, which in the winter forms near Osuan, and is by the ignorant styled cataract. [For it is well known to all learned in the Arabic language, that the verb scialla, thence sciallala, signifies to pour out naturally or artificially water or any other liquid from some height; nor is it used when the liquids spread themselves over a tract of land somewhat inclined. Therefore, the Arabic language, so rich in distinction, furnishes another technical verb, giara, iagiri, (to flow rapidly.)]

This verb we find employed by the famous Abdollatif (in his History of Egypt and the Nile), in describing the current at Osuan. Not having space to describe

churi says " [- -] " →

minutely the Nile at this point, I have only made these passing observations.

We quickly passed that perilous part of the Nile, and arrived on shore opposite Anas Olugiud (Philœ), a most beautiful little island, where we waited for the cawas, who, fearing to pass the sciallal in the dahabie, found a pretext for waiting to bring some letters from the Effendi, which were not finished when we left. He rode a horse (donkeys are more common in this part), and came to meet us.

Having rewarded and dismissed the head man and his sciallalie, who had navigated us through the cataract, we were on the point of spreading the sail, but being informed, that the Nile above Osuan was difficult to navigate on account of the numerous rocks above or under water, and that our sailors were ignorant and incapable of steering amongst them, we found it necessary to engage one of the sciallalie who was acquainted with the upper part of the river. On enquiring, one of those already in the dahabie offered his services. He appeared young, though intelligent and acquainted with the Nile, so we engaged him as pilot.

The captain wishing to arrive as quickly as possible at Korosko, informed our new pilot, that he must be prepared to steer the dahabie night and day. [He raised his right hand to his head in token of obedience and acceptance of the order, answering with great respect the usual answer; Hader, "I am ready."] We left, and soon

were out of sight of the beautiful Philæ. The breeze continued till evening, and when it fell, we anchored for the night. Aurora rose, and, at the same time, a gentle breeze, filling the sails, carried the dahabie towards our destination. Sailing near the shore to avoid the current, we observed a tent pitched. We enquired whose it was, and were informed it was the nazer's (or inspector) of Wadee Halfeh. We stopped and observed a procession of seven or eight persons approaching, headed by the Nazer, who having been acquainted how Captain Peel had been favoured by the Pasha with a firman and cawas, and that he was in the dahabie, came to pay his respects.

He came on board by himself, and after the usual compliments and salutations we offered him a cup of coffee. The first thing I said was, to apologize for being in my shirt and trousers on account of the excessive heat. He replied very affably, and congratulated the captain on his hitherto prosperous voyage, and hoped the remainder would be equally so. He then spoke to us respecting Kordofan. He was a fine looking man, noble in appearance, with a not unpleasing *coram vobis*—a joyous countenance, affable, and without the slightest affectation or pride, which are the general characteristics of the Musulman dignitaries. In a word, he was a good man, as I was informed.* On enquiring his name, I was told it was

* The previous year we had hired his sandal (boat) from Osuan to Uadee Halfeh, but we had not seen him, though we passed round the island, opposite to

Kalil Effendi (beloved Effendi). He begged of us to spend that day with him, but the captain thanked him, saying, we must take advantage of the favourable wind. I added that we could not think of robbing him of his valuable time, for as inspector of the first province of Nubia, he must have much to do. The captain joined in, and we wished him adieu. He asked us to wait only two minutes, by which time a lamb arrived, he presented to us, and which was thankfully accepted. Having distributed backsheeh to those who brought it, we started. The wind continued till mid-day, when we approached a place called Bab Olcalabsce (gate of Kalabsce), where there is a current, and the river is very narrow. We were obliged to anchor there for the remainder of the day, waiting the arrival of our friend—the wind—which serves as a passport to those boats, which have to pass there. This delay was not useless, as will be seen from the following chapter.

Abusimbel (an antiquity), where he then had his abode. The sailors of his sandal praised him very much, and assured us, that he was a very good man, honest and just. So we really found him. He was from Moldavia; but he had left his native land thirty-six years since, and enrolled himself under the banner of Mahommed Ali. When he began to mention his native land, he was much moved, and his voice faltered.

CHAPTER IV.

MEASUREMENT OF THE WIDTH OF THE NILE AT BAL-
OLCALABSCE—PASSAGE OF IT, AND ARRIVAL AT
KOROSKO.

ANCHORED near the gate of Kalabsce, we trusted to Providence. The heat was excessive. The captain was anxious to pass that difficult point, so he ordered the sailors to drag the dahabie to the narrowest point of this part,* under pretext of measuring the width there. They obeyed at once—and scrambled on to the rocks like so many monkeys to join the new pilot, who was already in the water, with the cord round his neck: and at length they succeeded in getting the dahabie to the point the captain wished. Having made fast the dahabie there, we went ashore to accomplish our intention of measuring it. We were employed in this about half an hour, and after the captain had made his calculations, he declared the width to be 217 yards.

I was unable to follow the captain's calculations,

* The intention of Captain P. was to make the sailors drag the dahabie little by little, and pass the gate of Calabsce.

not having been part of my education, so I merely acted as aid-de-camp. This point is the narrowest part of the Nile between Cairo and Khartum. Having accomplished this work we returned on board, and remained there till four p.m. Towards five, the captain gave orders to pass over to the opposite shore; the sailors, who were given to grumble before they obeyed orders, and commenced work, were with us under good discipline, and appeared more like English, than Egyptian sailors.

Having crossed over, we rested a short time to enjoy the breeze, and the wind blew strongly. The dahabie being cast off from the uatad, quickly entered the gate, notwithstanding the eddies there, and no sooner had we entered, than we encountered [the current called Sciallal El Calabscie, which is only a small current, like the others formed from the water passing amongst the rocks, and called by the Nubians sciallal.* Hearing the sailors call it a fearful sciallal, I could not refrain from laughing, and addressing them, "Do you know the real meaning of sciallal, you ignorant men?" between whom and the buffaloes there is little difference. Are you their relations, that you wont be taught? Are

* When we were going up the Nile there was no sciallal or rapid at all, because, as I said in the first chapter, the Nile was then at its full height, and all those rapids which, in winter are formed, did not exist. The Nile possesses, amongst its mysteries, this—that its water stands on the same level for three weeks, and the Arabs and Egyptians call it, "Albahr giamed" (the sea is unmoved).

they human like you? Shame on you; never again have the boldness to call a current a cataract before those, who know the meaning of sciallal."

Having addressed them with these observations, one of them, more quick than the others, replied, "Well, then, Hawagia Jusef, tell us what a sciallal is?"

I took a glass, which was standing by, filled it with water, and emptied it gradually into the river, saying, "if water flows from a height as you now see, it is called sciallal; but if it only rushes rapidly through the rocks, it is in Arabic named geria. Do you understand?"

They all as one, exclaimed "Wallah Alhacmaoo" (he is right), "we quite comprehend."

Having finished this lesson to the sailors, I retired to the cabin.

The boat sped rapidly on, having passed the Bab of Calabscie, we encountered a whirlwind, just as we were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune. The clear sky of a sudden became obscure, as it were with dark smoke; the wind howled furiously—the sailors endeavoured to take in the sail, which flew from side to side; the dahabie, turned round like a wheel; the cries of the sailors, cawas and cook, mixed with the noise of the wind, formed a Babel; fear and consternation occupied that short space. The captain, wishing to restore order, raised his voice above all, imposing silence; during all this time I remained a quiet

spectator; on reaching the banks, the sailors thanked Allah, saying, "Had we not been near the shore we should have been in great danger." They tried to impress upon us the danger of a gale, as if we had never known such a thing before, even in the Mediterranean. The captain asked them, "what would they do in the event of finding themselves in such a wind in the salt sea, with no shore near them?" All were silent.

Wishing to sleep, we doubled the cord to the uatad, in case the gale should return; this was suggested by our courageous cawas, who cried out, if the dahabie moved in the least, and had become a laughing stock to the sailors. We slept well.

At four in the morning, with a favourable breeze, we set sail; the wind shortly fell, and the sailors had to supply its place till sunset, when we anchored. A breeze springing up a short time after, we sailed on during the night, much to the fear of the sailors, who were unacquainted with the navigation in the sea of Calabscie (Calabscie is a tribe of Arabs), and who therefore grumbled. The captain commanded silence. The wind was severe and most oppressive. Towards morning the wind changed. The sailors went to work, and at mid-day the heat was 105° in the shade, by the thermometer in the cabin of the dahabie; in the sun it must have been much more. I sat on deck with my feet in the water, to cool myself, and the captain followed my example. At evening,

the sailors made fast to the uatad for the night. The following morning they continued tracking till ten, when a breeze sprung up, and we arrived that evening within sight of Corosco; but the wind failing, we did not reach it till the following day, the 27th, at two p.m., and this was our last night in the dahabie.

CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE OF HALF A DAY AT COROSCO—MEASURING
THE WIDTH OF THE NILE—AND DEPARTURE FOR
THE DESERT.

AT last we are arrived at the much-desired Corosco, which is the beginning of our journey across the Desert! Corosco is a little village situated on the East bank of the Nile, at the foot of the mountains of the Desert, of that vast and frightful Desert, which communicates with all Africa, in which so many Arabs are acquainted with the paths, and straying travellers have fallen victims to its vastness with their camels and merchandise. Spending half a day at Corosco, I had time to seek information about the village, celebrated, if for nothing else, for its exquisite dates, and as the station of the Arab conductors across the Desert. It is inhabited principally by Nubians; there are some Arabs, who cultivate plots of ground. The houses of the Nubians are made of stone; those of the Arabs of mud and straw, generally with open roofs, and if one is wanted, they throw two or three beams across and some palm branches, and the roof is complete. Although some of the Arab huts are mixed with those of the

Nubians, they have their encampments separate at the South of Corosco. Nothing in the way of rice, coffee, sugar, cheese, charcoal, for the journey can be got in Corosco. Eggs, milk, and lambs can with some difficulty be procured; there is only one woman, who can make bread in the Egyptian manner; such a thing was rather consoling in Corosco. We spent a quiet night, and the next morning measured the breadth of the Nile, which was 614 yards, according to the captain's measurement; judging it by the naked eye one would think it less, because speaking in a moderate voice, the words can be heard distinctly from one side to the other. This being completed, we asked the inspector of Corosco and the Arab sheik, to prepare the camels. We were assured that precisely at noon, the Arabs and the camels would be before us, and this was really performed. I asked the sheik Ali Abuman-sur, "who is the minister of the first sheik of all that tribe,—who are Arabs, and what part of the world they inhabit?" He smiled as he replied—"the Arabs call themselves Ababde; they live generally near the Nile, some dwell in Upper Egypt, near Osuan, others live in Corosco, spreading themselves as far as Uadi Halfe, and after having passed the Desert of Corosco,*

* The Arabs call that part of the Desert, which they cross from Corosco to Aboohamad, "Atmur Corosco" (the Desert of Corosco.) And they call that part of the Desert from Uadi Halfe to Dongola, "Atmur Dongola" (Desert of Dongola.) They do so for certain reasons, because when they lose some of their brethren in the Desert, they enquire in what Desert they were lost. If the

at Abuhamed and at Barbar, the Arabs Ababde are to be found; in fine," said he, with emphasis, "the Arabs Ababde are numerous, and spread themselves to Kartum,—all are our Arabs!" The time of our departure drew near, and the sheik began to divide the burden of the camels, and the Arabs to load them. The captain in the meantime gave the bachshih to the sailors, who will ever praise him for his generosity. Taking a last look at our dear dahabie, and counting our things, we mounted our dromedaries, assisted by the sheik and kabir (guide). The sailors shouted after us—"go in peace, God protect you;" our Arabs were not behind in shouts, exchanging greetings till the two parties were far separate. It was very pleasing to see all the Nubians and Arabs come from their huts, and shouting from every corner—"good wishes for Ali, Ahmed and Sleh" and thus amidst the shouts of the sailors, Nubians, and Arabs we set off, at twenty-five minutes after noon, the heat being in full plenitude. [Now, my soul, I exclaimed, you are entering into solitude! What solitude? Not to contemplate the holy attributes of God, the happiness, which our immortal spirit, stripped of this body, will enjoy, as a reward of its virtuous actions, not to leave the cares of the world, to give oneself up entirely to holiness; but to cross this frightful solitude, and suffer for the sake of suffering. My mind is oppressed at the recollection of that solitude!]

answer is, in the Desert of Dongola, then they know where to go and search for them. They despatch many men on dromedaries, with water and food, to that part of the Desert in search of the lost one.

But since I am to write what I and my companion suffered, and what we saw and what befell us, come forth my pen and write what little there is about this solitude! tell us the truth. Very well, being as anxious as the mind, which dictates, and the hand which directs me, I will try and satisfy you by writing minutely the events of all the journey, especially the eight bitter days of the Desert of Corosco. Hardly had we mounted our dromedaries at Corosco, than we entered the Desert. "Oh God," said I to the captain, "how hot!" this long speech sufficed for the half-day! The sun was above us, giving out its heat, the black mountains well warmed in all parts aiding the scorching sand; no trees, no bushes, not a blade of grass, which by its verdure could relieve the traveller, —only the burning sun, the heated mountains and roasting sand. The south wind blew into our faces, and almost suffocated us. Although we were well clothed, and had over our heads a strong white umbrella, yet the wind seemed vapour come down from the mountains of sandy stones, or rather the very sand itself. The thermometer was at 109° when I drew it from my pocket. What would it have been had it been exposed to the sun? And what did the Arabs? They travelled with their feet covered with a sort of sandal peculiar to them, almost naked, the head and body anointed with castor oil, mixed with some sort of grease, (I do not remember what kind it was). They oil themselves to lessen the sensation of heat. We went

on without interruption. We lost all desire of speaking; both the cawas and cook, whose eyes were bad, shared the same misery. We were like a party of Carthusian monks. Even the four Arabs, sons of the country, and the kabir seemed afraid. About seven, we arrived at a beautiful amphitheatre, formed by nature, (there are several of them), the kabir told us, it was the first station, and we must alight to rest a little, and to allow the camels to eat their *alic*, (the quantity of *dora* given them for supper.)* The captain and I spread our mats, and lying down, asked for something to eat, which we discussed with appetite. We talked of the Desert, the heat, the sensations, which we had felt, and which we were to feel. Whilst remaining thus quiet, we heard the voices of the kabir and the other Arabs resounding amongst the hills, Iasciak Abdolcader. I, curious to know the meaning of this cry and invocation to Sheik Abdolcader, applied to the kabir, as being the most instructed. He replied that Sheik Abdolcader was the

f * When the camels travel through the Desert they eat once in twenty-four hours, and drink once in four days. Their breakfast, dinner, and supper consist of a few handfuls of *dora baida* (a kind of corn). It is not true that they can travel eight or ten days without drinking. No camel or dromedary can bear the fatigue of the journey more than five days without drinking, either in summer or winter. The Arabs of different tribes assured me of this. They were astonished when I told them the Franks (which means all Europeans) believe that the camel can travel eight or ten days without drinking, and I remember perfectly well what an Arab of the Alauiin told me. "I think," said he, Iakavagia Josef, "that the camels of their country are able to travel under a load eight or ten days without either eating or drinking. Tell them the camels of the Arabs have no such perfection."

protector of the Desert and camels. As he was preparing to load the camels, I thought I would inquire further. On another occasion I asked if we were to travel all night. He smiled and said, we will see. We now mounted our dromedaries and followed the kabir, the moon forsook us in a few days after we left the amphitheatre, in which we had rested. I turned to the captain and said, half in English and half Arabic, *we go Alla Bab Allah* (to the gates of God)—an Arabic phrase, meaning one knows not where; he laughed and said, *Sahih* (yes, indeed)! The Arabs broke forth with *Iasciak Abdolcader*, which re-echoed among the mountains in the silence of the night, stunning every one. I availed myself of the occasion to ask the kabir what was the meaning of this repeated cry. He replied gravely, "There are two reasons, the first is that Sheik Abdolcader, a saint in heaven, is protector of the Desert, and we invoke him to help the camels: the second is, that often merchants and Arabs, travelling in the dark like us, and not being so well acquainted with the stars, mistake the path and go far off from it; but hearing our cries, or those of other Arabs, they reply by echos signifying, that they have lost their road, so we halt to bring them back to the right way." I was persuaded and satisfied with this, but many frightful ideas formed themselves in my mind, should we lose the path—Capperi! Our kabir, though one of the most valiant, has but one eye; what should we do, if God should send a misfor-

tune to the sound eye? We should verify the saying of our Saviour—*Caecus si caeco ducatum praestat ambo in foveam cadunt*—for we are blind in this country, which way should we go? perhaps the Arabs could direct us? perhaps we should be saved; or perhaps we should die in despair? Such ideas formed a perfect romance in my mind. Then I reflected, *Domine dirige gressus nostros in viam salutis*. Grant, oh Lord, that we may die amongst the believers, and not in despair, or of hunger and thirst in this Desert. Holy Virgin, obtain us this grace. Guardian angel, faithful companion of Tobias, accompany us and guide us. | After confiding myself to God and his servants, I took a little courage, and finding myself sleepy, and fearing to fall from the dromedary, I began to shout with the Arabs, *Iasciak Abdolcader*. Not from faith in him, but for the second reason, which I thought, was a sure means of recalling the unhappy one, who might have lost his road, and thus I took pleasure in the echo, which repeated our voices several times. The night was certainly fresh in comparison with the day; but the south wind continued to annoy us by its heat. I, overcome by the hot wind, had drawn my feet out of my boots and fastened them to the saddle; but as the night was far advanced, and I was half overpowered with sleep, (not to say near falling several times), I fastened them badly. I was near falling, when one boot fell off, and being rather shaken by the sound, which it made on the rock, I

recovered myself. I returned thanks that my boot had fallen in front of me and thus warned me. Happily, one of the Arabs walking near my dromedary, went in search of it, and found it, otherwise I should have had to imitate our guides, who often go with one sandal. Although I had girded myself very tightly in order not to feel so much the motion of the dromedary, yet about an hour after midnight, I felt myself so shaken in all parts, that I was tempted to ask, "how much longer shall we go on?" in order to show that I could no longer sit on the dromedary; I continued flattering myself we should not go much longer, but, alas! we never halted till near four in the morning, when we reached another amphitheatre, and the Arabs unloaded; we laid ourselves down by the dromedaries, and attempted to repose for a short time. Thus ended our half day, and our first and most fatiguing night of travelling in the Desert.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY TILL EVENING.

HARDLY had our most weary limbs obtained a little of the desired rest, than it was broken by the voice of the kabir, followed by the Arabs shouting out Iasciak Abdolcader. Thus awakened, we arose, and the captain told the cook to make us some coffee, and a fire was soon lighted with two bits of wood, which, by chance, at Corosco, had been thrown into the maccaroni box. I did not care for coffee, but I took a piece of bread and some water. When we had swallowed these morsels, the Arabs helped us to mount, and we followed the kabir, whose name was *Abdolhamid (praised servant)*. It was some minutes after five, when we set off; the dawn had not yet broke, and a beautiful scene presented itself, the black mountains towering up on all sides, and the yellowish plain by which we had come. But at the same moment its beauty was shadowed by the melancholy thought, that the mountains and plain were all desert. The sun rose majestic, and with its golden rays gilded the solitude. ¹¹ Beautiful, yes, most beautiful sight, I said

to myself, for him, who beholds and enjoys it! but we are in a desert. *Mio Dio*, I repeated, looking around, not a living soul to be seen, solitude on all sides—on all sides terror—on all sides death. Oh! what a difference between a desert and inhabited ground! Then my imagination took me back, and I exclaimed, “Adieu, Nile! adieu, dahabie and your sailors! who were almost civilized companions to us. These Arabs, children of the desert, chatter always of their journies, camels and dromedaries, eating and smoking, and such things.”

In the meantime the sun became more ardent and the heat more powerful, and yet we travelled on. About half-past ten we arrived at a hill, where the Arabs halted and unloaded. We took our position under the rocks to lessen the sensation of heat. The captain then asked the cook for something to eat, to which he replied, “there is not a morsel of wood to make a fire, and I can hardly see, having opthalmia;” but we were both hungry, having been too long engaged the day before at Corosco, to make a good breakfast, or even dinner as a foundation, against the shaking of the dromedary. Presuming that my companion suffered from want of support (uau) I could not rest; but how to find fire to fry even the eggs we had brought with us from Corosco? Although exhausted by the heat, the jolting, and the want of sleep in the night, I was lying almost powerless on the ground, I arose, and went in the burning heat, in spite of the captain’s

calling, to collect the dry camel dung, for a fire.* I succeeded in finding some, and returned to help the cook, but I could do nothing feeling faint, and was obliged to retire beneath the rock and get a glass of water, which though very nauseous and far from fresh, revived me. I attempted to sleep, but could not from fatigue. I turned from right to left, but without rest; my limbs seemed out of joint, and occasioned me great pain. Wishing for some occupation to direct me, I asked the cook for some bread, which I broke into a glass and swallowed bit by bit; this was my dinner. Not seeing the cawas, who generally attended us at eating, I asked the cook, where he was, and he hearing my voice, asked, what I wanted; nothing, I replied; but not seeing you, I thought something unlucky had happened; he thanked me with his curious voice and with his peculiar manner of speaking Arabic, and said, he was in an adjacent hole in the rock, defended from the heat, but did not feel very well.† This discourse

* The fire wood, which is found in the Desert of Coroseo, is camel's dung, which the Arabs collect to bake their cakes on.

† The cawas, who accompanied us, was a Turk, and his name was Mohammed Aga. Aga was his title from being an officer. He was a good man, as far as his duty of attending us required. He spoke Arabic badly, though he was then in his twenty-first year of residence at Cairo. He had always the same exordium, and what was worse, the same peroration for every phrase he spoke, and it was the following: "Afandem di naruh" (sir, we will go). "Afandem di nacod" (sir we will sit down). It was very amusing to hear him speaking with the Arabs, who could not make out what he meant to say by his heap of words. Very often they were both obliged to call the cook to make him the interpreter and commentator. This was very pleasing to those who listened to their laughing at each other.

with the cawas being over, I perceived noon was past, and the Arabs were ready to set off, they came for our carpets to spread them on the dromedaries, so we mounted and set forth at a quarter before one, when the heat was in great force. "What a heat," I exclaimed, drawing out of my pocket the thermometer, which was at 105° . I held it in my hands for a couple of minutes, and found it rose to 116. I then opened the umbrella, and keeping the thermometer under its shade for two minutes found it lessened by two degrees, from what it would have been had I kept it till the umbrella was heated; the heat was intense, and we were almost suffocated by the South wind, which blew direct against our course, being in that direction. Such a wind forms an amusing game for a spectator at a distance; blowing so strongly it scoops up the finest sand, and forms it into high columns, which dance about for the amusement of the mountains. The dance was executed with so much art and delicacy, that nothing was wanting but a lady to accompany on the piano the dancing sandy columns. I said to the captain, "I am sure, the English ladies could not dance with such skill had they learnt for ten years." According to Oriental usage, I carried an ink-stand of bronze fastened to my side, in which was ink and pens, that I used for noting in my journal the events of the day. The little box, which contained the ink, was closed and fastened in the middle by a covering of brass, in order that the ink might not soil

the vest of him who carried it. Wishing to note in my book the momentum of these dancing columns of sand, I took the case and found the ink had escaped from the box in spite of being corked, and was frothing all over it exactly as if boiled in a pan. This may appear incredible; but my pen, as before stated, only writes the truth. Nor was it only on this day; but on the following days the same thing happened. My companion is witness of it, for I several times showed him the same effect produced by the excessive heat. Our watches were well heated and went as they pleased. In less than twenty-four hours my watch showed a difference of two hours and forty minutes.

We went on quiet and humbled, beaten down by the excessive heat. Our faces were red, like boiled lobsters, our minds overshadowed by black images, our liberty imprisoned, our will dead. We had lost the desire for anything, even the two necessary desires of talking and food. The Arabs also suffered in mind and body. I was immersed in profound melancholy and bitter sadness. Believing firmly that I should never return from this journey, I began to bid adieu to the languages I had taught for a long time, to the music, which solaced me in sad circumstances. "Ah," said I, "what a fool I was to come and expose myself to such a fate! I was so well in London! Every day I made new acquaintances, ladies and gentlemen, who desired to learn the Oriental languages, Latin, or Italian. So great was my anguish that, in

an instant, I crossed mountains and seas, and was transported to Syria and Mount Lebanon, to bid adieu to my father, my dearest mother, my brothers and sisters, (it being ten years since I quitted my family, and I had never seen them since, with the exception of my father, whom I had been fortunate enough to see at Beyrout eight months ago, though for a few hours only). I was really so shaken and oppressed by these remembrances, that my eyes overflowed copiously with tears, and if God had not sustained me, and tempered my distress by other thoughts, I should, without doubt, have fallen from my dromedary. The first cause of this, was taking my handkerchief and finding it soaked with blood—having often blown my nose on account of the tickling in it. I had always put the handkerchief in my pocket without remarking that all that issued was blood. I did not speak of it to my companion, for apparently he suffered the same, as his white handkerchief was all spotted; but I commended myself to God. I was so frightened by this, that I broke forth into the above alarm, and the idea came to me that I should die at once. I fancied to travel with death at my side. Whilst agitated with these fatal thoughts, I heard the captain break silence by asking the kabir, if he had guided, last year, Mr. Melly, an Englishman, who, with his family, was returning from Kartum, and unfortunately died in the Desert, as his tomb showed. The captain added, “when we arrive

at the tomb, we will halt to visit it." The captain then turned to me and began to speak of the death of Mr. Melly, of his desolate family that he had brought with him, and how in the previous year he had left Wadi Halfe with them, the same morning in which we arrived there. This gave me a new theme to think and doubt whether we should not meet with the same fate in this or another desert which we had to cross. Wishing to drive away such lugubrious thoughts, I tormented myself to compose some Latin verses, with which to greet the remains of Mr. Melly.* I succeeded in composing a distich, and on driving away the idea of death, although it was on that same subject. Occupied in thinking, I had not perceived that evening drew nigh. The kabir called out to alight, as we were near the station. On alighting, I rushed to the kabir, asking for something to drink, he brought it, saying, "Iakauagia Jusef, how often you have drunk," for I had been in the habit of calling out every four or five minutes, "Abdolhamid, a drink of water." Having swallowed some mouthfuls of muddy water, I replied to the just accusation of the kabir laughingly, "It is true, I drink more than any of you, but I do not eat so much bread; the more I drink the more thirsty I am; see how much mud is sticking to the handkerchief, (I used to put a handker-

* The Arabs praised Mr. Melly and his family very much, for two of them had been amongst his conductors, and spectators of his grievous and painful death.

chief over the glass in order not to swallow all the mud in it,) and how much still remains in the glass? A crocodile could hide itself in it. He laughed at this. I went to the cook and begged him to make us a dish of rice. He replied, it was not possible, for want of combustible materials. I, wishing for a jest by way of relief, called in a loud voice that all the Arabs might hear, saying to him, "call Iasciak Abdolcader, bring us a bundle of sticks that we may light the fire, and cook a dish of rice." The cook, the cawas, the Arabs, and even the camels, laughed to split their sides, and called out, "Wallah, Iakauagia Jusef, you are right." Hearing them laughing, I went in search of fuel, and having found a small quantity, returned, and found it sufficient with some the Arabs had gathered in the evening. The cook, who looked like a living skeleton, quickly lighted the fire, and cooked us some rice, and thus we were refreshed; not with *satis*, nor *superque*, but with *parum* and *minimum*.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECOND NIGHT'S JOURNEY—PASSAGE FROM THE
GATE—FALL OF THE CAPTAIN FROM HIS DROMEDARY
—TAKING OF A BIRD, ITS DEATH, ETC.

BEING somewhat restored by this half-hour, we prepared to depart. The Arabs are very skilful in loading; our dromedaries were made to kneel and we mounted and set forth, with the Aarabs shouting Iasciak Abdolcader. "Hush," I said, "do not call him any more, for he would not listen to us and bring some wood to cook the rice," which set them laughing a fresh. One of them appeared displeased, as his gloomy face showed. So to see if it was really the case, I asked him for some water, which he brought to me with much respect, and I thanked him with a jest, which he seemed to like, so I knew that it was his natural disposition to be black as well as his skin. The night became very dark after the moon left us, and passing between black mountains, which invested the sand with their forms. We followed the kabir, who at night time always went first, calling to his camels at every moment in a voice quite his own, which the captain could imitate very well. From eight till eleven we

travelled amongst the mountains, and were about to issue from the last two mountains that finished the chain from the south, which begins in Nubia near File. They form a large gateway, and the Arabs call them Albab (the gate). The Arabs shouted forth Iasciak Abdolcader, which was echoed several times. After passing the gate, the sandy plain spread itself before us, with sundry mountains and hillocks, but almost all standing by themselves. In the zig-zags of the Desert there are seen some chains to the East and South, but I do not know if they have any connexion with the above-named chain. I asked the Arabs, but they said they did not know, for no one had dared to go and explore them. With one voice almost they said, "Oh, if you knew Iakauagia Jusef how many of our brothers have fallen victims to this Desert of Corosco! hundreds and hundreds of the Ababde and their beautiful camels have been lost in this Desert!" Whilst I was thus discoursing with one of them, he perceiving himself near the gate, abandoned me, and ran forward with the others; they all halted a few steps in front, by a cemetery and began a symphony of cries, shouts, and groans, and then changing tone, one barked, one brayed, one roared, one bellowed, dancing about, and knocking sticks against each other; in fact, making a row frightful enough to frighten any one, even the Sceik Abdolcader. I, at the beginning, hearing this diabolical uproar, thought something dreadful had happened to the Arabs, which would extend to us. I

thought in reality that Sceik Abdolcader (powerful servant it means) had been unchained in hell, and had come with a legion of devils to frighten us. We went up to them and found them near the tombs engaged in the scene, and excited to greater efforts by our presence. The kabir made the camels stop, and said to the captain, "*Jacobtan alarab ifrahu laic kargumin albab salemin maa albahiem waiaridu il baksigh*," (O! captain, the Arabs rejoice at having quitted the gates safe with their animals, and are wanting backshish.) The captain promised they should have some, and the Arabs put an end to the comedy, by coming themselves to demand it: the captain assured them they should have it, and we resumed our journey. We could not distinguish in the darkness, whether this was really a cemetery, or only some trick played by the Arabs. I enquired of the kabir, whose tombs these were? and he replied with great civility—"the tombs of poor travellers." I, without entering into reasoning, lamented their misfortunes and implored mercy on them and peace to their souls, and said to the captain—"God save us from such death in the desert." I learnt afterwards that our kabir had been most politely laughing at us, for the tombs in reality were put up by the Arabs, to those travellers or merchants, who refused backshih after passing through the gate. The Arabs have their customs, especially that sacred one of backshih; and when one attempts to transgress them, they become quarrelsome for the rest of the journey.

After this scene we entered on the plain; about an hour later we heard some voices. We asked who these could be, and they said some of their tribe, who were bringing gum from Barbar to Corosco. Ten minutes later, two of them came to us, for the others were somewhat distant;* we halted to ask them about their journey for a minute or two. The night was far advanced, and I could no longer hold myself on the dromedary—what was to be done? I began to sing a Latin hymn (*tota pulcra*), but I could not go on with it from lack of force. I dismounted from the dromedary under some pretext that they might not suspect that I could not endure the fatigue. I halted for two or three minutes, and then went a little behind the Arabs, and began to recite part of the Rosary of B.V. with a raised voice; but, hardly five minutes had elapsed, when the Arabs stopped, and called me to join

* When the Arabs meet with each other, the first thing is the salute, which is repeated for several times, and is done in the following manner:—each strikes the palm of his right hand on that of his companion, or throws it on his left shoulder, repeating always the same phrase:—"Salamat, Caif Halcom taibin" (peace, how are you, well?) This way of saluting is most beautiful and striking, and when performed, gives a new figure and majesty to the naked Arabs who are the performers of it. Those gesticulations are always accompanied with a very grave tone of voice, which invests them with so noble a character, that the traveller does not think his Arabs so rude as he thought them before, but would suppose them just arrived from the first school of etiquette. After the salutation, they enquire of each other the news about the places from whence they came. Their news relates generally to the buying of camels and dromedaries; whether there are loads to carry, or something of this kind. They then ask each other for tobacco or salt, and their conclusion is—"Salute me Hamed at Corosco; and you Ali at Barbar; do you understand? In peace, in peace." After this each resumes his way.

them and mount, otherwise I should be lost in the dark. I made haste to join them, but did not attempt to get up, for I was certain of falling, and although reeling like a tipsy man (only from fatigue and sleep), I obliged myself to walk. I went to the captain and asked him how he felt, hoping that he was not overcome by sleepiness. He said no, but weary. I walked to the right of his dromedary, I do not know how, but I halted for a second and a half, just allowing time for the captain to fall *before*, not *on* me; for I saw the captain was overcome, not only by fatigue, but sleep, fall with his arms crossed, from his dromedary on to the sand. I ran immediately to help him, but in silence, for I could not help laughing, not at the misfortune, but at the manner of falling down. At last I burst out loudly, and asked if he was hurt. He said, "no, thank God, I hope my watch is not spoilt." The Arabs asked, laughingly, if he had fallen asleep. Then we both mounted, and I proposed to keep guard if he would take care of himself on the dromedary. So every two minutes or so, I called out—"who goes?" and he laughingly replied—"all's well!" Such an event banished sleep, but not fatigue. I began to sing something about the Lombardi and Pia of the Tolomei, mingling with my song—"who goes there," and thus, I kept myself, and what is more, my companion awake. At half-past three we arrived at the station in a valley and remained to rest a little. The day before, and all that night, I had been spitting

frequently, but without making any account of it, but always feeling a curious taste in my mouth. As it continued constantly during the night, I suspected it was blood. I was not mistaken, for it continued after getting to the station. What was the matter, had I taken cold? but how could that be, for we were kept hot night and day. I lighted a match to look at my handkerchief, and found marks of blood. "Misericordia!" I exclaimed; the match went out, and I trembled at the discovery. I spread my carpet, and recommending myself to God rested for a little time.

The next morning I was spitting blood: the dawning of the day was driven off by the sun, which threatened us with intense heat. We travelled until half-past nine, when we reached a valley, in which were some trees of sant, nearly dry.* The sight of these trees rejoiced us a little. We spread our mats under one tree, and laid ourselves down, whilst the Arabs unloaded under an adjacent one. We opened our umbrellas to shade our heads from the heat. On drawing the thermometer from my pocket it indicated 93° ; but in four minutes it rose to 103° in the shade, and in the sun 116° . I, as usual, took out my inkstand to make notes, and found the ink frothing over as in the previous day. I showed it to the captain, and put it under the shade of the tree. Black thoughts

* The sant is a tree which produces gum arabac; but this is the general name which comprehends many species of sant, not all of which produce gum. I shall speak of it more distinctly hereafter.

began to rise in my mind, in consequence of the spitting of blood, which saddened me greatly. I wished to free myself from such ideas, and thought sleep the best medicine. It was noon when I, wearied and afflicted, enjoyed the sweets of repose; but I was unexpectedly awakened by something scratching my nose, and opening my sleepy eyes I saw the captain with a bird in his hand, with whose beak he amused himself by striking my nose with it. I laughed, and asked him how he had managed to catch it. He said the bird had come and entered into the hole at the trunk of the tree, to recover itself from the heat, and he had put out his hand and taken it with ease, and would try and tame it. I told him before going to sleep I had seen it in the sun near to the other tree; but I did not think it was trembling from heat. "Poor little thing!" I said, I was sure it was thirsty, and ought to have something to drink. I took a glass of water that was near me, and leaving it to settle for a little, put the beak of the bird four or five times into the water, and then let it free. Having extinguished its thirst, and being relieved, it seemed to regain its former strength in flying and jumping about the burning sand; but in a little time before our eyes it began again to tremble, and its strength failed. I watched most attentively the unhappy bird, to see its end, which was grievous, hard and painful to every human heart. It suffered extremely again from the excessive heat, and continued to shake for six minutes, and in the seventh

fell dead on the hot sand.* Then I arose and looked what degree the thermometer placed in the shade showed, it was 113° . The captain took it and buried it in the sand, when it rose in a few seconds (thirty-six seconds), to 129° , 135° , 142° , 145° , 152° , and would have gone higher had we not withdrawn it, for fear it should break. Such was the heat of the sand! The south wind blew as before, seeming to come from a furnace. But it was now time to depart. The Arabs brought the animals, loaded them; we mounted, and left the station, a quarter before one p.m., in the midst of the great heat. I suffered a good deal more than the captain, principally from the spitting of blood, and bleeding at the nose. The muddy water became each day more nauseous, and every time I drank of it, some was vomited up, which I thought an incentive to the bleeding. I suffered dreadfully, and never had a moment of rest; but happily we were near the station, which we reached at seven, and descended into the valley, to rest a little, and then be fatigued all the night.

* This bird is called in Syria "the fly-catcher," and in Italian "becca mosche," because it always hunts those poor little creatures to feed upon them. It seemed to have lost its way in that wild and horrible country. There are birds peculiar to the Desert called by the Arabs, "asfur olatmur" (bird of the Desert), which feed upon the grain of sand and little flint stone. They live without drinking, and are of the same colour as the sand.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY ON THE THIRD AND FOURTH NIGHT—ARRIVAL
AT MORRAT, HALF-WAY BETWEEN COROSCO AND ABU-
HAMED—THE FIFTH NIGHT PASSED THERE.

DURING the short half-hour we asked for dinner. It was ready. The cook and kabir took the trouble to bring it. What so many required to carry it? Yes; to carry some bits of bread and a glass of water. What bread, and what water! They put the magnificent repast before us, and we began to gnaw the bits of bread as rats a bit of skin. We could not steep it in the water, for it was so stinking that the very sight of it turned the stomach.

Were it necessary, that every religious body should make a noviciate and be obliged to carry water in *otres* for four days in such a heat, I am sure there would not be any monks in the world. Not even Saint Anthony, with all his ardour, could have given himself up so entirely and become such a great saint, if he had been brought here. With such thoughts and sayings, I occupied myself. But the Arabs invite us to mount, and we, obediently comply, and follow the kabir amongst the black mountains. I often repeated

the prayer, that the kabir might be led into the right path. Oh, Lord, I said, illumine our kabir, do not allow any evil to happen to his whole eye, for he seems a good man, though he told me a lie about the cemetery.* The night was fresh, and the South wind, which in the preceding nights had attacked us, was dead. We travelled till nearly four in the morning, when we dismounted to rest, but we were off again at half-past five. We enjoyed the freshness of the morning for about an hour; the sun rose in our face, but entering into a valley called Waddi iddom, (or valley of the Theban), we continued to breathe the fresh air for another half hour;† but leaving the valley, we got the

* Our Kabir Abdelhamid, as I said before, had only one eye, and he never slept. I was afraid that he would have some accident to the eye from his perpetual watching. For this reason I used to pray God day and night to preserve him at least the sane eye.

† Uady Iddom (valley of Theban), is a great valley, half a day's journey distant from the wells of Morrat. It is full of the Dom tree and the Sant. The Dom is a kind of palm, and is of two kinds. The first is like the real palm, which is called in Arabic, Nakal (it is that which produces dates), but it is more beautiful on account of its branches. These branches are shorter than those of the real palm, and they are covered on both sides by two leaves united together, and finishing at the extremity in many separate leaves. At a certain distance, it seems to be a real palm; but, when one approaches it, he then forms a right judgment of it, both by its branches and its fruit, which resembles in a certain way, the reddish pears. It is not eatable; but the Arabs eat it sometimes, when they have nothing else. The second species is more beautiful and wonderful. Its fruit is perfectly like that of the former species; its branches are the same; its tree is different, and it grows in the following manner:—It rises four or five feet above the ground, and divides in two branches; and these two branches are subdivided in two other branches, which hold the fruit and the little branches or sticks covered with leaves. This is the mysterious nature of this second species of dom. Both species begin to be seen in Upper Egypt, near Kene, and the

benefit of the heat. At ten, we descended to the foot of a mountain, before the eastern part a beautiful amphitheatre was spread out. It was more than noon when we changed our position and cast an eye on the amphitheatre, and soon it changed into a large lake of the clearest water, and the shadows of the mountain that surrounded it, were all reflected in it. It was a most beautiful and delightful place, which, one who had never seen such a sight in any desert, or read of it, might very well affirm it was really water that he saw—whilst it was only the strong reflection of the sun upon the sand, with the rarified air which displays the phenomenon to our eyes.

I, seeing the same scene a year back, for the first time, in the Desert of Sinai, thought it water. As soon as I moved my mat, the Arabs began to load, and we got on our dromedaries, the temperature was as before—115° 116° 117° from eleven a.m., till four p.m., though the thermometer was carried in the shade. We passed amongst the mountains, which helped to torment us, from their being almost red hot. At half-past five, we reached the celebrated wells of Morrat, half way between Corosco and Abuhamid. The Arabs

second species is more numerous there ; but from Nubia Superior to Sennar the first species of dom is more numerous on both banks of the Nile. Mohamed Ali brought several plants of the second species to his splendid garden of Ciobra at Cairo, and none of them grew. He tried again and again by bringing others but his care was always fruitless. He at last learnt its nature, that it grows only in that place in which God had placed it.

took off the luggage, and the poor camels rushed to the wells. The two wells of Morrat though hollowed out in the same amphitheatre, are distant about 100 yards from each other. The first of them, at the end of the amphitheatre, is said by the Arabs to be better than the other which is in the middle; it pleased me better than the first, but taste taking part in the dispute, the question remained in *statu quo*.* According to general taste it might be said, one was *worse* than the other; both are most nauseous. I do not know, if rhubarb and castor oil were put together, which would be worst. I could not drink a mouthful since my taste was so much nauseated by the corrupt water of the Nile, that I vomited that of Morrat.

I continued to spit blood, and each time that I wished to drink, I had to use great efforts not to reject it. I thought there were no measures more safe than that of commending myself to God, and during my sufferings, I repeated, "Thy will be done. I will receive whatever death thou sendest me, provided that I am faithful in my last moments. Whilst I was occupied with such prayers, I was interrupted by the

* The wells of Morrat are dug in the same sandy amphitheatre by the Arabs Ababde. They have no date at all except the mere assertion of the Arabs, that they are very old, and were dug by their ancestors. They are called morrat (bitter), from the taste of their water. Morrat is an Arabic name, and is the plural form of the adjective singular, "morra" (bitter.) The word "monauat" (waters) is understood, and taking both nouns "mouaiat morrat" mean bitter waters. They really are more than bitter, and have such a taste that *non liceat dicere*, but every one may guess it.

captain, telling the cook to make us a dish of rice to strengthen our stomachs. He lighted some of the fuel, peculiar to the desert, of which I made mention before I cooked the rice. When he brought it, he seemed much disturbed.

After finishing the dinner, I went to the cook and asked him why he was in such a bad humour when he brought it to us? He replied, "the Arabs have consumed all the first box of bread;* but I will take

* I enquired from the cook about his quarrelling with Abdalhamed in presence of the Arabs—(I knew the reason, but wished to avail myself of the good opportunity to correct the Arabs.) He answered me:—"These beasts eat all the first coffa (basket made of palm leaves) of bread; Aulad Sittin calb sons of sixty dogs (an Arabic phrase.) You and the captain eat very little, and so do I with Mohammed Aga." I then turned round to the Arabs, and said quietly, "I think, Omar (this was the name of the cook), has reason for quarrelling with you, and, above all, with you Abdalhamid." Thank God, that I had ordered two coffas of bread at Corosco, otherwise we should die of hunger. The kabir excused himself with his impudence. "Maaleh (no matter) the Arabs had eaten it." I almost cut off his words, which he was going to add, and, with a harsh voice, shouted, "Maaleh, that we should die of hunger? What impudence is this?" "Taieb (well) I do not wish to cut you and the Arabs open, and take out the grinded bread, which would be of no utility at all; but . . . Omar leave the second coffa open, for I know how many pieces of bread it contains, and, how many we consume a day, and when we arrive at Abuhamed I will count by means of arithmetic, and shall see if there is any piece wanting, and I shall know from whom to demand its value." I then took my note-book, and pretended to write down the pieces of bread contained in the two baskets. At last I said to the Arabs:—"You are good people, careful and faithful in keeping silver and gold, but one can never trust you with bread, salt, onions, tobacco, and such like. Shame upon you! you may trust the Arabs with precious things, but never with eatables unless they are under lock and key. If the traveller would correct the Arabs, he must choose a good opportunity, and then use a few concise sentences, cooked and served up with rough, insulting, and villanous words, in order to succeed in his purpose. He must himself have a good knowledge of

good care they shall not eat the second. After some time I returned to rest, and, recommending myself to God, exclaimed, "*Deo gratias*," I will sleep all the night, and wishing good repose to the captain, I consigned my fatigued and weary limbs to rest. But oh, fallacious hopes! I awoke several times in the night from the excruciating pain in my breast, and burning with thirst. "Parienza," I repeated, I was so happy to sleep one whole night, *et gaudium meum in tristitiam conversum et in tormentum*. For four days I had awaited this night of rest, and behold this night I find myself so ill! I burn with violent fever; as if the heat and torments of the day were not sufficient. How long and painful seemed that night to me. I awoke for the fourth time at midnight, and could not close my eyes again; finally, day came, but I remained stretched on my mat. The captain went to bathe in the second well, and returned when the coffee and rice were ready. Having finished breakfast, I threw myself down again to sleep. The captain asked if one whole night was not enough sleep for me. I said, "no, one night's rest is not equal to four nights' watching." I fell asleep, and was only awakened by the Arabs shouting—*Iasciak Abdolcader*, when they began to load. I arose with great pain, and waited till they had finished, to mount and set off. I had enquired

Arabic, or, at least, possess a tolerable stock of imprecations, for he cannot depend on his dragoman, who is never feared or obeyed by the Arabs.

of the two Arab families,* who take care of the wells at Morrat, if they had either a kid or lamb they would sell us, but I was told no. "What wretched people," said I, to the two fathers of the families, who came to beg something from us, and their brethren. "You are as destitute of everything as the Desert that you inhabit." We started at half-past one: the heat was then 117° , at two it rose to $120\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. A short time after passing the mountains of Morrat, we entered on a wide plain, and saw at the end of it, a lake of clear water, with the shadows of the surrounding mountains reflected in it. Would that it had been a real lake! Though overcome with fever, and weakened by the spitting of blood, I would have dragged myself across the burning sands, to plunge myself in it. Oh! what

* There are two Arab families who dwell in that amphitheatre of Morrat, and pretend to be the keepers of the wells. The fathers of these two families came to beg of our Arabs a few handfuls of dora, and I never saw in all my life more ugly human beings. They were of short stature, their limbs and body were nothing but skin and bone, and their sunken features and their general squalid appearance gave me the idea that they were the gods of hunger, who could not have chosen a more suitable place of residence than that desert. Being so lean, it was rather difficult to distinguish if they had eyes in their faces or two empty niches prepared for the statues of Hercules and of Neptune. They have no revenue except the charity of the Giallabe, who give them a few handfuls of dora when they take rest on the Morrat. The worst is, that they are never contented with what is given to them, and when the Arabs start from Morrat they follow them, muttering and quarrelling with them, to get more than they have already received. They were going to do so with our Arabs; but I turned round to them, and with a loud voice gave them a short answer, like that of the Frenchman to the Spaniard. Our Arabs had no dora for so many persons, and changing my voice into the major key, I ordered them to go back to their huts, which they did at once, showering upon me an abundance of imprecations.

a lovely country it would be, were that real water; here, I am certain, would come all the painters of both the old and new world, to imitate with their colours the perfection of nature; how daguereotypists would plant themselves to take a fair copy of such mountains and hills! But now, what horror reigns, there is not an animal or insect to be seen, but only bones and carcasses of camels and dromedaries exhausted by thirst and heat,—these form the inhabitants of the Desert. Nevertheless, there are seen the foot prints of hungry leopards, invited by the odour of recently dead camels to come and satisfy themselves on them; and very rarely, some raven or hawk passes through the hemisphere above us. “What a difference,” I exclaimed, “between this and the desert of Sinai: there are often seen gazelles bounding before the traveller; here, carcasses and bones; there, verdure and trees; here, death and scarcity; that was a smiling garden, this a hell. If the beginning of our journey is so hard, painful, and terrific, what may be the middle, what the end of it? What will it be if we find ourselves in some other part of this desert, surrounded by lions and tigers? Well, we are going in search of death, let us go.” Combating with such thoughts, I had not perceived that evening drew nigh. We dismounted exactly at seven. The captain and I threw ourselves on our mats near each other, and he asked how I felt. I no longer wished to conceal my miserable state, so I told him that besides spitting of blood, I suffered from violent

dysentery, and had fever the previous night. The captain encouraged me by saying, that he also suffered from bleeding at the nose, which was caused by the rarity of the air. I laughed and told him, that if the gentleman with the black passport came to separate my soul from my body, he would be obliged to perform the last services, and bury me. He replied in the affirmative, and added, that should he die first, I must dig a deep ditch to bury him in, that this *people* might not take out his bones to look at them. Upon such a subject turned our short conversation.



CHAPTER IX.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH NIGHT.

WE did not seem so tired this evening from the rest at Morrat; but weary or not, we must observe exactly the laws of the Arabs. The camels are loaded, they brought us our dromedaries, and we mounted, to travel over that plain. "What a beautiful view," said the captain; "most beautiful!" I rejoined; for the moon spread over the pure sand her sil-
 very light, by which she guided us, the high mountains towards which we were going seemed quite close; profound silence reigned around, no voices disturbed the air but those of our Arabs, who were singing^{*} to drive sleep and please their camels.] I envied them, and had a great temptation to sing "*Vaga luna*;" but it was not possible from the weakness of my chest, therefore, I diverted myself by listening attentively to the songs of the Arabs, of whom I learnt two very curious in melody, and very pretty in expression.* One song was upon Arabs

* All the Arabs, though rude in their life, are very eloquent by nature, and extremely polite in their expressions. Above all, the Arabs Ababde, or guides.

* use local songs

crossing the Desert; the other upon the celebrated Mecca. The mountains, as I said, seemed very near; they were not so in reality, for we travelled from eight till an hour after midnight, and were not then at them. The sand deceives so much, even by daylight, we saw mountains or hills which seemed as if we could touch them with the hand, and yet be wearied before reaching them. Although the preceding night had been at our disposal, and we ought to have been tired of sleeping, yet at midnight we had to fight with sleepiness, much more so when we entered amongst the mountains, and abandoned by the moon, had to travel *in tenebras*. We had to pass a part of the road very arduous for the camels, even by daylight, being so stony the camels stumbled greatly. My poor dromedary, whose foot was hurt, knelt down several times from the pain the stones caused him. I was moved by it, and said to console him, "poor dromedary, after a short time you shall rest." Our kabir this night wished to keep us back until three in the morning. The Arabs were much displeased, and all the day had looked surly on the kabir, and re-

They speak pure Arabic, and use technical words for everything. Some of them born in the Nubian Desert speak a dialect quite different from the Nubian, and more harmonious and sweet. In a former journey with Captain Peel to Mount Sinai, Acaba, and Nakel, I was accustomed to observe the idiom of every distinct tribe; and I found that they all speak good Arabic, and that their pronunciation is alike; but though they commit many grammatical errors, they use technical words for every thing. The Arabs Ababde are superior to all the other tribes I know, as well for the purity of their language, as for the polite expressions they make use of.

proached him with not having mercy on their animals ; and dragging them through this place, which was difficult, even in daylight. We rested for a short time, and at five set off, and passing along the valley in which we had rested, we saw two gazelles opposite us, who appeared to have lodged near us. I wished them good morning, and invited them to trade with us, offering to give them something to drink, and we should have one of them to eat. The Arabs were much amused with the jest, and laughed, especially the kabir. These two gazelles were the first and last quadrupeds we saw. We journeyed on ; but time went quicker. It was ten a.m., we stopped in a valley, where there were some groups of sant trees. The kabir made a tent with his dirty veil which served him for shirt, turban, and upper coat. We had a tent, but never unfolded it for economy, that it might last all the journey. Staying near a tree, I saw a bird in it, I arose, and taking a stone, threw it at the bird—unhappy bird ! The good aim took effect. I, with mingled compassion and delight, took the victim, and gave it to the cook, ordering him to roast it, little though it was. He quickly executed my orders, and brought me the mouthful, which I sent immediately into my empty stomach. We had then a dish of rice and maccaroni, which was well made. After dinner, to amuse myself, I opened a box, and took out a little organ, which I had brought with me from London to present to some great person or

king in the interior of Africa, if ever we should get there. The organ was excellent, and of very pleasing tone, and when I played it in the dahabie on the Nile, all the sailors were most intent in indulging their organs of hearing with the pleasing sound. I took the little organ in hand, and found the greater part of the keys spoilt, that is to say, the pieces of mother of pearl fastened to the wooden keys, were separated by the excessive heat. Heaven might have willed that here might be the "*bus illis*."

Nevertheless, I pressed the little organ, and touched one of the notes to force out some sound—but what? Nothing but "*buff buff*." I opened and pressed the bellows with more force, and again only got *buff buff*. I was so much amused with *buff buff*, that I went to the captain, and asked if he would like to listen to a little music. He replied, "With pleasure. I often have intended asking you to play the accordion, but forgot." With all gravity, I set to work, and had as before, only *buff, buff*, for my pains. We both burst out laughing, the captain remarked, "It was by the heat." I went to put Mr. *Buff-buff* into his box, reproving him for changing his previous sweet sound, to the ridiculous "*buff-buff*." Refreshed by a dish of rice, and amused by the music "*buff-buff*," we resumed our course about one p.m.; the heat was then 118° in the shade. Having passed through the remainder of the valley, we entered amongst the mountains; it was like passing through an oven. I no longer looked at the

thermometer, but thought to myself, "Oh, Lord, what will be the heat of that fire in the next world, prepared for those who have declined from thy holy laws?" So tremendous was the heat! I was struck without mercy, and every minute called, Abdolhamed, a drink of water! but what water! that of the muddy Nile was nearly finished; there only remained one corba, (corba is a skin for carrying water through the Desert), of Nile water, the others were filled with that of Morrat, which was *pejor priore*. Who could drink it? though desperate from thirst, we could drink neither one nor the other; for the Arabs wishing to preserve for us the remaining corba of Nile water, had anointed it with castor oil, and the grease with which they anoint their bodies to repel the heat that it might not be dried up by the sun. Thus the skin heated by the sun, drank in the oil, and this combined with the stinking water, formed a horrible mixture.

What folly is this? Here, I want you, my palate. "Mouth, open and drink;" but it refused. What torture to have a glass of water in the hand, parched with heat, and not to drink? I prayed for grace to support with patience these few days, as it would be a special favour if I overlived this journey. In the meantime, I had still the water in my hand, undergoing a struggle whether I should drink it or not. But alas! it was not a contest with doubt, but with possibility of swallowing the water, or rather decoction of sundry elements; but no, it could not be. I threw away the

water, from the horrible smell it had, and called to Abdolhamed. "What have you mixed with the water?" "Nothing," he replied, "we have only oiled the skins that they might not be dried up by the sun, and remains for you two, as you cannot drink the water of Morrat." "I think the water of Morrat is better, bring me half a glass." He did so, and I, with the idea I had that this might be better, swallowed a mouthful, but began to spit immediately from the nauseous taste it left in my mouth. I had to get some dates from the cook, to sweeten a little my palate. I suffered greatly, and felt as if I should be suffocated. I do not remember what thoughts danced through my mind, beyond that they related to my family, and were of a sad nature. The road between the hills continued for about two hours. On entering the plain, we saw at a great distance the tops of two mountains, which the Arabs told us were upon the Nile, and a large blue lake. Enchanting mockery of nature!

We continued our route, longing for the night to refresh us a little. At half-past seven, we dismounted at a little hillock in the plain, to repose a short time. Our supper consisted of two bits of bread, and a glass of the compound decoction. After a short rest, we remounted and followed the Kabir. The moon was with us till midnight. As we had been obliged to drink of the Morrat water, which tasted, as I said, of castor oil and rhubarb, (would to Heaven there had

been but the taste, and not the effect of the two!) all the travellers, cawas, cook, Arabs, camels, dromedaries, whether they had taken much or little of it, suffered a general diarrhæa: besides this, four of us suffered from dysentery; the poor cawas was the worst, having suffered from fever from the first day. I consoled him often, and encouraged him with the hope that two days rest at Abuhamed, would cure him. The cook suffered more from ophthalmia. The captain and I were very ill of dysentery. Knowing that every one had something to deal with, I consoled myself with the idea that I did not suffer alone, others shared in the honour. After such delusions, I began to sing some sacred Latin hymns, with a loud voice, to prevent sleep overcoming me, and my falling from the dromedary; but with what good? We are a compound, ever susceptible of ease and inconvenience, pleasure, and pain, great joy and intense grief. I could hardly hold myself up as night came on, and sat on the dromedary like a little boat in a stormy sea. I was very much annoyed this night by Abdalhamed, and quarrelled with him; but I kept it to myself. *Tandem aliquando*; we halted about three in the morning, and threw ourselves down to rest until a new order.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE — TAKING A SWALLOW — ARRIVAL AT
ABUHAMED — THE EIGHTH NIGHT.

THE kabir began early to call to the Arabs to arise; they were soon afoot, and intoned Sheik Abdolcader, having finished the loading, brought us the dromedaries, which we mounted, and followed those already *en route*. For about an hour we enjoyed the freshness, but the sun soon gilded the sand, and heated it. Before us were neither trees nor hills, but only a plain. At half-past nine we halted, and the kabir made himself a tent of his veil as yesterday. Noon came with most terrific heat; being our last day in this part of the Desert, it seemed as if the sun wished to put forth all his vigour, and leave for ever an impression of his favour on our minds. We two could find no peace; but kept turning here and there on all sides, opening and shutting the umbrellas, or burying our heads beneath the saddles of the camels, or exchanging our places. We were like two desperados, moving without speaking, only one expression, a murmur, "oh, the heat!" The captain seemed this day to suffer more than me from the heat. Imagine,

a poor bird, attacked by the sun, placing itself under a dromedary and concealing itself between the legs of the animal. Another was in front of us, with open bill, in order to show us its wants, which we immediately understood, and offered it some of the nauseous water, which the poor bird took mad with joy, drinking it quickly and eagerly. The Arabian inkstand, although placed under one of the saddles of the dromedaries, and not receiving a ray from the sun appeared more heated than any previous day. Almost all the ink came foaming out as if it had been placed above burning coals. We were anxious to depart, for dinner (of bread and the mixture), was finished. The kabir, in reply to the captain's inquiry, what time do we depart? said, in an instant, the Arabs were gone to bring the beasts; they came, and we mounted. The heat at twelve was 116° , at half-past twelve, 119° , at one, when we left, 124° , the thermometer being under the shade of a saddle. One of the Arabs had to go in search of a dromedary, which had escaped beyond our sight. Whilst going on we saw three swallows before us, two stopped after every flight, a little distance off, the other near us; then the two remained behind, and the single one followed us; it began to fly amongst us, resting now on one, then on the camel; it came nearer and nearer to us, and seemed inclined to rest on our persons; but then took shame or fright and perched on the baggage. Observing its flight towards us, I presumed the pretty creature was suf-

fering from intense thirst, and said to the captain, "look at that poor bird, which forsakes its companions, I am sure it is thirsty, and follows us knowing that we cannot travel without water." He confirmed my observation, as it settled on the kabir's dromedary who was about ten yards in front. I called immediately to Abdolhamed, to take the bird, which he did without the least difficulty; in fact, it seemed to offer itself to his kindness; poor little thing, it did not know that we had more tender hearts than the Arabs! I, who knew its first want, called to one of the Arabs, and told him to take the bird from Mohamed, and filling his own mouth with water, put the bird's beak in it four or five times, and thus give it to drink, which he did, and then gave it into my hand. I looked, and looked with heart palpitating with joy, on this dear little bird. "Poor little thing!" I said, "hast thou, beautiful swallow, lost thy road to the Nile? dost thou suffer from the excessive heat?" It looked at me as if to beg me to have mercy on it. I kissed it, and bid it not be afraid. "I have not the heart to do thee harm. Didst thou not know I was the first to remark thy wants, and had taught the Arab how to give thee to drink? and am only sorry that our bread is too hard, I cannot give thee any. But, my dear swallow, it is not right to stay here, for the heat is so great. Pay attention, and do not again mistake your road in the Desert, or you will fall a victim to its cruelty—so now

that you are refreshed and recovered, follow this direction to the Nile." So saying, I let it off. It did not fly away immediately, but described two circles around us, as if to thank us for our hospitality, and rejoice of its freedom ; in its third flight, it flew off, I hope, to reach its end in safety. This incident seemed to make us forget the excessive heat. My mind was so pleased with this swallow, and its proceedings, that it dwelt on it the rest of the day ; in fact, I was so wrapt up in these fancies, that on arriving at the station at seven, I fancied I was yet beholding its flights around us. The mat being spread, I stretched myself on it, and asked for a bit of bread and some of the *compound decoction*, to martyrize a little more my palate and empty stomach, which, besides heat, had to support itself upon hard bread and bad water. But we must rejoice in its being the last night, hoping to make a feast tomorrow in Abuhamed, where the Arabs assured us, we should find everything. The Arabs were ready, and soon finished reloading, and I had not finished my eating, so I said to the Arab, who held my kneeling dromedary, "take this bit of bread and gnaw it, to pass the time ;" he took it with great glee, thanking me with the accustomed litany of compliments. "God multiply your goods, rain down blessings on you, and cover you with his grace, and restore you to your family, free from all hurt," &c., &c.

He set to work immediately, hoping to break off a bit with his teeth, but he could not. I amused myself

by looking at him; he tried next with his hands, but equally in vain. "Allah," I heard him say, "can I not break this bread?" Then he tried again with his teeth, but in vain. Finally, he selected a couple of pieces of stones and sat down to pound it, in order to master all of it. Having broken it up, he ran after me, saying, "Wallah Iakauaggia Jusef, I thought you had given me a stone, and not bread." "For shame," I replied, "to think I would give you a stone to break your teeth—it is bread from Corosco." He showed me then how he had pounded it up. I laughed, and this incident, and the freshness of the night solaced me. The Arabs promised us but a short march this night. "Abuhamed was so near us," they said. I suggested this night would be the longest of all, if not so in reality, the mind would feel it so, being the end so much desired by us. I meant to have added more; but my words were cut off by the kabir shouting, "I see the Palma on the shore opposite to Abuhamed," but alas! the more we went on, the further seemed Abuhamed. The moon left us; midnight came. An hour after midnight, and yet we were marching. I began to mock the Arabs, but with so much art as to make them laugh at themselves, without their perceiving it. One of the jests was directed to Abdolhamid, and was not too agreeable. "Do you know, Abdolhamid," said I, "that Sheik Abuhamed has been raised from the tomb by the prayers of the prophet, and has come and carried off his village? for it is not possible

that Abuhamed can be so distant, when an hour ago you told us you saw the palms on the Western bank opposite to it. He could make no reply, and appeared displeased, and called to the Arabs "lead the camels, children; lead the camels." I heard them say in a low voice, *Il kauaggia Jusef, Walkobtan*, are displeased, for Abdolhamed lied when he said Abuhamed was very near. I, hearing them speak, said aloud, "we do not want to go to Abuhamed, it would be a dreadful thing," adding in a broken tone "Abuhamed is gone to the infernal regions, on account of the lies he told, and all liars will go after him. We will content ourselves in going to the place where he sold his lies." *Naruh ila Bandar il cuzb* (we go to the lie market.) They were all silent, and urged by my words, led the camels quickly forward. Finally, we arrived at the famous village at three in the morning of the 5th of October. Hardly did I see the Nile, when I made the dromedary kneel down, and ran to the water; the Arabs called to me to fire off the guns (all the Egyptian merchants on arriving at Abuhamed, after crossing the Desert, fire off their guns, and shout in chorus with the Arabs, "*Nascor allah wasolna salimin*"—"thanks be to God we have arrived safe"); but what did I reply? I ran to the water and drank. I knew not how much I drank. I used my hands for a cup, for some time; but not satisfied, I stretched myself along the bank, and putting my mouth down, drank like an animal; although the water might be disturbed, it had not the

nauseous and repulsive taste of our *compound decoction*. After drinking, I remained for some time contemplating the Nile. I forgot immediately the intense sufferings, and thought I had arrived from hell to paradise. The comparison of those days of martyrdom with those moments, when I found myself at the Nile seemed to me a dream, and I doubted of my existence at the instant change; but regaining my mind, I broke forth, "Thou beautiful Nile, thou king of rivers, life of this country, he who withdraws from thee is dead; I revered thee in the midst of the Desert, and longed to see thee. I sent to thee that miserable swallow, who, forsaking thee to travel in the Desert, was almost dead. Oh, that dreadful Desert! if thou knewest its cruelties! Oh, loving father, powerful King, who has obtained from the highest Power the dominion of Africa! to thee all resort, rational and irrational. Ah bless God who makes thee flow to give life to all his creatures; may I not quit thee for many a long day!" After this effusion to the Nile, I threw myself down on my mat to rest.

CHAPTER XI.

REST OF TWO DAYS AT ABUHAMED—FIFTH AND SIXTH
OF OCTOBER.

ABOUT five that same morning, we were awakened by the shouting of some other Arabs, who had rested here, before crossing the Desert to go to Corosco. We arose and plunged into the water, after which we breakfasted, and pitched our tent for the first time on the shores of the Nile. As we had determined to remain here two days, we arranged our boxes, in order, and lay down to sleep. I awoke at ten, and found the thermometer in the tent at 95° ; by noon the heat was $112\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Not being able to support the heat, we undressed and threw ourselves into the Nile, where we stayed for a long time, and found a good dinner ready on issuing from the water; having bought a lamb in the morning, which the cook had killed. The very eating was a fatigue, owing to the heat, but, thank heaven, we were at the Nile; so dinner over, I again undressed and entered the water; nor was the captain long in following, and being a good swimmer, he ventured far into the stream. I contented myself with remaining close in shore, which the captain per-

ceiving, came and gave me instructions how to move the hands and feet. I understood the explanation, and attempted putting it in practice, but I soon felt tired. The captain went out of the water, and as he stood dressing himself at the entrance of the tent, I called to him in English, "*A new school of swimming is opened at Abuhamed in Nubia, by Captain Peel, R.N.*" He laughed at this jest, which I proposed sending to the *Times*. I continued my practising for a short time longer. Afterwards I informed the captain that to-morrow would commence a festival kept by all Mahomedans, and, consequently, by the Arabs; therefore it would be a good time to give our Arabs a trifle to buy tobacco, busa, onions, &c. He, generous as usual, made the cook call them, and on their assembling, he addressed them thus:—"To-morrow is a feast for you—I will remain here to-morrow, and as I am content with you, here are some piastres to buy tobacco and onions, and make a feast.* They thanked

* Busa o Marisi is a kind of beer peculiar to the inhabitants of Nubia Superior and Sudan (Nigritia.) It is obtained from the dora in the following manner:—They bury a certain quantity of dora in the ground for a few days until the grains become swollen and begin to germinate. Then they take it, roast it, grind it, and mix it with a little water. After they have done this, they put it into an earthen jar, called "gir," and leave it for a few hours to become moistened, and then fill the jar with water and leave it for three or four days. In this time the roasted kneaded dora diffuses itself in the water, and reduces it to an acid liquor. The inhabitants then drink it. It is very wholesome for the people of that warm climate, and, being of an acid taste, becomes rather acceptable to the palate. This kind of liquor is the most general, and the only one known by the Nubians and Sud (negroes.) In Nigritia it is obtained also from the millet in the same way as from the dora.

him with all good wishes, and went off filled with content. The kabir, whose sole portion equalled that of all the others, remained talking with the captain about Abuhamed and the Nile. The captain consulted with me in English about giving some more piastres to buy the Arabs a lamb. Of course, I agreed with him. So he told me in Arabic, to give Abuhamed eight piastres, to buy a lamb for the Arabs, either this evening or to-morrow morning. The kabir gave us the accustomed string of thanks, and went off with the money, assuring us he would certainly buy the lamb.* The day was now expiring, and the sun had already gone back behind the Western mountains. At seven, the captain asked for hot water, I thought for tea, but as neither kettle nor tea came forth, I presumed it must be for medicinal purposes; and my supposition was right, for the captain said the water need not be boiling. I saw he had a paper in his hand. When the water was brought, before he mingled the contents of the paper in it, he told me it was a medicine to stop the dysentery, from which he still suffered, to cause profound sleep; but if I should awake in the course of the night, I might awake him, and also in the morning, should he be yet sleeping. So saying, he mixed the medicine in the warm water and swallowed it, wishing me good night. I was

* "Abdolhamed" means praised servant; this was the name of our guide. "Kabir" means acquaintance, one who has news of something. The Arabs of every tribe call every beast fit to be eaten "dabiha" (victim.)

anxious, and could not sleep for some time. I awoke at eleven, and approached the captain, but could perceive no signs of a sleeping man, but putting my ear to his face I felt him breathing—his pulse was galloping. I hoped there might not be a fatal consequence from taking the medicine, for the sleep was more than profound; I did not like to wake him, but I could not sleep. At half-past twelve, I could hardly perceive that he breathed at all, so I took him by the hand and shook him, calling, "Captain Peel." He awoke in a fright, and called out in Arabic, "Man, what's the matter?" I told him I doubted whether he was alive. He laughed, and immediately fell asleep again. He was awakened in the morning by the cries of the Arabs. I told him how his profound sleep had frightened me, and that I had awakened him at midnight, by calling and shaking him; but he remembered nothing of it, the medicine was so potent. Whilst we were thus talking, the cook came with coffee, having his head covered with a handkerchief, as he was suffering so much from ophthalmia, that he could hardly distinguish one object from another. He said, the cawas will prepare the dinner, as he was not able. I warned him, and told him to keep out of the sun and not drink any busa.*

* The houses of Abuhamed are built like those in Upper Egypt, of mud mixed with straw. They are low and narrow, and blackened both inside and out, without any windows. They have only a narrow door, and seem rather dirt holes than houses for the accommodation of people. Their furniture is very

After breakfast we again plunged into the Nile,* and enjoyed its coolness for a long time. At ten I went to see how the cook was, and on returning, found all

simple, and consists of some earthen jars, containing busa, or dora, two or three ancarihs (bedstead), some dry gourds full of butter or castor-oil. This village of Abuhamed (which means father of praise), a station for the Arabs, is inhabited by about one hundred and fifty persons, Nubians and Arabs. There is nothing to be found but lambs, kids, milk, onions, dora, busa, and linen (white linen of cotton worked there, and which forms their dress.) All these trifling articles come to Abuhamed from the Western island opposite to it, because the Nile is divided a little above Abuhamed, and again unites above Dongola, and consequently forms a large, extensive, and fertile island, which is always dressed with green, and shaded and refreshed by the beautiful sant, the noble palm, and the wonderful dom. All the inhabitants of Abuhamed go to it to cultivate dora, wheat, and other kinds of corn and vegetables necessary for the subsistence of themselves as well as for that of their flocks. It is truly very beautiful and pleasing to see every morning and evening the Nubians and Arabs cross the Nile from Abuhamed to the island, or from this to that. They wrap round their heads their shirts (their only dress), like a turban, and ride on an empty swollen skin, and pass the stream from one shore to the other, at ten, twelve, fifteen, and sometimes at twenty together, chattering, laughing, or shouting, for their amusement. Many ride on a thick branch of dom; but this is done only by those who are very skilful and better swimmers. Those who bring the grass for the camels pass the Nile without either skins or branches of dom, because they lie upon the grass, which they bring to sell. These are always the most merry and joyful, on account of the profit which they expect to make from the sale of the grass.

* The waters of the Nile are very light and wholesome. When any one plunges into them in the morning or evening he is apt to fancy he is swimming in a stream of oil. They are so smooth and agreeable, even to the skin! This peculiarity is caused by the black sand, which the Blue Nile carries with it from the mountains of Abyssinia, and we call it in Arabic "Ibliz" (fat.) This sand seems to come from golden mountains, because it is mixed with minute pieces of gold, and when the Nile overflows in summer it is seen on both banks shining brilliantly. This is the very sand which fertilizes both lands of Upper and Lower Egypt. The inhabitants of Upper Egypt and Nubia use it in medicine for curing all tumours or wounds, either in themselves or their animals, and always with good effect. Every year fresh sand is deposited.

the Arabs standing idle and melancholy; it immediately occurred to me, that the kabir had not brought them the lamb, for though clothed in their best rags in honour of the day (they were shirts of calico woven in Nubia), their visages betokened sadness. I thought it best to wait till noon before making enquiries, so I re-entered our tent. The Arabs kept passing and re-passing, looking in and going round like wasps about something sweet. After observing their movements, I proclaimed to the captain, my opinion of the kabir having neither bought them the lamb, nor told them of the captain's generosity. We ought to have bought the lamb ourselves, and then given it to them. I determined to be certain on the subject—but how? At length, I hit on a scheme. I left the tent with my umbrella, and passed in front of a couple of Arabs, pretending to seek something; they arose and offered to assist in the search. I thanked them, but told them not to trouble themselves; one enquired what I sought. I replied, “oh if you knew! something very interesting, and I am sure you could find it;” but he said “tell me, tell me, I will seek it directly;” but I refused, saying, “if you helped to seek for it, you would ask for backshish.

I then directed my steps towards one somewhat apart. I asked why he was so idle? he said—“what do you want? I have nothing to do;” “nothing to do,” I rejoined, why don't you take part in the victim? roast it, eat it, attend the fire, or do something.” He,

laughing, enquired why I mocked him—where was the lamb? I told him not to ask me for the sheep, the captain had, yesterday, given eight piastres to Abdolhamed to buy them a sheep. “What!” he said, “Abdolhamed has told us nothing of it.” I told him to call all the Arabs and Abdolhamed and come to the tent. I returned laughing, and told the captain what a fine *policeman* he had,—how the kabir had pocketed the money, &c. Fancy the scene of the Arabs running about in search of Abdolhamed,—here and there and everywhere, one calling one thing, some another; and seemed to want with their shoutings, Abdolhamed merely, *ut crucifigerent eum*. At length he was found, abused with all kinds of reproaches, and was brought before the captain, who was prepared to launch forth on him, certain short, but effective expressions. The Arabs became quiet, and with a loud voice the captain began,—“Didst thou dare to lie to me? Oh liar! I thought thou wert a legitimate son,* but now I know thou art not,—Ibn Haram, Besce zalim (wicked oppressor), give me the money? All trembling with fear and confusion, neither knowing what or to whom to reply, he drew out the money and attempted to speak, “Jacobtan Allah Jatumel Omrac.” O captain, God prolong thy life. “Silence,” shouted the captain, “and be off as fast as you can.”

* It is an Arabic custom to call a man who is generous, of mild temper, honest and just, “Ibn Halal,” (legitimate son); but, on the contrary, he who does not possess the above noble and virtuous qualities, is called “Ibn Haram,” (illegitimate son.)

He consigned the money to the Arabs, who were overjoyed at the victory over Abdolhamed, and went off thanking the captain, and grumbling at Abdolhamed. The lamb was soon bought, its throat cut, and devoured. After a few minutes, the ashamed Abdolhamed, (he had need to change his name) seeing me before the tent, came and attempted to excuse himself; but I, as much for amusement as anything, cut him short. "Thou and thy Arabs devoured our bread, and we pardoned you—now thou hast wanted to eat that of thy brethren; thou fanciest thyself a good man it may be! but thou hast shown thyself to be very wicked and unjust; take care to act more justly, otherwise God, who is all justice, seeing thy bad actions, will destroy thy other eye, and thou wilt lose thy way, and the dogs will eat thee, as thou hast tried to eat thy brethren. I have not forgotten what I said at Morrat, about the second box of bread. I will count it this evening, and if there be one morsel wanting, I will know where to seek for it." He attempted now to speak on the bread question; but I told him to be off and eat his portion of the sheep. I could hardly refrain from laughing. I heard the Arabs talking and swearing, they had never travelled with such just men as the captain and Kauagia Jusef. One remarked: "They are so learned! they know everything! they have no dragoman. They know what dragomen are!" Thus finished the comedy, which diverted us greatly. The assizes having lasted

for some time, we were hungry, and welcomed the cawas with a pan of meat and rice. In the evening, the captain called Abdolhamed, and ordered all to be ready in good time the following morning. He listened with great humility, and took his departure, promising obedience, and thus finished happily and merrily, our two days at Abuhamed, which made us forget somewhat the past, though still recent sufferings.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM ABUHAMED, SEVENTH OF OCTOBER—
 VISIT ON THE EIGHTH TO THE TOMB OF MR. MELLY
 —HALT AT GEGA, ETC.

THE captain having ordered everything last night to be ready in good time, we expected we should find it so; but no camels were to be seen in the morning; the sun rose—we breakfasted—and yet no camels. On enquiring for Abdolhamed, they said he had gone to bring the camels, which had been sent some distance to graze. The captain became very fidgetty, and was sure Abdolhamed meant to deceive us. I thought something had happened to the camels. All the Arabs, one after the other, went off after Abdolhamed. *Non ut crucifigerent eum*, as they seemed to wish yesterday; but to beg him to come. At length they all returned with the camels, and set to work to load. Abdolhamed began to curse the delay, swearing it was not his fault. He had sent off an Arab at midnight to bring the animals, but the fellow thinking he would be in plenty of time, fell asleep, and would not have awoken by this time, had not he gone in search of him, and that he had struck him so violently and

driven him away, and that he should never more travel with him. The captain listened patiently, and did not give credence to the excuse, but sent him to assist the others in loading. I believed the kabir, as the brother of the dismissed Arab, came and told me how cruelly Abdolhamed had used his brother, because he fell asleep. We were ready, having struck the tent and arranged everything long before. We bade adieu to the Nile in a farewell drink, and mounting the kneeling dromedaries, left Abuhamed at ten a.m., amidst the adieus, greetings, and good wishes of the Arabs who surrounded us. We immediately entered upon the Desert, for Abuhamed, though on the Nile, is at the end, or beginning of it. The sun and hot South wind began, *sicut erant in principio*, to torment us; the latter filling our eyes with sand. I did not look at the thermometer, but I think it could not be less than 115° or 116°.

Our route lay not far from the Nile; in the afternoon we went a good space along its bank, when we dismounted, and scrambled on to some rocks to drink; we underwent roasting till five p.m. At half-past six we stopped; the cook being somewhat better, prepared a dish of rice and meat brought from Abuhamed, and we supped near a group of sant which surrounded our hotel.* After supper we slept till mid-

* There were many trees in that desert, and especially where we halted, being a short distance from the Nile. The trees, which form a forest on both banks of the Nile, are of dom tree of both species described before. (See Chapter

night, and then travelled till four a.m., when the camels were unloaded to rest a little, and again resuming our route till, at eight, we reached a Mahomedan cemetery.

The kabir informed the captain that here was the tomb of that English gentleman who, last year, had died in his tent, which was placed here, and was here buried. The captain dismounted, and with uncovered head, knelt at the tomb to pray, which being over, arranged some bricks which were about to fall, and replaced others, charging the Arabs to respect the tomb. I remained on my dromedary and recited a *Pater noster* and *De Profundis*, which we are accustomed to say for souls, condemned to remain some time in purgatory. I was affected on looking at the tomb of Mr. Melly, and thought of the desolate state of his family, who surrounded him on his death-bed, and burying the head of their house had to return home orphans. I wept and resaluted these Christian remains buried amongst Mahommedans. I had composed, as I said in Chapter VI., a Latin distich, and copied it on to a piece of card in order to place it on Mr. Melly's tomb, with the captain's name and my

viii., page 45, note *) There are very few real palms seen on the Western bank. The Nile begins to be unnavigable from there on account of its numerous rocks and frequent rapids. But with all this its wildness makes it more beautiful and picturesque. It winds very much, and sometimes it describes certain graceful semicircles, an idea of which can scarcely be expressed with words. As I said before, the Western bank is always wider than the Eastern, and consequently more fertile.

own,* but thinking that the Arabs or others might cut it off from the curiosity of its writing, I desisted. Being near the village of Gega, we stayed there to protect ourselves a little from the heat. I went to take a drink, and fill a jar from the Nile. The banks of the Nile were all green, and the soil is good, the Western

* The following was the distich which I intended to place on the tomb, with the name of Captain Peel and mine:—

“ Huc dum transibant quondam duo semper amici,
Dixerunt lacrymis, Ossa sepulta Melly,
Salvete.”

At Barbar, and more so at Kartum, many persons who had received kindness of Mr. Melly and his family, enquired of me, if the family had arrived home safe, and praised them much. So the previous year an Arab, Sciaik, of Vady Halfe, spoke of Mr. Melly and his family with great respect. I must really confess, after an accurate observation, that those English gentleman and those English families who go to the East, go to increase, with their quiet and prudent conduct, their honour and that of their nation. One must not think that I speak so to promote my interest, because the characteristic of the English is well known to all the other Europeans, to be prudence, which makes them so great, and they know well, when, and how to make use of it, as well at home as abroad. The English, generally, do not go to the East like the other Europeans, with the speculation of opening a little shop of cigars, pipes, or ham, (*contra factum non est argumentum*,) but they go to study the monuments of antiquity and to enjoy the beauty of the country. They are always distinguished from all other Europeans by their noble behaviour. But in those few cases in which the English have engaged in business, their bazaars have been, and are on so grand and comprehensive a scale, as to be the wonder of the other Europeans as well as of the country. I hope the English, as jealous of their honour as hitherto, will continue to show the same dignified conduct, and will direct their actions with their usual prudence, and thereby gain additional respect from the people amongst whom they travel. I recommend them strictly to wear their own dress, and not to adopt the costume of the country, nor even to use a red tarbuse (cap), when they go up the Nile, or to Syria, because that indicates levity and diminishes respect.

bank is thicker than the last, which is the case all the way from Cairo to Kartum. On returning to the station, I threw myself down to sleep under the shade of some dom trees; the hot wind blew with force. At eleven a.m., it was 98° in the shade, and at one p.m. 112°.

The road lay amongst thick trees of dom, whose shade protected us from the sun; we reached a little village at seven p.m., where we were to spend the night. We got a little, but very little milk. The cook *juxta morem solitum*, gave us some boiled rice to eat. The sheik of the village sent us a couple of ancarihs.* I went down to the Nile, and took with me a dried gourd which I had bought at Abuhamed; it was intended to hold butter or water. The moon was full, but the South wind was like fire, as I proceeded to the bank, I could not find an easy descent

* Ancarib is a bedstead, somewhat resembling those in common use in hospitals, except, that, for the sacking is substituted a kind of net made of cow-skin on which they lay, without the additional luxury of bed or mattress. Happy are those servants who meet with such an easy bed! The principal object of the Ancarib is this: being about two feet elevated from the ground, it defends its sleeping inhabitants from those who are always on the watch to torment them, namely, bugs, lice, scorpions, and numerous other insects, which abound especially in summer. These troops of insects are produced from the houses, which, besides being narrow and dirty, are inhabited equally by the lambs, goats, cows, camels, dogs and cats. All these good creatures enter the house whenever they like, and do whatever they please, and share almost everything with the human family. Some of the houses seem to be built on purpose for the dirt, cats, and insects. The inhabitants had invented that kind of bedstead called Ancarib, two feet high from the ground, in order, not to be run off with, by that numerous multitude.

to the water; I went a little to the right, but hardly had I divided one bush, and put my foot, as I thought, on another, than I was struck with a horrible force. "*Gesu mio*," I cried, as I heard with terror and surprise, the hissing and crackling of a serpent. My blood froze. I remained speechless, like a stone, for some instants, but recovering myself, I drew back. I could not perceive the serpent amongst the thick grass, but from the blow I had received, and the noise it made in going off, I am sure it must have been immense. After this misadventure, I went back and found a place opened by the inhabitants. I descended, drank, filled the gourd, and mounted the first step.* Having the gourd in my hand, I put my foot on the second step—it slipped—I turned back, passed the first step, when down went my left leg into the water; having my right foot on the ground, I attempted to arise, and at the second struggle drew out my leg, supporting myself on my right foot; but this step also gave way, and, in fear, I threw down the gourd, which broke into a thousand pieces; and catching hold of some bushes, gently climbed up and got safe. I stood still a moment to look around, and then exclaimed, "*Che Diavolo!*" one misfortune follows another. God be thanked that the serpent did not fasten on to my foot, and that I was not a victim to the Nile."† Thus frightened

* The staircase was excavated in the mud, and being moist, one was forced to slide on it.

† As the Nile winds much in these parts, the Arabs do not follow it, but make a short cut, and after having passed the village of Alcereh (a country com-

and humiliated, I returned, but did not say a word of my disasters. I slept till dawn, when we arose to depart. After proceeding a short distance, we met an European coming from Karthum, with his kabir. I knew him for an European, in spite of his being in Oriental garb. Going up to him, I wished him good morning in French, adding in Arabic, "What language do you speak?" "Arabic or Italian," said he. "Then let us speak Italian, and leave Arabic to the Arabs. Whence do you come?" "From Kartum, which I left twelve days ago." "Was Don Iznagio Knobleher still there?" "No! he had not returned from Europe." "Where did you know him?" "At the Propaganda in Rome." "Who is your companion?"

posed of some villages called Balad Alcerek), ascend a hill. Arrived at the top, I stopped for about five minutes to enjoy that enchanting *veduta*, which the Nile offers to the beholder. In the West are seen some black and high mountains, which, in the distance, seem to be round towers, and are reflected on the water, as if it were a large mirror placed there on purpose to enchant the spectator; the greenbanks decorated with forests of Dom, Acaccia, Sant and other trees seem to be doubled on account of the reflection in the water, and as the Nile there flows majestically for about half a mile, describing a *parabola*, seems to carry with it its beautiful banks, those magnificent trees, and the mountains above-mentioned. This sight is the most striking I ever beheld. In 1850, I ascended with Captain P., the top of Giabal Olcora (mountain of the corner which contains the monuments, the wonder of the world), opposite Thebes, and beheld a very beautiful view of the Nile, the land, and the mountains around; but that prospect from the hill of Alcerek is the first on the Nile from Cairo to Kartum. There are only three views on the Nile in Upper Egypt, which can be considered very beautiful. The first is from the top of the mouniain of Osiut; the second from the top of Mount Sciaik Herede; the third from that of Giabal-Olcora. Amongst all these that first referred to, is the most beautiful and enchanting. When the traveller goes up the Nile as far as Thebes or Osuan, he must avail himself of the opportunity, and go to the top of those mountains to enjoy those views, which really excite the human mind.

“An English gentleman.” “His name?” “Captain Peel.” “Where are you going, to Kartum?” “A little further;” “To Cordafan?” “Yes;” “To buy gum?” “No, Englishmen in general don’t go there for such speculations, they leave it to others to buy gum, and send it to England.” “But there is an Englishman, a gum merchant, in Cordafan.” “Yes, but he is an exception.” We exchanged a few more enquiries, but the heat precluded longer conversation; so, with a mutual exchange of thanks and adieus, we parted. I rejoined the captain, who had halted a little in front, and recounted the conversation to him. Having passed the *ascorciatura* about ten a.m., we reached a village on the Nile, called Kor. We dismounted amongst the palm and dom trees, to be protected from the sun.

CHAPTER XIII.

HALT AT KOR AND DEPARTURE TO BARBAR.

STRETCHED under the shade of the palms, we enjoyed the fresh air; for although the wind was blowing strong and hot from the South, beating against the thick palm trees, and moving their long green branches, it seemed to become refreshing. One of our first proceedings was, to buy a lamb for dinner. Being near the water, I went down amongst the thick trees of sant, to drink and bathe. I found a large tree laying almost entirely on the water, which was here very deep, as the eddies showed. Seated upon a large branch which was over the water, I drank, and giving up my intention of bathing, contented myself with dipping in my feet. Establishing a secure position upon the large branch, I began to shave in the presence of the modest turtle doves, and numerous other beautiful birds, who were concealing themselves from the heat in the same tree. "Oh!" I said, "what a fine fortune a barber could make here were it a Bandar." There is nothing wanting—these sant trees, with their fragrant yellow flowers, would enchant every one; the freshness of the place cannot be surpassed; the music of these birds, of all species and beauty, is un-

ceasing ; the doves, with cheerfulness and modesty, would rejoice every heart capable of mirth. What more can man desire ?” Having finished shaving, I went up to tell the captain of the delightful spot. He was not long in coming down to bathe. “I was so delighted,” said he, “with the place, the birds, the water, that I felt grieved to leave it.” The kabir then begged us to eat that the departure might not be delayed ; so we dined whilst the Arabs loaded the camels. As they brought them to us, I perceived the saddle did not fit my dromedary, and I desired the Arab to change it ; but he replied, “Don’t be afraid,” so making the sign of the cross, which I never omitted, (indeed, I never neglected the first thing in setting out each time, to repeat “*Dirige Domine*,” with prayers to the Virgin and my guardian angel, to preserve me from all dangers,) I mounted ; the dromedary arose, made a step forward, the saddle shook, slipped round and turned, without giving time to the Arabs to keep it up or free me ; so I fell to the ground with the saddle over me. The Arabs now ran, but it was too late, and the shouts and curses of the kabir to him who had told me the saddle was firm, were of no benefit. The Arabs raised me, pale, and suffering acute pain, and I had to lean against a tree whilst they brought me some water, for I had fallen on a rock, and received a severe bruise at the lower part of my back. I desired the kabir himself to put the right saddle, for I would not trust the stupid youth again ;

to whom I turned with savage looks, and said, "If I fall again, and remain alive, I will teach you how to put on a saddle." The Arabs were stupified, when they saw what a rock I had fallen on, and said, "Wallah Iakauagia Jusef, you must be Ibn Hallal—you must be a good man to have received such mercy." I said, "I was not a good man, but my family were good people, and offered many prayers and petitions for me." Alas! it was ten years since I had seen any of them, except once my father for a few hours. I mounted again, but felt great pain in my back at the movement of the dromedary.

I was in a desponding mood; I had rejoiced that the spitting of blood had ceased the second day at Abuhamed; but now I was suffering violent pain; then I calmed myself in thinking I must suffer one way or other, tribulation or pain, and if God's grace did not fail me, all would be well. Not feeling the heat, the pain making me forget it, I began to sing the psalm, "*Beatus vir*." The kabir came to inquire how I was, and I replied, "well, thanks be to God, I only feel the pain in my back." He told me in a short time we should pass through the valley of the ass; I laughed, and inquired if there was not a valley of the cat, or dog, or pig? He, cursing the latter named, and replied, "no." We lost sight of the Nile on entering the valley.* The evening drew on, and at

* There are two roads in that valley, one is on the banks of the Nile, and the other in the Desert. The Arabs choose always the latter, being shorter. The Nile

half-past six we dismounted under a sant tree. The captain ordered some meat to be boiled, which the cook, lighting a fire, presently brought us. I had no appetite, but I took a little of the broth, thinking it best for me. After supper we resumed our march in the fair moonlight through the valley of the ass, until two a.m. The Arabs begged the kabir to halt, as we quitted the valley; he would not attend to them, and only shouted, "Lead on—go on." The Arabs grumbled, "horrid one eye," obstinate man, and other expressions, "*nec dominandæ sunt.*" I was more tired than the Arabs, and asked Abdolhamed where and when we should stop. "Very near," he replied. At half-past four we reached a small plain upon the Nile, and there we dismounted; but in half an hour, the kabir, who was always awake, called to the Arabs that the sun was up, and in another twenty minutes we were off again; our route lay along the Nile, and was very pleasing. All the cultivated ground was on the Western bank. About ten we arrived at the village of Cananit, where we were conducted to a house once inhabited by Arabs; it was built of mud and straw, with a roof like a sieve. The brother of the Arab Sheik, who directs the Government post between

there is very wild, and flows between rocks for about ten miles. The eastern bank is sterile, and the western is very little cultivated, both on account of their rocks and the few inhabitants. After that rocky tract, the land begins to be wide and very fertile, principally the western bank, and produces every kind of corn, which is produced in Upper Egypt.

Kartum and Cairo, came to salute us, and remained some time with us.

After he left us, being very tired, we were just about dropping asleep, when in rushed the kabir in a rage, calling out with a loud voice, "are we your servants, oh, captain, or the cawas's servants? for he wanted to make me and the Arabs bring him water from the Nile; he won't drink the well-water which both of you have drunk, and we can't get down to the water for the ground is all mud, and the cawas rose to bastinado me before Omar and all the Arabs; but I told him we were your servants, and that he ought to treat us as you do." The captain summoned the cawas from the adjoining house, and asked why he could not drink the water as we had, and added, none of the Arabs need go to the Nile for it. The kabir was overjoyed at his victory over the cawas, who, poor man, came afterwards to explain to me how he had *prayed* the Arabs; "but that one-eyed dog," said he, ["that son of sixty dogs (an Arab phrase)], has accused me before the captain? Well, he shall see!" I endeavoured to calm him, and by this time all was ready for our further progress, which we continued at two.

The road wound along the banks amongst the trees of dom. At seven we rested, as usual, at a large village, called "Abaidie," where we got a dish of rice cooked with milk. Supper over, we went on till half-past one, when we reached a village, an hour's dis-

tance from Barbar. Here we lodged in the Sahara, (under open roof,) till morning. As the captain and I wished to travel in the cool of the morning we set off for Barbar, which appeared before us. Whilst going quietly on, the captain told me a Frenchman had written in his "Journey to Mount Sinai," (if I do not mistake), that when mounted on his dromedary he was fifteen or eighteen feet high. I replied he must have had some new fashion of French hat, six or seven feet high, and the load on the saddle four feet, a dromedary seven feet, might make up seventeen feet. I suggested we should measure our dromedaries, so I dismounted to hold the line, which he, on the back of his dromedary, which was the tallest, held on an exact level with its back, and we found the height to be about seven feet; to which, if the height from the crown of the hat to the sole of the foot be added, fifteen feet might be attained. We now arrived at Barbar, and passing by the bazaar, miserable for its articles of *merchandise* only, (for it was very clean), dismounted in a garden upon the Nile, when we ordered and had, in a short time, a good breakfast.

CHAPTER XIV.

STAY AT BARBAR THAT DAY, AND A NIGHT SPENT
THERE.

AFTER resting a little we enquired for the Medir or Governor of Barbar,* and were told he was gone into the provinces, and that an Albanese officer was performing his duties. We sent the cawas to acquaint

Barbar * Barbar is the capital of a province of Nubia superior, belonging to the government of Kartum. It is the residence of a medir (governor), who governs that province. (Medir is an Arabic word, which means he who goes round, and it comes from the verb "dara-iadur," to go round.) Barbar is a large and beautiful village situated on elevated ground, on the eastern bank of the Nile, and offers a delightful sight from a distance. It is clean, but its bazaar is miserable. I would not go to examine it, because while passing by it I saw the articles which it contains, and which were not worth seeing. It contains the things necessary for common life—bread, meat, cheese, onions, dates, calico, soap. At this place both banks of the Nile are wide and as fertile as Egypt. They produce every kind of corn and vegetables which Egypt produces—wheat, barley, dora, beans, indigo, cotton. Barbar is called also "almokerif," for the copious pasture of its land, and the land round about. The Arabs and Nubians give every year a few weeks of rest to their donkies, cows, camels, dromedaries, and horses, conducting them to the banks of the Nile, round Barbar to graze there, and become strong. Those few weeks of rest are in the autumn, in which the pasture abounds. Autumn is called in Arabic "karif," and its plural "mokerif" (autumns.) As both people live at Barbar while their beasts graze there round about, they call it "almokerif," by which is understood "balad" (country), or "ard" (land), almokerif (country or land of the autumns.) That is the reason

him with our arrival, and he soon returned, accompanied by the officer; the latter, according to Oriental dignity, having half a dozen men before and behind, who saluted us. After taking a seat, a cup of coffee was ordered for him; but, not having any cups, we were obliged to make use of our metal mugs. The officer congratulated Captain Peel on his safe arrival and invited him to change his residence, but we preferred the shade of the sycamore under which we were. The captain accepted his invitation to dinner, but I excused myself, and the civil Albanese officer then took leave. Several people came to look at the two Franks, and inspect their clothes; some never before having seen an European. After some time, the captain enquired of one, if there were any boats to be got to take us to Kartum. He was told, there was one belonging to a Frank like him. The captain said, "I am not a Frank, but English." The boats being near, he went to look at them. I remained luxuriating under the shade of the sycamore. After looking at the boat, the captain and the man returned, and I was informed one was at liberty. I enquired if he had made a bargain. He said, "No; but a man would come bye and bye to make the bargain." In a few minutes, we saw four men coming towards us, one

for which Barbar is called also almokerif. In fact, it being then the autumn when we were going up, we saw many horses belonging to the government grazing there on both banks with other camels and cows belonging to the Nubians or Arabs.

seemed the most venerable amongst them, not on account of the weight of years, or hoary head, but being loaded with the dignity of ownership of the boats. He as superior advanced, and saluted us with his right hand, having a Mecca Rosary, with which he amused himself. We were not behind in returning his salutation with all etiquette. He then was invited to seat himself upon the moist earth, and the captain enquired if he were the owner of the boat which he had seen, but for which the price asked was too much. "Allah Iakallic (God preserve thee)," he broke forth, "they told me you offered two hundred piastres from here to Kartum ; it is too little." The captain said, "No, he could go by land for less than two hundred piastres, (two hundred Turkish piastres, make ten Colonnati), in six days." The man now rose, and would have gone off, saying, he would not take less than three hundred, but was detained by his companions. I, who had remained silent during the discussion, now rose, and with fine bombastic, yet *telling* words, explained, that a bargain was like buying and selling. As I had not yet spoken, he was obliged, out of politeness, to listen to me. I told him he was quite in the right to ask three hundred piastres, and the captain thought two hundred sufficient, and both were right ; so what was to be done. I and these other men should adjudicate between him and the captain. I thought three hundred too much, two hundred too little, thus we might divide the difference." The men cried, "*Wal-*

lah taieb," (it is well), and we would therefore give two hundred and fifty. The men approved of the decision, but the owner remained firm at the three hundred. So I left him with his companions, who acted like brokers; and finally, the captain agreed to give two hundred and seventy-five piastres, saying he did so on account of the men.

According to Oriental custom, we gave some money as a deposit, and the captain ordered the boat to be anchored near us, as we should set off early the next morning. Being now the time for dinner, the captain went to the Albanese officers, and I to bathe, by which time my dinner was ready. I had not finished eating when a man entered between the luggage, and greeted me, expressing the pleasure he had had in hearing of the arrival of two such illustrious persons. Without giving me time to ask his name, he informed me he was a juggler, and had come to show us his tricks, which he was sure would delight us. "You will be delighted with the backshish!" I remarked. He rejoined, he knew all Franks were good; and I answered, I know all jugglers are bad; however I bade him wait till the return of my companion.

When the captain returned he told me he had had a very good dinner; soon after him came four Albanese servants; they sat down and began to speak amongst themselves, as of something of moment; then one came and begged me to ask the captain for backshish. I said they ought to be ashamed to ask such a

thing; did they mean to make him pay for his dinner? it would be a shame to the sangiac (sangiach is a Turkish name, meaning banner, the Vice-governor of Barbar being the bearer of it). The English never give backshish at home. I was ashamed at their audacity, &c. &c. He turned to his companions, and I repeated in English to the captain what had passed, and begged him to pretend to be very busy. The servants now assailed me; but they did not know with whom they had to do. I showed them a worse fare than their own companion, and gave them a bitter medicine, which they could hardly swallow; but still they would not go away. I sent for the cawas, and he repeated in Turkish what I had said in Arabic of the shame of asking backshish from those who did not tolerate the custom, however, still they stayed before our nose. But *post tenebras speramus lucem*, they remained murmuring, until two other of the officer's servants came, bringing a couple of lambs as a present from their master to the captain to use on the journey; having tied them to a tree, they went away without asking for any backshish, which, when their companions saw, they withdrew, looking more grim than ever. After the departure of the sad shades, the juggler, all smiling, arrived, who, saluting the captain, immediately began walking upside-down on his hands, then followed sundry tricks; about the best and most pleasing was his taking a hoop, which would just pass over the shoulders of a man, this he gave to one of the men working in the garden, who knelt down and

held it with his hands above his head ; the juggler now went back a few steps, and crossing his hands over his breast, ran forward, and leapt through the hoop without touching it. He did it three times—a thing that must require great practice. The captain gave him three piastres, and afterwards two, with which he was well satisfied, though he had lost a coffee cup, with which he was performing. He had given it to a boy after performing the first trick, to fill with water for another. The boy took it to the Nile to fill, and the current, he said, swept it from his hands. The juggler went in search of it ; and his abuse of the boy was quite an excitement for us. The boy did not seem destitute of sharpness, for he asked the man, what was the good of going to seek that cup which was not worth a quarter piastre, when in a few minutes he had gained five piastres. The juggler pursued the boy, amidst the shouts and laughter of the workmen. The captain having recompensed the Arabs before going to dine, they had bid us adieu quite content with their backshish. So we were ready for leaving the next morning. We talked a little, and then slept in peace and safety till morning.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM BARBAR TO GIABEL ALDABA—MOUNT OF
LEOPARDS.

WE were awakened in the morning of the 12th by the loud sound of the wind beating amongst the green branches of the sycamore. As the bread ordered yesterday was ready, (we had finished the Abuhamed bread before reaching Barbar,) we only awaited the boat. We sent the cawas to seek the sailors, and he did not return with the boat till the sun was up, anchoring it near our mansion; the captain desired the sailors to put the baggage on board. We counted all the things, and giving a look round to see that nothing was left behind, entered the caiase, and, the sail being unfurled to the roaring wind, the little vessel cleft the water with all force. So quickly we went, that we had hardly time to look at both shores which seemed beautifully verdant. Barbar was soon left behind, and as soon out of sight. The wind increased, and the Nile letting loose its waves, they came bounding and breaking against the stern, adding to its velocity. The sailors spoke of taking in the sail, and climbed the mast; but the furious wind,

with a strong burst, rooted up the mast, and this, hurled by the blow, broke the cables, and like a wounded giant bent on one side. The sailors called to their captain to steer to land, and they anchored near the shore, to replace the mast. I landed to examine the boat, and see of what kind it was; I found it very old—seemingly of the time of Noah, having holes in many places, and they filled up with tow and rags. On going inside I found it full of water. Would that had been all! It was filthy, stinking, and badly built. Such a horrible smell! The master told me there were some dead rats between the ribs, and they could not get them out. “Ah!” exclaimed I, “our dear dahabie;” so clean and beautiful! After a couple of hours the mast was replaced, the holes stopped up, the water baled out, and we resumed our voyage, the boat being dragged with the loban, as the wind had ceased suddenly after causing the *fracas*. The sailors continued their labour till sunset, when we anchored for the night. At five, on the 13th, we resumed our progress with a favourable wind. About half-past eight, we passed Atbara (river,)* which runs through

* Atbara is a river of good volume of water, and flows down from Abyssinia. It was related to me by many Nubians who had sailed on it, that its banks are as beautiful and fertile as the Nile. They are dressed with everlasting green, and are ornamented splendidly with trees of dom, palm, (these are very few) accacia, sant, haraz, and others. It contains numerous crocodiles, and a few hippopotamus. Many Nubians and Arabs live on its banks and cultivate them. They produce the same corn and vegetables as the banks of the Nile. It is navigable for a long distance, and afterwards becomes very wild and unnavigable, from its rocks and cascades. It has the same property as the Nile of increasing in sum-

Absinnia and joins the Nile here on the eastern side. In spite of the strong wind, we felt the heat, and as we passed along the banks of Atbara, we saw several crocodiles coming out to enjoy the heat, (for the hotter the day the more crocodiles are to be seen). Opposite Atbara, on the Western shore, we saw three Hippopotamus.* Although we passed near them as they were lying on a little island, they viewed us with the greatest indifference; the biggest of them was chewing something. We shouted at them but they were immovable. Gradually, however, we saw their lordships immerse themselves in the water, and disappear from our sight. The ground on which they

mer and decreasing in winter, and brings down with its current a great deal of Ibleez (black sand), mixed with minute pieces of gold. It is called by the Nubians and Arabs, Bahr Atbara (sea of Atbara). Atbara is an Arabic name, which means assaulter, (assaulter means here, the union of two persons, and is applied metaphorically to water). Its water is clearer than that of the Nile, and is equally light and wholesome; its fish are of better taste than those of the Nile. As far as it is navigable and known, it belongs to the Egyptian government.

* The hippopotamus begins to be seen from Atbara up, and Atbara itself possesses a few of them. The hippopotamus is called in Arabic—"Giamus Olbhr" (buffalo of the sea, giamus is singular, its plural Giuamis), because it is rather like the buffalo. It is the most powerful animal in the Nile, and even the ferocious and horrible crocodile fears it. It feeds upon grass and vegetables, which it seeks amongst the banks or isles at its leisure. It is neither carnivorous or piscivorous as its antagonist—the crocodile. Its skin is very thick and elastic; its flesh is very tender and exquisite (this I state upon the authority of those who enjoyed it several times) so is that of the crocodile. It is very pleasing to see the hippopotamus in his own country lying down on the delicious islands, or on the amoene banks of the Nile, or floating lazily on the surface of the water. The hippopotamus enjoys longer life than any other animal, aquatic or terrestrial, (I do not pretend to be a naturalist, but speak on the authority of the Arabs and Nubians.)

had reclined was very fertile, it is a second Upper Egypt, and we saw several horses grazing there. We were told they belonged to the Government, who every autumn sent up horses from Barbar to enjoy the verdure here for a couple of months. As the bed of the Nile is very wide on both sides, grass and barsim grow very well here. Barsim is a species of corn which is given to cattle; it is sown all through Egypt and Nubia to Kartum. About noon the wind began to decrease, and at one had ceased. The sailors dragged the caiase till seven p.m., and we anchored till half-past two of the 14th inst., when we gave our sail to the wind, which lasted till sunset. We then rested till an hour after midnight, and thinking the zephyr was becoming stronger, we undid the sail, but after an hour's sail, we were obliged to wait till five, when the wind began to blow in earnest, and the little vessel flew forward. At ten a.m., we passed by a little hill which arose on the eastern shore; the hill and village which was there, were called "Giabal wabald Om Ali," (village and hill of Ali's mother).* By noon the wind had increased so much

* A Mussulman woman buried in that mountain her only son, who had fallen victim to a cruel fever, and since then she has lived at the foot of the mountain in order to go often to his tomb and refresh it with her tears. (There is a custom amongst the Mussulmen to go often to the tomb of their departed relations, and adorn it with myrtle and roses, singing mournful songs.) As soon as she had built a hut, other Mussulmen, Nubians (all the Nubians believe in the Prophet and his Coran), joined her, and established themselves there. Within a short time they formed a good village, calling it (and the montain) by the name of its foundress

(nan) that we were obliged to furl the sail for some time and judging it abated we loosened the sail, which hardly swelled, and, in an hour, it ceased entirely. The sailors were compelled to drag the boat until six, when we anchored for the night.

The next morning the sailors recommenced the labour of the previous day. We landed, and as we walked along we saw the natives sowing beans, and such things.* After walking a little, the captain

thus, "Giabal Vabalad Om Ali," (mountain and village of the mother of Ali.) There is a custom in all the East, and, as I observed in Egypt, Nubia, and Nigritia, to call the married woman by the name of her husband, thus:—"Jaamrat Hanna," (O wife of John.) When she has a child, she takes his name instead, as "Jaom Josef," (O mother of Joseph.) But she is never called by the name which she had before her marriage. So Omali was called mother of Ali, because she had a son of that name. (Ali is an Arabic name, and means high.) Supposing that the married woman has many children, she is always called by the name of the first. That mountain is situated on the Eastern bank of the Nile, and is very beautiful; but I should rather call it a large hill than mountain. I enquired the epoch in which Om-Ali buried her son and began to live there; but could not get any positive and precise answer. All I could learn from the sailors was, that it was long ago.

* The inhabitants of Nubia and Sudan plough very superficially, and only for the wheat, barley, and dora. Their plough is made entirely of wood. For all other kinds of corn and vegetables they do not plough at all. When we were passing we saw them sowing beans and other vegetables. But one must know that all the Egyptians, Nubians, and Negroes (those Negroes who live on the banks of the White Nile) know perfectly well the nature of the Nile. This knowledge they acquire by constant tradition from father to son. Therefore they know when the Nile begins to increase, when it will attain its full height, and when it begins to decrease. So when they know that the Nile is confined in its bed, and the muddy banks become a little dry, they begin to sow the afore-said vegetables in the following manner:—There are two or more men, and one walks before in a straight line, with a stick five or six feet long, sharp at one extremity. He drives it into the soft mud for about eight or ten inches, and

called to us to embark, as the wind was increasing; the sail being unfurled, the caiase went merrily on; but alas! in half an hour the wind ceased, and the sailors had to resume the loban until five p.m., when the wind returned, and favoured us till seven, then, being dark, we anchored, for the night. At four, on the 17th, we loosed the sail, and were in sight of Scendi. The light boat went on gallantly, and by ten a.m., we had passed Scendi,* situated on the Eastern bank. On the Western side, almost exactly opposite Scendi, there is a large village called Almotamman, in which are Arabs, who conduct merchants to Dongola. Again we had recourse to the rope. At three p.m., we saw a boat crossing from the Western to the East shore, built by Nubians.† At four we reached a little hill

moves it round to make a hole. This done, he goes on two feet farther in the same straight line, and makes another one and so on. The second person, who has a bag tied round his waist, full of seeds, follows and throws down three or four raw seeds in the hole, and covers them by pressing in the mud, by means of the great toe of his right foot, and passes on to the next, and so on. It is very amusing to see the light, naked, and beautiful built Nubians perform this operation with the greatest skill and gentleness.

* Scendi is a bandar. I think it was originally Scianabi (my white teeth.) It is a large village on the Eastern bank of the Nile, and offers a beautiful and delightful sight from the large and opaque sycamore trees, which cast their shadows on the water and dye it a blue colour. Its houses are built of mud as those in Upper Egypt. It belongs to the province of Barbar. We would not stop to see it, because we knew, *a priori*, what the bazaar was composed of, and we did not want to buy either nails, linen, or onions. Scendi is half-way between Barbar and Kartum. It possesses few trees of real palm. From Barbar to Kartum the real palm is very scarce, and in many places there are no trees but sant, acaccia, and haraz.

† The boats of the Nubians there are built of innumerable small pieces of

on the West bank, and halted there for some time. The sailors wanted to remain the whole night, but the captain made them drag the boat till we had passed the Mount of the Leopardess.* Working hard we passed this difficult place, and rested at five near the Mount. Not far from us, was a hippopotamus swimming, and opposite on a little island lay two others; but the finest sight was a crocodile,† stretched in the

wood, and are of two kinds. The first has the usual shape of a little boat, with a seat at each end for the two sailors who row. This kind of boat is called, "moaddie" (passing from one to the other shore.) The second is built thus:—Three or four thick Dom branches are bound together, and form the basis or the keel. A quantity of other smaller branches, and less worked (to say the truth more rude than the former), are placed one upon the other, and instead of being nailed, are bound with cord made of palm fibres, and the interstices are stopped with dry grass and mud to make it watertight. The oars of both kinds of boats are more simple and rude than the boats and the boat makers themselves. They are a stick or branch of sant, four or five feet long, having a round piece of table fastened to one extremity. When the Nubians wish to pass the Nile from one shore to the other, a man sits at each end of the thick and wonderful boat, and paddles along, each pulling the water towards him or pushing it from him, according as he is sitting at the bow or the stern.

* Mountain of the Leopardess is situated on the Western bank of the Nile. It is properly a large and high rock of sand stone, and the inhabitants call it giabal (mountain.) It lies several yards in the water, and rises to the height of about thirty yards above the surface, and in the middle of it there is a cavern. Tradition says that a leopardess came in *diebus illis*, and brought forth her young in that cavern, and since then it has been called "giabal oldabaa (mountain of leopardess.)

† The crocodiles are of different kinds, and possess different habits. Some are fond of human flesh, others are not. In Upper Egypt they are very numerous but not so large as those of Nubia superior. They, nevertheless, are very large, and ferocious-looking animals. Their skin is very hard, and has a few spines on it; their heads are wide near the neck, and taper off to the mouth; their eyes very small. Their back bone is of one piece, beginning at the neck, and ending near the tail, and if they are turned over on their back, they lose all their

sun, on an island, on the Eastern side, although very near the bank where the men were with oxen turning a wheel for drawing water, it appeared to despise them; for more than half an hour we gazed on, as it lay motionless like a long great pine; taking our spy-glasses, we saw its den of a mouth, and its sharp white teeth like bayonets. It was surrounded by a troop of birds, and certainly could not be less than thirty-five or forty feet long, its sight at a distance was frightful, the enormous head was enough to frighten any one, the Raies of the caiase assured me he had never passed by without seeing it. I inquired if it was not disturbed by the noise around it? He replied; "The brute is very old, the great long accursed animal;

strength, and are unable to right themselves. Their legs resemble, to a certain extent, those of the monkey. They have great power in striking with their tails, and are very sensitive to the slightest pain. They all are either carnivorous or piscivorous, and like to be always warm. They bask in the sun during the day, and sleep under water at night; because the muddy bed of the Nile is warm at night. This information was given to me by two crocodile hunters, one from Upper Egypt, the other from Nubia. When the crocodiles get out of the water to enjoy the heat of the sun, they are surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of birds. These rest also on their backs, as I often saw; but never enter their mouths (the crocodile has generally its mouth open when it lies in the sun), as some travellers have asserted. I investigated this assertion very carefully from the inhabitants of Upper Egypt and Nubia, and found it false, and that they had been misled. There are many European travellers who write about Egypt and Syria so much nonsense and "castelli per aria," which their ignorant dragomens tell them that will excite to laughter even the Eastern gypsies, who are considered the most sad creatures in the globe, and the hippopotamus and crocodiles. But no more of this. The Nubians and Negroes derive two benefits from killing the crocodiles and the hippopotamus. They eat their exquisite flesh, and make their shields and corbages of their skins. The largest crocodiles are seen in Nubia Superior.

and if the bank was not very high it would seize any one that passed there, beast or man, who dare approach. I doubt whether a cannon ball could move it." We watched it till twilight; then sat down talking for some time, and after retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEPARTURE ON THE EIGHTEENTH TO KARTUM.

WE opened our eyes on the 18th in a perfect calm ; the sailors, accustomed to the rope, put it round their necks, and singing gaily, drew on the caiase. The captain and I returned to the Mount of the Leopardess to see a petrified tree in the midst of the rock. As another boat was passing there, we asked its master to lend us the tug rope and four sailors ; for Captain Peel wished to descend the precipice to examine the tree. The master of the boat was very civil, and only begged us to wait till his boat was drawn out of the current, which the sailors quickly did, and came to us hoping for backshish, *conditio sine qua non*, in consequence of such an event. The captain, having a rope fastened round his waist, descended the precipice, we lowering the rope by our hands till he reached a safe place. After he had examined and measured the tree duly, we drew him up, and after remunerating the sailors, we departed, accompanied by their good wishes. We rejoined our caiase with a favourable wind, which filled the sail, and we went forward till

eleven a.m., when the sailors had to take their turns, and they continued till six in the evening.

When we reached a little island opposite to a rock called, *Hagiar Olasal*, (Honey Rock),* we anchored for the whole night. This rock divides the province of Barbar from Kartum. The next morning the poor weary sailors had to resume their labours at half-past four, which continued till nine a.m., when we were obliged to wait, as on account of the thorns, the spot was impassable to the naked sailors. We anchored near a *Sacchia* (or wheel for irrigating). The Nile was very pretty here, from the numerous green little islands, and the rocks that raised their heads above the water, and the numerous birds of various species that covered both banks. We saw several nests in the haraz trees,† they were very pretty in form, and the

* *Hagiar Olasal* (stone of honey) is called so because the bees used it for their hive. The inhabitants went to gather the honey from it, and as they did not know the manner of gathering it without being hurt by the diligent and wise little creatures, they expelled them and gained the honey. Since then they called it *hagiar olasal* (stone of honey.) It is properly a little rock, situated on the Eastern shore of the Nile, and is a little distant from it. We could see it from the boat, and distinguish its beautiful yellowish stone. It is the boundary of the provinces of Barbar and Kartum. From thence upwards belongs to Kartum, and below to Barbar.

† These nests are round like huts, and are fastened to the extremity of the tenderest branches of the haraz tree in order that no snake or mouse should be able to damage the eggs or the little ones. Their hole, or door as we may term it, is from below, and it is worked wonderfully. The female is a little creature of a deep black colour, her beak only is yellow. Though black, she is very graceful and beautiful. The male is a little larger, and is extremely handsome. He is of a crimson colour, spotted on his wings with a deep blue; his head is red and black. He is continually chattering; but the female answers with a sweet voice

skill with which they were made. I went in the evening to the village a little distant, to get some milk, more than to see the natives. I entered a hut, and found a man seated with a wooden dish between his legs. I greeted him, and he returned my greeting with "Bismilleh." I said, "I do not know what you mean." "Alaik Elnabi, (upon thee, or against thee the prophet), eat." I then understood that *Bismilleh Alaik Elnabi Alaic Elresul*, was an invitation to join in his meal of bread and butter, which formed his consolation after the fatigues of the day. Rising up, he obliged me to sit down and join him, repeating, *Alaic Elnabi, &c.* I extending Adam's spoon, took a morsel to satisfy him. Swallowing the mouthful of paste, I rose whilst he repeated his invitation; but I told him I could not eat unless my stomach was willing. He thought I spoke truth. In reply to my enquiry for milk, he said, they had only rob (sour milk), which as I did not want, we exchanged adieus; and I thought to myself, now I know how to invite any one to dine with me, if the occasion should offer. Bismilleh, (in the name of God); Alaic Elnabi, I call the prophet in witness against thee, &c., Certainly better than going through a round of phrases, such as, "pray favour me with your company, sit," &c., which rather take away the extreme appetite of the poor man who is invited. I admired the simplicity of the inhabitants; although, perhaps,

one single note, "zi." There are numerous birds which have never been brought to Europe.

in some things, it might not be so good. Entering another house or hut, I found men following the same occupation, who invited me in the same set of phrases, but I told them I had not yet finished masticating. On my asking for milk, one of them called. "Fatma, (which is a name for the women here), bring some milk for the Kauagia." I gave her thirty paras, which she declined, saying, that I was their guest- I said I was not a Turk, but always gave money for what I took. The men said, "Wallah, Ebn Hallal Elkauagia." I told them that God taught us to be just, and we ought to obey him; if I take milk, therefore I must pay for it. They were astonished; so bidding them farewell, I returned to the caiase. On my way, I heard voices from several houses, and listening, found they were repeating the Fatha; one man was instructing them in the prayer of the Coran. I arrived very weary at the caiase, and soon fell asleep. At five in the morning of the 20th, the sail was unloosed, and the wind filling it, we soon were sent forward. In a short time, we arrived at the mountains, which had been in sight since yesterday. Although the wind was very strong, we stopped at the beginning, for in this place, the river is said to be narrowest between **Abuhamed** and **Kartum**. The captain determined to measure it, and found it broader than the *gates of the Calabsce*. (See Chapter 4.) The width of the Nile was two hundred and sixty-four yards. Re-entering the caiasa, the little bark flew on, and in less than

three hours, we had passed the chain of mountains, that in ascending had taken, some other times, three or four days. On the Eastern bank, we saw a quantity of rats scrambling up the mountain, they were like six months' old kittens. It was very amusing watching them, for the mountain being very steep, and covered with stones, those who went first, sent down the stones on their followers; so that these were obliged to change their direction. We were very much entertained.

As we got out entirely from between the mountains, we saw before us a beautiful track of land on both sides, with mountains, which added to its beauty. At the end of the mountains is an island, from the midst of which, rises nobly, a high hill called *Giabel Alruian*. The meaning is *irrigated* mountain; which is appropriate enough, being surrounded always by water. The wind ceased after passing the mountains; so the sailors had to draw the boat. In the evening we anchored.

On the morning of the 21st, we gave the sail to the wind, and we went forward quickly till one p.m., when we had recourse to the Loban till seven p.m., and rested till dawn on the 22nd. As the sun rose, the wind blew a little, but too feebly to fill the sail; so the sailors had to take the rope. At eleven a.m., we anchored for the men to take some food. At half-past twelve, the wind was very strong, and drove us forward till we saw a palm tree, and *Madene* (the

tower which is like a steeple, from the top of which, the Musselmen call aloud to prayer), of Kartum. With night, a perfect calm came on, and we stopped to pass it near an island, on which we saw ten Zarafs (*giraffes*). We could not enjoy much sleep, for the noise which the numerous rat lodgers of our boat were making. Fancy, my straw hat was nibbled through and through, my handkerchief was almost eaten away, and the calico covering of my hat, though tied to it, was carried off. If they treated our clothes thus, how do you think the box of macaroni was treated? The coffa of bread, (basket made of palm leaves,) was safe only by being fastened on high. Not being able to sleep, I arose and lighted a candle, which I put into the macaroni box, and amused myself by watching the devouring animals, which were leaping in and out of the box. They were not content with devouring the property of others, but fought amongst themselves, the big whiskers beating the little ones; and wishing to protect the poor macaroni, I took a piece of wood, which was by me, and threw it into the box. I put the army to rout, for in great fright they leapt out of the box, running hither and thither, some fell into the water which entered copiously into the bottom of the boat. I was so delighted with the scene, that I remained awake till Aurora.

The morning of the 23rd, brought with it a prosperous wind, that sent the caiase bravely through the water. At seven, we reached the junction of the

White and Blue Niles, which meet below Kartum. The Blue Nile which flows from the East, before joining *in toto* the White, forms an island below Kartum, called Tuta; part of the river joins the White Sea from the West of Tuta, the other from the East; so, properly, the junction is below Tuta. The captain measured the width here, which was above four hundred yards. We resumed our course, and in a quarter of an hour touched the shore at Kartum. As soon as we landed I entered the garden of the Propaganda, to enquire for Don Ignazio Knobleher, the superior of the house, and vicar of the Mission; however, I first found Padre Piedmonti, from whom I begged lodging for three or four days. He told me he had charge of the garden, I must ask Padre Zara, who was *Pro Vicar*, and from him I learnt the only vacant place was the salon, which we were welcome to. "Certainly," I replied, "we shall be much obliged to you for it." The baggage being brought from the boat, it was carried to the salon, where Padre Zara received us with all possible politeness, as did Padre Piedmonti, after I had explained to them who my companion was. After resting a little, we called the sailors for their backshish. After which, we did justice to breakfast, for we were in want of it.

CHAPTER XVII.

RESIDENCE AT KARTUM ON THE TWENTY-THIRD
INSTANT—VISIT TO THE PASHA.

WHILST we were at breakfast, we sent the cawas to acquaint Latif Pasha with the arrival of Captain Peel, favoured with a firman from his highness, and that in a little time he would have the honour of visiting him. The Pasha was well pleased, and having been commander of a war frigate, was acquainted with many Europeans, and knew by name the illustrious father of the captain. The cawas returned, and said the Pasha would be glad to receive us at the captain's convenience. Dressing ourselves in our best, we went to pay our respects to Latif Pasha, who seemed in truth to be Latif (genteel.) He met us at the door, and after conducting us within the divan, invited us to be seated, and congratulated us on our safe arrival, in Italian, which he supposed Captain Peel spoke; so I had to reply. After coffee was brought and partaken of, the captain offered him the firman from Abbas Pasha; whilst he was reading I fixed my eyes on him. He was a handsome man, of fair stature, well made, a pleasing face, though somewhat pallid, with black

eyes, a short brown beard, and well-dressed in accordance with his rank. He had not the air of ostentation common to his fellows, nor affectation of manner, nor roughness, but a natural behaviour, speaking to every one, listening to any one, and inquiring about everything; in short, he was a very good person. Having finished the perusal, he congratulated the captain on the manner in which he was spoken of, saying, he supposed Captain Peel had come to see this poor country of Sudan (of negroes.)* The captain said, "No; no one in Cairo knew where he was going to; that he intended going to Darfour, Bargoo, and Barun." The Pasha was surprised, and changing countenance, said, "It is impossible! they will kill you, or imprison you for three, four, or five years." The captain said, "He was determined to go, that if he was killed the business would then be done." A couple of men who were standing by the Pasha looked at each other in amazement, and one speaking French, tried to persuade us not to go, as we should be killed, most certainly, in Darfour; they would never allow us to pass through, and the Arabs even were afraid to speak of Darfour; but the captain remained

* Nubia begins from Osuan, and extends as far as Kartum. From Osuan to Dongola it is Nubia Inferior, and from there to Kartum, Nubia Superior. The Arabs call that tract of the country from Nubia Superior upwards Balad Olsudan (country of the Negroes), because the inhabitants begin to be very dark and blacker than those of Nubia Inferior. The Nubians themselves call Balad Olsudan, that country from Kartum upwards, because the inhabitants are really black.

firm in his resolution; they were amazed at our courage, and the report of our intention of going to Darfour spread over all Kartum, amazingly. After a long discussion on the subject, we took leave, the captain assuring the Pasha that only some very great obstacle should hinder him; for he had duly weighed the subject before deciding, and that what he intended he always did, or at least attempted to do. The Pasha said he would do all he could to facilitate our journey to Darfour, and would send off immediately a Haggian (or courier) with despatches to the Sultan of Darfour, that he might treat us well, and send us safe to Bargoo, and that there was some friendship between them, as he (the Pasha) had treated the Sultan's aunt with attention, as she passed on her way to Mecca, and he trusted he would use us well; but he had better wait a month, and then we might go with this same aunt, who would then be returning from Mecca; but the captain, thanking him, said, he need not wait so long. After returning to our abode, we sent in search of a small boat, that we might go the next day and measure the breadth, depth, and volume of water of the two rivers where they met, and we sat down to write letters for England. After some time an Italian resident in Kartum came to visit us, who remained a long time, recounting without any solicitation or desire on our part, his journies to the White Sea, which was meant as a preface, to a request for powder, guns, and caps, and we were fools enough to listen

for a long time! then I was obliged, without politeness, to cut short his facility and prodigality of both, by saying we should have had great pleasure in receiving information from him about the White Sea; but we had not time to day, as we had letters to write; so he arose and took leave of us (would that it had been for the last time!) as he promised to visit us the next day, I, who was more hurried than the captain, sent after him an adjuration no longer to try his nonsense for our benefit.

Having relieved my feelings, I resumed my pen to finish my letter, but five minutes had not elapsed ere another Italian made his appearance. He was dressed in oriental garb, (as was the first,) but with a face of an assassin. He began the usual compliments in French, to which I responded, "*Bon jour, comment vous portez vous,*" and sat down to write, leaving the captain to talk with him. He was more civilized than our first visitor; for perceiving that we were busy he took leave. The time passed rapidly; it was soon five p.m., and the captain said to me, "we have lost the day." The cawas now returned to announce the approaching visit of the Pasha. He arrived with only a few attendants. After he was seated, Padre Zara offered him a glass of lemonade or sherbet, and afterwards coffee. He conversed with Padre Zara in Italian, which he had learnt from Europeans, and with the captain in Arabic. Whilst smoking a pipe, the captain asked him if he drank brandy? and on his replying in

the affirmative, we opened a bottle and placed it with a glass by his side, that he might help himself at his pleasure; having taken half a glass, however, he rose and inviting us to dine with him the next day, he took leave. We remained with the reverend fathers talking some time. When they left, dinner was brought us, and afterwards, we amused ourselves with preparing the rope for measuring the water the next day. We then slept in peace, but not for long. I could not sleep more than a couple of hours, and the captain awoke several times. In the caiase, the rats had disturbed our rest, and here the gnats: what a life to lead, one need have the patience of Job. I turned and turned on every side, but without relief; so I opened the door of the saloon, that I might look out and see the arrival of dawn, but I waited a long time before I could see it. Finally dawn arrived, and Padre Piedmonti went to celebrate mass. I arose with my face all blistered with the horrid gnats, and went to hear mass. I was so tired and enfeebled, that after kneeling a little time I was obliged to sit down, and there I fell asleep, and was only awaked by the boys' voices reciting some prayers at the end of mass.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SECOND DAY AT KARTUM—MEASUREMENT OF THE
TWO NILES, BLUE AND WHITE.

ON entering the saloon in the morning, I found the captain shaving. He ordered Omar to get breakfast, and he went and bought a large fish, and fried it. On the captain's return from the Nile, where he used to bathe every morning, breakfast was ready, and we commenced eating. Father Piedmonti brought us a dish of fresh figs from the garden, which were very acceptable. We were just finishing and questioning about the large fish, which cost only half a piastre, when a boy came to inform us, that the boat was ready according to orders. We rose up to go to the Nile, and on leaving, I told the cook to keep some of the fish for my dinner, as I would not dine with the Pasha. As the captain went before me, I joined him walking in the garden. He inquired of me, "What is that little house?" I replied, "It is the tomb of the celebrated Padre Ryllo, who was a great friend of mine, as I have mentioned to you before. He was the first, who had the courage to come and establish

this mission ; but as I said, seized with dysentery in the journey, he arrived here very ill, and after some time he died an apostle of this new mission. I did not visit his tomb ; but I will do so, when we return. Leaving the garden, we walked a short distance along the bank towards the East. On arriving below the divan of the Pasha, we commenced measuring the width of the Blue Nile, and made it to be three hundred yards.*

This first operation over, we entered the sandal (little boat), and floated down the stream, to measure the depth and the volume of the water. The captain threw a plank into the water with a cord attached, and I observed the time it took in going a certain distance. Passing over to the opposite bank, the captain repeated the measurement, to see if both agreed. Having effected this operation, we went to the White Nile, and crossing to the Western bank, measured its depth and volume, as also its width. As I previously stated, I was unacquainted with this mode of measuring ; but was a necessary aid-de-camp. Having accomplished this, we went in the boat below Tuta,

* The water of this in summer, when it is swollen, is reddish, for the water when disturbed is more red than blue ; nor has it in other respects any resemblance. The appellation blue is adopted by some ignorant men, and these are followed by others, and so it remains till this day. I explained to several that the *Blue* Nile ought to be called the *Red* or *Brown* Nile, because every one who sees this so called blue river, if in his sober senses, may well ask why it is called blue and not red. Who first gave it the name had certainly an extraordinary talent.

where, in reality, the two rivers join. Anchored in the stream we measured the depth, which was from eighteen to twenty-two feet. Having finished, we returned by the Blue Nile, to the East of the little island of Tuta to Kartum.* The White Nile has a larger volume of water than the Blue, although it does not appear so at first sight, from its bed being very wide the volume of water seems small. The Blue Nile in its narrow channel has a greater velocity, which gives the river a greater body of water. In winter, the Blue Nile diminishes so much, that you can walk across its bed. Not so with the White Nile, which always rolls on majestically with its white water. The taste of it is not so good as the Blue Nile.† I was informed by many, that the water of the White Nile has always the same colour, even when it rises in the summer and covers the land on both banks, it remains the same; nor does it alter much in taste. I enquired, "What causes its white colour?" An old man, who for 36 years, had navigated the river to Sennar and beyond told me, "Where you ascend high up, you see many hills and tracts of land of white earth. The banks themselves are white, and when the river rises, it washes away with it a great deal of this white earth: thence its colour and taste." Our work over, we re-

* Whoever wishes to know the measurement of it must consult "The Ride of Captain Peel through the Mubian Deserts."

† Kartum signifies a point between two things; I believe originally it has been Karcium, which means, in Arabic, a promontory or neck of land.

turned to the house about one p.m. Requiring something to eat, part of the same fish we had in the morning, was brought, and we found it very good.

The captain, still doubtful as to the price, asked the cook Omar, if it only cost half a piastre. Omar replied, "Si Signore," and both of us staring at him, he added—"if you wish, I will bring you another as large for half a piastre. In Cairo I could not get such a one for five piastres;* but here fish is most abundant, particularly from the White Nile, which is full of fish." I again asked Omar to save me some for the evening. He laughingly said—"Ah! it is Friday, and you don't eat meat; that day I remember, in coming through Upper Egypt, you always took fish on Friday. That is the reason you will not dine with the Pasha to day, who will give you only meat. Even when in Abyssinia I did not eat meat on Wednesday and Friday."†

* The water of the Blue Nile is clear and pleasing to the taste—that of the White has a disagreeable and (to those who take it for the first time) nauseous taste, causing diarrhea; but the fishes are exquisite and abundant. Descending to the junction of the two, we stopped for a few minutes at the West bank of the White, and desired the sailors to cast the net twice for us, and we got seven fishes, enough for the dinner of Samson himself: thus fish is very cheap at Kartum.

† Our cook Omar was about eleven years ago with a Belgium general in Abyssinia, and was taken for a Copt Christian. Knowing the disposition of the Abyssinians he said he was a Christian Copt from Cairo. Remaining there two years he took an Abyssinian Christian woman for a wife, and conducted himself as a good Christian whilst there. No one suspected that he was a Mussulman; he went to church like the others, prayed like the others, and behaved very well; his natural disposition was good; his only fault, which he acquired from his first master, was a great devotion to the brandy bottle, which devotion is practised now by all the Musselman dragomen of Cairo. Even the general, his master, took an Abyssinian wife; but when the two left, the two wives excused

At this moment Father Zara entered with a basket of dates from the garden, which we thankfully received. Coffee came and he retired. I said to the captain—"see how polite the Jesuits are ! In England they have a bad name among the Protestants. There are some curious characters amongst them, I know; but the majority are very good. See how they treat us ! I did not know them, but merely besought lodgings for a few days, and they have given up to us the saloon, the only room free.* If Don Ignazio had been here, it would have been a different thing." He could not do otherwise than agree with me, but *sufficit*. Being weary with our work, we stretched ourselves on our carpets. Shortly afterwards we had a visit from a Piedmontese doctor, in whose house Father Ryllo died. He remained with us a short time, and appeared polite. After his departure our cawas appeared, though half dead with dissentry; he had dressed himself gaily to accompany the captain to his dinner with the Pasha. The captain being uncertain of the precise time, sent him to enquire. On his return he said that then was the time; the captain went imme-

themselves from accompanying them and leaving their dear country. When Omar arrived at Cairo he married a Mahommedan woman, and returned apparently to Mahommedanism. He told me he liked the Christians best; they were more honest, and not such deceivers and tyrants as the Musselmen. But to me, he added, religion is indifferent, if every one does well, and attends to his duty, he is a brave man, and will go to heaven.

* There were two guests occupying the bedchambers; one an Italian, very civil; the other an Armenian merchant from Cairo, and was the vicar of the mission there.

diately. At sunset I asked Omar to bring me my fish, which he did. I eat and enjoyed it, and still left abundance. On the cook's return with coffee, I said, "there is still some fish for you, Omar, eat and suppose yourself to be in Abyssinia. He laughingly replied, "I will eat it, and also meat, which you ordered me to buy for myself and Mohammed Aga." I after this took a walk in the garden ; and suddenly heard the noise of drums, followed by music of a soldier's band. I leant against a fig tree, to enjoy those sounds under that beautiful sky ; but alas! the notes struck most discordantly on my ears. It might be the performers, or perhaps the instruments. I conjectured it was in honour of the captain ; it continued during the dinner.

On my return Omar came to light the candle, and inform me that the music was playing in honour of the captain. I said "it is only his due." "Certainly," replied Omar. Wishing to do something to pass the time, I took a book out of the bookcase in the saloon, and what did it happen to be? Porretti's *Latin Grammar*, which once I had studied so intently, that even now it was fixed in my memory. Oh, delightful grammar! I loved thee, I love thee still, and I will love thee for ever ! I commenced reading with the greatest pleasure those rules which to the students or boys are the "*pons asinorum*" like the *ablative absolute*, the verb *fastidio*, "*videor*," &c. &c.

I should have quite forgotten myself with that book had not the captain returned about eleven, and com-

menced telling me of the excellent dinner he had had, and the politeness of Latif Pasha. I inquired what Europeans he had met at the dinner; he replied, a Frenchman, doctor of the government, an Italian, the old man who speaks French, and a Turk, a friend of Latif Pasha. The Pasha inquired for you, and I told him you were much engaged. Did you hear the music? Certainly, and I knew “a *prori*,” it was in your honour. How much backshish did you give? Nothing. That is well. I hope to-morrow the musicians will not come to ask me for it, as the Albanians did at Barbar. After this we wished each other good night, and lay down to rest. Laying awake, I could not help laughing. The captain inquired, “What is the matter, my dear fellow?” I could only reply in Arabic. “Bokra” (to-morrow.) “But what is it? tell me.” I said, “to-morrow I shall be obliged to preach a good sermon to the musicians, who will come to ask for backshish.” “Well, if they do, they shall have it,” he said. “Then,” said I, “we will do an injustice to the Albanians of Barbar. Enough, we shall see to-morrow, and we turned off to rest; but shortly I was disturbed by the gnats which took backshish from me without my permission. I rose and went to the court, where I remained till morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

THIRD DAY AT KARTUM—MY VISIT TO THE TOMB
OF FATHER RYLLO—INFORMATION RESPECTING THE
PROPAGANDA—MY WALK THROUGH THE BAZAAR.

THE 25th passed quickly ; being spent in writing. On the 26th, we were still at Kartum. I, who for so many Sundays had not been able to attend mass, confess, and receive the sacrament, rose to hear the mass, of P. Piedmonti. When this was over, I confessed to P. Zara, and received the holy sacrament from him, to fortify me in that wild country, and in those dreadful Deserts, which we were to traverse. I felt much gratified to think, that here in Africa was sown the seeds of the true faith, where for so many years, ignorance ruled, and where now the most holy sacrifice is offered to the Almighty. Thus contemplating, I felt a changed man. Here, also, to see the orphans and poor, fed and instructed by P. Zara, in the ways of virtue and truth,* must edify and please every

* There are some Copts who follow the heresy of Dioscorus and others. They glory in being Christians ; but their works are very far from, and quite contrary to, the principles they profess. They are like the Mahommedans

one. These all attend both masses, and at the end of each they recite the acts of faith, hope, and charity, in Arabic, as well as other prayers. Leaving the chapel late, I found them all at play in the court. I stopped to watch them. On seeing me, they came to wish me good morning. I did the same, and told them to continue their play. This they did not seem disposed to do, but surrounded me. I thought this a good opportunity of exhorting them to greater diligence in their study. Knowing the nature of children, I did so as shortly as possible; they seemed pleased with what I said, and resumed their play.

I was retiring slowly, and had only got to the second gate, where I was met by the cawas, asking me, if we were going to the Pasha. In passing through the court they were playing in, I heard the boys disputing whether I was a Frank, or an Arab in Frank's dress. Being curious to hear their decision, I continued walking about, pretending to write; after some discussion, some decided one way; others the other; a little black proposed to come and ask me, but the others would not let him, saying it was improper. He insisted, and freeing himself ran up to me, and with a beautiful expression on his countenance said—"Is thy reverence a Frank or an Arab? I have told my companions you

swear by the holy name of the Almighty for every nonsense. I once, in the presence of the Mahommedans, rebuked one who was swearing for a very frivolous thing, and he appeared very mortified and was laughed at by the same people.

are not a Frank but only wear their dress, and they say you are; they are ashamed to come and ask you."

I called all those dear little creatures to come, and smiling said, "What do you think, am I Frangi (Frank) or an Arab?" They were all embarrassed; at length a little copt orphan, who seemed clever and full of vivacity said,—“Your reverence is an Arab, from ‘Aleppo’ or Damascus, for your pronunciation is not Egyptian.” I enquired, “How do you know that, you are so young and have been always at Kartum?” He replied, “Iakauagia Jusef, my father was an Egyptian, and did not pronounce as well as your reverence.” Wishing no longer to detain them, I said, “You have judged rightly; I am not a Frank, but am from Syria, near Damascus; when young I was sent to college, where Don Ignazio was, (called Abuna, or Kaugaia Solaiman, father or Mr. Solomon,) to the country of the Franks, to the city of the Pope, where I remained nearly eight years. Thence I went to the country of the English, to teach Arabic and other languages, and I came as Arabic master with the captain.” The question settled, I sent them off to play, as Omar came to tell me the captain was waiting breakfast. I went immediately, and wishing him good morning, we commenced breakfast. He asked if I was pleased to have heard mass, and smiling added—“I suppose you took the sacrament;” I replied, “yes sir; I confessed first, then received the sacrament, and prayed to God I might die in his grace.”

After this we turned the discourse to some other subject. Breakfast over we went into the garden to make some observations, I do not remember what. I then went to visit the tomb of Father Ryllo, in the same garden, and I found it surrounded by roses and jessamine. It is a sort of little chapel, similar to one built by the same Padre, in the wood near Monte Alto (a villa belonging to the college of Propaganda, of which Padre Ryllo was rector for two years.) This villa is near Tusculum, and is used for the villaggiatura of the Alumni of that venerable and first college of the world. It is several feet high, and in it is the tomb of the Apostle of that mission, Padre Ryllo. Oh ! scarcely was entered, when I felt my blood run cold. I knelt upon the sacred tomb, and tears rushed from my eyes at the remembrance of Padre Ryllo, ever so zealous for the salvation of others, so pious, so learned, of so amiable a character. Oh ! thou, who, when Rector in the Propaganda, wast sought to convert the unbelievers and the heretics to the true Catholic faith ! Thou so full of charity, remaining for hours in the confessional, to convince them and take away their doubts ; thou ever anxious to raise in them greater zeal for their salvation ! Syria and Mesopotamia will ever be grateful to you for the kindness shown to their poor !

What brought you here and made you a victim to this tomb in this wild and barbarous land ? Was it not your extreme charity ? Did you not offer yourself to come hither to teach them the right path which leads

to happiness? Oh, Ryllo, Ryllo! God has removed thee from these people who would have caused thee much suffering; he has placed on thy head the crown of glory which thou hadst prepared for thyself by thy good works. Enjoy, enjoy thy happiness, and intercede for thy friends, and for the prosperity of the mission to which thou fellest a victim, and in which thy tomb remains a testimony of thy divine charity. Who would ever have thought that one of thy friends would have visited thy tomb and wet it with his tears! Oh, how many will envy him such a lot! I rose after a few moments contemplation, I went to the saloon, returned with ink, and wrote on the wall of this sacred place the following distich:—

*“Adfuit hic quondam Joseph Churi Maronita,
Et tumulum lacrymis, Pyllicum madait.”*

After this, I went to the saloon very sad, where I found P. Zara conversing with the captain. I rested a short time, and requested P. Z. to show me the room of Don Ignazio Knobleher Vicar-general of the Mission. He did so. The room appeared more like an austere hermit's cell than a room. It contained only the books of Don Ignazio, an image of the Blessed Virgin, a small bed, an old carpet, with a cushion for those who came to visit him. This is the room of a Catholic missionary. He next showed his own room, which was still more bare than the preceding;

and then Padre Piedmonti. I then inquired for the room of P. Rylo. He said, he had none, but died in the house of that Signor Piedmontese, who visited you the second day after your arrival. A few days after the purchase of the house, which was intended to be rebuilt and cleaned, he died. We intend building some rooms for strangers, and the poor boys in the first court, as soon as Don Ignazio returns ; for he is the vicar of the mission, and all depends on him. "Will you visit the school?" I replied, "with pleasure." He called a black to read a piece of Arabic, and another to read Italian, another to work out a question in arithmetic, and every one to do something.* "Truly," said I, "they are well instructed." "Bravi figliuolini !" (brave little children), I addressed them, "study always and profit by the kindness and patience of P. Zara." I then left him, apologizing for the trouble I had given him. On returning to the saloon, I found the captain alone, who inquired where I had been. I informed him. After staying a short time with him I went out to see the bazaar of Kartum. There was a great crowd of people ; as I entered the bazaar I saw all the faces turn round to look at me, and heard many voices, "Ciuf, ciuf," (look, look), this is the companion of the other Englis (English), they are going to Darfour." "Oh, the English have no fear! they are courageous!" One said, "they cannot go;" the other replied, "you will see if they go or not."

* There were five when I was there, and others were to come as soon as Don Ignazio the superior arrived.

Who will go with them? Their cook, Omar, wishes to leave them." I passed slowly on appearing not to understand. The bazaar of Kartum is not to be despised. You find all there that you do in the bazaar at Cairo, though in smaller quantities. Both streets and bazaar are very clean, and perfect order reigns there, as in all the province.* Latif Pasha, though very amiable, is very strict in the enforcement of the laws. After visiting the bazaar, I returned to the house, and thence to the Pasha on some business. Having paid my respects, he invited me to sit down, and offered me coffee. I told him it was a pleasure to pass through the bazaar and streets of Kartum, they were so clean; he related the state he found it in when he first arrived. "It was abominable," said he,

* Kartum is the capital of a province of Nubia, and of all Sudan, and is much frequented, because it is the residence of the Pasha Governor-general of that country, and because it is the best bandar there. Properly Balad-Olsudan (country of the Blak or Nigritia), begins from Kartum upwards. The bazaar is beautiful, and possesses every article which Gran Cairo possesses, though in less quantity. Both city and bazaar are very clean, and this must be ascribed to the good government of Latif Pasha, when he was appointed by Abbas Pasha Governor-general to Kartum and Sudan; he went at once to Kartum, his capital and residence, and found it very dirty. The first law enacted was, that Kartum must be clean—that none should kill cows or lambs in the bazaar, or in the streets, as was done before, but all the butchers should go to a fixed place to kill the animals, and bring the clean flesh to the bazaar—that every one should clean his court-yard every day. To succeed in his intention he attached a penalty of imprisonment and money to the law for all those who should transgress it, and formed a body of men to go every morning round about the houses and bazaar, and see that they were all clean. So he succeeded in his law. I would do the same in all the cities of Turkey, and make them as clean and beautiful as any city of England; but "*O tempora! O mores!*"

“the streets were quite impassable from the filth.” I told him, “would to heaven that Cairo were as clean!” “I am sure,” replied he, “in a few months I could make it so, were I charged with it. How was Osiut when I was sent to govern it?” “Perhaps not worse than Kartum?” “How is it now?” “Have you seen it?” “Yes, last year we stayed at Osiut, and it was very clean.” He then enquired of the captain, and I begged to offer his compliments. How gratified he was with the honour you have done him. “I did no other thing but what he deserves,” said he, and enquired why I had not come to dinner on Friday. I answered: “I was much engaged, and thanked him for his kindness equally.” After this subject, I requested the letter he had promised the captain to the Sultan of Darfor. He said: “I last night dispatched a haggaiian (a courier on a dromedary), to Cordofan, ordering the Medir there, to forward it with the utmost speed; but it will be twenty days before he can return with the answer.” I informed him of the captain’s intention, which he seconded, but with indifference, and gave me a copy of the letter to the Sultan of Darfor. “Read it, and see how I have written.” I opened the letter, read it, and told him it was written with great care and certainly could not have been better. “Who dictated it?” He replied—“I. Take it with you, and read it to the captain, explaining to him those expressions, which he may not understand.” I took the letter, rose, saluted him, and returned to the captain, to

whom I read and explained its contents. He was much pleased with the politeness of Latif Pacha. We had just finished reading the letter, when the cook came to enquire when we would dine. I told him to bring it as soon as it was ready. We discussed it with much appetite. After dinner we had coffee, talked for some time, and then, wishing each other good night, lay down to sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

STAY AT KARTUM ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH, AND
DEPARTURE ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

WE passed the night pleasantly with the exception of a few visits of mosquitoes. On the light appearing in the saloon we rose. The captain, as usual, went to bathe in the Nile; I to wash in the court-yard. After this, the Arab Shiek, director of the post of the government, came; he was an Arab of the Ababde tribe; the brother of the one who came to visit us at Cananit. (See Chap. XIII.) On entering the saloon, we saluted him and his companion, begged them to sit down, and ordered coffee.

The Shiek informed the captain that the Pasha had sent him to enquire how many camels his Signoria required for the journey to Cordofan, as it was necessary to order them to be in readiness. The captain replied, that he would require seven. "I wish to depart to-morrow morning; if you please, I will pay half the hire here, the other at Cordofan, as I am in the habit of doing. How much for each camel or dromedary?" The Shiek's companion replied, "eighty piastres for each." "You are not speaking the truth;

we know that sixty piasters is the price for each camel, from here to Cordofan. Dare you ask eighty? If you choose I will pay the whole hire of the seven camels at once." The Shiek replied, "Be it so; for the Arabs have to prepare themselves. Pay us, and we will hasten." The captain requested the Shiek to have the camels ready the following morning. He replied, "Do not fear, they shall be so. I go direct from here to Om-Dorman, on the West bank of the White Nile, where the Arabs are, and will order the camels and dromedaries for to-morrow morning." On this, he rose and departed. He was very bronzed, like the other Arabs of the usual height, dignified in his carriage and expression, his eyes appeared like two stars, so glittering, his beard black; perhaps rather short in height, though well proportioned; and dressed in a white robe, with white turban. After his departure, the person who had paid us the first visit on our arrival appeared, and was soon followed by a French doctor, in the service of the Egyptian government. On their departing, we went to the Pasha's to take leave. We were received as wont with the offer of coffee.

The captain thanked him for his politeness and attention, and said that he should ever remember it. The Pasha replied—"I have done nothing; it is only my duty to pay the greatest attention to the English."

We shortly rose, and on leaving, he wished us a prosperous journey, and all success in our undertaking,

Our cawas being ill, and unable to accompany us to Cordofan, the Pasha offered us his own cawas and dromedarist to accompany us as far as Cordofan. The captain again thanked him for his kindness; and I added some higher worded thanks. We recommended our cawas to his care, and returned home. The captain called Omar and said—"We are going to Darfour; you are at liberty to go with us or return, as when I engaged you at Cairo, it was to go to Soudan, not Darfour; if you wish to return to Cairo, I will give you money, and request the Pasha to give you a passport, &c., thither." Omar replied—"What do you wish, sir, I shall be most sorry to leave you, you are so good." I knew he was not at all willing or inclined to go to Darfour, and said—"Well, return to Cairo; we shall find plenty of cooks, if not we will go without one: what, can I not make a cup of coffee, or a dish of rice?—away, prepare your last dinner for us." We then spoke of engaging another cook. I went and met a person well acquainted with Kartum, and asked him if he could find a cook to accompany us, if not to Darfour, to Lobaied. He said, "several, probably even to Darfour." I said "it was not requisite that he should be a good cook; if he only knew to make coffee, boil rice, roast a fowl or piece of meat; or, if necessary, I could teach him." He sent for two who declined to go, the pay being too little. I said "we would do without one." The captain asked me to go to the Pasha to recommend Omar to his care.

I took with me a packet of letters for Cairo. I had a long interview, talking on various matters; and fulfilled errand regarding Omar. On my return, I found the captain had gone to see the Frenchman. On account of the heat I remained in the saloon. On the captain's return, he informed me that the Frenchman was an Atheist. I told him I was not surprised, as the system of doctors was, for the most part, materialism.

"Would to heaven, he were the only one!" After having received this very interesting news about the doctor, I rose to count our baggage. I saw that we had a copious quantity of brandy. I said to the captain: "You told me that you would like to offer half a dozen bottles of brandy to the Pasha, do you remember?" "Yes!" answered he. "Well, then we must take out of the box, all the bottles, and see how many there are." Having done so, we found them all safe; for we had not consumed one bottle in all our journey from Cairo to Kartum. We took then six and sent them to the Pasha. The captain, smiling, said to me: "I do not understand how the Pasha can drink brandy, whilst it is prohibited by the Coran." I replied, "The Pashas are excepted; because they have added to the Coran, what Mohammed had either forgotten or left out by negligence; thus, 'All the believers in the Coran, shall not drink whatever liquor which causes drunkenness, except the dignitaries and the Pashas, who one day shall come.'" In the meantime, we called the cook Omar, and gave him the bottles

of brandy to carry to the Pasha, (it was really aqua vitæ.) He went and consigned them to his brother cook of the Pasha ; and came back, telling us he had discharged his commission. "We hope that you have said they were for his excellency the Pasha." "Yes, sir, I did," answered he ; and added, "do you believe that I would offer them to the cook?" "No," we answered ; "but we are afraid only, that you, by mistake, might have offered them to the cook, instead of the Pasha ; because you Egyptian cooks have learnt from the Europeans, to drink brandy and other liquors, if you really were not already skilful in that sublime science ; but, however, we want to give you a glass, to gratify your palate ; bring us a glass." Oh, how Omar rejoiced at having drank a glass of brandy ! "Oh, how good it is !" said he, with a deep sigh, after having swallowed those few drops. While we were amusing ourselves with the cook, a man entered the saloon, and offered himself to go with us to Cordofan, as cook. "Very well," said I : "do you know how to cook?" "Yes, sir, I do know how to make cobab" (roasted meat). "I think you are very learned ; and do you know how to make coffee?" "I never made it ; but I saw others making it." "Ah ! I comprehend, you are the most learned amongst all the cooks in making cobab. Do you know how to drink coffee? Oh," added I, "this is very easy and simple. But, my good man, when one learns cooking, he begins with the coffee, and not with the cobab ; eh ?"

He was ashamed at this remark ; and I, perceiving that, encouraged him, saying, I will teach you to make coffee and rice. "How much do you want a month?" "How much do you like to give me?" "We wont give you very much, fifty piastres." "Very well, I am quite satisfied." "Do you see that we give you twice the usual price, for we can find a cook to go with us for twenty-five piastres. Take this twenty-five piastres before-hand, perhaps you wish to give them to your family." He took the money and went away. I then called Omar to bring us dinner. He brought it at once, and we began our meal, jesting with him. He was really displeased to leave us, and he would have gone with us to the antipodes, if it was possible to go thither ; but not to Darfour. After dinner, the two Padres came to spend a few minutes recreation with us, as that night was the last. Having passed merrily the short recreation with the Padres, we retired to rest. This night was the first and the last in which our sweet slumber was undisturbed by the gnats. Awakened on the morning of the 28th October, we rose and soon took breakfast. This being over, we sent our luggage to the boat, which was ready to carry us to the Western bank of the White Nile, where is the station of the Arabs. This being done, the captain distributed, as usual, the backshish to the cook (besides his pay), and then to the servant of the house. We walked through the garden to the Blue Nile, accompanied by the Padres and others.

As P. Piedmonti was the gardener, I said to him : "how exquisite were the figs you used to bring us every morning, Padre Piedmonti !" He smiled, and adjusting his handsome beard on his breast, replied, "If you would come next year, I promise to give you figs in great abundance." At this time, we were at the bank of the Blue Nile, and thanked the Padres for having treated us with so much politeness, and took leave of them. The captain then gave the cawas his backshish and we entered the boat, and freed it from the uatad. All who were gathered on the bank to see us, shouted "Maalsalame, Allah Earafeckom Uaiagibocomi, Bakair," (in peace, God will accompany you and bring you back safe.) The new cawas, with the dromedarist and the Shiek Arab, went in another boat.

As we were going with the current we soon landed at the Western shore of the White Nile, and sent the luggage near Om-Dorman,* thinking for a short time, but we waited from ten a.m. till noon, and we neither saw Arabs or camels. At five p.m. appeared two Arabs. The captain inquired of them about the shiek, and they said, "He is gone up to the Desert to conduct the Arabs with the camels; because they did not

* Om-Dorman (Mother of Dorman, an Arabic name, meaning quicker walker) is a small Holla (it means village, and is used in all Sudan) in the Western bank of the White Nile, inhabited by Arabs, and is a station for them to go to Dongola or to Cordofan. It is so called from the name of its foundress, who was a woman. Her name was unknown. (See Chapter xv., page 99, note *.) Dorman was her son.

know whether to set off to-day or to-morrow, and had sent the camels and dromedaries to graze there, and the shiek knowing this, became cross, and ran up to bring them down. We were obliged to wait. At seven p.m., the shiek came back very weary and half-dead, both from hunger and fatigue. He excused himself with the captain, saying, "That he was not really the cause of this delay; that the Arabs did not understand." The captain assured him that he was not the least displeased with him, for he knew it was not his fault, &c., &c. I said "now all is done, we must talk of eating, Ali! bring a roasted chicken of those brought with us from Kartum for the Shiek Ali, and onions and salt." The cook put it once before the shiek, the eatable articles, and he enjoyed them, because he had taken breakfast in the morning at Kartum, and had not other things afterwards but running after the Arabs in the Desert. The captain informed him that it would be much better to spend the night there, and set off early in the morning. I ordered the cook to go up to Om-Dorman, buy two chickens, and roast them this night for our breakfast in the morning.*

* The Arabs, who travel from Kartum to Cordofan go at leisure from one Holla to another. They have no provisions, but subsist on the hospitality of the inhabitants, and they are always welcomed; because the Negroes are like the Arabs, very jealous of their hospitality, which they hold as sacred as the Coran itself. So when the Arabs or somebody else arrives at the Holla, he need say only "daif," (guest) and that word is the guarantee for his welcome. It is an honour for an Arab or Asuad (Negro) to exercise his hospitality towards every

He went and came back. I said to him, "Do you know how to kill them?" Yes, sir," he answered. "I thought that you knew only how to make cobab." The Shiek, who was well educated at Cairo, understood my expression, and was very well pleased at the jest.* Having lighted a fire, we roasted the two chickens. Knowing the stupidity of our new cook, I recommended him to take care of the roasted chickens, and put them in a safe place or hang them on high; otherwise the dogs would enjoy them. He assured me that he would do that. After this, we slept under a haraz tree till Aurora.

one; because they say he will always remember us and our houses with his blessing, and the blessings of a grateful man fecundate our houses as a copious rain does the soil. Could any one find a better principle than this?

* All the Turks employed under the Egyptian government are hated in every corner of that country, and with reason. Both officers and common soldiers when they change their stations, or are sent for some business, exercise every cruelty and injustice towards the poor inhabitants. When they arrive at the Holla, they rule "plena potestate," and force the inhabitants to bring them kesra, milk, to kill fowls and sheep, to satisfy their greediness without paying a farthing. On the contrary, on leaving, they thank the inhabitants with scolding, swearing, and cursing, and often with bastinadoes. I obtained this information from persons of different Hollas. These poor and good-natured people were quite astonished when we used to pay them for every trifling thing which we asked for, and they implored upon us the blessing of Heaven, exclaiming, "Allah; ma cefna mitl Dol!" (Oh God! we never saw men like these!)

CHAPTER XXI.

DEPARTURE FROM OM-DORMAN —REST— THEN DEPARTURE
TILL EVENING.

WE were awakened at four in the morning, of the 29th October, by the energetic barking of the dogs, which seemed to laugh at us. We rose at once, and the Arabs also were on foot, and busy in loading their camels. I was going to ask Ali to bring us breakfast, when he came to me, and with a weak and trembling voice said, "Iasidi Jusef (O my Lord, Joseph), the dogs took away the chicken at night." I said to him, "*bestia*, did I not recommend you to put them in a sure place, and you told me you were going to do it?" "Yes, I comprehend now why the dogs bark with such energy; because they did feast at our expense. However, make a cup of coffee for the captain, be quick." When the Arabs had finished loading we were ready. They offered us our dromedaries to mount; we took leave of the Shiek, to whom the captain gave a good knife, which was a wonder to him and his Arabs, and set off on our journey to Cor-dofan. The Arabs are of the same Ababde, who ac-

companied us from Corosco to Barbar. They are very respectful towards the traveller who knows to govern them, and keep them to their duties. In the ancient times, before that Sudan (nigritia) had been conquered by Mohammed Ali, none of the Nubians or others could pass by those places; but now, a boy six years old can go quite safe right through all Cordofan. The Arabs of Cordofan are very dark, and quite distinct from the Sud (negroes). They are like the inhabitants there, naked; they, nevertheless, wear a kind of sandal to defend their feet from the scorching sand; they anoint themselves with castor oil and grease, to lessen the sensation of the heat. They go always armed with spear and shield (made of hippopotamus skin, or with that of the crocodile), very few carry swords; none carry either guns or pistols, except those, who go to Sennar to capture slaves, or those who are in the service of the government, or have got a special permission. The Arabs are beautifully made and handsome, and are of middling stature. They always marry from amongst themselves, and very seldom they have a black slave. Their camels and dromedaries are very beautiful, and live upon the sant or grass. They never give them dora, because they have not sufficient quantity for themselves. They cultivate the dora and millet. These two kinds of corn, with milk, cheese, and vegetables, are their means of sustenance.

They possess numerous flocks, but eat very little meat. When the Arabs go from Kartum to Cordofan

they live at the expense of the inhabitants, who afford them hospitality, because their pay is taken from them by the shiek at Kartum, as they told me. They receive five piastres (a shilling) out of the pay of every camel. Imagine five out of sixty! I inquired why this injustice? They answered, "we must pay a tribute to the government every year, and every time we go to Dongola or to Cordafan, the shiek takes all our money to pay the Diuan, and we receive out of sixty, seventy, or eighty piastres, five, eight, or ten (two shillings out of sixteen)." "But how much," replied I, "must you pay the Diuan?" They all answered in *Coro* "What! do we know? or does the shiek tell us how much? Who dares ask that? They answer us at once with the Okross (be silent) and the corbage on the back," (corbage is a whip made of the hippopotamus skin.) "Does the Diuan eat money?" They laughed, and one of them answered, "the Diuan Iakauagia Jusef is like an old camel, who wishes always to eat, but never work." This discourse being over, I opened the umbrella, because the sun was on high, and began to warm us with its heat. Our way was not very far from the banks of the White Nile, and was between the sant trees; for the desert from Kartum to Lobaied is a forest of sant, inhabited by numerous kinds of the most beautiful birds; which, with their extraordinary beauty and sweet harmony, cheered us very much. There are also seen numerous insects on the branches of the sant, of the most won-

derful combination of colour. But it is near eleven o'clock, and we are travelling still. Whilst I was talking with the captain, the dromedarist Isa asked him to halt. "Where?" we enquired. "Here, close by," answered he, "in a Holla of Sud." The captain gave him an affirmative answer. He then ran with the cawas, whose name was Ibrahim Aga, before us to the Holla, to prepare a convenient hut. We soon arrived and halted to rest, and avoid, or rather lessen the sensation of the heat. We remained there till two p.m., and resumed our journey till eight at night, when we arrived at a Holla of Arabs, near the banks of the White Nile, and halted for the night. The cawas shouted with his tremendous voice:—"He, Iaarab (O Arabs), bring the ancarib (bedstead—see Chapter xii., page 80, note *), milk, chickens, for the kauagiat, and prepare supper for your daif," (guest.) The captain said to him, "We do not want anything gratis, but we will pay for everything." He then shouted again to the Arabs, swearing and cursing them for their delay. The Arabs were talking to each other (as I heard.) "The Turks are arrived. The devil take them all. Hear how he roars? like a bull!" We soon got what we wanted, and I gave money to the dromedarist (who seemed to appear good, but he was a first-rate *briccone*) to give every one money for what he had brought.

After supper we retired, and slept till four o'clock

in the morning, when we rose, loaded the camels, and departed. Our road was to the West, and we were leaving the White Nile on the East. On the Eastern shore there was a beautiful mountain, called Giabal Abrima (mountain of Abrima.)

We continued our march till about eleven a.m., and we halted under the shade of a Hagilid tree.* The dromedarist informed me that we were again near the White Nile. "How?" I said. "Did we not leave it this morning?" "Yes," answered he; "but the road winds a little; this evening we leave it entirely." I being so much wearied by the heat got up and directed my steps towards the Nile to plunge myself in it. As soon as I got out of the sant, I had a most striking and beautiful spectacle, and it was the following:—The White Nile has an island in the middle of its bed, very long and delightful both for its innumerable inhabitants of birds, and crocodiles; one who never before had seen the White Nile would be really surprised and frightened. As soon as one got out of the thick sant forest, the milky water and island, with its hundreds and hundreds of birds of different size and colours, white, black, red, and yellow, presented themselves. The first idea which rises in the mind is that

* Hagilid is a very beautiful tree, and resembles a kind of oak which we have in our forests of Mount Lebanon. Its branches are very complicated and full of hard thorns; its leaves are of very handsome green; its fruit resembles the dates, and it is of a golden colour; its taste is insipid to the palate when eaten for the first time. The Negroes eat it as real dates. This beautiful tree begins to be seen from Kartum up to Sennar, and to Cordofan.

of a most formidable encampment. The diversity of colours correspond to the different *monture* of their regiments ; the immense crocodiles, laying between them, seem to be the colonels, and their discordant tattling and flying from one to the other shore, in flights of fifty, sixty, or a hundred, is like the ringing and echoing of the fire arms. " Oh ! " exclaimed I, " why do we not go up this delicious river ? Will we not be more happy ? Who knows where we go ? Who knows, if we should not die of hunger or thirst ? Who knows that we should not be a prey and victim to the lions or tigers ? Well, let us go *ala bab allah* (to the gates of God), to leave our skin in some part of this Desert ; let us go in search of death." - After having bathed myself, I leant upon a tree to contemplate that white water, the most beautiful and delightful sight of that island ; then I bade good bye to the White Nile and its beauties, and returned to our station, looking behind at the Nile at every step. Arrived at the Hagilid tree, I found the cook had prepared, with the help of Isa, a dish of rice mixed with maccaroni, but I could not eat at all. As we were far from the Holla, the Arabs had nothing to eat, and they recommended Isa to pray me to give them some pieces of bread, with a few onions, to fortify themselves a little, otherwise they should be disheartened on the way. I said to the cook, " Give them some bread and onions ; " but I told Isa, " they must think next time to provide themselves from the Holla, because we had not sufficient bread, and

we could not live like the Arabs on onions and salt. At two p.m., we resumed our journey, and the heat was 108° by the thermometer in the shade. We travelled till eight at night, and arrived at a beautiful square; we halted to spend the night. Our supper consisted of a few roasted onions, bread, and water.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 31st of October, we began our journey, passing from one to another amphitheatre. All that land is desert. There are very few inhabitants. Passing by a field of dora, we saw a black slave, who was the keeper of it. The cawas ran up to him, and brought his water skin full of sour milk and water to the Arabs to drink. He was inclined to take it; but the captain commanded him to give it to the poor slave, who was entreating us to drink all the liquor, and render him the skin only, otherwise his master would have beaten him for its loss. At half-past ten we arrived at a grove, and halted to defend ourselves from the heat; we found numerous turtle doves and other birds, concealing themselves from the heat between the branches. At noon, the heat was 103° in the shade, at three p.m., when we resumed our journey, 116° . We went on till seven, and halted to pass the night. The next morning, we set off at five, and we arrived at noon at Abucrat, first Holla of the province of Cordofan. As we entered it, my dromedary was frightened by a black boy, who came out of the hut to look at us and our umbrellas, and ran at once, and threw me down on the sand near

to an empty well. As I was sitting on its back, I could not catch the halter and stop it; but I thanked God that I was not hurt at all, though that fall was the fifth I had received. The dromedary was stopt and brought to me, I would not mount, but walked on to the hut prepared for us.

CHAPTER XXII.

RESIDENCE AT ABUBRAT FOR HALF A DAY—INCIDENTS
THERE—DEPARTURE ON THE SECOND OF NOVEMBER.

THANK heaven we have arrived at Abucrat, and shall not be martyred more this afternoon by the excessive heat, for we have determined to remain the rest of the day and the night here. The cawas had prepared a good hut for us, when we threw ourselves upon the ancarihs. The cook was very busy with a couple of fowls we had bought, which embarrassed him greatly, for they could not be made into cobab, as he thought, and he knew not what to make of them. He came to me, and with a very weak voice, asked what he was to do with them. I told him to make cobab. He said they could not be made into cobab; so I sent him off to the cawas to be taught how to cook them; as I did not know whether they could be made into cobab or not. I went out of the hut, and met the cawas, who was bringing us some milk, so I recommended him to teach Ali some manner of preparing the two hens. He abused the cook for his ignorance and stupidity, and then went into the adjoining hut, which was con-

verted into a kitchen. Having got rid of this, I went into another hut, where were assembled several people of both sexes, negroes and negresses. After greeting them, I enquired the name of the Holla, who had been its first inhabitant, the nature of the cultivation, &c. One of the most anxious to reply, told me it was called Hollat Abucrat; that Abucrat was a Mograbi Shiek, (that is from the West of Africa,) or from Tunis. He was the first to build a house here, and then others came from his country, and established themselves here also. I asked where they got water at first; and he replied, they brought water from the White Sea (Nile). "Then the White Sea is not far from here?" "Ha, ho, ha, ho, (here just here);" then rising, and pointing with their hands, they showed me the coasts of it towards the East. I took my telescope to look, which frightened them very much, thinking it some warlike instrument that would burst. I told them not to be afraid, for that by means of the instrument, I could see the trees and verdure by the sea." They all exclaimed, "Do you see Torat Ilkadra?" I asked "What! Torat Ilkadra there?" "Eh, Wallah (yes by God), we see with the eyes." "And I also see with eyes," I rejoined. They said, it would require half a day to go and return from there. I enquired if they brought water from there? "Oh, no! Shiek Abu-Crat, (*Abu* means father; *Crat* is a proper name, and was his son, for they knew not the father's name), dug several wells, from which we drink; and there is a great pond near here."

“How far off?” “Ha, ho, Craiib taali, (very, very near).” Going behind the hut, I saw a small lake, and several tame ducks swimming about in it. A multitude of men and women, old and young, youths and maidens, boys and girls, children, all in *puris naturalibus*, except a piece of skin round their waist, were struggling around the lake, in order to get water, some for their lambs and kids, some for their pigeons and fowls, others for their whole family, rational and irrational. They were leaping like monkeys, shouting, singing, dancing, jumping into the water, teasing the ducks that they might swim faster, one beating another, here a mother charging her dear little negro son not to enter the water; there an old man shouting with a loud voice, and threatening with a long stick, the boys who were teasing the ducks; there a lad running after another, and hurling abuse on him, for having hindered his cows from drinking; there a group of lads quarrelling amongst themselves, and about to come to blows, in short, the confusion of Babel seemed revived. It was a comedy very novel and more beautiful, from being quite natural and unartificial. I remained a short time enjoying the festive scene. I asked a bystander if there was always water here; but was told it was dried up by the great heat in summer, only in winter and autumn when there was rain, it was full for three or four months. I complimented them on their beautiful Holla, at which they all were delighted, adding, it was the first in all Cordofan, and

the finest amongst all, between this and Lobaied. They told me they generally sowed *dora* and *doku* (millet), the first in abundance, but only a little of the latter, which is sown earlier; it was sown near the sea, and near the tora.* They use cattle for ploughing, but the work is very easy, the soil being all sand, the plough is light like that of Egypt; it is only used for *dora* and *doku* seed, for rice, beans, cotton, French beans, turmos do not require cultivation; it is sufficient to make a hole in the earth and put in the seed, and a crop is always obtained. Cotton is but little sown. "Do you make cheese?" "No, we do not know how to make it," they answered; for in all Cordofan they know not how to make it. I asked what they eat with *kesra*.† Milk, onions, a little salt,

* "Torat-Olkadra" (green canal) is a large canal which leaves the White Nile, winds for some miles, and unites itself again to it. It is called green canal from its banks, which are of an everlasting green. Canals of this kind are seen in Upper Egypt, and are filled up in summer, when the Nile increases to irrigate land at some distance from the banks, and cover it with the "Ibliz," (fat,) black sand to make it fertile.

† "Kesra" (properly piece of bread or something else) is the name of the bread of the Nubians and Sudan (Negroes.) The Nubians and Sud eat always bread of *dora* or millet, which is prepared in the following manner. When the family feels hungry the mother (or some woman of the family) takes a quantity of *dora* or millet, and grinds it between two stones. She kneels on the ground, having before her a stone of good size, and the quantity of corn to be ground by her side. She puts a handful of corn on the stone placed before her, and takes another stone in her hands and moves it forcibly backwards and forwards on the corn placed on the other, breaking the grains to pieces, and puts from time to time fresh handfuls of corn until the whole is ground. She then grinds it again and again until it is reduced to minute pieces. Having done this she puts it in an earthen jar, with a little water, and leaves it for a short space of time in

or atrun.* I inquired if they never eat meat, having so much cattle. An old man replied, "No, they had little inclination to eat meat; being very hot, they preferred light and acid things; meat was too heavy for the climate." I asked the old man how he knew that, not being a doctor? He replied, "I am not a

order to become a little fermented. After that she lights the fire, and places on it a flat and not very thick black stone, called "doka," and when it becomes heated she (the miller) takes a handful of this paste (if really we can call it paste) from the jar, and spreads it on the heated doka. When she, the miller (now she is baker), tries with two pieces of wood to turn over on the other side the loaf, it is broken into many pieces, and then it is a real and delightful comedy to see the movements of the Negroes and Negresses, who are standing round in *puris naturalibus*; to hear their humming and buzzing, "Iamma Atini kesra!" (O mother, give me a piece.) As that kind of bread is always obtained from the baker in pieces is called "kesra," and hence it came that the Nubians and Sud always call their bread kesra. I am sure that neither Swiss, Tyrolese, or Irish women can bear comparison with the beautiful (though black) and nicely built Negresses in every manual labour, and especially in grinding a handful only of corn in the above described way. Both sexes in Sudan, men as well as women, are very handsome and beautifully formed, and one, on looking at them, discovers at once their perfect symmetry, their noble heads, their fine breasts, and their graceful arms and legs. Many of them possess very beautiful black hair, above all the feminine sex, and is generally soaked with castor-oil and fat; these two elements constitute their pomades. In short, one sees, delights, and admires the perfect proportion of their body, because they all are dressed in *puris naturalibus*. They are generally of middling stature, neither short, nor tall, and both sexes are nearly equal in that respect. Both sexes are without a girdle (except a slight piece of leather loosely bound on their waist), and they never suffer or are troubled with a large "*coram vobis*," and in all Nubia and Sudan you will not find one ornamented with it.

* "Atrun" is a kind of salt found in many parts of the Desert, and especially near to the Nile. It is generally mixed with mud, and has a brown colour. The Nubians and Sud eat it with their kesra, which is of an acid taste; every eatable thing of an acid taste is a favourite dish for a Negro. This kind of salt is found in a great measure above Dongola, and between Barbar and Kartum.

doctor, we are all ignorant ; but when I eat meat I cannot work afterwards, I feel myself so heavy ; but when I eat milk and kesra, I feel myself quite light, as if I was as young as you, Iakauagia." "Masci-
allah Alaic Iaammi Ilagiuz," I replied—"Thou art very wise, oh, my uncle !"

When I inquired how long this Holla had existed, here confusion arose, one said fifty years, another sixty. I told them it was a great shame that they did not know the age of their own Holla. The old man said that it was built in the time of Gizzar Wabunabarti (Buonaparte), and that at that time Abucrat came here and established himself. I retired well satisfied with the information I had obtained about this first village in Cordofan. On my return, to the hut, I told the captain there was a beautiful little lake, if he would like to bathe, and in his absence I begged the cook to prepare dinner, which was ready at the exact moment when the captain returned, and we dined merrily. On my going out after dining, I found the dromedarist acting doctor to the lad of the cawas, who had been sick from the second day of the journey, and travelling in the heat, although on a quiet dromedary, had increased very much. The dromedarist Isa attempted to bleed him in a painful, yet somewhat ridiculous-looking manner.* He tied a

* The means which the Nubians, Arabs, and Sud always use to cure every kind of sickness are two. One is bleeding the patient ; the other is burning the patient with a hot iron on that part of his body, which the doctor (!!!)

handkerchief firmly round the boy's neck, holding one end in the left hand, in order to slacken it when the boy was nearly suffocated, and then thrust the little finger of his right hand up the nose, so as to make a wound with the nail, and thus drew blood. I looked with pity on the suffering lad, who several times attempted with his trembling hands to slacken the handkerchief, but frightened by the voice of his cruel and despotic master, was obliged to undergo the pain and probability of strangling, rather than contradict his master. I could not endure to see the torture, and commanded Isa to finish the painful scene. He immediately undid the handkerchief, and the boy trembling from fever and the pain he had undergone fell half dead on the sand, which was full of bugs and lice from the camels, and other insects. I ran and helped him to get up and go into the hut, prohibiting the cawas from scolding him. After the lad was laid down, I promised to give him some medicine, which would greatly relieve him. So I returned to our hut, where I related to the captain the half-

thinks to be the seat of the disease. The doctor amongst these people is always the oldest man, who, they say, has acquired through his life the utmost experience, and consequently has become the most learned physician. I would like to say, "*risum teneatis amici*" for such doctor, had I not been assured that they never failed in curing their patient, and that there were very few cases in which the patient died. We often met with persons burned on their legs, loins, breast, arms, shoulders, and cheeks. I inquired what kind of sickness he had for having been so marked? They answered me, "He felt pains in his cheeks, or had a strong fever." I hope that no gentleman of the civilised world, and above all, no lady will ever meet with such like doctors to deform her cheeks.

effected tragedy, then taking some tea out of the box, I desired Ali to boil some water, with which I made a cup of tea, and, sweetening it very much, went to the sick lad, whom I raised, and encouraged him to drink off that better medicine. After a little struggle he tasted it, when he exclaimed, "Oh! I did not know how good and how sweet it was." Just then his master entered, and asked with an austere voice, what he was drinking?" The boy replied, "Iakauagia Jusef's medicine." Then the man took the cup from the poor Nubian's hands, and tasting it, exclaimed, "It is *sciai*," (tea), and he finished it. I was agonised at his insolence, and my blood boiled in my veins. I nearly snatched the cup from him to strike him in the face with it, but Patience's holy force restrained me, and I said to myself, "No, Jusef, don't grieve your friend." So instead, I occupied myself with covering up the boy, and told him to keep himself covered during the night. After this, I withdrew, thanking God that I had preserved my temper. The cawas remained, threatening the boy with I know not what. I now inquired of my internal friend patience if I might not relieve myself a little, time and cause being both appropriate; obtaining permission, I awaited the cawas; in a short time he came out, and was met by me.

"You Turks," said I, "are Aulad Clab (sons of dogs), you have a heart as hard as a flintstone, and are always cruel; don't you know that the poor lad is

quite overcome with fever and is about to die, and yet you shout most brutally at him? and you dishearten him? If I ever hear you again frightening him, I will send you back immediately." "Oh, Iakauagia Jusef,"—he began. "You think, perhaps, I am good natured; I try to be so to the good; but I am severe with villains and tyrants like you." He, with all the weighty dignity of malevolent pride, with which he was covered, became pale and dumb. I left him and went into the hut, to take precautions against the whirlwind which was approaching. It had already burst forth, and the wind roared as hot as ever, burying the baggage in sand, and almost overwhelming the huts. The sky became very dark, frequent flashes of lightning dazzling our sight, and the thunder rattling along, making the whole Desert tremble; a black vapour overshadowed everything, and confused cries from all rational and irrational creatures resounded through the village. We had just closed the door of the hut when the rain began; and downright rain it was! After half an hour it became calm, and the sky, which a little before had been all black, hurling thunder and lightning about, was now smiling and serene; the young moon spread its faint light over the solitude, the small milky clouds passing below, as if to contrast with its beauty, the stars seemed to be falling so great was their brilliancy, and night took her dominion in the midst of peace. We tranquilly enjoyed for some time this view almost equalling paradise, and

praised the heavenly master for all his marvellous works ; and thanking him for endowing man, with a capability of perceiving and enjoying beautiful objects, we went to sleep.

At five a.m. of the second instant we arose, and the camels being loaded, we set off, escorted by a man of the Holla, until we got into the direct road. We went on with rapid steps till eleven a.m., when we stopped under a tree of sant, and in a short time our stomachs as well as other members, were much refreshed. Going hither and thither we had not perceived that the thick grass, called *ascarit*, amongst which we walked, had attached itself to our clothes and mats. I went from where we were resting to the cawas, to see how the poor lad was. I found him better. As I was returning I perceived myself beset with the *ascarit*. My trousers were almost covered, and I scratched myself in attempting to take it off, for it was like a bean covered with small thorns. I laughed at myself, and still more at the captain, who being dressed in flannel, was quite covered with *ascarit*; nor was it an easy matter to take it off, especially from the flannel. Having this lesson, I immediately took out of the box some straps of leather gaiters, which I had brought from London for similar circumstances, and I wound them from my feet to my knees, so as to defend myself from the *ascarit*. Hardly had I finished when my dromedary knelt before me, and mounting we resumed our course at two p.m., the thermometer was

105°. Amongst the trees of sant, I saw several "*Hagilid*" trees, mentioned in a preceding chapter. I observed also a few trees of "*Sedr.*" This tree resembles the "*Berry*" tree, and the fruit looks and tastes the same. At half-past four, we reached a small pond in this part of the Desert, where we dismounted for the night.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HALT AT THE POND, AND DEPARTURE ON THE THIRD
FOR TENDAR.

THE pond was called Bir-Halba, ("*Bir*," means a well, and "*halba*" a white mare with long hair, and is rather an elegant Arabic word.) The Arabs did not know the meaning of it till I explained it. It is properly a little pond or cistern,—not a well. We found other Arabs and Sud (Negroes) stationed there coming from Lobaied to Abucrat. After ordering some rice to be prepared, we went to examine the water of the pond, which we found loathsome and repulsive; we took some of it up in a piece of gourd, which the Arabs use as cups (all the Sud call it *caraa*, or gourd), and found it green, full of vermin and insects, with a horrible smell. Nevertheless, the Arabs, Suds, cattle, and numerous gazelles were delighted with having it, and drank it as if it had been the purest and best in the world. All the animals and their masters, if one may call them so, come here to quench their thirst. Water remains here for three and, in some years, four months. Leaving this agreeable spot we found the dinner ready, and with it

fortified our interiors, and then slept until three in the morning of the third, when we set off at five a.m. in a Southern direction. To the North and West lay some mountains, and the Arabs told me that the one to the North was called "*Giabal Altius*," or Mount of Rams; and the one to the West, "*Giabal Almonauarat*," Mount of Lights.* There were other mountains behind and before, but the Arabs had forgotten, or did not know, their names. We rested between eleven and two p.m., when we resumed our route between trees of sant, and did not feel the heat so much as yesterday. We were much pleased at meeting several troops of gazelles. Sometimes five, eight, ten, or twelve would be bounding around us and halt near, for a close inspection of us; they were surprised at our clothes and white umbrellas; there seemed a most numerous flock of them dispersed through the Desert, and beautiful they were! My dromedary being a slow one, remained rather behind, and an Arab was alongside guiding it; being mounted high, I saw a couple of gazelles lying under the shade of a sant-tree, very near us. One of them, on seeing me, immediately got up, he seemed delighted either with my umbrella or with my straw

* The reason why the two mountains are so called is this—the Negroes once found several wild rams in the former, and since then, they have called it "*Giabal-Oltius*," (Mountain of the Rams.) The second is called "*Giabal-Olmonauarat*," (Mountain of the Lamps or Lights), because the Sudan once lighted many fires on its top, and from that time applied to it that name. I enquired the name of both before they were called by their present names; but my efforts were fruitless, and I had no other answer but "*ma navef*," (we do not know.)

hat, covered with white calico, like a hood, and stood graciously shaking his tail. The other remained reclining either from prudential motives, or the weight of years. I stopped my dromedary to satisfy my curiosity, and pay them a compliment, if I could. I asked the Arab for a spear (properly it was a javelin, not a spear, a spear being much longer, and used on horseback), to throw at the impertinent young gazelle; but he seemed to have some knowledge of my intentions, for it ran off quickly. The other, which seemed old and had presumption of knowledge of the world, paid no attention to the folly of the other, but remained enjoying the freshness. I handed the spear back to its owner, and told him as he knew best how to use it, cast it at the old one. He taking aim, hurled it at the venerable old gentleman, whose neck it passed close by, renewing the animal's youth in an instant, for it seemed to change his sixty years to three lustres; seeing the spear pass by its neck, it bounded from the spot, looked at us, and then took to its legs, halting at a little distance before joining its companion; this renewed his running, favoured both by the construction of its body and by the aid of fear, seemed as if it was flying. It is a quality of the gazelles to run a distance, and then stop to look at the object which frightened them. This semi-tragedy being over, I resumed my course, and whilst going quietly on, one of the Arabs saw an ostrich, and called out, "*Jacobtanciuuf ciufalnaam*," (look, captain, an ostrich.) "*Iakam*

uagia jusef ciuf, ciufalnaam." I looked in the direction, and saw the bird galloping with all speed. I inquired if the Arabs ever saw "*alzoraf*" (giraffes); (the name "*zariff*" in the singular, "*zoraff*" in the plural, and means beautiful; *al* is the article.) They replied, "Never here; but if we had taken another road to the West, we should have seen plenty of giraffes and zebras." Near Lobaied, there are both zebras and giraffes.

Our journey continued till seven p.m., when we dismounted under the *Sahra*. At twilight we saw a great red light, which increased till the blue sky seemed on fire. On asking what it was, they replied, "*Alsudan* (the Negroes) are burning the ascarit in order to sow millet." The distance would occupy a day and a half. The cook now brought us our magnificent supper, which was some half roasted onions, well enough received by the mouth, but not by the stomach. After supper we conversed for some time on the talent of our cook, who could not even roast an onion, and then we gave our weary limbs to repose. The captain awoke at two, and after the usual preparation we went forward until ten a.m. We were revived by the verdure, fresh air, and movement of the gazelles; for dinner we had onions again, and a little sleep, which was interrupted by the voice of the cawas, who seemed to have his own shadow in abhorrence. We mounted our kneeling dromedaries at half-past two. At seven p.m. we halted, and hearing

Don Pedro calling from within, I desired Ali to bring me some bread and onions. He replied, "the onions are done, the Arabs have eat them all." "They have done well, make me a dish of rice." "Sir, the butter was all finished the day before yesterday." "Oh, the Arabs have eat the onions, and you the butter!" "No," he replied, "but there was very little at the beginning." I had to content myself with a little boiled rice; after which, I made some coffee.

On the morning of the fifth we quitted our lodging under the *Sahra*. We halted for the usual proceedings between nine a.m. and two p.m. At half-past four we passed the Holla of Om-Zarzur,* and at seven reached the Holla Tendar,† where I ordered ancarihs to be

* Om-Zazur (mother of Zarzur) is a Holla composed of about thirty huts, and is so called because that woman Om-Zarzur—(zarzur is an Arabic name, and is the name of a handsome bird; it is also applied to men, but to those only who are handsome)—was the first who established herself there with her son. Others joined her, and made up that Holla, calling it by the name of its foundress. I endeavoured to know the precise epoch of her existence; but could not succeed on account of the universal ignorance which rules all the Sudan, as will appear from my conversation with them in coming back. This Holla of Om-Zarzur abounds in iron. The iron is found almost in all Cordofan; but that part round Om-Zarzur possesses more iron than all the other parts of Cordofan. The Sud (this is the plural of Asuad, black, which has two terminations, Sudan or Sud, blacks), dig three or four feet in the sandy ground and find the iron, which they purify on the spot, and forge their spears, daggers, cutlasses, axes, and other useful instruments.

† Tendar is another Holla of Cordofan. It is a proper name of a person, and an Arabic one, which means the hay of the house—(I think it is a corruption of "tin," which means hay, with which the Sud cover their huts, and "dar," which means house or habitation)—and is the name of the founder of that Holla. It is like the other Hollas in every respect, except its wells, which hold

brought immediately, and milk, fowls, and supper for the Arabs. I called out, "*Ant Ia Sciaik*." "Do not be afraid; we are not Turks, but will pay you money for everything you bring us." So he served us with great attention. The cook killed the fowls, cleaned them, and put them on to boil, which being done, he brought them to us. For three days we had only hard bread and onions, and now felt very hungry; so the poor fowls soon disappeared, having the politeness of greatly benefitting us. One may blame us for having lived on bread and onions, while he reads that we were travelling amongst the gazelles, and perhaps may suppose that we were not armed. To this, I answer, that the captain several times attempted to fire his gun at the gazelles, but did not succeed, it being spoilt by the excessive heat. After some time we invoked sleep to come and take possession of our faculties. The cawas kept shouting, "*Iasudan*, let no one pass here whilst we are sleeping lest he be shot." Thank God we had a good night's rest. At dawn we arose, and soon after five were *en route*. At nine we came in sight of a Holla; but before reaching it we saw a most beautiful sight of several flocks of locusts. Passing amongst the dense trees of sant unexpectedly we came upon the locusts flying from one tree, shaken by the Arabs, to another. The further we advanced the more we saw. I shook

better water. This is the greatest comfort which the traveller looks for. This Holla is composed of about twenty-five huts.

a single branch, and all the locusts on it, thousands and thousands, flew about me, striking against my nose, and eyes, and mouth, and umbrella, and almost covering me. I enquired if these locusts did not damage the millet. They said, "No, not this kind; this is not the species that devour everything; these are very good to eat. You will see at Lobaied that these locusts are sold to be roasted and eaten; they are exquisite; they live only on the sant trees." I rejoined the captain, and told him I thought these must be the locusts St. John had eaten in the Desert of Palestine; they were rather large, of a golden colour, and very pretty. At length we reached the *Holla Alfasciak Walad Alzachi*," (village of Fasciar, son of Zachi), and were immediately conducted to the hut of the Shiek as being the best.* Immediately that we alighted the cawas began *juxta morem* to call to the Sud to bring fowls, milk, and food for the Arabs. When the cawas was giving these orders I had gone some distance from the hut, and I heard two women talking. "Iakaiti (oh my sister) listen to the call of the Turk. Allah, he is roaring like a

* Holla Alfasciak-Ualad-Olzachi was the name of the founder of that Holla. Faciak is an Arabic name, and means doubtful or warm. Ualad Olzachi (son of Zachi), because his father was called "Zachi," which means in Arabic strong smell, or one of sharp talent. He wished to be called by his name, and by that of his father, whom he was fond of, to perpetuate the memory of both. This is the reason why that Holla is so called-Alfasciak Ualad-Olzachi (the warm son of strong smell.) It is larger than Holla Tendar, and has all the other things like it.

camel." The other added "Allah, Ilaan Giddhom," (God curse their grandfathers.) I, whom they had not seen, now appeared, and, after saluting them, I reprimanded them for cursing the Turks, asking them if Turks also were not God's creatures. One said "*Iato*, (son, in the Nubian dialect, and used by the Negroes), he cannot speak like a son of mankind? Why does he shout bring milk, fowls, etc.? Don't we know how to treat guests?" "Taieb catir," I replied, "I did not know that you were so learned." The other said, "You are not a Turk; you are a Frank." I continued the conversation no further; but withdrew from the heat, leaving them to go on to the well.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HALT AT HOLLA ALZACHI—DEPARTURE TO KORSI—
NIGHT THERE AND JOURNEY TO LOBAIED.

BEING in the hut of the Shiek, as the best of the village, he came to pay us a visit, and I enquired why the village was called Holla Alfasciak Walad Alzachi? He replied, "Alfasciak was the first who built and inhabited the place, so people called it after him." "And whence came Alfasciak?" "God knows! they say from the interior." In answer to other enquiries, I learnt that the produce of the adjacent land consisted in a little dora and a small quantity of dokn; that the people lived upon kesra, and milk and onions, when the Arabs brought them from Kartum, with a little salt and *atrun*; that they sometimes, but rarely, eat meat, feeling but a very little inclination for it. On my asking him how long the village had been built, he said he did not know; that there was no history of it. He had been here from a boy, and had heard others call it Holla Alfasciak Walad Alzachi, and he had followed the others; that once a man from Darfur had asked him the same question, and on

his saying he did not know, had laughed at him ; but he had been able to return the compliment for he could not say how old his country was. The Shiek told me that iron was got here, but not in such abundance as at Omzarzur ; that no commerce went on ; that there were several who did not know what "*flus*" (money) meant. Sometimes a bull was bartered for a little calico, or some such thing, and this was all their commerce. "Why you live like animals," I said. "Iakuaggia, there is not a great difference." I remarked that I was surprised as he seemed clever, that he had not gone down to Kartum, and cultivated land like a Pasha, near the river. "Ah, Iakuaggia! the huts in which we eat our kesra and salt are very pleasant and sweet. I have several times wished to go away : but the lamentation of my wife and children hindered me." I did not wish to converse any longer with him. I felt moved by his words, and he himself seemed affected in saying them. He was a man of fair stature, with a black, but smiling face, and noble in his conversation. He now went off to prepare food for the Arabs, who were his guests. When there are guests amongst the Sudans, the Shiek goes round collecting from every house milk, kesra, etc., taking a little from each, so that no one feels the burden, that it would be, had one to supply food for six, eight, or ten persons. On the Shiek's departure, we dined, and half an hour after set off for Korsi, the last village before reaching Lobaied. The heat was then, 160°

in the shade at one o'clock, when we began our journey. Leaving Holla Alfasciak behind us, we entered a wood of sant trees, and saw some armies of locusts, driven by the Arabs from tree to tree. The observation of the locusts was useful, for it made me remark the different kinds of sant. One had yellow odoriferous flowers; others had white flowers without smell; another no flowers, and again another had compact leaves, with short hard thorns; and, finally, another with long thorns; but not prickly. These last two were without flowers; the shape of the trees, and form of their branches and leaves is almost identical. I asked a moor who was going with us to Korsi, if all these trees gave gum; he said "No, the sant that makes gum is a little tree, and grows in groups of four, five, or eight together; to-morrow you will see some after passing Korsi; these trees were used for fire-wood. He told me also that iron was found over all the Desert, that they extracted it when they wanted it for lances or knives, and in some places found it more abundantly than in others, although the whole Desert was full of iron. I made enquiries about the "*gazua*" (hunt) of the wild moors, which the negroes make every year, in order to take slaves out. He had several times been at a "*gazua*," and had committed many cruelties on the moorish parents who attempted to protect their dear children; but after a recital of one villany, I desired him to tell me no more. The negroes glory in massacring their poor

savage brethren, in order that they may steal the children ; but such things I do not report, not being in the line of my relation. Whilst talking with the negro, I hardly had remarked that darkness had enshrouded us ; I inquired if Korsî was far from us ? He said yes ; and we travelled on, neither seeing Korsî nor hearing barking of dogs, nor bleating of sheep. At ten, however, we arrived, and were conducted to the Shiek's hut ;* it was built of mud and wood, but without any window or hole, in order that the wind might play in it. Having only a very narrow entrance, it was as dark inside as the face of the Shiek, its master.

Immediately that we alighted they brought us a large cup of sherbet (in reality a large piece of gourd, such as the Sudans use for cups.) The captain and I drank alternately, and found it very refreshing. We asked for two fowls and some milk, telling them we were not Turks, but would pay for everything ; so when the things were brought the owners came for the money. Whilst seated on the ancaribs an old man, venerable in person, clothes, and hoary beard

* Korsî is the last Holla before Lobaied (there are other Hollas on the West, which we did not pass by.) This Holla is composed of about fifty or fifty-five huts. It is called Hollat Korsî, from the name of its founder. Amongst its huts there is a palace, of which the reader may have met a short description in this very chapter. There is no difference between it and the others, except that being larger, it possesses more flocks of cows, goats, and sheep, than those hitherto mentioned. Korsî is an Arabic name, and means a long stick, with which the honey is taken out of the hives, or branch of palm, without leaves.

magnificently covering his chest, accosted us respectfully, to which we as politely replied. The captain asked him if he belonged to the place. "No," he replied, "I am a Persian; but it is about forty years since I left Persia, and I am here as an officer." The captain said he had taken him to be the Shiek; but he said the Shiek was the man stretched on the bench beside the cawas; it was a little bench or seat made of wood and mud, about three feet high. Our Persian friend told us Lobaied was not far off; if we left early in the morning we should get there before sunset. The coffee was then brought, and after he had partaken of a cup, for which civility he returned the usual polite phrases, he went off to join the Shiek and cawas in their conversation. We awaited the supper with anxiety. The captain called "Ali!" "Iasidi," answered he. "Will you bring supper?" "Immediately." In a little time he came, bringing the two fowls, half boiled, which we contrived to swallow. After a little talk we went to sleep; but what a sleep! I was awakened after about an hour by the bites of bugs and lice and other insects. I bounded out of bed undressed, and, lighting a candle from a lucifer, made a search for the animals. I burnt about a dozen. The captain awoke, and asked what I was about. I replied, "*Bugs et omne genus insectarum* are trying to eat us up." He said he was tormented also. The ancarihs are full; the animals were hid amongst the strips of leather, and were difficult to be seen. Having

killed a quantity, I dressed, and, spreading a mat on the sand, laid down in hope of sleeping; but this was worse than at first, for I was attacked more fiercely, and by greater numbers, as if they wished to revenge the murder of their companions. I arose, undressed again, and destroyed a greater number than before; then putting on only my shirt I walked about for a long time. I felt very weak and exhausted, having several pustules on my back, right arm, and left leg, and I thought I had become a second Job. I began to recite part of the "*Rosary*," and, after finishing, threw myself on the ancariib, worn out by pain and weariness, and slept for a short time. I was disturbed by the voice of the captain, calling the Arabs, who were in a profound sleep, because the bugs do not attack them, but only the foreigners; they were soon on foot and had laden the camels, and we were off a little before four a.m. on the seventh inst. The sun arose—the day became clear—time went on—ten o'clock came—noon—and we neither halted, nor thought of halting; but at length that *Monsieur* (heat) compelled us to halt.

At two p.m., we resumed our journey. After some time we came in sight of a mountain to the East, another to the South, which did not seem to us far distant; that to the East was Giabel Cobbasce (mount Cobbasic), the other had no name as the Arabs told us. In answer to our enquiry of the distance to Lobaied, they said a long walk. Issuing from the thick wood

of sant, we came suddenly upon a tree of gigantic size, and soon saw others at a short distance of great grandeur. On asking the name, they told us the tree was called "Homra," and the fruit "Gangalos."* In Lobaied the fruit is sold for eating the seed it contains, which is very salubrious, as you will see and taste. The captain asked which was the largest tree, and learnt the first to which we now directed our steps. I took out of my pocket a long cord to measure the circumference of it, which exceeded forty-two feet. These trees offer a most delightful prospect to the traveller, being large, high, and round in shape; they appear in the midst of the sant bushes like high towers in a large city; they are a great height, thick branches and stems; the branches not very long, but the leaves are, but not broad; of a pleasing green, resembling something the leaf of the *lauro ceraso*; the bark is grey and hard; the fruit is curious, but beautiful, and quite peculiar. After measuring and attentively observing this tree, we remounted, and went to

* I possess a fruit of this wonderful tree. It is very pleasing to see it hang in the short and thick branches. The Homra tree bears an abundance of fruit, which seem like so many lamps suspended in the branches to make an illumination in honour of the Pasha, or some other great man, and to add majesty and beauty to the giant tree. This fruit is very hard, when it becomes dried, and contains inside a quantity of seeds covered with a white powder, which is very agreeable to the palate, from its being of an acid taste. Both fruit and seeds are quite peculiar to this tree. The Sud eat the seeds with the powder, when it is fresh, and when it becomes dry they eat the powder only, on account of its acidity, which they like; every light and acid article of diet appears to be necessary to their comfort in that warm climate. See the engraving at frontispiece.

the others. The Arabs assured me there were several such trees all the way from here as far as Darfour. Passing amidst the sant trees, which make the gum, I amused myself in gathering some, and although the proper gum season was not come, I found a good deal.

But now the night approached, and we were yet very distant from Lobaied, at ten p.m., guided by the moon, we arrived at a pond, distant two hours journey from Lobaied; dismounting to stay there, we found several soldiers and negroes, who had come from a new and small Holla, to water their horses, cattle, and camels. Hardly had we halted when we heard an uproar amongst the multitude, caused by two leopards coming towards the water. A courageous cavalier urged his brave horse against one, and put it to flight; approaching near to it, he fired a pistol, and on his return told us he had hit it on the back. The multitude returned to their own Hollas. The captain told the Arabs he would not sleep there, but to load the baggage and go on to Lobaied; the order was executed and we left the pond at half-past ten.

We were but a few paces from it when we heard the cries of the thirsty leopards, and saw one in the clear moonlight near to us. We stopped to wait for two of the Arabs, who were behind. On their rejoining us we went on; they told us one of the leopards came towards them, and they had been ready to meet it with lances. We did not reach Lobaied till far in the night. We tarried a short time before the large tent

of M. Patrick, and we were then conducted to the divan of the Medir, prepared for us two days previously. Much exhausted and thirsty, we asked for something to drink, and the water being clear and good we drank a good deal. The captain bathed his whole body by throwing jars of water over it. After such an error committed against my advice he went to sleep on his ancariib. I thought myself certain to die from fatigue and other melancholy thoughts, and threw myself on the ancariib; but tormented by the acute pains of tumours, which were ripening, and the sharp bites of bugs and gnats, I could not close my eyes; I spread the carpet upon the bare ground, and attempted to sleep, but without effect. I spent the night worse than the preceding.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIRST DAY AT LOBAIED, AND VARIOUS OCCURRENCES.

WE were awoke at dawn by the noise of drums on the eighth of November. The first thing was to cause the baggage to be brought into the divan prepared for us. We found ourselves in quite a large and fine house for this country. It was built of bricks and mud; the roof was somewhat rough in the beams and architraves, which were not well worked, nor placed in that good order or symmetry in which they ought to be. The walls were smooth, and altogether the house had the appearance of a palace. The divan we inhabited was open to the North, and like an open gallery. Breakfast was brought us, and we had not finished when we saw mounting the stairs a pleasant-looking person, pale, but cheerful, and of noble bearing. I asked the cawas who he was. "Il Medir Abd Elkader Bey," said he. I acquainted the captain, and we both met him with great respect in accordance with his position, and begged him to be seated. The captain ordered coffee, which he politely declined to have, alleging he only drank milk in the morning.

This form over, he began to congratulate us on our safe arrival, and that he was ready to do whatever he could for us. Then he began to praise the happy memory of Sir Robert Peel, congratulating the captain on having had such a father. "His death," added he, "was a great loss, not for England only, but the whole world. I," said he, "was with Ibrahim Pasha in all his wars, and afterwards, when we lost Damascus (by that all Syria is meant), I returned with him. In Alexandria I was a colonel of artillery, and his Highness Abbas sent me into this wretched country, where I am always ill. Look, how I am reduced by fever. I have been ill forty days and nights. I have, in slaves and servants, about sixty people in the house, all ill of fever, not one able to give me a drink of water. What a change from being in perfect health in that beautiful city of Alexandria, enjoying every day the lovely sea views, and breathing the delightful air, to come into this desert amongst savages, and to fall ill for ever. I am so much weakened I cannot walk; for two months I have not left my room, and have only come out to pay my respects to you." "Many thanks," replied the captain; "you are most polite." I added, "We were well informed of your noble character at Kartum, and were told we should find you '*un uomo di Zucchero*,' " &c. Il Medir begged us not to purchase anything; all that we could wish we should find by "the abundance of God," (an Arab phrase), bread, butter, milk, meat, rice, coffee—only let the cook tell

the servants. "He is really very kind," says the captain, in English, to me. We thanked him most cordially for his good will and generosity. In his presence the Arabs were called in to receive their backshish; the captain told them in presence of the Medir, that he was much pleased with their conduct, and then gave them the backshish, with which they were well satisfied. Even Isa, the dromedarist, had his backshish; as he wished to return to Kartum with the Arabs; thus he and the Arabs were got rid of, bidding us adieu, and wishing us a good voyage, they departed filled with joy.

The Medir rose then to return to the adjacent house, in the same court of the divan; for the whole of this large building was the house of the governor. He left us, promising to come and see us every day. The cook then came to enquire what we would like for dinner, and when; he told us the Medir had sent half a lamb, and the servant had said, every day half a lamb would be sent, and bread, and that we were to ask for what else was necessary. As we had abundance of coffee and rice, butter was all we should require. The captain ordered cobab and rice at sunset. I, during the morning, besides weariness, felt cold in my limbs, which continued increasing. Whilst talking to the Medir, I trembled several times; but the shiverings were transitory. I stretched the carpet upon the floor, which was of sand, and threw myself down a victim to a strong fever. I continued to tremble for an hour

and a half, and then the disorder changed into heat. I felt very burning, and drank a great quantity of water, but the more I drank, the more I burned. I suffered till sunset, when a little relieved, I fancied the fever had left me; but alas! not ten minutes elapsed before I was again trembling. I declined the captain's offer of food; in the meantime, my head suffered from fever; my back, and legs, and arms, from the tumours.

I, who had never, thanks to God, during my twenty-four years of life, had such an attack of fever, was very frightened, and imagined that I might be for a few days tormented, and God knows if * * * The night came on, and I suffered dreadfully with heat. I pronounced no words but the names of the Holy Trinity, the B. Virgin, and the Guardian Angels; these names were ever on my lips. I longed for daylight, hoping for amelioration. Dawn was announced by the drums of the soldiers going to their military exercise.* It was the 9th instant, the captain and I

* Every morning nothing is heard but the noise of the drums, mixed with shrill notes of the little fifes. All the soldiers of Lobaied are black, and dressed with white. Almost all the soldiers are slaves, either procured by force or purchased. They are very dull and heavy, and need daily exercise, to learn only the first and general movements of the military tactics. They are badly treated in every respect, although their disposition is good, and are commanded by Turkish officers, who treat them worse than irrational beings. I saw often, the officers, who do not know how to walk straight, beat them unmercifully with their swords on their arms and shoulders—(this was when they were coming back from their exercise.) So those poor blacks, hunted from the mountains, or bought for a few piastres, are placed under the most ignorant and

exchanged good morning, he asked how I had passed the night. I replied, "very badly, but felt rather better, as the fever was now abated." He enquired if I could write a letter to Latif Pasha, to acquaint him with our safe arrival at Lobaied, and thank him for the escort of the cawas, and that we were much contented with him. Hardly had I folded the letter and written the direction, than the fever attacked me fiercer than ever; the trembling made me dance against my will. "Oh, sir, make me sing, for I am never inclined to dance except to music; I should be infinitely indebted to you, Miss Fever, if instead of dancing, you had forced me to sing." The captain came back from the visit he had been paying to the Medir, and found me shaking, (*iwan*). He asked for the letter, which was laying sealed on the ancariib. He then took breakfast.

After he had finished breakfast, a Jew gum merchant came to visit us; after his departure, came Monsieur Tibeau and M. Patrick, also gum merchants. Mr. P. is consul, or vice-consul, to himself, or perhaps to the Desert. They conversed for some time by the side of my ancariib, and left, encouraging me not to fear, as every one suffered from this fever, and there was no danger. About ten a.m.

cruel masters, who have no other principle than swearing, cursing, and beating. I am sure that if those blacks were placed under a Christian master, who would use towards them a little patience and humanity, they would become excellent soldiers. When we were there, their number was about five hundred.

I felt myself better, for the fever was diminished. At eleven, the Mufdi came to us, for whom we had a letter from Shiek Abdoluahed from Kartum, recommending him to give us information about Darfour, Bargu, and Barum, in which countries he had passed some years.*

* This Mufdi, named Mahmud Debadi was then a student, and was going to Barnu, after his Shiek, teacher of the Mahommedan laws. He had nothing with him but his dress, a holy Koran, and an Arabic manuscript, containing many pieces from the most beautiful Arabian poets. When he arrived at Darfour and at Facier (this is the capital residence of the Sultan of that realm), he was detained for some days, and made acquainted with his fate, which was that he was to be killed, because the Sultan supposed him to be a spy of the Turks. He said to the Sultan, "I am not a spy, but am going in search of learning, and if you kill me, I shall be a martyr—(there is an article of faith amongst the Mahommedans, that if one goes to visit Mecca, the tomb of some Uali (saint), or to study the holy language of the Koran or the Mussulman law, and is killed, he goes to heaven immediately). After this he used to go through Facier, declaiming pieces of poetry, or some chapter of the Koran, by memory. The general language of Africa is the Arabic, and the people and court of these Sultans write all their letters and documents in it, and they must know it to understand the Koran. The first Wezir of Darfour happened to hear him declaiming a piece of Hariri (the finest Arabian poet), whom he was fond of, and he was so much struck and delighted with Mahmud, that he dissuaded the Sultan from killing him, and obtained leave to let him continue his journey to Borgu. The Sultan was pleased to give him a firman to all his subjects, to afford him every possible hospitality, and means to arrive at Bargu. He proceeded on his journey, and reached Bargu in safety; but there he met with worse difficulties than he did at Darfour. He was not disheartened, and wrote a polite letter to the first Wezir, entreating him to spare him his life, and let him go to Barun after his master. The Wezir was very much pleased and flattered by the harmonious and pompous Arabic words which the letter was composed of, and became his protector and friend. He then introduced him to the Sultan, and painted him in such bright colours, that the Sultan himself did not hesitate to call him his friend, and bestow on him the dignity of Wezir. He remained there for about fourteen months, and requested permission from the Sultan to go to Barnu; but he refused him. The Sultan

He was much tanned, well proportioned, with a pleasing countenance, eyes like two sparks, a straight well formed forehead. We could see at once that he possessed good ability, by the vivacity depicted in his face; taking a seat and a cup of coffee, he congratulated us on our prosperous journey hitherto, but exhorted us warmly not to advance further into the interior; that if we did go, we should never return. "For," said he, "the further you go, the worse you will find the climate; the hot wind blows day and night, the water is nauseous; of food, there is scarcely any, except milk and millet. The very inhabitants are fierce against each other, what will they be to you two strangers? If a brother is not secure against his bro-

died after a short time, and Mahmud was one of the victims who were to be killed a few days after (it is the custom at Bargu to kill all the Wezirs after the death of the Sultan, because the new Sultan must have a new Wezir chosen by himself.) He knew well how to plead for himself, and succeeded in persuading the new Sultan to let him go to Barnu. So he was rewarded by the Sultan with many slaves of both sexes, camels and dromedaries, to sell, and set off on his journey to Barnu, where he found the people and court more humane and civilised than at Darfour and Bargu—(in these two kingdoms the white faces are taken for devils.) He soon gained the friendship of the first Wezir, the Sultan, and of the whole court. He remained there for about eighteen months well honoured. Afterwards he went to the Western island of Africa and to Tunis, from whence he returned to Alexandria and to Cairo, after an absence of about three years. After staying there a time he was appointed Mufdi of a province of Upper Egypt, and in two years he was sent as Mufdi to Lobaied and Cor-dofan, where we met him, and got this information from him. He gave us a letter of recommendation to the Wezir of Barnu, with whom he still kept a correspondence, and in order to assure him that it was not a forgery (these people being very suspicious), he wrote it on the sheet which contained a private letter of friendship of the Wezir. These letters, with another letter to the Wezir of Bargu, are still in my possession.

ther, how will you be safe? They will seize your things, and if they perceive you have money, your soul will be in the hands of God, at sunset. If you are ill, who will attend you? if they kill you, who will bring news of it? who will go in search of you? who would dare to go? I am astonished at your courage and firmness. At Kartum, the Pasha, Shiek Abdoluahed, and all were frightened at your courage; they do not fear their own king! In short, if you go you are lost." The captain said, "We are determined to go there." "Oh, you English are brave enough, I have never seen young men so brave!" After this exordium, he began to give us information about the three kingdoms of the interior, promising to write down the distance and most secure roads, from Darfour to Bargu, and Bargu to Barum,* and give us letters of introduction

* Lob Lobaied is the largest Holla of Cordofan, being the residence of the Medir (governor), and is situated in the Desert, like all the other Hollas. Lobaied is an Arabic word, which has different meanings, according to the pronunciation, and as I do not make a philological analysis of its meaning, I spare both myself and the reader's trouble. It is composed of about eighty Hollas, and is frequented by the Sud, every day. It possesses many wells, which hold very good water. The bazaar of Lobaied is very poor. The highest merchandise is gum arabic, soap, and calico. The second and third class are nails, tin coffee-pots, knives, a few looking-glasses (which I think should be placed in the first class), beads, onions, meat, and many kinds of medicinal seeds, brought from Darfour. There are no shops, but the bazaar is a long alley, covered with sant branches (it resembles a long hut) and every merchant occupies a few feet square for his shop. There are four or five huts which are as much admired by the people as if they were the superb shops of Regent Street, for their noble articles of calico, saws, knives, looking-glasses, beds, *et reliqua*. The concourse of the Sud, at the bazaar of Lobaied is very great. The bazaar is open every day from morning till evening; but the crowd is greatest from noon till five

to the Vizirs of Bargu and Barum, his friends. I, although trembling with the fever, had obliged myself to sit for three-quarters of an hour; but now Miss Fever returned with her former violence, and obliged me to dance; she was fiercer than before. After an hour she left me, and Master Heat came to torment me. I suffered martyrdom till sunset. To the captain's enquiry if I would eat anything, I replied, "No, I wish you a good appetite, but I only drink water." I

p.m., and its beauty consists in the buzzing and chattering in the Arabic, and in the Nubian dialect, in the contrast of the naked Sud, with their dressed soldier brethren, the lowing of the cows, the bleating of the lambs, the groaning of the camels and dromedaries, which are under the examination of the buyer and seller, the confusion of all who are talking and moving about in the bazaar like bees. Every day are seen negroes carrying lambs, cows, and camels to sell. Would to heaven that irrational beings only were conducted there to be sold! All the slaves brought from Darfour or from the neighbourhood, pass by Lobaied, in order that their captors should pay the duty for every slave, as if those human creatures were merchandise. Horror! wickedness! cruelty! injustice! It is very painful to see the poor slaves brought there naked, with a long and heavy stick bound on their neck, that they should not be able to run away. Entire families are sold at the vile price of silver or gold. O abused and wronged humanity! O, human faculties, gems superior to all other gems, inasmuch as they are more precious, sold for a few pieces of silver or gold! O reason, noblest gift on earth, degraded and trampled on! O curst religion which permits these things, condemned by divine law, and abhorred by nature! I hope that I shall live to see such cruelty abolished, and by whom? By the noble, just, and glorious England, who distinguishes herself above all the civilised world, and who enacts strict and severe law against other nations who trade with slaves. As she is now putting an end to this nefarious trade in the South of Africa by sending her vessels of war to enforce her will, she will, I trust, be the means of abolishing it in the East of this mysterious country, either by civilization or commerce, or by force of arms, if required. I am sure that the day is near, in which the British lion shall roar, and be obeyed by the eagles, bears, and the half-moon, with its antipodes.

was almost suffocated as the night came on. Ten, eleven, twelve, one, two, and three o'clock passed, and the fever did not diminish in the least. The morning of the 10th instant, brought me a good omen, the fever subsided, and I slept half an hour; I awoke greatly harrassed, but wishing for a little air, although ill, I was anxious to go out. I enquired if the market was opened. They replied, "Yes; but if you want to see the market, you must go at noon. It was ten o'clock, when I went to the celebrated bazaar of Lobaied. Every one was pointing at me, and saying, "He and his companion are the greatest gum merchants that have ever come to Lobaied; they have come to buy all the gum of Cordofan, the Pasha has sent his cawas with them! See! look how he is dressed! how can he walk in such a dress? Allah?" I was silent to listen to what they might say, pretending I could not speak, or did not understand Arabic. I halted before the shop of one, who had a heap of gum, and took some pieces. He asked if I wished to buy gum. I replied in Italian, "No, but I wish to hear what all these people behind me say." He laughed at the strange sound of my answer, and repeated his enquiry, and I laughed. The crowd around me, made remarks on my hair, my boots, my trousers, and said he does not understand. "Iato ma ifham; ma ifham." "Iato (my son), speak the language of Kauagia Ibrahim." I could not longer contain my laughter, and leaving the shop walked up and down

the bazaar, observing it well. After a short time I was obliged to return, because I felt my involuntary dancing master was coming to give his lesson. On reaching the divan, I threw myself on the ancarib, and the dance commenced in earnest (nam). The captain went to return the visit of Mr. Tibeau, and on his return, told me the Medir and Shiek, negro Arabs, were coming shortly to bargain about conducting us to the confines of Darfour. He added, "I feel a little cold." "I hope," said I, "that you are not going to follow my bad example," (nam). The Medir and Shiek, negro Arabs, now entered, and saluting the captain, told him it was impossible for us to enter Darfour. The captain said, "Can you conduct me to the confines?" "Yes," replied the Shiek. "Very well; it is bargained that in five or six days, we set off for Tuescia," (the first village in Darfour). They left us, and the captain began to study my trembling. At six o'clock in the evening, we were both in the same school. Dinner was brought, and taken away untouched. As night arrived we became silent, each thinking of his own affairs. At ten, the same heat came on; neither of us could rest during the whole night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RESIDENCE AT LOBAIED ON THE ELEVENTH INSTANT,
AND EVENTS.

BOTH awoke ; or rather, I may say, the morning of the eleventh came, and we made the same enquiry of each other, "How have you passed the night?" To which I answered, "I could not close my eyes." The captain began to take pills, and offered me some, but I declined his offer. Hardly had the first rays of the sun entered the divan, when the Medir came to visit us, and was sorry to find us both ill ; and although convalescent, he remained a long time. He ordered two guards to be put at the door, to prevent any one entering except the servants ; for this attention we thanked, and begged not to detain him ; he did not wish to leave us, but after repeated requests he went. To the cook's enquiries of what he wanted, we replied "Nothing." After some time, M. Patrick came, who had suffered from the same fever ; he remained some minutes, and left to send his Moorish servant "*Serun*" (joy). The Medir also sent his slave "*Rrihan*" (mistle). The two black compatriots were youths of about nineteen. Prihan was very kind, like his master. Patrick's rather

clumsy ; but with the companionship of the other studied to be obliging. They had nothing to do but to give us glasses of water, or lemonade. They were quite happy, for I had told Ali to treat them well, and give them coffee, and cook them some meat and rice.

At five p.m. the Medir came again to see us, and remained half an hour, much grieved to find us with the fever. He sent a large ancariib for the captain, which three men placed where the other had stood. Night came back, and with it the fever ; the two Moors threw themselves down in the divan, with a mat and carpet for beds. At eleven I really thought I was departing for eternity, so great were my sufferings, and I began to recommend myself to God, and repeat the acts of faith, hope, and charity, and that of grief, and I said "*Profiscere Anima Christiana.*" I thought of my family, from whom I had been separated ten years. How grieved would be father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and, above all, the twin brothers, who neither knew me nor I them. I was in great affliction, far from family and friends, to die in a barbarous country ; it was too bitter—more bitter than death itself—to be buried amongst the Musselmen—amongst the Moors, who are almost without religion. "O Lord ! don't let me die in this country ; let me die in some other, amongst Christians ; that I may be buried in a Christian cemetery, and have the prayers of the devout. Let the daily prayers of my family, and

of pious persons move Thee. O, immaculate Virgin ! Thou art invoked daily by me, and by my friends, to remember me. Supplicate the Holy Trinity not to allow me to die in this coutry. Guardian Angel, do not abandon me !” This prayer finished, I felt inclined to sleep for a few minutes, but I was soon again overpowered, and suffered till morning. When day-break came I asked the captain how he felt. “A little better,” said he ; “and yourself ?” “ ‘ *In statu quo.* ’ A tumour has burst on my arm and increases my pain.” After this, silence was resumed, till broken by Ali, enquiring what we would have for breakfast ? “For ourselves nothing ; but give Rrihan and Serur some ;” then they went off. After some minutes the captain wished to change the position of his ancariib, and called Rrihan, Serur, and Ali. No one came ; all were too busy replenishing their stomachs. I could not suffer the captain to call in vain, and, in spite of the fever under which I suffered, I rose and helped him to sit down in a chair, which was there, and attempted to change the ancariib. I took hold of it with my weak and trembling hands, and lifting it from one side, fell immediately, as if I had broken some vein in my neck. I could see nothing, my head swam, and I fell into the ancariib.

After some time I recovered, and went to the contiguous room ; in attempting to move, I fell on the ground fainting. Reviving, I again tried to rise, and leant against the wall ; but another swoon was the con-

sequence, in which I lay for some time. On opening my eyes, I fancied myself just born, or to have come from a new world. I could but cry "He!" Happily, the two Moors coming up to the divan, heard the cry, and the captain told them to go and see Jusef. They came and found me stretched on the ground, but raised me and carried me to the ancariib. Oh! how I suffered! the fever increased so much, that I felt as if placed in an oven. I drank much water, and frequently uncovered my chest, but without benefit. I got some water and vinegar from Rrihan, and soaking a towel in it, applied it to my burning chest; would you believe it? After five or six minutes, the towel was steaming as if held before a fire. Not feeling the relief continue more than this short time, I took a second towel; but this also became like the first. The Medir and Patrick coming in, found me much agitated and in a dangerous state. The captain had not the fever so severely; they wished him to be moved to the next room, and me to the other, but I begged to remain where I was, so the captain only was carried to the adjoining chamber. The fever increasing, I began to lose my senses; by two in the afternoon, I was no longer conscious, but lay without speaking, distressed by the oppressive heat, and bathed in a pool of perspiration. The Medir came in the evening, and taking my hand, shook me and called me several times; but as the Moors told me afterwards, I only opened my eyes for an instant, and

closed them without speaking. I heard some talking but as if at a distance. Night came, I once or twice opened my eyes, raised my head, and threw my hands about, as if I wished to take something, and then I fell back. Brihan, who, with the other Moor, had been ordered to watch by me, said my motions frightened him.

The thirteenth day came, and I remained in the same distressing and perspiring state, looking like a corpse. Noon followed morning, and I was in "*statu quo*;" they all expected a short time would put an end to my sufferings. Towards evening, I began to regain my senses, and asked in a weak voice, for a glass of water. I asked Serur how the captain was. "Ill," he replied. I had the towel soaked, and put on my breast. During this the Medir came, and congratulated me on being better, and told me he had been yesterday to see me. I thanked him, but told him I knew nothing of it, or his taking my hand, or in what country even I was. He told me he had sent a little Moor boy to cook for me, when I should be able to eat.

After conversing a little time he went away, and the fever being wearied of tormenting me, subsided a little; but after half an hour feeling itself invigorated, it returned, and by sunset mastered me as yesterday. I lost my senses. The fourteenth instant arrived, and I showed no sign of improvement, but lay till evening bathed in perspiration, in a state of lethargy. I then

asked for a glass of water, and ejaculated, "*Fiat voluntas tua.*" I remember little more than that in the night I called Rrihan and Serur, but they, either weary with the preceding night's watching, or being sound sleepers, like Moors in general, never heard me. I was obliged to lie suffering from the heat, and longing for a draught of water to cool my mouth, which was become like a piece of wood. My head whirled; I felt as if bound to a wheel which kept continually turning.

At dawn on the fifteenth I awoke, but could not articulate, when the Moors awoke I beckoned for a glass of water, which desire Prihan at length understood. I wished to change my shirt, but dared not trust the key of the bag to any one, for the bag contained, besides shirts, several tempting articles. The Medir came to enquire after me, and I could hardly speak enough to tell him I was very ill. I wished to have my ancari removed into the room, and by his orders, Rrihan, Serur, and Ali, carried me on the ancari, in the state I was in; the idea occurred to me, and I said, *inter mortuos vivens*; in order to complete the affair, there was only wanting the intoning "*si iniquitates*" and the "*miserere.*" I had again recourse to the towel steeped in vinegar and water, and could not keep my eyes open above two or three seconds. The Mufdi came to see me, saluted me at the door, and then retired. I enquired how the captain was, and Rrihan said the captain was better. I sent him to his

dinner. Noon passed, and the light gave way to darkness; the Moors came in from time to time, but telling them to place by me a quantity of water, I dismissed them, and spent a night *d'inferno*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RESIDENCE AT LOBAIED FROM THE SIXTEENTH TO THE
TWENTY-SECOND.

WITH fever still on me, the morning of the sixteenth broke; the first who entered was a Moorish slave of the Medir, who brought us bread. He put the two loaves on the ancari, and asked me, with a low voice, "Iakauaggia Jusef Geldac Caif Eliaum," (how is your skin to day?) "*Aïian Catire*," (very ill.) Although very ill I was amused at the phrase of the slave. The Medir came for a minute or two, and then left to send the doctor. After some time the Signor Dottore arrived. *Misericordia!* he seemed to me the angel of death, who entered with his sickle to free me from suffering. He bade me good morning, and felt my pulse. Hardly touching it, he asked me if I had had breakfast. "No; I have no appetite; I have eaten nothing for nine days; only drank water." "Oh! you must eat meat and rice; you have not the uerda," (fever.) I said, "Did you not feel how my pulse galloped? I feel on fire. Where did you study medicine?" "In Cairo. I have practised for several

years the French medical system." "I also have made medical experiments, and know something. I can't eat, because I have no appetite, and because the fever is raging. I have observed a *degiuno*." "What is a *degiuno*?" said he." "Don't you know?" said I; and then we both became silent. At last he said, "You must eat, and to-morrow I will come and bleed you. Make them bring you meat and rice." "Oh, yes! and onions and garlic," added I; and, disturbed at his proposition, I said, "I won't be bled." Then he rose, and, reiterating his promise of returning the next day, left me to meditate; and my reasoning was this. If he cannot discover a feverish from a healthy state, how can he distinguish an artery from a vein, which is rather more difficult than knowing the pulse? With what conscience could I hold out my arm? I had better die during these sufferings than put myself into a doubtful and dangerous state. No; he shall not bleed me, as he does not know what *diet* means. I learnt afterwards that he was a young Egyptian, who had been servant to a French doctor in Cairo for some years, and carried out the medicine—a shop-boy, in fact. The government not being able to find a doctor for the poor soldier in Cordofan, sent this youth to practise in *animabus vilibus*. A servant of the Medir assured me that those poor fellows taken with the fever, were sure to die; for this most illustrious and most ignorant doctor commenced by bleeding—blood in the morning—blood in the evening;

in fact, as the servant said, he only goes to bleed them and accelerate death. "Does he give no medicine?" enquired I. "Who has ever seen medicine? There is no medicine ever seen but the lancet, with which he slaughters as many as he can." "Why don't they appeal to the governor?" "What! appeal! Who dares say that the doctor knows nothing. By Jove, Kanagia Jusef, do not say that I have told you this; for you know how much bastinado I shall have to digest." "Don't be afraid," said I. "I pray the Lord he may not come to me again." Rrihan came, and brought me another glass of water, enquiring if I would not eat anything, adding, "He could not understand how I could live so many days with only taking water." "Nor I either," I said. "How is the captain?" "Better." Noon came and went; evening came and went; only the fever would not go away. The same burning heat martyred me. I drank immense quantities of water without benefit. I exhausted all that was by my side, and had to call Serur to bring more, who came half asleep. I felt my pulse which galloped in the same style.

On the seventeenth I was no better; the fever continued to weaken me and exhaust my strength. About ten o'clock, however, I felt inclined to eat, and asked for a little soup. I swallowed a few spoonfuls, but could not force myself to take more. After this sumptuous meal, I drank more water, and threw myself on the ancari, where I lay in the same position

till evening. The Moors had no trouble, but to bring me water. That night got over, the eighteenth came and I still had fever, but managed to take a little soup, after mixing it with vinegar. They told me the captain was better; he had eaten some chicken, and they were getting dinner ready for him, he having a good appetite. And where is the doctor? He came to the divan to see the captain and returned. Why did he not come to see me? "Chi sa." While thus talking the celebrated bread-carrier made his appearance, and saluted me. Finding me eating, he laughed and said, "Ha! Naschior Allah Geldac Aliaum. Ahsamn! thank God your skin is better to-day!" He left the bread, and I finished the soup, and laid down again with closed eyes, and so passed that day.

The nineteenth did not appear to me a day of revival and strength. In the evening the fever abated a little; but in the night returned as violent as ever. The twentieth came, but my fever was not of the past; it remained on my poor skin; my heart palpitated, and brought on new spasms; I thought myself at the last struggle. Mr. Patrick came to ask after me, and the Medir entered at the same time. I heard him say in a low voice, "Poor fellow, how he is reduced!" They soon left. In the evening the captain came, and found me eating the "*minestrina*" (soup). He bade me take courage, and enquired if he looked not very pale. I said in accordance with my senses, "You are; take care of yourself." He wished me a speedy recovery,

and returned to his room. That night I drank more water than ever. About eleven I rose for a little time, and leant against the wall. All at once I felt my palate refreshed and the fever less, felt better, and threw myself immediately on the ancarib, and got a little sleep.

On the morning of the twenty-second the fever seemed to have departed. As the day advanced it seemed anxious to return; but I would have nothing more to do with it. At noon I wanted another *minestrina*; but sent first to see the Moorish cook. He came. "Are you the cook?" "Yes, sir." "What is your name?" "Giaber." "What a beautiful name! (it means benefactor.) Do you know how to cook rice?" "Yes, sir." "Well, instead of *minestrina* I will take some." "Yes, sir." After a quarter of an hour he brought it to me, and, kneeling down, held it for me whilst I eat. I found it exquisite, and told him it was well cooked. "Though you are but a boy, you are a capital cook, and our cook Ali, who is an old man, cannot even roast an onion." He laughed, and delighted at my saying this to him, offered to make me a cup of coffee, adding, "That Ali did not know how to make a cup of coffee, but he had taught him!" "Bravo, Giaber; when I am better and can get up I will give you something very fine; but, tell me, did you really cook the rice yourself? You have really great talent; how many years have you been a cook?" "Eight months only. The

Gallabe—the Arabs who go to Darfur with merchandise—brought me, and my master, the Medir, took me.” “Oh yes!” said I; “he told me what a fine fellow you were, and how quickly you learnt to cook.” I liked to amuse myself in talking thus to this poor fellow, sold for a trifling sum by his own parents or his Sultan. I felt sorry for him and his companions. At sunset the fever left me, but I was dreadfully reduced—a mere shadow. I could not walk a step. Although every change of position gave me great pain from the tumours with which my body was covered, I may say I slept well.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONVALESCENT FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND TO THE
TWENTY-SEVENTH, WHEN WE LEFT LOBAIED.

THE next morning I awoke free of fever, and with a great appetite, and ordered Gabor to make me a dish of rice. The captain came to congratulate me, and then returned to his own room to breakfast. He had been recovering for five days. The slave who brought us daily the bread, arrived just as Giaber was bringing in the rice, and, as usual, enquired how my skin was. I was rejoiced to be able to say better; thanks be to God I eat the rice with great appetite. At noon the captain returned to tell me he had already made a bargain with the Arabs to set off four days hence, adding that he wanted to go by Dongola so as to avoid the vexation of the same route by which we had come. "Very well," said I; "then, we go by the Desert of Dongola, and shall taste the delights and bitterness of it; it will be well if it be not brother to the Desert of Corosco. I no longer suffered from fever, but the tumours were very painful, and I could not stand from weakness; but this was not to be wondered

at, not having had half an hour's rest for sixteen days and nights, and living only on water. I thought of attempting to rise and see if the corporeal machine was rusty. Night arrived with its black mantle, and I happily withdrew myself into the bosom of sleep, from which I was only aroused by the brilliant sun of the morning of the twenty-third. The captain was the first who came in to wish me good morning, and said he proposed setting off in two days, if I was well enough to undergo the hard fatigues of the journey. I told him I could not possibly say to him how I should be; but if not well, he might leave me. But to this he said "No." The day galloped, noon passed, and the sun was already declining, when Giaber came for orders for supper, and was glad to hear my wish for roasted cobab. "Oh! yes, sir, plenty of meat," which he soon brought, and I forced myself to eat a little (nan); but my appetite was hindered by "*tristis erat anima mea usque*;" after my supper, I soon fell asleep, and was only aroused by the drums at daybreak. The captain coming into my room, found me awake, and I asked me if the soldiers, with their half-spoilt and bad drums, did not annoy me. A little after sunrise, I got up, and attempted to cross the room, my legs trembled under me, and I had to lean against the wall, but I dragged myself here and there in this noble domain. The captain, seeing me on foot, called to inquire if I would be ready to set off the day after to-morrow. I said, "Yes, directly, if you like." He

said, "No, but in two days." "Very well," I rejoined; "but you must take the trouble to bury me in the Desert, if you cover my body with sand and put my cross and Rosary near my head—it will suffice." He was displeased at my saying this, and I also, vexed, said, "he must be rather out of his senses, seeing that I could hardly stand on my feet to ask if I could travel in two days." He left me, and I burst into bitter lamentations. "O, Lord!" I exclaimed! "consoler in all afflictions, do not abandon me! Thy holy name has moderated the sufferings of this cruel fever, and revived me. Now do but give me rest? Oh, Lord, in Thee is my hope and trust! Blessed Virgin, remember that thou art called comforter of the afflicted; see in what trouble, anguish, and oppression I am! send joy and peace to my troubled heart, and drive away all sadness! Guardian angel, faithful companion of the good Tobias, though I am but a very humble imitator of him, yet I keep a friendship towards thee, and recommend myself daily to thee to pray the Lord of Hosts to be near me, and bring me in safety through all my doings." While thus meditating, the Mufdi came to see me. "Ah, Meschin Kanagia Jusef, how you are reduced!" "Thanks be to God! that I am yet alive!" The captain came in to thank the Mufdi for his kindness in taking the trouble to write two letters of recommendation to Bargu and Barum, and they both left. I remained alone till Giaber came in the evening to receive orders for supper. I

could only eat a little rice, my appetite was gone ; but I fell asleep, and did not open my eyes till the morning of the twenty-fourth, which was polite enough to bring me the appetite I had lost yesterday. A dish of cobab was quickly brought me, and I immediately sent it into exile in that empty land of the stomach, which yesterday was only nourished by grief.

The captain came and asked me how I was, and departed without saying anything else. I contrived to take a long walk of two or three minutes, and then fatigued, threw myself on the ancari. The Moor coming in with the bread, I began to laugh. Naharac said, "Iakauaggia Jusef, (a happy day to you)." "Naharac Asad, (a happy one to you). Thanks be to God my skin is well to-day ; how is yours ?" "Oh, mine," replied he, "is always well, when I drink a little 'Marisi.'" "What ! do you drink spirits ?" "Only Marisi ; don't you drink it," said he ; "in this country one must drink." Exchanging mutual good wishes for our skins, we bade adieu. I found that this amusing conversation had greatly benefitted my skin. The captain found me laughing, and I explained to him the Moor's usual question, which made him laugh also. When he quitted me, I beheld the doctor ; and *exultavit spiritus meus*, and I determined to benefit my skin by fresh jests of that of the doctor, who seemed to me a ninny of the first class, and said to him in Arabic, "A very good morning to you," and added in Latin, "*tandem aliquando ad me venis, qui militum*

mortem sollicitas." He said, "What language is that?" "Don't you know ancient French?" "Ancient French! I don't know either ancient or modern French." "And how are you, doctor?" said I. "Very well, at your service." "Thank you, I do not wish for your services; you have others to serve—all the soldiers." "I told his Excellence the Medir, that you ought to be bled when you were lying like dead of the fever; but he would not let me, without asking you." "He was a wise man not to let you," said I, "but it is ten days since you wished to bleed; why have you never come?" "I have been busy with the soldiers." "Then how many have you killed? I mean to ask how many are dead; how many alive?" The doctor became very pale, and bit his tongue; but replied, with gentleness, (if he knew of what race it was), and even humility, "Two are dead, one last week, one this; the first had fever for four weeks, and the other nine." "And how many are now in your hands?" "Several; there are some who will, perhaps, follow their companions; but what can I do? I go twice a-day to see them, and frequently bleed them?" I remarked that doctering did not consist in taking all their blood, but to know the nature of their disease, and take other means to extirpate it—medicine, for instance. I am not capable of describing each malady, yet this is necessary. You seem to me full of experience, having been with the French doctor so many years, you must have had some medicine in

your hands ; if you were not a brave fellow, you would not have been sent here." He became quite proud at my panegyric, and did not perceive that it was ironical ; for with glee he said, "There are very few who would come here. I am the only doctor in Cordofan—the only one in all Cordofan !" Cordofan is a foreign name ; but I think it may be formed from *Kor* (ground to be cultivated), and *Fan* (a proper name) added for euphony. Pretending to speak seriously, I told him he ought to call himself physician to the Medir, to the governor and government, the Mufdi, and soldiers, and all Cordofan and Lobaied, adding, internally, and butcher to all the reasoning inhabitants of Cordofan.

Whilst amusing myself thus, Giaber brought me something to eat, for my stomach now required frequent supplies. The doctor asked what it was. "A little rice ; I am very sorry that it should be so little, otherwise I would say :—‘ *Besm Illeh Alaic Elnusal.* ’" (See Chapter xv.)

We then bade each other adieu, and I asked Giaber if he would go and cook for us on the journey, to which he assented, provided the Medir would give him to us. A little more talk on this point, and then he quitted me. I felt myself improving, and beginning to regain my strength. I slept well all the night. "*Deo gratias !*" said I, the next morning when the Medir came and told me he had had fever for three days. I advised him not to expose himself to

the North wind. He left and the captain came. "Can you sit on a dromedary?" demanded he. "Oh, yes! certainly" and he went off quite contented. Had I spoke the truth? No! because I knew I could but pray to God to have compassion on my soul. I must die once; where and when were of little moment, if I died in Him.

Shortly the captain returned to give me notice that he would return to Kartum, by a short and new road, as two tribes of Arabs were at war in the Desert of Dongola, and there was danger that we should be attacked. The Medir was to send his dromedarist and M. Patrick, his servant, with us for four or five days. "So now," added the captain, "I will get the backshish ready for Rrihan, Serur, and Giaber; but first of all I will get something to eat, and then we will arrange matters." So he went away, and I was left alone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST HALF-DAY AT LOBAIED AND DEPARTURE IN
RETURN, ON THE MORNING OF THE 27TH, TO KORSI.

AT noon I called Rrihan, and told him when he had finished serving the Captain, to tell Giaber to cook me a dish of rice. At one the dinner was brought me by Giaber. I, wishing as usual to jest with him, said, "Giaber, this is the last dinner that thou hast brought me."

"He said—*Wallah Iakauagia Jusef*. I am very sorry that you are going: you are not quite strong. I like you so much, you are so kind."

"Oh no, Giaber, you are really kind, with Rrihan, Serur, and Cucco" (the soldier who brought milk for the Captain).

"*Uallahi*, Ali tells us that you are a very gentle person."

"Do not believe Ali, because I gave him three piastres to buy shoes."

"Oh no, Rrihan and Serur told me."

"Il kauagia Jusef Uallah Ibn Halal has taught us with great kindness to make *sciarbat* (lemonade),

and he suffers so much without groaning and crying, like ——."

I laughed, and said, "Giaber?"

"*Naam Sidi.*"

"This evening you will roast me a little *cobab*?"

"*Mata*?" (when.)

"About sunset."

"Yes, sir; *ala Rasi uaeni*"—(upon my head and eyes—a phrase used to indicate pleasure in serving you).

At two in the afternoon I went out into the Divan to walk. The Captain came immediately to join me, and said, "I have given the tin box full of tea to Mr. Patrick, and I wish to offer to the Medir the six-barrelled pistol."

"You will do well," I replied. "What shall we do with the quantity of tobacco brought from Cairo here?"

"Give it to Patrick's servant to divide between himself and the dromedarymen, who are going to accompany us."

"Very well. I will give sixty piastres to each of the three Moors as *bachshish*—to Rrihan, Serur, and Giaber, who have well served us."

"Very well; then I will go and give it to them. It would be better in the evening; then you may call them, and tell them we have been pleased with their service, and that you wish to make them a present of sixty piastres each."

"Very well. What do we need for the journey? Bread? The Medir has already prepared a bag of dried

bread (biscuits), and we have the bag of flour brought from Cairo."

After this we separated. I retired to sleep after this long walk in the Divan. Towards sunset Giaber brought me the dinner, and awoke me. I commenced eating, and asked Giaber, "Have you got the bachshish from the Captain?"

"No."

"When the Captain will give it you, you shall thank him, and then you shall have something from me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Just then he was called by Rrihan to go to the Captain, for the time had arrived when the Captain should give them their presents. Having received the bachshish, they were overpowered with joy at the large sum of money. Rrihan was the first who entered, all exultation, and thanked me for the bachshish. "Thank the Captain," said I, "who has given it to you. I regret much not to have anything to give you."

"It is all the same, the Captain and you," he replied.

Then came Serur and Giaber, trembling with the joy of having sixty piastres, and hardly able to speak, especially Giaber, who had not yet completed his second lustrum. "Ha, ha, Giaber! how rich you are! You deserve it. I will give you a jacket from Damascus, in order to clothe yourself well when you go to the Bazaar." I arose, opened my bag, and took out the jacket, embroidered in all colours—red, yellow, white, and black.

“That’s for you, Giaber. I am very sorry not to be able to give one to Rrihan and Serur.” These latter said, “Many thanks; you have already given us plenty of money.” Fairy little Giaber, he had never had such a dress, only black rags, that hardly covered his skin. After due examination of the jacket he began to kiss my hand; on my withdrawing it, he began to leap like his compatriot monkeys; and strong as he was, being employed in the kitchen, took it, and kissed it weeping. He could not speak. His two companions congratulated him on having such a beautiful thing, and of Damascus stuff. All wished me happiness and a good journey—“When shall we see you again?” “I will never come back to this bad country. If the Pasha would give it me, bachshish, I would not take it. What is there here but gum and a little *dokn* (millet), with other trifles. Oh, but if you saw Cairo, Alexandria, how beautiful they are! If you saw the Bazaar! What is in the Bazaar here? A little calico, soap, nails, looking-glasses, seeds, onions, and other things?” All replied, “We are content to see Kartun, the country of the Pasha”—(they meant capital), poor fellows! “I hope one day you will leave this miserable country. Well, go and leave me to rest.” I do not know whether they could sleep with their minds agitated by the money, though so justly acquired; nevertheless I was awakened several times in the night by their talking and laughing. They were truly to be pitied, having never had a single piastre as a present from their masters; but threats instead. Well had it been threats only, not bastinado!

Oh degraded nature! oh dishonour to all Europe! that boasts of being civilised, and suffers men to be sold like things! Would it cost too much to expostulate with the Mussulmen, and oblige them, either by ways of justice, or by the sword if justice be scorned, to sell no more men like goods? I hope that the time is near, and that England, who on this question has so signalised herself, will be the promoter for putting an end to such villany, which nature abhors.

Those who have never seen the poor Moors dragged from the mountains, and taken naked to Lobaied, cannot imagine the grief, the outrage to a human heart, civilised and Christian, at seeing these unhappy beings forced to walk by dint of the *courbash*: entire families are seen thus driven. On going to the Bazaar at Lobaied, I met some, and my eyes overflowed at the thought, that reasonable creatures should be driven to the market, and valued thus. It would be a grievous thing if I wished to give a short detail of the cruelty of the Mussulmen, when they go to the Gazzua (assault of the Moors); but my heart revolts from writing what I heard from the mouth of an *Asuad*, who began to relate it to me, and whom I stopped not to tell me of such cruelty.

But I must return to the journey. Hardly did I see morning arrive, when I arose and went to the Divan I listened to the Arabs, speaking that a dromedary destined for the journey had escaped in the night. The Captain came out and asked, "Are the dromedaries ready?" They replied, "Yes." "Well, come, O ye Arabs,

who are to go with me and take the things." They came immediately to carry the baggage down into the court. The Captain gave the orders to the Arabs, and went again to the Medir to repeat the leave-taking and thanks for the kindness he had shown us; and on his return we took breakfast. During this Mr. Tebeau and Patrick came to say good bye; they talked with us, and encouraged me not to fear the journey, and that I should feel better as soon as I had quitted Lobaied. I, although knowing my weakness and bad state of health, replied with polite and pretty words to their flatteries,

Breakfast over, we looked here and there to see if we had forgotten anything, and then descended into the court to mount the dromedaries. The Arabs had prepared a camel in place of the runaway dromedary. I entered the courtyard where several were collected, to see the two great gum merchants, with the aspect of death.

I looked around, and asked for good wishes for the journey. All moved by my words, replied to the request with many interruptions. All wished to help me to mount. I, making the sign of the cross, and recommending myself to God, mounted, or, to speak the truth, was placed upon the dromedary by the persons who surrounded me. The beast arose, and I felt my head turn, and was near to fall. I recovered myself again, begged for good wishes, and directed the dromedary to the principal gate of the Divan. Here another multitude awaited us. I wished them good luck, which they reciprocated. I asked them to wish us peace for

arriving in our country. All cried, "God will be with you, and restore you safe, Iakauagia, to your country. Maskin elkauagia, how pale he is!" Many said, "How has he learnt to speak Arabic so well!" Others said, "He will reach Korsi alive." Others, "Perhaps he will endure two days, and have his tomb in some Holla." "This night," said another. "Let us hope," joined another, "that he may arrive at his own country, and die amongst his family—poor Kauagia!" There were many other opinions which I did not hear, though I had checked the dromedary to listen to them.

Being thus the subject of discussion amongst these poor men, I said, "Well, O Lord! where I die matters not; sufficient that I die in thee. These men may conjecture what they like, thy will be done!" The Captain and Patrick joined me, and asked, "How do you feel?" "Ill; my stomach is upset, my head turns, I feel sick." The Captain said, "Let us stop." "No, it is not necessary; let us go on." We left Lobaied at half-past eight A. M. of the 27th of November, accompanied a short way by Mr. Patrick, who afterwards returned to his large hut. We returned by the same road we had once trodden. The heat was great, notwithstanding the north wind. Arrived at the pond, two hours from Lobaied (of which mention was made in chapter xxiv.), we halted a little time to wait for the Arabs. As Giabel Cobbasce is near the water, I asked the meaning of it; but the Arabs were not capable of telling me. (I think it may be a corruption of *Giabel Alcobsce*, mountain of rams or

lambs; because frequently the beasts were brought to the adjacent water, and the lambs made to sleep at the foot of the hill: thus the name, *Giabel Cobbasce*, Mount of the Shepherd of the Rams.) After delaying a little, we mounted and away, passing near to those same trees of Homra.

About one P. M. we dismounted, in order to escape somewhat the great heat, since the wind had ceased, and the rest of the day was like an oven. Having brought with us from Lobaied half a lamb, we desired Patrick's servant, Ibrahim, to roast some flesh. "With the greatest diligence he began operations, and after some time he brought it to us. Having had the first shake, my appetite was rather troubled, since being so weak, the slightest shake had great effect on me. After having rested, and being on the point of departure, the dromedary-driver, Ismael, arrived, with a soldier (Cucco, who brought us milk at Lobaied), leading a camel and a dromedary; for the dromedary having escaped, Ismael had gone in search of him. We resumed the journey at half-past three, and continued till seven in the evening.

The Captain said, "I wish to sleep at Korsi."

The Arabs replied, in *coro*, "Eh! where is Korsi?"

"It is a long way off."

"No matter," replied the Captain, and drove on his dromedary, saying to the conductor, "Follow me."

We went on; the night was dark, although the sky was pure and brilliant by its marvellous elements. At

nine we met two negroes—an old man mounted on a horse with long ears, and a boy who came after him.

“Iato,” asked I, “is Korsi far?”

“Ha ho, ha ho!” (there it is, there it is below).

“*Haessa*—We got up from supper, and are come. *Haessa, Haessa, Haessa*” (just now).

But now we journeyed on and on, and always in the dark, and by the Desert. Not a sign showed itself that could give us hope of being near. Not a fire, not the bark of a dog, or bleat of a goat or lamb, was heard. All the precincts slept in a profound lethargy—the smiling stars already sparkled, already prepared to finish their tour in that part of the orb, to convey peace to another; and we got no nearer Korsi.

The camels, who live only upon grass and leaves of Sant, walked with slow steps. The Arabs very tired, the Captain gone, who knows where—I only repeated, “Dio mio, I consign my soul to thee—guardian angel, be near me;” for I felt myself almost dead on the dromedary, cold penetrated my whole body, and made me tremble. At last we saw a fire. “What fire is that, Ismael?”

“Korsi.”

“Who says yes, who says no? It is at Hollat Korsi. Go on,” I cried, “without Korsi, uamorsi.”

After a long time we heard the bleating of sheep which were really at Korsi. Finally, we arrived, and were conducted to the same dwelling of the sheik in

which we were received on going to Lobaied. Without speaking I dismounted, and threw myself on the ancari, as I thought for ever. I slept for a short time, since it was three hours and a half after midnight when we dismounted.

CHAPTER XXX.

DEPARTURE FROM KORSI ON THE 28TH INSTANT TO HOLLAT
SHEIK OMAR, WHERE WE SPENT THE NIGHT.

THE morning of the 28th of November arrived, and found us still stretched on the ancaribs. The Captain was much knocked up by his imprudence in travelling so far yesterday. I was worse than he. Though the sun rose and the day became clear, we did not move from Korsi. At last the Captain ordered Ismael to get the camels loaded. He called the Arabs, and they began. This done, we mounted, and bade adieu to the Persian who was there, and quitted Korsi for Hollat Elsheik Omar. We took a second route, which we were assured was shorter than that by which we came; the direction was from south to north. By noon the heat was intense, and the Captain gave orders to descend and amuse ourselves. Ismael governed the Arabs, or rather had the pre-eminence amongst them, as being the Dromedariste of the Medir; but think not that the Arabs would not obey us, they were ever most attentive to the slightest sign of our wishes. Ismael was the greatest amongst them, and so he had the pre-

eminence. After resting a couple of hours amongst the bushes of Sant and of Hagiled (see No. 3, chapter xxi.), we took the route towards the above-named Holla, being assured it was near: this time we were not deceived. About six P. M. we arrived, and, according to usual custom, were conducted to the hut palace of the sheik. Having dismounted, it was announced that the Sheik Omar was there.* The voice of Ismael exclaimed, "Ta Sheik Omar, come here," but with gentleness; for he was a mixture of Egyptian and Nubian. By his father's side he inherited the sagacity of the Egyptian, and the gentleness of the Nubian from his mother. The sheik came forth from the adjacent tent, clothed in great pomp and magnificence—that is to say, with his shirt only, *et quidem* appeared from its first stage to have been mended in different parts, and smelling of the bitumen which was adherent to it. Ismael presented him to the Captain, saying, "This is the sheik possessor of this Holla." After an exchange

* Sheik Omar is the possessor of this Holla, because it was founded by his father, Sheik Omar, and left him in inheritance. It is composed of about thirty huts, and is like all the other Hollat in every respect. Its inhabitants are all slaves of Sheik Omar, and he can dispose of them as he pleases. They all work for him, respect him, and like him very much, because he is to them more like father than master; and they call him "Iasidi Omar" (O my Lord Omar!). All the cattle belong to him, and he gives so many to every family. The inhabitants of this Holla believe themselves to be the most happy in all Cordofan (as one told me), because Sheik Omar manages everything with the Government, and "we must only work, eat, and obey. Iakauagia," added he, "we are born to do these things, and die like our fathers."

of compliments, he recommended him to prepare a lamb for us. The sheik putting his hand upon his bare head in sign of respect and obedience, answered Hader.

"Go string the victim, to offer it bachshish to the Captain," said Ismael.

The Captain asked what was the price?

"Allah Iatuel Omrac" (God prolong your days); "you are in my hospitality, and I offer a victim to you."

"I do not want a bachshish victim; I will give you seven piastres" (about 1s. 5½d.).

In a moment it was slaughtered, and became a victim to the cruel steel of Ismael, and later, when roasted, to our teeth; for, according to the Captain's recommendation, Ibrahim roasted us some cobab immediately. I felt fever, and forced myself to dissimulate; but not being able to eat, it was soon discovered that I was ill. I threw myself on the ancarib.

"Are you not well?" said the Captain.

"I feel the heat has hurt me; I hope to be better to-morrow."

"I will make you a little tea; take up a cup."

After some minutes a cup was brought me, but I could hardly taste it. The ancaribs were brought into the tent for us to sleep. I had observed the Holla and gained information about Sheik Omar, which I had written on the spot in pencil, to be copied in ink before sleeping into another book, as was my custom, but feeling overpowered by sleep I said to myself, I will do it to-morrow morning. Wishing good night to the captain,

I devoted myself to sleep, and being done up by the dromedary and fever, I soon entered the land of rest. In the night I dreamt of what I had been debating as to copying it. I called out in a loud voice, "I will copy it to-morrow, but I cannot to-night." The Captain, awake or awakened by my voice laughed, and said in Italian, "*Si, si, iscrizione*" (yes, yes, inscription). I was awakened by his voice, and asked in Arabic, "*Aic-fi?*" (what's the matter?) He said in English—

"You dream, my dear fellow, of inscriptions, or something else."

"Yes, yes, I know what it is," and fell asleep again.

I arose in the morning with fever, and wishing to know what sort of water they had (for we had only drunk sour milk the previous evening), I asked an Arab for some, who brought me some vile nauseous stuff full of insects. "*Mio Dio*, who can drink this water?"

An Arab replied: "*Iakauagia Jusef*, this is the best, it is from the well of Sheik Omar."

"If it is from the well of Mustafa or Mahomed," said I, "it is abominable; take it away."

Then said another Arab: "*Iakauagia Jusef*, it is good."

"It is good for those who have taste for it, but not for me. Ismael bring me some rob" (sour milk).

"Here is some I left yesterday night, it is excellent rob; really I pity you *Iakauagia Jusef*, you are so pale and shivering; you ought to have remained ten days at Lobaied to recover your health."

"Patience, Ismael; if I escape this time, this miserable country will never see me more. What sort of wells are here in this Holla?"

"They are like those you have seen at Abucrat and Walad Alzachi."

"Are they hollowed out of the sand?"

"Yes, sir."

"These Moors live like beasts, eh?"

"Yes, but there is a little difference."

"What may that be?"

"That of walking on hands and feet."

"You are an Egyptian, Ismael, and have good talent."

I inquired if the Arabs had finished loading, and my dromedary knelt down before me, and Ismael and an Arab assisted me to mount. The animal arose, and after waiting a few minutes for the others we set forth at five A.M. of the 29th. For about an hour we passed through fields of *dokn*. Leaving these we passed through some sown with *dora*, and entered into the groves of Sant. About noon we met several negroes going to Hollat Elsheik Omar: like the others, they were all clothed in *puris naturalibus*, except the bit of skin around the waist. Although the fever was increasing on me I took pleasure in jesting a little with the negroes by saying to them "Iato, how far off is the Holla?" They replied, "Ha, ho, ha, ho!" (here). "Ha Kaessa nagi, ha, ho!" (here it is, we just left it.) About noon we dismounted under the shade of the Sant, and rested about two hours. We then

went on towards Hollat Almactu, which we reached about six o'clock. I went immediately, all trembling, to the tent near ours, when I saw several collected together. After exchange of greetings, I inquired why this Holla was called Hollat Almactu. An old man called out immediately, either from the novelty of speaking to a Frank, or because he was capable of solving the question.

“I will tell you, Iakauagia. A poor pilgrim returning from Mecca, ill, was left here with some Arabs and Negroes, who were then stationed here with their flocks. After a little time he recovered through prayers to the Prophet. As he had no one to guide him to Darfor he persuaded the Arabs and Negroes to establish themselves here, saying, ‘I am *Mactu* (forsaken), who can guide me to Darfor? Would you leave to perish a pilgrim of the Prophet? Remain here and we will live together.’ They agreed to the proposal, and formed this Holla, calling it Hollat Almactu, (the Village of the Forsaken).”

(The verb *Cataa* in Arabic signifies to cut, and when a thing is cut from the parts forming a whole it is left.)

The Holla consists of about twenty-five huts. After a little time I went into another hut, and commenced a conversation with a youth born here, by asking him, Why is the Holla called Almactu? He replied:—

“A stranger from the interior of Darfor, Bargu

or Barnu was formerly imprisoned here, and not having any friends to protect or liberate him, he was called *Mactu* (forsaken). After his death the inhabitants began to call the Holla, Hollat Almactu."

I said to him, "If this is true, why did the old man in the other hut tell me quite a different story."

He replied he did not know, but this was what his old mother told him.

I inquired, what his old father had said. To which he rejoined—

"I had never known him, having died when I was very young; but perhaps the old man Abumohamed knew better than my mother—to whom be peace!"

"How many years has this Holla been established?"

"Who knows?"

"Have not your ancestors left any written records?"

"Who knew how to write? Who knows how to write here?"

"How do you do to understand the written orders of the Governor?"

"When the Governor wants something from us, he sends for the sheik of the Holla, and explains to him what he wants; the sheik then returns and collects all the inhabitants, and explains to them the orders of the Governor."

I inquired, "Who explains to them the Koran?"

"Who can? No one."

"Then you do not know the Fatha" (the prayer of Mahomedans).

“What is the Fatha?” asked he.

“I understand you know only the *La Ilah-Illa-Allah-Umhamed-resul-Allah?*”

“Eh Wallah?” was his reply.

I left him and attempted to reconcile the two stories of the old man and the youth. I inquired of others, and they all referred me to old Abumohamed. After reflecting a little, I considered that both were possible, and one might have connection with the other; but I was not able to decide which was the real fact, and for my own part did not know which to accept; so the point being doubtful, I leave it open to the judgment of each individual. (*In dubiis libertas.*) The cultivated ground was like that of the preceding Holla. They possess much cattle. The water is worse than before, even the milk has an insipid and curious taste, which arises I believe from the water. The negroes assured me they never drank water alone, but mixed it always with rob (sour milk), to prevent their feeling the bad taste and rejecting it. Fancy some poor traveller arriving here! What could he do? Happily but few travellers are to be seen in this Desert. After this information, I endeavoured to inform my stomach a little by giving it something to eat, and after a little time fell asleep. Although I was very weak from fever, which weighed on me, I forced myself to seek for information from these coarse and ignorant men (really cattle in human form). This I did, for being born in Syria and having drunk in Arabic, I may almost say, with my mother's milk, I was more fit for

getting information on such matters than Europeans. This must not be ascribed as self-conceit; for if I often found it difficult to understand the negroes, and to be understood by them, what could a European do, who is not capable of pronouncing well their words, so difficult and guttural? The language of Sudan is Arabic, but they know little of it, and mix several words of the Nubian dialect; so that it would require the light of the Holy Spirit to understand it. I used the commonest words of the Egyptians, Syrians, and all the speakers of the Arabic tongue, and several times I was not understood; they even mistook it for Turkish. Amongst the animals the dogs are the most beautiful in form; they have a good shape, a somewhat small head, but beautiful; rather a long face, bright sparkling eyes; they are generally of a reddish colour, but are so thin and lean that you could count every bone. Even their owners of both sexes are thin and without strength, and if they come in collision with other bodies they are sure to be beaten; but they are very active and can endure long and great fatigue in travelling and cultivating the ground and other work. Their small strength arises in the first place from weak nourishment, since they only eat bread made of *dora* or *dokn*, with a little milk: this is their national dish. There is an abundance of cattle, but they rarely use flesh. This style of living is common and general amongst all the negroes, as I before remarked.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DEPARTURE FOR OMCANATIR ON THE 30TH—MY STAYING THERE THAT NIGHT, AND THE MAGIC CAUSED BY MY LUCIFER MATCHES.

THANKS to God, we both passed a quiet night. We breakfasted early on the 30th Nov., and set off towards Omcanatir. I had that morning a little fever. We travelled from half-past five till ten, when we wished to dismount, to rest near a well, where there were some negro boys with their cattle. I was extremely anxious, feeling the fever taking rapid possession of my body; but some of the negroes said they came from Omcanatir, which was very near. I knew that this was false, and that *crimine ab uno disce omnes*; so I said to the Captain, "It is better to stay here and avoid the heat a little;" but he said—

"Don't you hear what the negroes say, that Omcanatir is very near?"

I said, "I do not believe the moors, for they always speak falsely; it is not the first time they have mocked us with lies." He rejoined—

"I will not dismount till we get to Omcanatir."

I, not liking dispute, remained silent, saying to myself, *demitto auriculas*. "O Lord, do not forsake me!" I directed my dromedary, which was a young one of seven months, and had been given to me that it might shake me less. The poor beast could hardly move himself, for, besides the weight of years, it had me on its back, though I was nothing but bones. The Captain repeating that he would only dismount at Omcanatir, pushed on his dromedary and galloped off to arrive first thither. I told Ismael to follow him, that he might not lose his road and wander for ever in the Desert in search of Omcanatir. Although poor Ismael had the fever, he followed him at a galop. I, with Ibrahim, Cucco, and the Arabs, followed as fast as the weary camels could go.

The fever went briskly on; the heat was insufferable. I trembled on the dromedary. My stomach was weak from the little nourishment it had had, and several times I was near fainting: taking a drink of water, I rejected it. My head was on fire, and I suffered terribly. I felt as if several people were driving nails into my body with hammers. The Arabs were moved to compassion for me, seeing me so pale, trembling, and agitated; they feared my strength would fail, and I should fall dead from the dromedary. Ibrahim and Cucco stood by my side. I said nothing but, "My God, thy will be done!"

Thus we went on. But where was Omcanatir? It was already 2 P.M., and we saw nothing of it. It was half-past three before we saw the first hut, after that we had

been dreadfully overcome with heat. As soon as I arrived at the hut where the Captain and Ismael were, then I called out, "Ismael, ancari!" He ran with the other blacks to take me from the dromedary: I was more dead than alive, and all shaking; I threw myself on the ancari in the shade of a tree of *hagilid*. The Captain encouraged me; the negroes and Arabs stood around, shaking their heads and saying, "What a shame to bring the poor Kauagia in such heat: why did you not stay?" Our Arabs replied, "The Captain would not." In the meantime, the little tree not giving sufficient shade, I begged to be carried into the hut of the sheik, before which we were. One carried the ancari, and Ismael and Cucco supported me. As soon as the ancari was placed, I threw myself on it, greatly weighed down. The fever obliged me to dance afresh, as if I had not danced enough at Lobaied.

The Captain was not long in coming to ask how I was. "Very ill." He then asked Ismael where was the *Holla* of the Arabs who should guide us to Kartum. Ismael went to inquire, and returned, saying it was not far distant.

After a little time, the Captain again asked how I was.

"A little better."

"Can you go on to the next *Holla*?"

I said, "Yes!" for I was vexed at the imprudence, to say the least, of his making such a proposal when I was prostrate under violent fever.

He added, "I do not think you can do it."

"Yes, I can; for if I fall dead from the dromedary, God will have mercy on my soul."

He was much displeased; but grumbling something left the hut.

I said to him, "I don't think you have any right to be displeased with me. Why do you wish me to travel in such a state? Go yourself, if it pleases you. I will sleep here. I hope to be better to-morrow, and be able to follow you."

After some minutes, he came back and said to me, "Mr. Churi, I think it will be best to myself to go to the other Hollat and see if the camels are ready."

"Very well. I will trust that God will make me better to-morrow."

He then called Ismael, and told him to get the camels loaded to go to the other Holla. Ismael inquired if I was to be left here. He replied that I could not go on now, but would sleep here this evening and follow them to-morrow, and that Cucco should be left with me.

The camels were ready, and the Captain bade me adieu and went off. I remained trembling on the ancarib, with the soldier Cucco for my companion. I thought for a little time on the conduct of the Captain, and felt deeply wounded by it. But the Lord is just and good, who never forsakes his servant. I uttered the saying of St. Francis of Assisi, which came, I know not how, on my lips: "*Iacta cogitatum tuum in Do-*

mino, et ipse nutriet te." Saying this, my mind became calmer, and the fever abated a little. I called to Cucco to buy a couple of hens and get supper ready. He went off immediately to seek some in the Holla. Feeling cold, I begged an Arab, a guest like myself, to light a fire near my ancarib. The wife of the sheik was in the other apartment of this palace of wood and dry grass, and immediately lighted a bit of rag with a bit of steel and gave it to the slave. The latter put in amongst it a handful of straw and dry grass, and began to blow at it. I was trembling, and listening to the slave blowing the handful of straw, perceived that a long time would elapse before the fire would burn. What was to be done? With my left hand I demolished part of the wall of the palace, by taking from it a good handful of dry grass; and then taking from my pocket the box of lucifers, I lighted one and applied it to the grass, and the flame burst forth, illuminating the room in a twinkling of an eye, as if it was in a flame.

Immediately the wife of the sheik, the negroes, and the Arabs, ran to look at the fire lighted in a moment. They were all in doubt who to ask about the fire, stupefied, frightened even; for I was again laid down on the ancarib, trembling with fever, the slave yet blowing at the straw. They rushed into the court-yard; there was no one there; no one could explain it. At last the wife of the sheik took courage and asked if I had lighted the fire.

I replied, "Yes."

"Wallah! that is magic. Have you dealings with the devil?"

I, smiling, replied "No."

She called: "Fatma (the slave), come, come and see!"

I told her she had better put some wood on the fire, least it should go out; and she demolished even more of the wall by drawing out wood. The giant slave now came, having in her hand the straw yet unlighted, weeping from the smoke, and eyes red like a mad dog, or like a fury just come from the infernal regions. She asked, stupified, who had lighted the fire. Her mistress replied, "Il Kauagia."

"Wallah! he is a magician."

I laughed and trembled together, saying to myself, "In what a bazaar do I find myself, amongst ignorant people!"

The Arabs and negroes, after putting wood on the fire, went out into the court-yard to take counsel with the mistress about my magic. I, becoming warm, began to recover. Cucco now returned with the hens, and they all surrounded him to tell him of my magic, and ask if I really had communication with the devil.

He called out in a loud voice, "Il Kauagia Jusef Wallah Ibn Hallah has no magic."

"Iato!" repeated they all; "then how did he light the fire?"

"Hoo! don't you know the Franks are far above devils? Go away, and let me kill the hens."

I said to myself, "Well done, Cucco : thou makest us more than devils. Thank you."

About sunset, being better, I called the mistress and her slave, and told them to call in all the negroes and Arabs. Then came in ten or twelve persons with the mistress, and I began to speak to them thus : " You all accuse me of being a magician and having dealings with the devil, because I lighted a fire in an instant ; but I, who know myself, tell you I have no contract with the devil. I hate the devil with all my heart. I have, however, something made with art for lighting fires as quickly as I have lighted this, and I could also burn the whole house if it pleased me." I then took out of my pocket the dear little box of lucifers. (I have it yet preserved as a curiosity, by which I frightened a dozen people.) I opened it and took out a match with my right hand, and held the box in my left, saying, " Do you see ? If I wished, in one moment I could set the whole house on fire, and kill you all, though you are so many, just with this little box." They were all frightened, and kept silent, one looking at the other and endeavouring to hide himself behind his neighbour. The wife of the sheik and her slave were going away, but I called out, " Don't be frightened : I have told you I do not want to kill any one."

They all called out, " It can be nothing else than magic in that box."

" The devil is not in the box : it could not contain the devil. The devil can do nothing without the per-

mission of God: so do not be afraid, but look, and I will make a light from this little box that I carry in my pouch. It is true that it would be terrible if one do not know how to manage it."

I then struck the match against the box, and it took fire. They all cried out, "Allah! Allah! we have never seen such a thing. It is all art, and not magic."

To amuse myself, I added, "I do not fear all the Arabs and negroes together when I have this little box in my hand. Oh! dear little box! you are the terror of a dozen people. So beautiful you are, and yet so feared! Now go into my pocket and serve me well."

The Arabs and negroes firmly believed my words, and said to each other, "I would not go near him if the Pasha himself was to order it."

I told them it was not magic; only they were ignorant.

"Iakauagia! it can be nothing but magic."

"Very well; it is magic. Poor fellows, I pity you for your ignorance. Each of you could do the like if you were taught, and had studied it."

After this, Cucco came in with the two roasted hens and said he had told them that I did not use magic, but they would not believe him. I felt no appetite for the roasted hens, so I told Cucco he might eat. I had asked the Sheik's wife to make me some *kesrat dokn*, with a little rob. He went off to eat his supper in the

court-yard, with the Arabs and negroes, and in a little time I had my supper. It was the first time I tasted millet bread. It was excellent, especially for fever patients, for, being somewhat acid, it excited appetite. After eating a little and getting some wood put on the fire, I attempted to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MY DEPARTURE ON 1ST DECEMBER FOR HOLLAT ELSHEIK
FADL—REJOINING THE CAPTAIN.

I AROSE in good time, and awoke Cucco for our departure. I told him to call the wife of the sheik, that we might thank her for the kindness with which she had received us. She came immediately. I said I hoped her house might ever be open (a phrase indicating happiness to the family); always abound in bread and salt; that all the guests might thank her and remember her, and wish her greater abundance. She replied—"May God prolong your life and restore you safe to your own country, and do not forget the house of the sheik of Omcanatir. It is a duty of the sheik to offer hospitality to all, especially Franks like your excellence." I mounted my dromedary, renewing adieus to her and the Arabs and Moors present. All marvelled at the fine phrases of the Frank. Poor creatures! they were to be excused; they knew not *habitus non facit manchum*. The wife of the sheik responded to my compliments, adding one more—"Iakauagia; you are a great man and very civil, but you deal in magic."

“So you are not yet convinced that I am not a magician? Very well; if ever you should see me back again in your house and say that I am a magician, I will immediately set fire not only to your house but to the whole village.” (It was the largest one of the Lobaied.)

“Wallah! you can do it—who can hinder you?”

“Farewell! take care that I have not left any magic in the house.” Then, urging forward my dromedary, I took the road towards Hollat Elsheit Fadh.

As we had an Aswad from Omcanatir to guide us and put us in the right direction, I began to interrogate him about his village, the cultivation and cattle. He told me that almost all the Hollat were alike. They sowed a little dokn and a very little dora; they had also plenty of animals—lambs, goats, oxen, cows, camels, dromedaries, a few horses, also a few donkeys.

“*Intul Uhamir calal*,” said I, “thou a few donkeys?” (Their manner of speaking is to ask each other, “Thou ox, camel drunk?—thou bull grazed?”)

I inquired if they used much milk, and he said, “Yes; they always mixed milk with their kesra, for they had nothing else.” On my asking if they ate much, he said “No; he did not know why, but who could eat much in this heat? that kesra with rob was sufficient.” He then asked me if we ate much kesra in our country. I informed him we had no kesra, but ate meat and onions. He was astonished, and told me they rarely ate meat; they never killed any cattle unless they had

met with an accident and were about to die. They generally sold their animals to the Arabs or to the Walad Alrif (the Egyptians are called sons of Rif: Rif is an elegant Arabic word, meaning fertile ground, pleasing places), who give them some yards of calico when they come, or something else. If a bull is a very good one it costs from fifteen to twenty, or at most twenty-five piastres (five shillings), and a sheep two or three, or at most four piastres ($10\frac{1}{2}$ d.); but if several are bought at the same time they cost less. For instance, if forty, fifty, or sixty sheep or goats are bought, they cost about sixty paras ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) a-piece, or a piastre and a half. The oxen also cost less if fifteen or twenty are bought together. He said camels were not dear: a good camel whose mother was Fzeria, and father Cobabasee (see a song on camels of the Cobabishe, at the end), would cost from sixty, seventy, eighty, or at most one hundred piastres (12s., 14s., 16s., or £1), but those of not such famous parentage from forty to fifty piastres. I asked if the water at Omcanatir was good. "No; very bad; but we are accustomed to it and drink it with rob." There was abundance of water, for they always dug new wells every year; because in some years when it was very hot, the wells were dried up, but as they always had dug a great many, if three or four dried up there were others remaining, so that they provided against the necessity before it came.

After being escorted some distance by the Asuad I dismissed him, thanking him, and giving him a piastre,

for which he greatly thanked me, wishing me a good journey, and turned back delighted.

We prosecuted our journey in a northern direction, and, after three hours' travelling, reached Hollat Elsheit Fadh after sunrise. I found the Captain stretched on an ancarib, with grim eyes and a sour countenance. I wished him good morning, and he replied, "The camels are not here."

"Where are they?"

"Gone to Cagimir (a village of Arabs Cobbasee on the road to Dongola,) to meet us there and take us to Dongola."

"The Haggian sent from Lobaied to tell the brother of the sheik to prepare new camels, or to take back those sent from Cagimir, is not arrived here."

"He gave the letter to some Aswad to bring it to the officer, and it is not arrived here; so I do not know how long we shall have to wait here."

The Captain said he had sent a Haggian at midnight after the Arabs gone to Cagimir, and told him to run with all speed, so we had just to wait and hope he would overtake them and bring them back soon. I told Ismael to carry me an ancarib within the hut, upon which I threw myself. Ibrahim came to ask how I was, how I had passed the night, and what I would have to eat. I thanked him, and asked for some roasted cobab, which he brought in a quarter of an hour. I could eat but little; the heat began to burn; and at noon the fever attacked me with great violence. I had an acute pain

in my chest—putting a wet towel on my breast did not give me any relief; the pain increased and I suffered much. The Captain bade me take courage; but of what good are words in such circumstances—they but increase the torment. I thought my chest was inflamed, and breathed with great difficulty. I felt in an oven when evening came on; but I got carried out under the sahra, and about eight began to recover, the fever decreasing. Being much exhausted I slept for some time, but my rest was disturbed by the constant barking of the dogs, and I could not close my eyes from ten till morning, when I was free from fever.

Noon came, but not the camels; then came in the brother of the sheik, and asked if we wanted anything—hens, sheep, or anything that could be got in the village—and it should be brought to us immediately. The Captain thanked him, saying, “Thanks to thy kindness we have everything; nothing is wanting but the camels.” He then turned to me and begged me to go and prescribe for his brother, who lay ill on his ancarib, spitting blood for four months.

“I am not a doctor.”

“Wallah! but you are; all Franks are.”

“Yes; all but me.”

“Take pity and come.”

“But I told you I am no doctor; perhaps I shall go and kill your brother.”

“No; come!”

Seeing him so desirous, I promised to go to the ad-

joining hut, and he went to announce the promised visit from me, the Frank doctor. I arose from my ancarib and went after him, saying to myself, *Medice cura te ipsum*—I who had need of a doctor going to doctor another! I laughed at the doctor of Lobaied for playing the part of doctor on the strength of having been shopboy to a French doctor; and I, who had never studied medicine, nor even been servant to a doctor, but only been often ill when at college, am now going off to act the doctor! However, *faciamas experimentum in anim vili*.

On arriving at the hut I found the poor Arab negro on his ancarib, palpitating as if about to breathe his last, his eyes and face quite frightful to behold, in fact he could not speak. Sitting down beside him I made him open his mouth—what a cavern!—large, like a ninety years old hippopotamus; his tongue was as long as a young crocodile, and very foul. I asked his brother what he gave him to eat.

“Kesra, onions, salt rob, in great quantities,” said he.

“Oh! that is very bad; do not give him that any more. Make some bread of wheat for him, and some chicken broth.”

“But what is chicken broth?” inquired he. (The Arabs eat always raw or roasted meat, but never boiled.)

I said they had to kill a hen and put it on to boil, and stew alone, and not give him too much to eat. When he wanted milk, give him some fresh goat’s-milk, and not any rob; and if he could not masticate the bread, they might crumble it into the milk. After this pre-

scription, which he said he understood, I began to feel the patient's pulse. After holding his left arm for a minute, I could discover no beat; then I took the right, and, hardly touching it, felt several throbs almost together. I soon perceived it was intermittent. Every five or six seconds it beat five or six times, and then stopped.

Recommending his brother to cover him up and not leave him exposed to the weather, I arose to return to our tent, and found myself surrounded by a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, old men and women, come to see the Frank doctor.

I called out in an authoritative voice, "What is the matter? Why this beating of drums? What sort of a sight is this?"

All, trembling at my voice, dispersed in all directions; they seemed, in a word, a legion of visible demons, conjured by *exurgat deus e dissipentur inimici ejus*. Passing by a hut I asked a woman if she had any patient to be cured by the Frangi doctor!!! and got information from her about her beautiful ornaments.* Then I entered our

* The women of Nigritia, though clothed *in puris*, are vain, and consequently adorn themselves. Their ornaments consist of having hung down from their neck many very small pieces of paper, on which is written the Fatha (the Mahommedan prayer, with other sentences from the Koran), and are called books, or hogiab. They are written by some holy sheik or holy pilgrim of the prophet, to free the persons who wear them from every illness, bad accident, and evil spirit. This is the reason why they are called hogiabat. (Hogiab is the singular, hogiabat is the plural, and means protections or covers to defend.) They are sure means against every misfortune. There are a few women who wear bracelets of tin or glass (these are called, in Arabic, *damaleg*) on their arms. The married women wear rings of copper on their fingers and ears, and an ivory ring in their noses, and

hut and related to the Captain how I had played the doctor. "Which was the cleverest, I, or the Lobaied doctor?"

The Captain asked what was the matter with the sheik's brother.

I told him the man had been spitting blood four months, but after another week he would spit no more, for death, rather than life, was in his face, and that they had been giving him onions, kesra, salt, and I knew not what.

While speaking we heard outside, unexpectedly, chorus-singing and clapping of hands. In a minute the whole assemblage arrived before our tent, and even inside. We were surprised, and could not learn the meaning of the scene from their noise, mixed with our laughter. The group was composed of all the young girls, *in puris naturalibus*, who, rejoicing together, came to ask bachshish from the two Franks.

It is the custom with this tribe of Cobabisce Arabs

this is very big indeed. They make a hole in the nose, either on the right or left side, and pass through it the ivory ring. I inquired from a woman (who wore a large one) why she wore it in her nose, and not on her finger, and she politely answered, "Iakauagia, I will lose it or break it the same day, if I wear it on my finger." "Why?" replied I. "Eh!" said she, "our hands are subject to all sorts of work, but our noses not, *uaommi ca tetzaian chede* (and my mother adorns herself so)." "It is true; but, supposing that you should quarrel some time by the well with another young girl, or fight, you are sure to come home with a broken nose; for the ring in thy nose is an arm to thy enemy against thee. Is it not true?" "No Iakauagia; it is a great shame on woman to quarrel or fight: we never do these things." "Very well; I am very glad to hear that you are so good and wise." Their hair is always soaked with castor oil and grease, as I said before.

to send all the young girls, the most beautiful and handsome, to congratulate the stranger guests on arriving safe, and to wish them good journey, and for this the crowd of young black damsels were come to us. I inquired this from one of the villagers who had come to the festival and was standing by my side. They sang and danced with great skill and taste (according to them) in twisting their bodies about in such a manner as to excite disgust in all civilised minds.

I do not trouble myself with any other description of their beauty—*horribile dictu*!—but thank Heaven we were soon liberated from this scene, for Ismael and Cucco forced them out. The Captain gave them a bachshish, to divide which they would make another festival.

After the departure of these festive young ladies, we had a yet more important scene, dinner, which we ate to-day with real appetite, talking of indifferent things. About sunset we had our ancarihs carried into the *sahra*, and we stretched ourselves on them. About twilight a dromedarista arrived at the hut, who, they said, was the haggian sent yesterday by the Captain after the Arabs, who had gone to Cagimir.

“*Oh! taieb catir* (very well). Where are the camels?”

“*Ha ho, haessa jagiu*” (they will come directly).

The Captain was greatly pleased, for the haggian swore by his life that he had ridden the dromedary hard to overtake them. So he gave him a colonnato, which he seeing in hand, threw himself down to kiss the Captain's hand and thank him. All the other Arabs

called to him, "*Haa!* you are lucky, Iaakra" (he who has no hair on his head). "A whole colonnato for bach-shish! Wallah! the Captain is a great man!"

We had not done with the haggian when the Arabs and camels arrived. The Captain asked the leader of the Arabs why they had not returned here.

He replied, "Who brought the order of the Governor to return here? It is three days since we left this holla; happily we went quietly, or we should not have arrived here for three or four days."

"Did not the dromedarista sent by the medir to tell you to stay here, arrive?"

"I saw neither messenger nor any order to remain here and wait for your excellence. I executed the orders of the Governor."

"Very well—you have done well."

The man was an Egyptian officer, sent by the medir to escort the Arabs.

"Ismael," cried the Captain, "listen to what the Aga says: the haggian who met us the day before yesterday, and told us the camels were ready, has not yet arrived here. He has told a lie."

Ismael replied: "When I arrive at Lobaied I will see that Ibn Ulharam, and he shall taste something good on his back and shoulders."

We told him to take care and have the camels ready for morning, and at the present time to boil some water for tea. It was soon brought, and we took tea; after talking a little we slept under the *sahra* till morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DEPARTURE FROM HOLLAT-OLSHEIK FADL, ON THE THIRD OF
DECEMBER, FOR KARTUM.

ON awaking we asked Ibrahim for breakfast immediately. He said he had lighted a large fire, but was waiting to know what we would like for breakfast. The Captain ordered cobab, which after some time was brought us. I could not eat, having drunk a great quantity of water overnight, and feeling a good deal of fever. Notwithstanding, when the Captain asked how I was, I said "Very well."

Breakfast being over, the Captain told Ibrahim, Ismael, and Cucco, that we should not have any more need of them, and that they might return to Lobaied, to which they said, "Very well." He told Ismael to load the camels, and show the Arabs, particularly, how to put on the boxes; which being done, he called them one by one and gave them their bachshish, with which they were greatly pleased, and rejoiced at having bachshish for five days' service (which to them was rather recreation), that amounted to as much as some months' pay. The soldier Cucco fairly lost his head, and could do nothing for joy. Even the other two were stupified by the generosity of the Captain. I wrote a little letter in pencil to

the medir, acquainting him with our safe arrival at Hollat-Elsheik Fadl, and that Ibrahim, Ismael, and Cucco had served us with great attention, and that the Arabs had behaved very well. Being better in health we had not wished to trouble Ibrahim, Ismael, and Cucco to accompany us to Kartum, &c. &c.

Hardly had we despatched everything than we mounted the dromedaries and bade adieu to the sheik and those present, and commenced our journey at 7 A.M., on the 3rd December. Ibrahim, Ishmael, and Cucco accompanied us a little way to wish us a good journey and safe arrival at our country, and then they turned back. I had a young dromedary, which began immediately to be impertinent, and wished to run off. I soon discovered the reason was, that it was frightened by my black and white umbrella, having never before seen such a monster. I told an Arab to take its halter and lead it. He came to do so, but before he had got the halter in his hand, the dromedary rushed off with all its force, and I fell to the ground. There were two causes for this: first, the gabit or saddle of the dromedary or camel was so very little and rotten that it broke directly the dromedary ran off; and, secondly, I was so weak that I had no strength to tighten the halter, so that I left it free. The blow made me faint, and when I revived I felt a most acute pain in my head. The Arabs stopped immediately and put the baggage on to my glorious conqueror, and made me mount an old camel; but this seemed to be *pejor priore* in other respects, for it

wished not to travel but to eat continually, and it made an almost constant music by puffing through its nose and sending out of it two or three white worms at a time.* This gave me new pain, but I always used the same medicine—patience. We travelled all the day without interruption; night hindering us, we halted at a well in the Desert. The Arabs are accustomed to the water, but a stranger cannot drink it. As I had increased the fever by my fall, and suffered in my head, I could not write the name of the well, and forgot to ask it afterwards. The night passed I know not how. We set off at five next morning and travelled till 11 A.M., when we reached a holla of Cobabisee Arabs (it was set up only for some weeks) formed of tents. We alighted to recover a little from the journey. I thought of no one but myself, being a victim of fever.

The thermometer was in the box, so we could not know precisely at what degree the heat was. At two we resumed our journey. The Desert to the west is not thoroughly known, on account of its extent; to the east it is known, as the White Sea is only two and a half days' journey from this point; the south and north are also known, being inhabited for many wintry weeks by

* The camels (males) possess worms in their heads, and when they travel four, or at most five, days (in summer) without drinking, they blow their noses, sending out of them two, three, and sometimes four white worms, about two inches long and one thick. I inquired the reason of that, and the Arabs told me—"It is caused from thirst, and more from chewing the digested grass which they by means of a tube extract from their intestines." "Do the females also possess such like worms?" They said, "No; only the males."

the Cobabisce. Our direction was towards the north. This night we spent under the sahra, and on the morning of the fifth instant set off at half-past four. The first object we met with was a score of wild goats (called by the Arabs Seda): they are of the size of rams; from the head half down the body they are black, with white spots, the rest of the body quite white; two long horns ornament the head, and altogether they are handsome-looking animals. They run in file one after the other, continuing for two or three minutes, then the first halts and so do the others, looking back at what had alarmed them, and then gallop off again. I am sure no European cavalry, well drilled in the *manège*, could gallop in better order than these goats.

In going to Lobaied, by Abucrat, we did not see any of these, but only gazelles; towards the south these goats are lords of the Desert. They travel always in troops of twenty, thirty, or forty, and their gallop really resembles that of cavalry following the enemy. The Arabs assured us of arriving at a large lake of very light water at eleven. About ten o'clock we heard distinct voices, and in a short time reached the famous water. Oh, what a beautiful sight it was! Even the fever which was on my back could not prevent me enjoying it. The horrible Desert was in an instant converted into a large city—a great encampment—an army of camels and their young, some just born, Arabs of all sexes and ages, *omne genus Arabum et comelorum*. It is beyond my power to describe the beauty of the scene which we here

enjoyed. It is enough to say that the group amounted to more than two thousand Arabs and camels—as several of the Arabs told us. A great portion belonged to the sheik of the tribe. Arrived at the water, we dismounted, but it was not possible to drink a mouthful of it, it being so bad in look and taste. The Arabs drank it, washed their dirty rags in it, and then dipped themselves in it by way of refreshment, and silencing certain things that *offendant pias aures*. The place was magnificent; the trees of sant around this little lake were gigantic; the confusion of voices, bellowing of the camels, with the more pleasing bleating of their young, were grateful to the weary traveller, even though suffering from fever. After resting a little, without unloading, we resumed our journey towards the east. The Arabs expected to find their brothers a little distance from the water, but they had left the locality that same morning, so we continued our journey without halting. After two hours travel we met with another troop of camels grazing on the trees of sant; but they were inferior in number to those at the watering place. We only tarried a minute to drink a little milk.

At sunset we arrived at a plain, where we were to bivouac. The Kabir Cucco advised the Captain to have his gun ready, on account of the Arabs Hababib, enemies to his tribe, who were roving about, seeking to kill them. I asked Cucco if it were these who had stirred up the war against them, and where they lived? He said, "On the confines of Darfor, and some in the Desert of Dongola."

On my inquiring if they were more numerous than his tribe, he said, "No, but they are more cruel. Our sheik, Fadl, when he is mounted for war, is surrounded by 1,000 horsemen, and 2,000 haggians, all armed with lances, and swords, and shields. We are only afraid of the government. If the medir of Lobaied would give us leave to go against the Hababib, we would kill them all in two weeks." I slept profoundly in spite of trying to watch, because fever and weariness were too heavy on me. The Captain remained awake all night—we set off next morning at half-past four in an easterly direction. At noon we dismounted in a forest of sant, where we found the brethren of our Arabs and their camels. They gave us some sour milk to drink, which I liked very much for its acid taste. At three, P.M., we again set off, the Captain going after a flock of birds called desert hens; I told the Kabir Cucco to remain behind and escort him, and I would go on with Abuscianeb (beautiful teeth: and beautiful teeth he had), and the slave Said. We three went on a little distance and met with an Arab Cabbasce, who was looking after some camels feeding there. I saluted him, but he did not reply; I then asked for some milk, promising him some money. He looked at me grimly, and said rudely, "The camels have no milk." I repeated my request, telling him I was ill and thirsty: he returned the same answer. I said, "Do you think a Turk would ask you as civilly? He would put a pistol to your forehead and bid you create milk immediately, whilst a Frank promises you money for it." The two servants urged him to bring

some, but the word Turk had put him in such a rage, that he took the two spears he had on the dromedary, threw himself off, and ran towards me crying, "You Turk, with the pistol!" I was really frightened, having no arms but fever. My Arab and the slave placed themselves before him with their bare breasts, saying, "What are you doing?—don't you know who he is? you are drunk; can't you speak civilly?—otherwise he will take his pistol and kill you. Wallah Elkauagia Ibn Halal Indo Sabr Catir." I told him not to be afraid, I had no arms; adding, was he right to behave in this manner, denying hospitality to an invalid? "Are you not ashamed?—if I were not so ill I would only break your two spears over your bare shoulders. You have conquered me, O Cabbasce, but go hence," I said, "or my companion will pay you off for your incivility." The Arabs allowed him to go off, and he soon ran away, after fastening his dromedary to a tree. After some time the Captain rejoined me, and I told him, whilst he had been victimising the desert hens an Arab had been anxious to make a victim of me. Cucco was angry with Abuseianeb and Said for not having kept him till they returned. They excused themselves by saying it was my desire. In the evening, about five, we saw a flock of gazelles bounding gaily before us; at half-past six we dismounted to rest.

The next morning (7th inst.) we saw the trees on the eastern side of the White Sea, which we thought we should reach by noon; but our Kabir, thinking he could do wonders, took a curved instead of a straightforward

direction, and lost his way. The Captain told him he was wrong, but he replied we should see he would bring us out close to Kartum. "*Verba volant*," said I. The filthy water was just at end, and it was impossible to drink it: the heat was excessive. About eleven we met a flock of goats and got a little milk; I asked one of the herds for water, but could not drink it. The Captain, seeing some Arabs at a distance with numerous cattle, spurred his dromedary towards them. I was burning with fever, and the sun made my eyes water. I could not open my mouth; my tongue was glued to my palate; my head felt whirling round; and I knew not where I was. Thanks to the shepherds, who put us in the right path (or I think my days would have been ended ere we got there), we came again in sight of the sea, after undergoing an infernal degree of heat; half an hour more and we reached the shore. The Kabir immediately brought me some water, and Ali lost no time in cooking some rice, which restored us a little. About four we set out again, and at eight reached an Arab family living on the shore. The next morning early the Captain and Cucco set off for Kartum; I and the others followed more leisurely. Cucco's dromedary having been treated without mercy during the journey (the cook riding on the top of the baggage), could not move near Omdorman, and was killed directly, because the Suds and the Arabs eat camels' flesh in those countries. I wished to go down to the sea, and placing the baggage on the banks, near a tree of Haraz, I awaited the Captain.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

STAY AT OMDORMAN, AND DEPARTURE NEXT DAY FOR
BARBAR.

I HAD told the Captain that I would descend to the west shore of the White Sea, instead of carrying all the baggage to Kartum; moreover he might find a boat for setting off immediately for Barbar. He was content with this proposition, and left me at liberty to remain where I pleased: thus we halted under the tree of Haraz.

I found the sea and land quite a new country. As we had gone up the two seas were swollen, and almost covered the island of Tuta, having overflowed their usual courses on both banks; now, being winter, they were in their natural beds, showing the island and other ground. All seemed new: I could hardly believe that two months ago we had measured their breadth, and sailed through both of them. About sunset I saw the Captain coming. He told me the Pasha had offered him his new dahabie, although not finished, and it would be here to-morrow at noon. Eviva Latif Pasha! The Captain said, "The Pasha was very well, and asked after you. The Padre Zara, poor fellow! had had fever after we left, and was

very weak; but he will come to see you to-morrow." The other one was well. As the Captain had had no proper dinner, but only a bit of bread and rob, I told Ali to roast some cobab immediately, which was quickly done. As I had recently dined, I sat by him talking. The Captain had not finished when we saw a boat coming towards us: when it reached the shore a man in European dress came forward, and taking off his hat, said, in English, "Good evening, Captain Peel." The Captain returned his greeting, and begged him to be seated. We knew him to be German by his broad pronunciation of *gōōtt evening*. The captain offered him some fresh-roasted cobab, which he declined, having only just dined. He told us that the Pasha had informed him of our arrival from Cordofan, and that we were going to leave to-morrow, so he had come to see us. We discoursed on Cordofan and the Blue and White Seas. He was the Austrian consul resident at Kartum. When we stopped there, going up to Cordofan, we found he had gone up the Blue Nile for a few weeks' change of air. He seemed to be civil; and this I gathered from that very short visit made to us. I heard from a good source that he had a Polish heart and a Jewish head. He had a long talk with the Captain; and, inviting him to visit him next morning, he wished us good night, and went away. Free from care we slept in peace. I awoke without fever. The Captain had breakfast and went off to Kartum; and I took a good quantity of bread and rob. About ten Padre Zara paid me a visit.

He congratulated me on having escaped death. I told him I did not wish to think of past sufferings, though they were profoundly engraved on my mind. Then commenced a long discussion by my asking after Don Ignazio and news about Europe, especially about Rome. He said he knew but little; that Don Ignazio was coming, bringing with him a beautiful dahabie; but that he did not know if he was coming by Corosco or Dongola.

"And how is Padre Piedmonti, with his long white beard and his garden? When first I saw him I could not tell if he was a Turkish Cauvass or an Albanian."

"Very well. He wished to accompany me, but I told him I would convey his greeting."

"Is the Italian gentleman with you still?"

"No; he is gone up the Blue Nile."

"And how are you?"

"Middling."

"You seem very weak, but not so weak as I."

"I have had fever since you left us, but, thanks be to God, I am better. I wish I had been left with you; it would have done me two benefits—freed me from the quotidian fever, and you, too; since, being in your company, the fever would not have prevailed upon you."

"Ah! if you had remained with us."

"And how are the boys?"

"Very well."

"Are you going to send the little Copt and the 'negretto' (little black boy) to the Propaganda?"

“We will see when Don Ignazio arrives; I believe he is going to bring two or three priests with him—I hope he will have good means of *quibus*.”

“He appears to have the *quibus*, otherwise he would not be able to bring two or three persons with him. What news of Don Angelo?”

“None; but I believe he is yet with the savages of the White Nile.”

After conversing for an hour and a half, he wished to return to Kartum, but I begged him to remain a little longer with me. Seated afresh, I asked him to have something to eat, telling him we had half of a lamb killed yesterday evening, and the cook would soon roast him some cobab. He said no; but, after much pressing, I got him to take a little rob with bread. After half an hour he bade me “adieu,” and returned to Kartum.

I was quite solaced by the company of Padre Zara. It was then noon, and the Captain had not yet returned: I was certain that he would come with the dahabie. The Arabs were awaiting him for their bachshish. About three o'clock P.M. I saw a large dahabie coming, which I concluded to be the one about to take us to Barbar, and so it was, and the Captain in it. Arrived at the western shore, it approached the bank and was anchored; the sailors put the baggage on board, and were ready to set off. The Captain now gave the bachshish to the Arabs, who were quite content with it, especially the slave Said. He now told Ali he had no more need of him and his cobabs, and gave him his

pay, which was six times what he owed him. Thus we bade adieu to Kartum, to the Blue and White Seas, to Omdormar, and to Ali, and entering the dahabie, which we freed from the anchor, embarked on the current.

The north wind blew with great violence, and impeded the progress of the boat. Suddenly we heard the voice of the raies, who was very civil—"My children, place the oars." The sailors immediately put in the oars, and began to row against the fierce wind, singing gaily: the dahabie, being large and heavy, cut the insulting waves. After an hour's vigorous rowing we lost sight of Kartum; about sunset we passed Mount Carari; and as the night brought calm, the dahabie was left to the will of the stream, and the sailors rested.

On the morning of the 11th we found ourselves near Giabal Olruian. (See Chapter xiv.) Both water and land appeared new to us; for in going up all the little islands and rocks were covered with water, but that having decreased quite a new scene was offered to the traveller. On entering amongst the mountains we had to use the oars for two hours on account of the wind. From the first evening on the sea I had not felt well, and attributed it to my nature, which suffered so much in sea voyages: it appeared as if the fever had got possession of my poor skin, because the dahabie was not finished, the windows wanting glass and other things. In the night a gentle wind entered and fanned me softly—I did not suspect that this gentle sport came from a

fever. I slept continually; ate but little; and was always overcome with weakness and fever. When the night came we progressed with the current.

The sun and the wind rose together on the 12th—they seemed to have slept in the same Holet, in the same bed, with a compact to travel together: it was almost impossible to row. We hoped the sun might have affected it, but it did not. We were obliged to anchor for some time in the hope of its abating, but it howled and whistled worse. Towards evening it decreased somewhat, and the sailors took their oars to struggle against it. It whistled—they rowed; it insisted—but they were obstinate: the oars struck the waves and they rose against them, but night came on and finished the battle;—we could not go on, on account of the numerous rocks, and anchored near a little island.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DEPARTURE ON THE 13TH TO BARBAR.

I ASKED the raies where we were. "Opposite Hagiar Aasal," he replied. (See Chapter xvi.) The wind was as strong as ever, and the sailors prepared themselves to combat it; seizing their oars they began to pull with all their might—*ma che vuoi?* Neptune seemed desirous of subjecting this quiet sea to his trident, as if the Mediterranean and Ocean did not suffice him. The poor Nubians were conquered immediately, and laid down their arms, and devoted themselves to fortifying their stomachs with kesra, in order to make another attempt. Being thus strengthened, they attacked again and got on pretty well, for a dahabie of fourteen oars ought to make some way even against a stream. The labour continued about an hour; Neptune, astonished at the determination of a few Nubians, commanded the wind to retire, which after a little time seemed to have reached his amphitrite, and the dahabie went with the current. A perfect calm came at night; the sea not being dangerous at this part, the boat was left free, and at midnight passed Scendi. It was calm on the 14th till 10 A.M.;

whilst calm the boat went on with the stream ; suddenly a gust came ; the sailors resumed their oars, and rowed so violently that one broke his oar and another split his : we were obliged to anchor. At 3 P.M. the wind ceased and the sailors went on successfully. The dahabie went on so rapidly that in the evening we passed Atbara (see No. 3, Chapter xv.), and anchored near it. We had seen neither hippopotami nor crocodiles, for the north wind was so cold that they remained in the water. The crocodiles stay in the water at nights, as generally the water of the Nile is tepid ; the hippopotami also, but they go to the islands and shores to graze on the tender grass. The night passed safely, but a most furious wind came with the morning of the 15th. I was stretched on the hard table with fever from the first day, and having a quantity of onions instead of quinine, the fever revelled on my body. At 10 A.M. the Captain came in and told me he wished to go alone from Barbar with a Kabir, and I should go on slowly with the baggage. I said, "Very well ;" and he added, he particularly wished to reach Cairo for the steamer of the 5th January, to return home, and that he would give me money to travel to Cairo, and at Cairo he would leave a sum to carry me to England. Overcome by the fever I only said, "Very well ;" and putting the money near me, which I noted in a book, he left me, and I heard him ask how far it was by land to Barbar. They told him two hours. He then landed, and went on foot. I remained on the table suffering from fever. At 2 P.M. I heard our

sailors saluting their companions who were going up to Kartum in a caiase. I looked out of the window and saw an Austrian flag fluttering upon the *aria* (the long mast that supports the sail), and a gentleman dressed in Oriental garb, with a long thick fair beard that danced over his breast in the wind. I approached the window, and he and I looked fixedly at each other, doubtless wishing to say to each other, Who are you? but something, I know not what, hindered us; and his caiase, having the wind on the stern and being well-laden, quickly passed. I returned to my bed. On asking the raies who was in the caiase, he told me Ilkauagia Solaiman (Don Ignazio is so called there). I inquired why he had not told me as I had desired him. He replied—as I was ill he did not like to tell me. He left me without saying more, and I returned to my position to lament at my companion passing without our saluting each other. Patience! The wind increased greatly and the oars could take no hold on the surging water. Barbar was in sight, and what was to be done? There was nothing for it but to attack the Loban, and the sailors worked so hard that we reached Barbar at sunset. The Captain awaited us under the beautiful green sycamore, once our palace for twenty-four hours. He asked if I had spoken to Don Ignazio; but I could only say I had seen him. The Captain said the camels were not yet ready, as the dromedarist sent from Kartum here had only arrived this morning; but he hoped they would be ready this evening. We anchored lower

down, I remaining in the boat, and the Captain walking along the shore to the appointed spot. Ten minutes later a soldier of the medir arrived with two horses, to invite us to dinner, but I did not feel well enough to go, and the Captain went alone. He returned at night and gave the bachshish to the sailors, who were quite contented. Then we prepared for the morning's departure, and then slept. The Captain rose early on the 16th, and I rose also and left the boat to wish him good bye as he was mounting the dromedary; with an exchange of good wishes we parted, he set off by the road, and I returned to the boat. When daylight fairly arrived I wrote a note to the Medir of Barbar, who was going to Kartum two days later in the same boat, to thank Latif Pasha for his kindness, and tell him that the raies and sailors had behaved well. I knew not who was Medir of Barbar, whether he was Turk, Albanian, Egyptian, learned or ignorant. I wrote a short note, with pompous words and used more incense than was necessary, more to amuse myself than anything else. On the letter reaching the medir, he read it with such pleasure that he sent to invite me to breakfast. I sent a verbal reply by his messenger that I was equally obliged by his politeness. After a few minutes the messenger re-appeared, to say the medir begged me most urgently to visit him. I went; on arriving at the Divan I saw a handsome man seated *à la Turque* on a little mattress, leaning on a large cushion. On my entrance, he arose and greeted me with polite words and much respect. I returned

his salutation with still finer words. Being both seated, he inquired if I was the teacher of Captain Peel. He said he had received my beautiful letter, and thought he would never have finished reading it, it was so long. I begged him to excuse me for writing on such a small piece of paper, having no other at hand. It was sufficient, said he. "It is true," I rejoined, "that I expressed what I wished on that little paper, but to a person of your dignity I should have sent a folio sheet." I could hardly contain myself from laughing after saying this.

"Are you from Damascus?" said he: "from Lebanon, from that beautiful mountain that Ibrahim Pasha deplored when he left it?"

"Oh yes! Syria depends on it."

"Have you learnt Arabic?"

"Yes, when I was little; but I have partly forgotten it, for I have been some years in Europe." He said—

"How, thy letter was so well written?"

"I had retained some of the phrases in my memory."

"I," he added, "intend to read you a description I made in Scendi, when I was convalescent: the subject is Sudan. Would you listen to it?"

"With pleasure, being by you," I replied.

He began to read, and, on finishing, I congratulated him on having been able to combine the true and beautiful, and on writing Arabic so well. Afterwards he inquired if I knew Mr. Melly and his family. I regretted not knowing them personally, for the previous year Mr.

M. and his family had left *Uadi Halfe* for Dongola, the very morning Captain P. and I arrived there. We saw his dahabies; the initials "G. M." and "C. M." engraved on the rock of Abusir; but two hours before we arrived he had left. The medir told me if I saw the son of Mr. Melly—Nino, if I don't mistake—I was to tell him that the tomb was well taken care of, as I had seen in coming up. This I promised to do if I had an opportunity; and now, having satisfied him by coming to see him, I took leave as the camels were loaded and the Arabs awaiting me. He begged me to write my name, and, having received a piece of paper, I wrote it, and then requested his, on which he wrote for me "Ali Hasib, Medir of Barbar." He was very civil, but had only studied Arabic, and seemed to me destitute of general notions of history, geography, and the sciences, like most Mussulmen. He seemed to me to have natural talent, which I surmised from remarks made by him in his description of that province of Nubia of which he was the governor. After bidding him farewell I returned to the boat and found the camels ready. I paid the Arab sheik for their hire, and then mounting the dromedary, bidding adieu to the raies, took the road by which we had come.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEPARTURE FROM BARBAR TO ABUHAMED.

LEAVING Barbar at nine on the morning of the 16th, almost immediately I felt a cold over my body, and I knew at once that the fever which last night seemed gone had returned to torment and weaken me still more. The north wind blew with great violence, and I trembled and took my winter coat which had been spread on the saddle, but was no better for it. The Arabs wished me to stop, but I said I hoped it would pass away. We went on until sunset and then reached a Holla on the sea shore, after passing a large village called Alabaidie. It was the village of Walad Alsheik, built by a previous sheik in memory of his son who died here. As the sheik of this Holla has a miserable house destined for an hotel, we participated in the honour of using it. The furniture consisted of a *tablet* fastened to the wall, an old ancarib, and millions of bugs; the roof pierced in several places to give access to the rats for going out to the terrace to observe the stars and antipodes—the pavement showed itself *à priori* to be the bare earth. I spread my carpet and threw myself half dead on it. I got some fresh

water and desired Sogaïar (the Kabir)* to light a fire near and get me some camels' milk, which I desired one of the Arabs to boil in a little pot that we had, which served for all culinary purposes. When he brought it I crumbled some bread into it, and taking my spoon from my travelling bag began to eat. Having finished it I lighted a candle in order to see what was written on the *tablet* that adorned the wall. Removing it, I found written on it the Fatha and other invocations to the Prophet, because the religion of the Koran is the conqueror of all others, and all the perverts embrace the Koran. After reading it I lost no time in taking my pen from my eastern ink-stand at my side and wrote underneath—"Cursed Mahomed! False Prophet! who has constrained men by the sword to embrace the Koran as descended from heaven! He is in hell with the devils, and his followers will join him there sooner or later. Thou who taketh this tablet in hand must read attentively these lines, and think that Mahomed has never seen God, for he was Ibn Haram, since he who sheds the blood of innocents, in order to compel them to believe falsehood, shall never see the great justice of God. Mahomed has shed innocent blood. He who has written this, knows the history of the false cursed Prophet Mahomed. Amen." Then I put the tablet back to its place and got a large piece of wood, that might last the whole night, put on the fire. Sogaïar asked me what I had written. I told him a Fatha for the Prophet.

* This name means very small.

“What! do you know the Fatha?”

“Certainly.”

“Have you written it there?”

“No, I have composed one for the Prophet.”

“Oh! read it to me.”

This I declined, saying I wanted to sleep.

What a fine Fatha, said I to myself. Well for me that the Arabs are so stupid. If they knew how to read my soul would be before God ere the dawn. After this I turned myself over to sleep, but awoke in the middle of the night in a pool of perspiration. As the north wind blew coldly, I heaped more wood on the fire. I arose next morning free from fever. I called the Arabs —“Children arise! morn has come, arise!” They were on foot in a moment, and having loaded the camels, we were *en route* by six. The wind continued, and promised us a fresh day. At eleven we reached Conanit; the Arabs wished to halt, but I would not, and we continued along the Nile for some distance. Being winter, the Nile was in its bed, and I saw all the rocks in the middle. I could not recognise the cataracts, the fourth, fifth, or sixth. I do not know how travellers can ascribe cataracts to this place. For two or three miles here the Nile is full of rocks, and the water rushing through makes a certain uproar. For this, therefore, they call such places *sciallalat*. I do not wish to find fault with travellers, ancient or modern, who are merely ignorant of Arabic, but I pity them, for they write what their most illustrious, most ignorant dragoman tells them.

Neither the Arabs nor inhabitants know the first, second, third, fourth, or fifth cataracts. If you ask why the boats don't come here, they reply, "Look at the rocks and stones." I do not deny that some may say, "Look at the *sciallal*," but they never say, "Look at the third, fourth, and sixth *sciallal*." And the ignorant inhabitants are not to be held up as examples. Travellers should examine and know the force of the Arabic verb *scialla* for *sciallala*, which I explained briefly. (See Chapter iv.)

At 2 P.M. we entered the Valley of the Ass and staid there for the night. On the 18th loaded the dromedaries and set off. At eleven we met some Arabs coming from Corosco to Barbar. I inquired if they had met a Frank with a Kabir. They said yes, not far off, and that he was sitting firmly on his dromedary. We spent half the day in the Wadi Ilhomar, and, leaving it, arrived at a village on the Nile called Kor. I bought some dates for the Arabs who had had nothing to eat. We left the sea to the left and took the short path. About sunset we came in sight of the district Seerec. The view from the hill was most enchanting. We descended into the plain to pass the night amongst the trees of Doni. We slept most soundly, and only were aroused by the rays of the sun striking us. The first, or travellers or inhabitants near the Nile, that we met were three gazelles; they seemed to have lodged near us. By noon we met the true lord of the country—intense heat. At 3 P.M. passed the tomb of Melly. It is sad to think that amongst the tombs of Mussulmen, is buried an

English gentleman and a Christian. In the evening we saw a large tent, the dwelling once of Arabs, and although somewhat removed from the road we directed our course to it. We spent a comfortable night, in spite of the wind. On the 20th we set off for Abuhamed, which we reached at 4 P.M., after being martyred by the heat. We dismounted at the Divan of Abuhamed, or rather at the stable. In the Divan, besides filth, roughness of architecture, and infinite holes in the roof, we found two goats and three lambs. Such was the charming family of the Inspector of Abuhamed. Good luck that the Aga was not there, too, to complete the comedy. Although the Divan is the habitation of the Aga and his family of goats and lambs, yet, being without any door, it is free for all animals, rational and irrational, of the country, and also for the poor Franks who arrive at it. I told the Arabs we should leave next day at noon, and therefore they must prepare the *rai* (large water-skin) for the water.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

STAY AT ABUHAMED, AND INCIDENTS.

AFTER arranging my boxes before me, and fortifying my encampment, in order that the family of the Albanese Aga might attempt no impertinences to them, I asked for a good quantity of sour milk to drink, and provisions to take with me into the Desert. I did not require bread, having biscuits of Lobaied, excellent for travelling. I had bought bread at Barbar, in order to economise these biscuits for the Desert, and it had sufficed as far as Abuhamed. I remembered the names of the Arab who two months previously had brought us milk. I asked where was Dris, and learned he would come this evening from the island, where he lived with his family, so I had desired that he might be told that Kauagia Jusef wished to see him. Wishing for information about the island on the western shore of Abuhamed, and about the Nile which divides a little above Abuhamed, I asked the many Arabs and Nubians who filled the Divan on the subject. Four or five began at once. "He hee!" I cried, "one at a time: as I am

but one, I cannot understand all who talk at the same time"—so one commenced :—

"That part of the Nile which goes to the west of the island goes down, down till it meets with this above Dongola."

"Are there inhabitants on the part that flows to the west of the island?"

"Yes, upon the banks of both parts; but with this difference—those on the west are not permanent like those on the east. They are Arabs, and in winter they go far into the Desert; whilst those of the eastern shore, being Nubians, live always there."

I inquired which was the largest river, that on the west of the island, or this. My *cicerone* could not tell me. Then, *data omnibus loquendi facultate*, the company divided into two opinions; one set affirming this, the other the opposite. The question was discussed with great force, the two opposing parties screaming and defending their opinions so violently that they nearly came to fighting to decide it.

I put them to order by declaring both parties in the right, since neither of them had measured the volume of water; thus each might keep his opinion until some Frank should come and measure both sides. They refrained from fighting, contenting themselves with heaping all kinds of bad names on each other—asses, dogs, pigs, beasts, &c. I endured this for a little time, and then, rising, said with a loud voice, as the Egyptians and Arabs do (who, if they do not shout loudly, consider

their words will have no effect)—“ I wish to take a part amongst you—you are all beasts, hogs—will you not cease repeating such a Fatha of bad names? Do you see this long dagger?—it is poisoned—if I touch one of you with it he shall die. Do you see? The Franks are not talkers like you. If I hear one word only you shall see what I will do. Are you not all brothers in ignorance and stupidity? For shame! Why do you strive against each other? If you wish to stay in the divan be silent like the beasts in the corner—be quiet like a dog; if not I will silence you effectually.” They all became mute, and withdrew one after the other into the courtyard, where they became friends, saying, “ Wallah! Il Kauagia Jusef is a just judge: he speaks the truth”—and thus the question was settled.

Dris now appeared, and wished to kiss my hand, but I prevented him, saying I was not a Sheik. I desired him to lose no time in filling an *otre* (a small leather bottle or bag) with rob to take with me into the Desert, and it must be ready at noon to-morrow; adding, he need not fear, he should be recompensed for it. He said he would go home and prepare it immediately, and before sunrise to-morrow he would be back. He inquired if I knew that our cawas, Mohammed Aga, was ill here: he had mounted a newly-tamed dromedary, which took fright, and galloping off, threw him against a rock. I expressed a hope he was not much worse. “ Ah! poor fellow, he is wounded on the forehead and head, and his arm and leg are also hurt: he is quite broken-up.” I

sent Dris to see if he could come to me, and in a few minutes the cawas appeared like a corpse. I asked him what had happened to him, and he said he had nearly died of dysentery at Kartum. After a few days he had gone to Barbar, where he was also very ill; but having brought two slaves and a little female slave with him from Kartum, they had nursed him; and then he had fallen from the Hagin (dromedary), and had been nearly killed. He showed me all his wounds, and told me he had not seen the Captain as he passed here. I inquired what had become of Omar the cook. He said he had not been willing to wait five days and come with him, and had left Barbar previously. He had been told in Barbar that he was here ill, but had not found him. I told him I had nearly died in Cordofan of fever, which had not yet left me. I then gave him six piastres to buy a sheep, but told him not to do as Abdolhamed.

“Ah! Iakanagia Jusef, it was all your doing; all from your talent of discovering that Ibn Alharan.”

“It was too easy,” said I, “to discover it, as the Arabs were fasting and idle, as was shown by their melancholy faces.” (See Chapter xi.)

I told Mohammed Aga to go off to bed and take care of himself, and I would see him to-morrow before leaving. I was sorry he could not go with me, which he also professed to regret. He left me, and I remained in the Divan, surrounded by several Arabs and Nubians, and asked for a sheep for to-morrow morning.

When night came I lighted a candle and wrote for

some time ; after that I slept in peace, and was awakened early by the cries of the Arabs. I arose and went down to the Nile to wash. A couple of pieces of bread were my breakfast. By-and-by an Arab appeared leading a lamb, for which he asked seventeen piastres. I asked whether he thought the lamb or the piastres would weigh the most. My friend, finding himself in a puzzle, asked how much I would give.

“ Six piastres.”

“ Ah ! that is too little.”

“ No, it is not too little—it is a fair price ; if you don't like it get out of here with your lamb.”

Another now came and begged me to give another piastre, to which, after many solicitations, I consented, and took the lamb for seven piastres ($16\frac{1}{2}$ d.) I called one of my Arabs to kill it ; it was soon knocked down, and the knife did its work. I told them to give me the hind legs and they might have the remainder. I cut the meat into small pieces, and fried it, to take with me as provision in the Desert. Having cooked a good quantity, I gave the rest to the Arabs. The Kabir then asked me to lend him a pan to boil some of the flesh. When he had got it he filled it with flesh and bones and put it on the fire. By good luck I had remained to watch his proceedings, so I asked him what he meant by putting the pan on the fire without any water. (Generally the Arabs eat their meat roasted, and never boiled.) He told me “ to boil meat.” “ So you want to boil meat without a drop of water ?” I added,

“Are you superannuated or stupid? Whoever gave you the name of Sogaiar (very little fellow) has not made a mistake: truly you are little in stature and little in mind. Your mother was enlightened by the Prophet in giving you such a name.” All the Arabs present ridiculed him, and he defended himself by saying his wife always boiled the meat, not he. Whilst occupied in bantering the poor man, Dris arrived with the bag of rob. “Is that all rob,” said I. “*Eh, wallah! Iasidi*, (It is, my lord.) *Taieb Catir*.” I gave him three piastres for the milk and one for the rob. In return, he wished “God to multiply my goods, make me ever rich, and cover me with his abundance; and that blessings might be showered upon me,” &c. &c. I opened the *otre* and threw in a handful of salt to coagulate the milk, and placed it beside me. Asking for a piastre’s worth of onions, so many were brought me that I knew not where to put them. I chose a good quantity, and gave the Arabs the rest. I was at the same time accosted by a lad, who put five piastres into my hand, begging me to change them, for, being cracked, no one would take them. I gave him some sound ones, which delighted him so much that he offered me, for gratitude, a book (*hogiab*) written by the Sheik, telling me it would preserve me from all evil. I took it, thanking him. On opening the sheet of paper called a book, I found written in it the Fatha and the following sentences:—

“And Mohammed, our Prophet and Apostle, will defend him from all evil, from every wicked spirit; will make

him happy with that girl whom he will marry, and all his family; will multiply his bread and herds. Mohammed bless him, God pray on his favourite Prophet whom he saluted Apostle of the faithful, not of the heretics, whom he cursed! Amen." After copying this out I folded it up and restored it, saying, I was not a Mussulman to carry such a book, and I did not like to deprive him of such a treasure, for which, doubtless, his poor mother had paid the Sheik ten piastres for writing. He folded it up in a skin as before, and put it round his neck. He appeared offended at my refusing his offering of gratitude, so I told him I had other books written by the Sheik of my religion, which were very long, and that I ought to read them and carry them round my neck. Having got quit of him, I told the Arabs to prepare the camels. They said they had already knelt down to be loaded. After a few minutes I remounted, and bade adieu to the miserable village of Abuhamed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DEPARTURE FROM ABUHAMED, DECEMBER 21, AND JOURNEY
TO MORRAT.

LEAVING Abuhamed, we were again, *sicut erat in principio*, in the Desert of Corosco. On looking on this vast and terrible Desert, in which I had suffered so much, I felt myself overshadowed by a black sadness and heavy oppression, and my mind called out for pity. But who, in such circumstances, is touched with pity for a troubled spirit imploring help? None but the Creator, who knows perfectly such emotions; so I directed my oppressed mind to him—*Domine dirige gressus meos in viam salutis*. Then I commenced to sing the vespers. In the meantime we advanced into the Desert. I felt the heat very much, and was obliged to open my umbrella, either on account of the real heat or from the remembrance of past suffering, which made me fancy it. We travelled till sunset. As I was well stored with provisions, I had only to spread my carpet and take from my bag a piece of meat, two or three biscuits, and some onions, and my supper was ready. The water was good and clear from having been put into large *rai* of the

best quality. Recommending myself to God, I fell asleep. I awoke once in the night, feeling cold; but, covering myself up, I slept till dawn, when I called the Arabs, who arose trembling with cold from the north wind, and loaded the camels. At half-past four we were *en route*. At ten A.M. we met with some Arabs coming from Corosco. After exchanging their salutation of peace, I asked if they had met a Frank and Kabir.

They said, "Yes, at Morrat."

They were going to Barbar and Scendi to buy camels and dromedaries.

I told them: "God open a smooth road before you, and show you good!"

They answered: "God prolong your life and lead you in peace!"

The Arabs have a plan of travelling in winter different from that in summer. They travel all the day and rest at night through winter. The heat was rather oppressive. At noon I took some meat from the bag tied to the saddle in front, and three biscuits. The cloth was soon prepared, hands supplying the place of table, table-cloth, knife, and fork. The Arabs gnawed at some bones remaining from what they had yesterday. At six we halted for the night.

On the 23rd we travelled from dawn to sunset in safety, without anything remarkable occurring; the night we spent amongst the hills, which was somewhat cold. On the morning of the 24th we met a haggian from Corosco carrying the governor's letters. He told me he

had seen a Frank in Wadi Iddom the day before yesterday, who seemed to be in good health. We travelled till sunset, and then slept.

On the morning of the 25th we entered on the large plain which is near Morrat. I told the Arabs we should remain there for the remainder of the day. In the morning, as usual, I had recited my prayers, and after finishing them I sang the hymn, *Jesu, Redemptor omnium* (hymn for Christmas day), without remembering that this was the most holy day of the year. The Arabs admired it greatly. Then I began *A solis ortus*. The Arabs remarked what a good humour I was in. I asked if they had ever seen me in a bad one. They replied, "Never," but that to-day I was merrier than usual. One of the Arabs added, "Perhaps you have dreamt of your beloved?" I said I had not one. I certainly did feel very merry, though I knew not why. I recommenced my hymn, feeling driven to it by some inward joy.

About nine we saw some objects at a great distance, which we were doubtful if they were moving or not; but on approaching each other we discovered they were Arabs, and after an hour's travelling we met. It was the same Abdolhamed, who was bringing some half-dozen prisoners, destined for Wadi Madan, upon the part of the Blue Nile, and beyond. Abdolhamed recognising me, ran to kiss my hand. To my inquiry, he said he was sorry not to have met the Captain, having come by another road to Morrat; but if he had

known at Corosco, he would have remained to see him. O what misfortune is this! he remarked on my paleness, and I told him I had had fever in Cordofan, and ate nothing, but only drank water. I had had it for sixteen days and nights, and was not yet quite well. The Captain had also had it, but not so severely. He again expressed his pleasure in meeting me, and then took leave, calling back to me to salute the Captain from him, and say he would have remained in Corosco to see him had he known. "Do you remember? tell him so."

At eleven we quitted the plain, and at twelve reached Morrat. I wished to alight at the spot we had halted at on coming from Corosco. Ten minutes after us another party arrived from Corosco (an American, Mr. Taylor), who halted at the second well. In a few minutes his dragoman came to invite me to spend the day with his master. I desired him to thank Mr. Taylor, and say, if he had any letters for Cairo or Alexandria I would take them. I made my usual inquiry after the Captain, and heard that they had met with him during the night, and the dragoman knew him by his voice. He had spent the night with them, and told them I was behind.

The dragoman said his master intended going to Kartum and the White Nile, and the Captain recommended him not to go to Cordofan, because there is nothing to be seen but groves of sant and naked inhabitants; "and without doubt," he added, "you will get the fever."

I again declined visiting Mr. T., saying I had

intended resting there that day, but the Arabs had begged me to go on, and I was content. The dragoon bid me good bye, and returned to his master; and I followed the Arabs, who had already set forth. I did not wish to taste the water of Morrat, having a horror of it from the few drops I had swallowed once. At sunset we reached Wadi Iddom, where we spent the night.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEPARTURE FROM WADI IDDOM TO COROSCO.

WE all spent a wretched night from the bitterly cold wind which covered us with sand. We set off in good time on the 26th, and when the sun was risen fell in with some Arabs going to Barbar. They had not yet loaded their beasts. With them were an Egyptian merchant and an Italian lad going to Kartum to open a trade. The youth came to me and asked in Arabic what language I spoke.

"Whichever pleases you, Arabic or Italian," I replied.

"Italian," said he. I then began—"Buon giorno come stai, donde vieni e dove vai?" (Good morning. How d'ye do? Where have you come from? Where are you going?)

"Very well, thank you. Where are you coming from?" I told him to answer my other two questions. Then he said—

"I come from Corosco and am going to Kartum."

"Well, I am coming from Lobaied to Kartum, then to Barbar and Abuhamed and Morrat hither."

"Do you know Mr. A. at Kartum?"

"No."

"He is well known there. He is a great dealer in soap, sugar, and calico."

"If he dealt in hens, ham, or eggs, I had told you I did not know—what do you want more?"

The youth appeared to me to possess a glorious head, because he asked me about many frivolous things which were of no importance at all. As I discovered the temper of the *bestia* I wished to teach him something; therefore I said—

"You should not ask one such stupid things, but things of importance. I feel myself compelled to say this to you for your own good and the honour of our own country, which I feel dishonoured by such nonsense."

The lad thanked me, and asked from what part of Italy I came.

"From what part do you think?" replied I.

"Really I do not know," answered he.

"I am very glad of it."

I asked, "Who is this, your companion, looking like Lazarus just raised from the dead?"

He said he was an Egyptian merchant.

"Why are you so late?"

"Oh, what matter," was the reply: "we have plenty of bread, coffee, sugar, oil, and we spend the time very pleasantly. It is seven days since we left Corosco."

I told them they might be glad it was winter, otherwise they would not have spent the time so agreeably.

The lad now asked if I knew what a great day yesterday was—"Christmas-day! Christmas-day!" broke forth I: "Ah, what a day it had been for me!—the most delightful and happiest I had spent during this voyage."

Exchanging good wishes with the lad I dismissed him. After he said to me—"Christmas-day!" I trembled with joy; it was as if a voice had said to me, That was why you were so happy yesterday, and sang *Jesu redemptor*. "O Lord," I exclaimed, "thy natal day filled me with an almost supernatural joy in singing those hymns, and made me feel so happy without my having evidence that it was the holiest and greatest day of the year. Why was not an angel sent to tell me, or at least a secret voice to whisper, 'Think what day this is?' I should not have ceased singing the whole day, and announcing to this vast Desert how it had been solemnized by the birth of the Divine Redeemer—of him who created it; nevertheless I am glad of that feeling of joy which filled my heart, and induced me to sing those hymns." I now with fresh pleasure recommenced singing those hymns.

We went on without further incident till sunset. We spent a tranquil night, and resumed our course on the 27th. The Desert in this part abounds in black stones of various form and size: I fancied they might be iron-stone, and took up a small one (which is in my possession). The day passed fortunately. I rejoiced in crossing this part of the Desert in daylight, instead of night, as in coming from Coroseo; and was more glad of the provisions I had brought. On the third day I began with the *otre* of sour milk prepared at Abuhamed. Every evening I prepared my supper by soaking some biscuit, and mixing it with some milk and onions. It was a most easy life, compared with what we had led in

the summer. Not even Nebuchadnezzar, in all his glory, could have had such a supper in this vast region had he been compelled to cross it.

On the 28th we travelled forward till two P.M., when we reached the celebrated gate mentioned in chapter vii. I saw that that cemetery, passed previously by night, was not one in reality. There was a vast quantity of camels' bones heaped one on the other, the head of one dromedary on one tomb, the tail on another, and some badly-made tombs. At night it really resembled a cemetery, and one could easily be imposed on, as I had the honour of being deceived and mocked by the story of Abdolhamed. On reaching the spot, all the Arabs began insulting the tombs by throwing stones on them and cursing them. I asked Sogaïar why they insulted the tombs of the travellers. He laughed, and said, "They are not real tombs. We only put them up to the memory of those travellers who won't give us bachshish here at the gate when we come from Corosco, and every time we pass we curse their tombs, wishing them to die in the Desert and lose all their money."

I asked if they would raise one to me. They said, "No; I was not one of the stingy ones who refused them a few piastres to buy salt, and tobacco, and onions."

I told them that Abdolhamed had told me, in coming from Corosco, that this cemetery was for poor travellers who had died here, or near to it.

"Hee, the one-eyed creature! he has been laughing at you. Think of him, Iaulad (O! children), laughing

at the Iakauagia Jusef!" Calb auar Abdol!amid!
(Dog! one-eyed Abdolhamid!)

After passing the gate we halted for the night.

On the 29th, as usual, we set off, and soon after sunrise we met with some other Arabs crossing the Desert to Abuhamed. We travelled on quickly, the Arabs assuring me we should reach Corosco the day following, after sunrise. As my provision of milk was near an end, I tore open the *otre*, and extracted the milk which was adhering to it, and threw the bag down near me, never thinking of the serpents; but hardly had I begun to eat when I heard a horrible crackling among the stones and fissures of the high rocks. I thought it was a rat, but, after a minute, two serpents appeared in front of me, like those of Laocoon, twisting about and sharpening their tongues like newly-ground stilettos. I was frightened, and called out "Huu!" they retreated at once, and I took a stone and threw it on the rock to frighten them still more; then, changing my position, left the *otre*, whose inviting odour had drawn out these beggars. Poor fellows! they got laughed at for coming without being invited. It is true that my blood did not circulate at their unforeseen appearance; but their blood should have been frozen at my exclamation. Having supped "*all apostolica*," I slept in peace.

On the 30th, setting off in good time, we reached Corosco at ten A.M. "*Tandem aliquando!*" exclaimed I, "never will I leave the Nile till we have got to Alexandria."

CHAPTER XL.

STAY AT COROSCO FOR A FEW HOURS, AND DEPARTURE
FOR OSUAN; STAY OF TWO DAYS; DEPARTURE FOR
ESNA, AND FALL OF A WOMAN INTO THE NILE;
DEPARTURE FOR KENA AND CAIRO.

AT Corosco I found the Effendi Kalil, inspector of the province of the lower Nubia, from Osuan to Wadi Halfe. The first thing I did after saluting him was to ask for something to eat immediately. All present were astonished at the liberty I took with the Effendi. The evening before last the Arabs had finished their flour: fearing that with their empty stomachs they might not be able to come on with me, I had given them almost all my biscuits, only reserving some pieces and some dates for the next day. The following day I had an insatiable appetite; but what was there to eat? I made no breakfast, in spite of the cries of my empty stomach. At noon I had two biscuits and a dozen onions, which made me weep by their aromatic odour. In the evening only four pieces remained, with that little quantity of milk whose smell had induced the serpents to quarrel with me, and had a restless night. The next morning I had nothing to eat, but the Arabs assuring me of reaching

Corosco at sunrise, I consoled my stomach, telling it to have patience, and not cry out, for the Desert would laugh at it.

I thought we never should arrive at Corosco, and had sent forward one of the Arabs to prepare bread and milk for me, but unfortunately the Egyptian woman was then only grinding the grain, which required six or seven hours. Fortunately I found the Effendi there, and without ceremony I said to him—

“Naharac Said (a happy day to you), I want first of all something to eat, and afterwards I will tell you whatever I know, and whatever you ask me.”

He shouted immediately to his cook to bring some meat, which was ready in the pot, with “*bamieh*” (a kind of vegetable which is cooked with meat). To hear was to obey; and I had placed before me a good dish of meat, a quantity of bread, and a jar of water from the Nile, on which I commenced; but I had need of another pair of hands to keep time with my teeth, which went like a mill *of four stones*. Having finished, I went to the Effendi, who was surrounded by merchants, Arabs, Nubians, and numerous Albanians.

“I now come,” I said, “to pay my respects. How is your Eminence?”

“Thanks; I hope you are refreshed.”

“Yes, thanks to God and the kindness of the Effendi. Truly the Effendi of Wadi Halfe is a good man, rich in kindness as well as wealth.”

All present, who had been silent and attentive,

laughed and said, "*Wallah l'Afrangi Di Itcallam taieb Cutir*" (this Frank speaks very well).

After staying a little time with the Effendi, I left him, and went out to make inquiries about a boat to take me to Osuan. They told me the captain of the sea was here, and he would know. He came, and I said—

"*Ant Cobtan Albahr?*" (are you captain of the sea?)

"*Naam Sidi*" (yes, sir).

"*Taieb gibli timsah*" (well, bring me a crocodile).

"Ia sidi, I am not master of the crocodiles."

"What do you rule?"

"Boats."

"I see none; but there are crocodiles on the shore. If you are commander of the sea, so are you of its inhabitants."

He told me he did not understand this language. I then told him I wanted a little boat to take me to Osuan. This he understood, and said there was a "*gange*" (little boat) just suitable, and the price would be 100 piastres. This was too much. I offered sixty, and we finally agreed for eighty. The boat was anchored quite near, and he said it would be ready to leave in the evening.

I next called the Egyptian woman, and told her I was satisfied with her bread-making three months ago, and now I wanted her to let me have ten piastres' worth. She said, the grain not being ground, she could not have the bread ready before to-morrow

morning. All the bread she had ready was two piastres' worth of dried loaves for the Desert, and this would be too hard for me. I said I could soak it in the Nile, so she might bring me it, and three measures of dates of Ibrim. After some time the woman returned with what I desired.

I now got rid of the Arabs, bade adieu to the Effendi, and entered the *gange* on the evening of the 30th of December. The day was cool from the north wind, which blew and agitated the Nile, as is usual every year in the months of October, November, December, January, and half of February; but in the evening the wind ceased and became calm.

I had three Nubians: the first, captain of the *gange*, about nineteen years old; the other two sailors, fifteen. They had four oars, and I guided the helm. They sang whilst rowing, and the little boat almost flew. The sky was bright with brilliant stars; the Nile became as quiet as a sleeping child, silence reigned on both banks, and there was nothing to disturb the slumber of the crocodiles, except the singing of the three Nubians, whose voices, re-echoing from both shores, seemed unceasing.

About ten we passed *Wadi Sabusa* (Valley of Lions). At eleven I told the sailors to cease and take rest, which they did at once, and prepared their supper: the boat in the meantime was going on with the current. I had fever that night from having eaten too much; and the bread being a species of cake, and all pastry, lay heavy

on my stomach. The reason of that was because I ate, despite the fever which was on me. The captain remained awake the whole night, and I slept a little.

On the morning of the 31st we met several dahabies going to Wadi Halfe, and almost all with English flags. The wind beginning to blow strongly, it was not possible for us to move; so we remained anchored from nine A.M. to five P.M., when, the wind abating, the sailors took to their oars, and rowed until eight, when they bound the boat to the *watad* to rest for the night.

On the morning of the 1st January we had reached the gate of the Calabsce, and though the Nile was rough against us, at dawn on the 2nd we arrived at *Anas-Olugiud* (Phile). At ten we landed, and loading the baggage on camels, and myself on a donkey, I went on to Osuan. On dismounting on the shore, and on asking for Captain Peel, I was told he had left with a *sandal*, for Cairo. "Whose was the *sandal*?" "The Cadi's. The Captain had had a row with the Cadi, and almost bastinadoed him. *Wallah geda Alkobtan*" (the Captain is a brave man). "He had paid the Cadi for the *sandal*, in order to go to Cairo the next morning, and had earnestly begged him to have the sailors ready. The Captain went early in the morning to Anas-Olugiud to see some English; when he returned the sailors were not ready. Then he went in displeasure and in a great rage to the Cadi, whom we reverence like a Pasha, and said to him—'You oppressor of the poor! You wicked Cadi, with none of God's grace in your face! You

lying old man! where are the sailors? Sot!' and he rushed up so near, as if he was going to strike him in the face!" "And what did the Cadi?" "He could not speak, and was like death, trembling like this palm." (The conversation took place near the palms; and when he was telling this, the wind was blowing through and shaking them). "I said, I thought the Captain was right; for having paid more than was right, and desired the Cadi to have the sailors ready, it was mocking him. The English are true and decided people, and I was very glad the Cadi had had such a good lesson to frighten him, and teach him to act rightly in his old age."

Having heard this history about the Captain and the Cadi, I was left alone, and tried to get a little sleep; for when I arrived at Anas-Olugiud fever assailed me, and it was very heavy on my skin when I got to Osuan. My health not being perfectly re-established, a tumour had broken out in my left hand, and my arm was swollen. As this was one torment, and the fever another, I could not sleep; so I made inquiries for a dahabie to take me to Cairo; none was here. After remaining two days there I found a miserable caiase, which would take me only to Esnah, where they assured me I should find a sandal for Cairo. After sailing for two days we touched at that Bandar, where I found a sandal, but only to take me to Kene. I bargained with the raies, and got the baggage put on board, but a storm arising before sunset, which seemed likely to last, we had to stay all night. About sunset I went out to take a little

walk, and directed my steps southwards, and whilst going along the shore I was witness of the following scene. There was a washing place frequented by all the women of Esnah. The women were standing among some ancient ruins which remained from an old Egyptian building, dipping the clothes in the water and then beating them on the stone. Whilst walking along, absorbed in the enjoyment of the scene, my ear was struck and my mental enjoyment disturbed by a cry from one of the women washing, "Iakaiti uacat fi il bahr" (she is fallen into the water). I looked and beheld a woman in the water, beating her hands and attempting to swim, and crying *agg* and *buff* when the water got into her mouth; which her companions seeing her in the water cried in chorus, "Iakaiti!" (O my sister!) and wept her as dead, whilst death was distant from her. The rest of the women came out from their houses and aided their companions in howling, in order to frighten further off the unfortunate one. A man leapt into the water, but did not approach her, lest the tenacious grasp of the struggling woman perhaps should cause both to be drowned. Happily the poor woman had on one of those blue garments worn by all the women in Upper and Lower Egypt (this is all their dress), and this buoyed up by the water, helped to keep her up. Finally a rope was thrown to her, and she was drawn out safe and sound. I continued my walk, and met with a man of withered physiognomy, who had heard the screams of the women without knowing the cause. He saluted me

with a gesture, thinking as I was dressed in European clothes I did not understand Arabic. I returned the salute, and thanked him in Arabic; when, taking courage, he asked if I knew what had happened there. I told him a woman had fallen into the water and been nearly drowned; "but, thank God! she is saved."

"Oh! that's what women's cries are worth; the devil take all women, and let us be free of them."

"What, are there not more women than men?" I said, "*La la ma hu scai taieb nosctahi darar lilgair*" (no, no, we must not wish evil to others).

"What evil? if it had been anything of value that they had lost, it might have been worth while shouting—but only a woman!"

I laughed and left him to continue his walk, and he went on cursing the women and shaking his head; but I could not comprehend what he said.

On the morning of the 9th I left Esnah, and arrived at Kene on the 11th at eight A.M.; here I found a little *careb* to take me to Cairo. So the same evening we unloosed the *careb* from the *watad*; it contained me, the raies, his son, two sailors, and a numerous family of rats. After a sail of fifteen days we reached Bulac. On landing, I bargained for a cart for the baggage, and a donkey for myself, to convey us from Bulac to the English Hotel, which I reached pale and weak, and hardly recognisable.

CHAPTER XLI.

STAY AT CAIRO TEN DAYS, AND DEPARTURE FOR ALEXANDRIA
AND ENGLAND.

BEING at the hotel I began to take a warm bath every morning and felt my health improve—I had nothing else to do than play the epicure, which was only fair after having undergone five months' deprivation. I also began to give some lessons in Arabic to a Scotch gentleman, Mr. C. J. L., who was going to Jerusalem and Syria, and I had much pleasure in resuming my interrupted profession. Every day, at three p.m., I mounted a donkey, and went to enjoy the fresh air of Giobra, a street or promenade about two miles long, with sycamore and loblack trees on both sides, whose thick and compact branches formed a good shade, and removed in some degree from my mind the recollections of the sufferings in the Desert. After a sojourn of ten days I went to Alexandria, hoping to find the French steamer to take me to Marseilles; but it had been damaged by a tempest in coming from Malta, and was obliged to remain at Alexandria to repair the machinery, and had no favourable weather to go to Beirout—for during the storm it had

been obliged to wait four days after the fixed time. Seeing it would be late I determined to go by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer direct to England, and took a passage in it, quitting Alexandria at five A.M. of the 6th February, 1852, in the *Bentinck*, Captain Hallock. We had a prosperous voyage to Malta, though I spent most of the time in my bed. We reached Malta about four o'clock on the fourth day after leaving Alexandria, and were to remain overnight there. As soon as we were at the harbour of the Lazaretto I sent a person to inquire if the English family who lived near —, was the — family—if so, to tell them Signor Churi was on board. The messenger soon returned with the gentleman of the family. After saluting each other I made many inquiries after his mother, sisters, and brother; but night coming on we could only converse for a short time. The next morning the whole family came to see me. When all the expressions of congratulation, &c., were gone through, it seemed to me a dream to be talking to such agreeable people. Mrs. — inquired if I had received her two letters, and I answered I had not. She thought I would have remained some time in Malta to re-establish my health, but I wanted to get to London. After a short time they returned home; I promised to tell them more about my travels when in London. After my friends had left me I was invited by an Anglican clergyman to go with him to see the great harbour of Malta. I agreed to his offer, and we hired a boat. When

we were returning I met Mr. —, who had come again to see me, and I was much grieved to have lost his conversation; but as the clergyman with me had met with a brother clergyman, we each contrived to talk with our friends from our boats for a little time. At two P.M. on the 10th February, we weighed anchor for Gibraltar, and had a fortunate passage thither. We arrived on the night of the 14th, and left it again at noon on the following day. The sea at that time was rough, but it became calmer towards evening, and we had the wind astern. After a fortunate voyage we reached Southampton on the 20th February, 1852. I remained there one day, and then went to London—the beginning and termination of my journey and its troubles.

CHAPTER XLII:

AND LAST.

As science was to benefit by the research and fatigues undergone in prosecuting this journey, I am induced to add some remarks on the journey undertaken by Captain Peel, and relate some information we received from three people regarding the interior.

Truly it was a great and noble enterprise that Captain Peel attempted: there was every possibility of succeeding in our purpose if the condition—the *sine qua non* of performing the journey did not fail; but this necessary condition was health. I am certain several have talked of Captain Peel's attempt, and perhaps judged ill. I know no one with so much decision, firmness, and perseverance, to renounce the ease and pleasure, a civilised country, and the best and noblest society in the world—which England affords—who was willing to sacrifice himself in attempting a difficult enterprise, honourable to himself and his nation, and useful to the whole world. Who would like to trust himself in a horrible desert?—who would voluntarily give up the delights and pleasures of his own native land to cross the Deserts of Africa in summer, and

bear a heat of 116, 118, 120, 125 degrees—and that not for a few days only—to lead a life that few can bear even for a day or two? Ought he who does such noble things, more for his country than his own honour, to be forgotten and put aside by those inferior in every respect to himself? No! those who attempt such things are those whom society ought to glory, and place in honourable post in her republic. Tell me, gentle reader, would you like to do as Captain Peel? Dare you speak of it? The Africans themselves were amazed at his courage when they learnt that he was resolved to penetrate into the interior—they grew dumb; for men born at Darfor and come to settle at Kartum and Lobaied have a horror of returning to their native land. Those two or three men who had once been at Bargu or Barnu assured us we should be murdered. And did this affect us? No! I said to them, “If the first are not firm and persevering in going forward, the second will not have courage to imitate, and will think no more of it?” And who was witness to Captain Peel?—who was participator in the hardships and atrocious sufferings of the journey? I, myself; who accompanied him more from friendship than anything else. I said to him in London, “The friend will go and die with his friend;” for I imagined and was certain that we should have to struggle with death, as was really the case; and that if we penetrated into the interior we should perhaps never return; and this I deduced from two reasons:—First, from the moral side; for the nations of the interior are, as I learnt

when a boy, and as the Mufdi and others at Lobaied said, wild beasts, savage to strange faces, and more especially when they perceive that those strange faces do not believe *Ala Elresul* (to the Apostle Mahommed); thus either we should have been obliged to feign ourselves Dervishes of the Prophet (which we never would have done), or confess our holy faith and have our heads cut off in a cruel manner. The second impediment would be physical. The climate is terrible; the heat almost perpetual; the water indescribably nauseous; food very scarce: the hot wind blowing night and day makes a hell for a stranger. Now there was a logical possibility that we might not be murdered, but there was a metaphysical certainty that we should be very ill—and who would have assisted us? These people feel no pity; charity is unknown amongst them; cruelty is their high virtue; two strange faces would have been thought devils. “*Quid agendum faciendum ve?*” *Nobis moriendum erat*. One might have assisted the other in the last moments, and one might have buried the other had he had strength. From these reflections I deduced a consequence, not metaphysical, but physical and moral, that it would be impossible for a stranger to penetrate to the middle of Africa and come back safe.

We got some information about the interior from three men, natives of Barnu and Fallati. Two were from Barnu, the other from Fallati. One of the Barnuans had a little boy and girl, his children, with him: they were on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and had been nine

months in coming from Barnu to Cordofan—they travelled on foot from village to village living on hospitality. They told us the lake of Tshad was very large, and was called *Bah'r ciad* (Sea of Tshad). In reply to my inquiries about the most powerful kingdoms of the interior, they told me there were four—Darfor, Bargu, Barnu, and Timbuctu. Darfor contains several small territories possessing sultans of their own, but dependant to the Sultan of Darfor. Bargu has about twelve dependencies; Barnu more than sixteen; and it is larger and more populous than all the others. They could not tell us anything positive about Timbuctu, but only said that it was a large kingdom. The inhabitants of Darfor are cruel; those of Bargu not so much so; and those of Barnu and Fallati were good. “*Cicero pro domo sua.*” We asked what language they spoke at Fallati.

“The Fallati dialect.”

“And do you write in it?”

“No, we write in Arabic; we all speak Arabic, the holy tongue” (the Koran came down from heaven written in Arabic as the Mahomedans believe) “as well in Darfor and Bargu as Barnu as Timbuctu;” but there were several tongues which were spoken, and they had many Arabic words. Fallati was once dependant on Barnu, but, being a very large kingdom, it rebelled and became independent. They said in reply to our questions that men were very numerous in the interior, and all believed in the Prophet, “*sallah allah Alai wasallam.*” “And do not you believe in the Prophet?” inquired they.

We said, "No. We believe in the Holy Isa (Christ). We believe also in *Isa*."

"But we thought all men believed in the Prophet."

We told them they were mistaken in this. In regard to money, they said the *colonnato* and beads were known; the product was barley and millet, a little grain, and a few herbs; and they had herds, but did not eat a great deal of meat. One of the youths from Barnu told us he had been at Lake *Tschad*, and had sailed on it; there were several boats, and the water was most beautifully clear and good to drink, that one drank abundantly, and returned again to drink, it was so light; and there were fishes of several sorts. The climate there was good for them, but he did not know how it would be for us; it was very hot, there was a hot wind that blew continuously for five, six, or seven weeks, day and night. It was bad for the health, and they always fear and suffered from it. The water in some parts of the interior is good, in others bad; there were very few springs, but every village had wells. In summer, *aluerda* (fever) predominated. We were now obliged to part, otherwise I should have made many more inquiries, so I took leave, saying, "*Kator com*" (adieu); "*Maa alsalama*" (in peace), answered they. These people were not so horrible in physiognomy, nor had a deep negro colour like the men of Darfór. They seemed intelligent, especially the father with his two negro cherubs greatly resembling him. Their report agreed perfectly with that which the Mufdi of Lobaied (see note 3, Chapter xxv.), had given us; and thus this all proved

the correctness of my assertions. I hope, nay I am sure, that others will attempt the same scheme, but I advise them to choose a good season, and attempt to penetrate to Barnu, and pass by Bargu and Darfor, and thence to Cairo. They should have a good knowledge of Arabic, which is a *conditio sine qua non* for succeeding amongst these people; for a well-said phrase at a proper moment might save a person from much inconvenience. The traveller should be very particular in repeating always the same thing respecting himself and his journey; that is, always give the same answer to the same inquiry, for it is the nature of the Moors to be very suspicious, and if they do not find an identity in the words, they draw sinister conclusions, which may be a man's ruin.

And thus I conclude my narration, begging the reader to pardon all defects he may have discovered; and I hope he will remember *nemo perfectus nisi Deus*. Should he discover errors in any respect, let him remember the saying of the Latin poet, *examia est virtus praestare silentia rebus*, and remain attentive to avoid such errors in his own writings!

APPENDIX.

SONGS OF THE EGYPTIAN SAILORS ON THE NILE, WITH TRANSLATION AND COMMENTS.

(THE MUSIC IS ADAPTED FOR VOICES AS THEY SING IT, AND THE WORDS ARE
ARABIC IN EUROPEAN CHARACTERS.)

No. 1.

On coming down and arriving at any village (bandar) they sing :—

Solo. Moderato.

He - - - ! il Fa - ium ba - la - dac ia - rum - - -

Coro.

He! He! il Fa-

Dolce.

He - - - ! Be - ni Su - ef ba - lad al - mah - bub - -

ium ba - la - dac ia - rum

He Li - sa!

He, He, Be - ni Suf ba - lad al . mah . bub

He Li - sa!

TRANSLATION.

Solo. He! the Faium is thy country, O Greek!

Coro. (*Repeat the same words with a different air.*)

Solo. He! Beni Suëf is the land of the beloved one.

Coro. (*Repeat the same words with a different air.*)

Solo. He, Lisa!

Coro. He, Lisa! (*See the music.*)

COMMENTARY.

The commentary of the poetry as far as the tradition of the Egyptian sailors goes:—

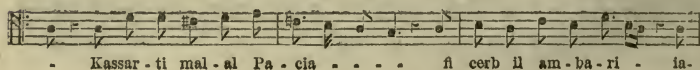
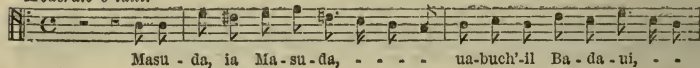
“He!” is an exclamation. “Faium” is a small village distant from the bank of the Nile. The Egyptian sailors apply it to Greeks, because they are thieves and dwell in the village of Faium, which is close to the Desert, and they cannot easily come to steal the beautiful girls of Beni Suef, because they belong to them. “Lisa,” or “He Lisa!” is an exclamation to a girl named Lisa, who (according to the tradition of the sailors) was from Upper Egypt, and was of an extraordinary beauty, such as the world never saw afterwards. All the sailors who were so fortunate as only to see her face became so strengthened that each one of them could tow the dahabie from daybreak till sunset without eating or drinking. This is the tradition of the present Egyptian sailors about that beautiful girl, whose name is still invoked by them.

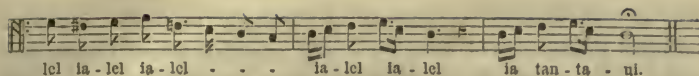
No. 2.

When the wind is favourable, and the dahabie is sailing well, or they wish to rest themselves, they sing together the following:—

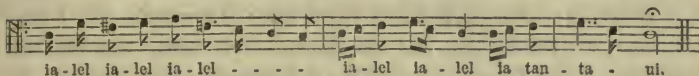
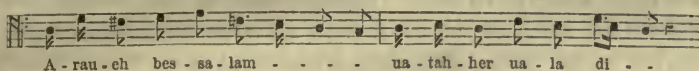
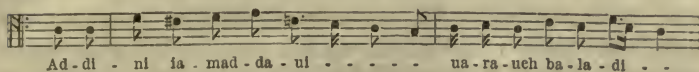
FIRST VERSE.

Moderato e tutti.

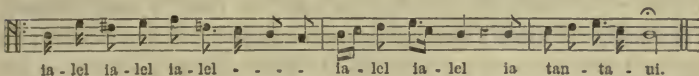




SECOND VERSE.



THIRD VERSE.



TRANSLATION.

1ST VERSE—Masuda, O Masuda! thy father is a Beduin; thou hast made the Pacha lose money in drinking ambari (liquor). Ialel, ialel, ialel, iatantau!

2ND VERSE—Take me, O Maaddaui! I will go to my own land; I will go in peace, and purify my son. Ialel, ialel, ialel, ialel, ialel!

3RD VERSE—Thou Masuda hast melted the hoary-headed also—and why so? Ialel, ialel, ialel, iatantau!

COMMENTARY.

“Masuda” (means happy—fem. gen.) was the young Beduin girl in question. She was the only daughter of a Beduin from Upper Egypt, and, as the story goes, she was endowed with such extraordinary beauty that the Pacha had honoured her by admitting her into his Harem. He

had sent an embassy to conduct her solemnly to Cairo. When the ennobled Beduin arrived there a poet and musician named Tantau composed a few verses, and set them to music, to praise her, in a playful strain, as it appears from the translation. "Thou," said he, "art the daughter of a Beduin; but so handsome that the Pacha, seeing thee before him, will be unable to restrain his ardour, and will make merry and drink his ambari. (This is a kind of liquor distilled from figs, and is very agreeable to the palate.) When the Pacha becomes elated by his potations, he will throw money on all sides." Tantau himself, on seeing Masuda, was softened and exclaimed, "Thou, Masuda, art really so handsome that the old, too, become youths again, and are enraptured by thy face." This is the first edition. The second is certainly more interesting and amusing. It is as follows:—Masuda had entered the fields of love before the fame of her beauty arrived at Cairo, and was known to the Pacha. She was cultivating love with a Beduin youth on the delightful banks of the Nile. The Beduin lover lived on the eastern shore, and every day used to come to the western bank to cultivate both land and love, because Masuda was there tending her father's sheep grazing in the Amene land, and being in a warm climate, their love grew apace. The youth had already a wife and a child, too; but being enamoured of the beautiful Masuda, he intended to repudiate the former one, of whom he was quite tired, to marry Masuda. (To repudiate a wife is a very easy matter amongst the Mohammedans: the husband must give her a certain sum of money of sixty, seventy, or one hundred piastres, and bid her adieu.) It happened that the embassy or commission of the Pacha sent to bring Masuda away came to the very spot on the bank where the youth was making merry with his beloved. On seeing a magnificent dahabie arrive there, they both rose up to satisfy their curiosity by looking at it, and very likely to ask its raies (captain) alade (the custom), that is to say, bachshish. (There is a custom amongst the inhabitants of Upper Egypt to ask bachshish from the raies of the boats which pass by their village for the first time.) The sailors were struck with the beauty of Masuda, and asked the Beduin youth, "Who is this very beautiful girl? Is she thy sister?" He, unconscious of the trap, answered with delight and pride, "She is my betrothed, Masuda." They inquired again—"Is she Masuda, daughter of the Beduin?" "She is, indeed," replied the youth. The sailors gave notice to the officer sent for executing the commission, who landed at once and presented his humble respects to the Beduin girl. She declined his civility, having some mistrust, and called

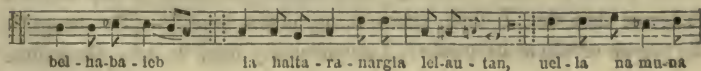
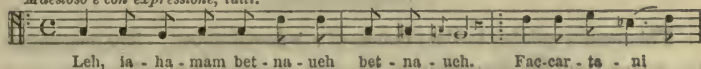
on her lover to go away, but the old bearded officer said courteously, "Thou canst not go away." "Why?" inquired the bold Beduin. "Here," replied he, "is the firman of our Afandina the Pacha, to conduct thee immediately to Cairo, and thou shalt be one of the flock of his Harem." Masuda was speechless; her heart beat quick from the sudden grief she felt; she became pale as death, and her eyes filled with tears. The young Beduin cried out in despair, "We are betrothed!" "Silence!" shouted the old officer; "the orders of our Afandina must be executed; and if it were thine own wife the Pacha wanted, would you dare oppose his will?" Then the youth was dreadfully affected, looked at Masuda entering the dahabie, and began to sing to alleviate his grief (see the translation). He called on the Maaddaui (the boatman who for a trifle ferries in his boat from one shore to the other), to transport him to the eastern bank, to go home in peace and be content with his wife, since his hope of possessing Masuda was no more. He recommended Tantaui, at that time a famous poet, to compose some poetry against the Pacha who took away his beloved one. So the poor Beduin was deprived unjustly of his Masuda Beduin, who, I am sure, preferred the delightful banks of the Nile, the flocks of her father, and the sweet company of her young Beduin lover, to all the majesty of the Pacha; and her freedom to the company of the Harem and comfort of their seraglio. I think the latter is an invention, and I consider the former to be the correct one. I relate it as being amusing, and, if really invented, it is well cooked.

This song is very popular, and is known and sung at Cairo by every boy and girl, if not by the donkeys and dogs, which are very musical there.

No. 3.

When they are anchored at night, they sing after supper the following:—

Maestoso e con espressione, tutti.



mut ga - ra - leb, al - gos - na gia - ni, gia-ni iet ma iel,
 ual - ca - su moz-hab moz-hab fi iad - doh, mod - dai-tu iad - di
 la a - koz ol - cas, la-cal-tu-cia a - o - cia o ala kad-doh,
 col-tu - la hu on-zor la - ha - li, col-tu - la hu
 ha - li ia ha - li, iaki ia - bul e ui - nis su-di'l Bamba - ui.
 Eh lem-al a - ia ala-ia ai si - di. Leh, ia-ham bot-na-neh tet
Il primo versetto.

TRANSLATION.

"Why, O dove, why dost thou weep? Thou makest me think of the beloved one. Dost thou think we shall return to our own houses, or shall we die in a foreign land?" The bough inclined towards me, and had a golden cup in its hand. I extended my hand to take it and drink from it; but found its rays in its cheeks. "O brother," exclaimed she, "with thy brilliant eyes thou prevented the sweetness of my sleep." I said to her, "O! why—why dost thou weep? why?"

COMMENTARY.

This poetry relates to the absence of a beloved object. The poet takes his theme from the lamenting of the dove, and asks her, "Why dost thou weep, O dove? Thou with thy tears makest me think of my beloved. Believest thou that I shall return to my native land?"—(The bough is the person of whom he speaks.) I extended my hand to take the golden

cup, but my eyes were dazzled by its rays; for I found the same bough transformed to a gentle person, who was before me. I saw her two crimson cheeks, and she said to me, "O brother, with thy sparkling eyes," &c. I said to her, "Oh! why dost thou—why dost thou weep?" When we recognised each other, we could utter no words but the said interrogation, "Why dost thou weep?" No other language is more poetical, beautiful, and expressive, than the Arabic.

No. 4.

When they row they sing:—

Solo. Andante espressivo. *Coro.*

Ha - di ha ia ua - li ha - set it ta - chi e - di. Ha - di ha ia

Solo.

ua - li ha - set it ta - chi e - di. Uelkalt humin bahgiu ra -

Coro. *Solo.*

uel - eb re-bma! di - e. Ha - di ha ia ucs-na ta-lad sa - fi - e .

Coro. & Solo.

umor-sat il sau ua - hin. Ha - di ha ia ua - li ha -

Coro. *Solo.* *Coro.*

set it ta - chi e - di. Ha - di ha - ia, Allah! acanui alcebab! Ocsset!

TRANSLATION.

Solo. Direct her, O Sheik, she is the maker of this cap.

Coro. (Repeat always the first verse.) Direct her, &c.

Solo. The thread is from Bahgiura, and the needle is bought for one parà.

Coro. Direct her, &c.

The solo singer has always to conclude his part with an obscene verse.

COMMENTARY.

This poetry is very amusing, and is ascribed to a youth who wished to marry a young girl from Esna; but she desired first to consult her Sheik as a holy man (the Sheiks are generally the most wicked). If he should tell her that she would be happy with him, then she would like very much to marry him; if otherwise, she would not consent to do so. The youth agreed to her wise proposal, and went before her to the Sheik, and recommended him to give the girl a good answer; that is to say, she will be happy with him. The Sheik on this occasion says—“*Taib Salli-Ala Alnabi, gib lanaciuf*” (Well, pray to the Prophet, bring here: it means, “Give the Sheik his fee”). The youth answers as usual—“*Allah iafrog*” (God will provide), that is, You shall have your *bachshish*. The *bachshish*, of course, is always a condition *sine qua*, or a favourable answer cannot be obtained. The youth then put into the Sheik’s hand the two piastres and a half (6d.), and was going away; but a doubt arose in his mind that perhaps the Sheik was not satisfied with the sum of two piastres and a half. He then sang to the Sheik as follows, to recommend him to give the girl a good omen:—

“Guide her, O her Sheik; she is the maker of this beautiful little cap (taking it in the mean time from his head: this cap is made of calico, and the men in Upper Egypt use it instead of the red one, which costs a great deal of money). Poor creature! She went to Bahgiura to buy the thread to work it, and she bought the needle for one parà. (A Turkish parà is the twentieth part of a penny sterling. Bahgiura is a village in which all the supply of cotton thread of Upper Egypt is made.) Remember Esna, her beautiful country, and sure port of the boats. I do not need recommend you any more, do I?”

“La,” answered the Sheik, “*coll cai ala caifac?*” (No, everything according to thy pleasure.)

So the youth went back merrily, having gained a wife for the 6d. he gave to the Sheik. How easy and cheap it is to get a wife for 6d.!

Andante. Solo. Coro.

Ia han da - la fau-clir ram - la, ia bent Sceik-il ba - ua -

Solo. Coro. Solo.

di. Al - nas, fad - da ucas dir, uen - ti - da hab-ia mo - ra - di; ia

Coro. Solo.

kallnagd'il barri - a, il - to ca - fi com-a-sa iel, ia han-da-la fau-clir ram -

Coro. Solo. Coro.

la, ia - bent Sceik-il ba - ua - di. He, Li - sa! He, Li - sa!

TRANSLATION.

Solo. O Handala on the sand.

Coro. O daughter of the Sheik of Bauadi,

Solo. The men are silver and tin;

Coro. And thou purest gold, O my will.

Solo. O mares of the Nagiadi of the Desert,

Coro. Noble races are found among you.

Solo. *Da capo*, with other additional verses, which *nec nominanda sint in nobis*.

Coro. (*Repeat the same.*)

COMMENTARY.

The original of this song came from the Arabs, and speaks of love, like the others. An Arab was enamoured of the daughter of the Sheik of Bauadi (he was the Sheik of his tribe), and sang to her as follows:—"O Handala, although you are here in the Desert despised, and no person looks at thee, I am he who likes thee and loves thee. Thou art superior to all men, because they are made of silver and tin; but thou art of purest gold. There is no comparison between thee and them." After this the poet speaks to the mares of the Nagiadi:—"It is true that among you, O mares of Nagiadi, are found the most beautiful racers." The Arab girl was, it appears, from the tribe Bauadi (which is the same as Nagiadi), who

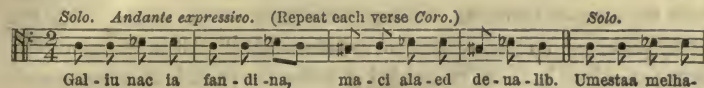
possess the finest race horses. This tribe lives in Hooran, and is scattered in the Desert round Damascus. The poet, instead of praising the women of that tribe, who are very virtuous, praised their mares, to make the poetry more beautiful, as an Arab esteems his mare more than a wife, because he can get a wife for 6d. (as I said before).

Handal is an herb, or plant, like water melon, and it grows in the Desert; its fruit resembles that of the water melon, but it is smaller, and its colour is yellow. It is poisonous, and injures all who eat it, with the exception of the raven, which makes a good meal of it, as I often saw. The Arabs take that Desert water melon, as I may term it, when ripe, mix it with flower to make a paste, and throw it in the houses, in order that the troops of mice may eat it and die. This is supposed to be the kind of fruit referred to in the Holy Bible (2 Kings iv. 39), when Eliseus asked one of his servants to prepare for him something to eat. It has not been well translated, either in the Vulgate or the English Bible. In the Hebrew text, there is the name גֶּפֶן שֹׂדֵחַ (gefen-sadeh), which means, "vine of the field," and the name of the fruit פִּקְעֹת (fakaoth). The English version says, "And one went into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds . . . into the pot . . . for they knew them not." The Vulgate says, "*invenitque quasi vitem silvestrem, et collegit ex eo colocynthis agri.*" Now if the plant is called "gefen sadeh" in the text, it could not give the fruit "fakaoth," but a kind of grapes; because "fakaoth" is a Syriac name, and is applied only to all those fruits which crack when matured, like the gourd, pomegranate, white figs, and black figs. I am sure that it must have been the wild vine, which we have in Mount Lebanon, and which bears grapes called wild grapes. I often when a boy climbed up to the green oak tree, round which it generally twists, to gather its grapes and eat it. When it is not mature it is very bitter; and if one eats it, he must vomit it, on account of its strong bitterness. I have another reason which induces me to believe it was not the wild gourd, as it is translated into English. There is a contradiction in the same verse; for it is said, "and gathered thereof wild gourds . . . and shred them into the pot of pottage; for they knew them not." If the servant did not know what that kind of fruit was, then they did not know its technical and specific name, and they attached to it the name "fakaoth" as a subterfuge. This certainly favours my question, and I believe that it must have been wild grapes, and not wild gourds.

No. 6.

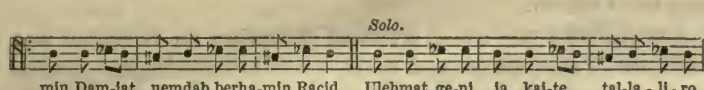
This following is connected with the last, as it is sung to the same air :—

Solo. Andante espressivo. (Repeat each verse Coro.) *Solo.*



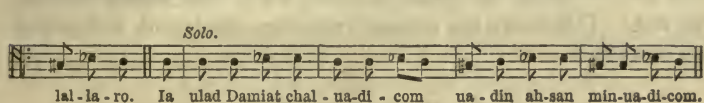
Gal - iu nac ia fan - di - na, ma - ci ala - ed de - ua - lib. Umestaa melha-

Solo.



min Dam-lat uemdab berha-min Racid. Ulehmat ge-ni ia kal-te, tal-la - li - ro

Solo.



lal - la - ro. Ia ulad Damiat chal - ua - di - com ua - din ah-san min-ua-di-com.

TRANSLATION.

Solo. And thy pipe, O our Lord, walks on the wheels.

Coro. (Repeat always the first verse). And thy pipe, &c. (*See the music*).

Solo. Its director from Damietta, and its commander from Rosetta.

Coro. And thy pipe, &c.

Solo. O sons of Damietta, how is your valley? Our valley is better than yours.

Coro. And thy pipe, &c.

Solo. And why don't you come, O my sister?—*tallalliro hallaro.*

COMMENTARY.

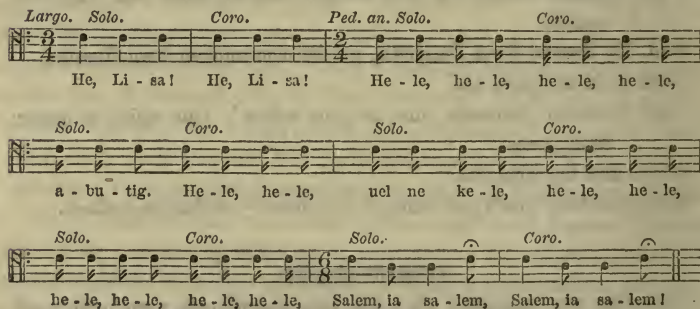
This song was composed when the little steam-boats were introduced into the Nile by the Pacha. It is simple, but pleasing. It begins—"And thy pipe, O Afandina (our Lord or Redeemer), walks on the wheels." The Egyptians call the steam-boat "galiun-olnar" (pipe of fire), because it smokes like a pipe. They say it is walking on wheels; because the wheels roll over and carry the boat. "Thou art pleased to appoint its captain from Damietta, and its commander from Rosetta." The director of the helm was from Damietta. Afterwards the Egyptian poet turns to the sons of Damietta and Rosetta (but he could not have the rhyme had he used Rosetta too). "How is your valley? Our valley of Cairo is better

than yours. If you, sons of Damietta and Rosetta, glory to have given both director and commander to the pipe of fire of Afandina, you cannot glory to have the master of the pipe in your valley. He (the Pacha), is always in our valley of Cairo" (it means in our city). After he had confuted the sons of Damietta, he sings something for his beloved girl, by calling to her—"Why dost thou not come—why?" All the songs of the Egyptian sailors have only one kind of peroration, which is, to say something about women.

Now, I have a very strong argument to convince the Europeans that the Eastern women are not such slaves as they are represented. Do you ladies see, almost all the songs in Arabic begin with woman and end with her? This shows the extreme reverence, attachment, and love of man to woman.

No. 7.

When they change sails of the dahabie, they sing as follows:—



Largo. Solo. Coro. Ped. an. Solo. Coro.

He, Li - sa! He, Li - sa! He - le, he - le, he - le, he - le,

Solo. Coro. Solo. Coro.

a - bu - tig. He - le, he - le, uel ne ke - le, he - le, he - le,

Solo. Coro. Solo. Coro.

he - le, he - le, he - le, he - le, Salem, ia sa - lem, Salem, ia sa - lem!

TRANSLATION.

Solo. He, Lisa!

Coro. He, Lisa!

Solo. Hele, Hele!

Coro. (Repeat always Hele, Hele.)

Solo. Abutig.

Coro. Hele, &c.

Solo. Uel Nekele!

Coro. Hele,

Solo. Hele, Hele!

Coro. Hele!

Solo. Salem iasalem!

Coro. Salem iasalem!

Solo. He, Lisa!

Coro. He, Lisa!

COMMENTARY.

"He, Lisa!" is explained at No. 1. This exclamation is very often used. "Hele, Hele!" is a conventional name. "Abutig" is the name of a village of Upper Egypt; and Nekele is another. These two names are used to complete the rhyme.

No. 8.

When they row at night, on coming down they sing the following:—

Andante. Solo. Coro.

Il leh il leh il le li, Il leh il leh il le li. Always repeat the 1st verse coro.

Solo. Coro. Solo. Coro.

Leh ma-tgi-ni lab nai ia, li leh il leh il le li. Uenrauch bet sa-la-me, li

Solo. coro.

leh il leh il le li. Al - a - mes - ril ca - he - ra,

Solo. coro. Solo. coro.

Una-col alc - ma ah - le - na. Un-ar-gia la - ba - ni Su - ef.

Solo. coro. Solo. coro.

Ua - i - la il a os - uan. He, Li - sa! He, Li - sa!

TRANSLATION.

Solo. Illeh, Illeh, Illeli !

Coro. Repeat *Illeh, Illeh, Illeli.*)

Solo. Why don't you come, O girl?

Coro.

Solo. And we go in peace,

Coro.

Solo. To Cairo, the oppressor,

Coro.

Solo. And we will see the beloved ones.

Coro.

Solo. And we eat bread with our families.

Coro.

Solo. And we will come back in peace.

Coro.

Solo. To Beni Suef,

Coro.

Solo. And to Osuan ;

Coro.

Solo. He, Lisa !

Coro. He, Lisa !

COMMENTARY.

When the sailors are descending at night, and are rowing, they often sing this—"Illeh Illeh, Illeli," with other expressions seen in the translation. They use the name of the village called Illeh, because it is harmonious. At the end the leader of the choir cuts short his solo, without any finale, or he says Allah Iainuciabab ! (God help the youths.) The others answer "Oscit !" (live.)

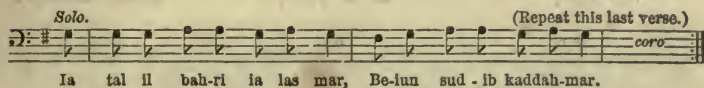
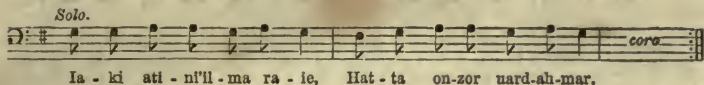
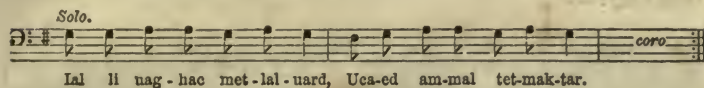
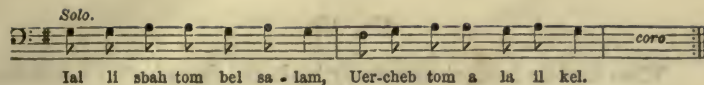
No. 9.

In the morning they sing the following:—

Moderato. Solo.

Sbah il ker ia sbah il ker, Sbah il ker ia ugh il ker.

Always repeat the 1st verse coro.



TRANSLATION.

Solo. Good morning, O good morning, good morning; O face,
of goodness.

Coro. (Repeat always the first verse with the same air. See the
music.)

Solo. You who have come safe to the morning, and ride on the
horses.

Coro.

Solo. Thou who hast cheeks like roses, and art cheering up
thyself.

Coro.

Solo. Brother, give me the glass to look at the crimson roses.

Coro.

COMMENTARY.

In the morning they sing the good morning song; because it is called the song of good omen. They first of all wish good morning to the morning; afterwards they congratulate those who arrived at the morning alive, and had already taken a ride on horses. Then they flatter the traveller (if he cannot understand Arabic), by singing to him: "O thou," &c. They make him say, "Brother (meaning lad or servant), give me," &c.

No. 10.

When the boat is struck on a sandy bank, and the sailors try to free it;
they sing :—

Solo Largo un poco *Coro.* *Solo.* *Coro.*

He, Li - sa! He, Li - sa! Ia na - bi - na, He, he, ia Li - sa,

Solo. *Repeat always this first verse* *Solo.* *Coro.* *Solo.*

ia rsul Allah, in al godan, godan muslemin,

Solo. *Coro.* *Solo.* *Coro.* *Solo.*

uersel al ha - ua, ha - ua bah-ri, unem-ci ta-icb

Solo. *Coro.* *Solo.* *Coro.*

metil il kei, He, Li - sa, He, Li - sa! Allalain alce - bab! Ocset!

TRANSLATION.

Solo. He, Lisa!

Coro. He, Lisa!

Solo. O our Prophet,

Coro. (Repeat always He, He ialisa; ia is the particle calling
O Lisa.)

Solo. O Prophet of God,

Coro. He.

Solo. Help the youths;

Coro. He.

Solo. The Mussulman youths.

Coro.

Solo. Send us the wind,

Coro.

Solo. The north wind,

Coro.

Solo. And let us walk fast.

Coro.

Solo. Like horses,

Coro.

Solo. He, Lisa!

Coro. He, Lisa!

COMMENTARY.

They use these exclamations to the Prophet that he may help them to free the boat from the shoals when it is struck on them. They begin always with Lisa. In 1850, when I was ascending the Nile with Captain P., for the first time, there occurred a very amusing jest about Lisa; and as it is a very pleasing one I think it would be *à proposito* to relate it:—There was amongst our crew one named Mohammed; his age was between eighteen and nineteen; his blaspheming tongue (and sometimes facetious), seemed to have been in the same school as his Prophet. His parents had contracted him to a young baby, when he himself was a babe too, that these two little nice darling babes should be one day united, to keep up the fruits of their family tree. As both babes were of tender age, and *non compotes sui*, they were not able to know and comprehend what a game matrimony was. Both parents of the betrothed babes were sure that when they grew up they would certainly like each other, and so form a *copia si tenera cosi fedel*. Mohammed at the age of fourteen saw his betrothed (then a girl, and not a baby), for the first time, and did not feel or conceive the slightest inclination towards her; and he protested that he never would marry her. To free himself from such a *trappola*, he, according to the Mussulman law, was obliged to pay her certain sums of money. The sailors were aware of his story, and their merriments were always at the expense of the poor lad and his rejected. He being the cook of the crew, was often exempted from towing the dahabie with the others, when the wind failed. So it happened that the sailors were urging along the dahabie, after passing Thebes, and Mohammed was alone in the boat cooking lentils for them (the lentils are a common dish of the Egyptian sailors). At sunset the wind blew, and the tired sailors shouted for joy “Nasckor Allah!” (thank God), and one said, “Iamohammed, shorten the sail;” another, “Take the loban;” another, “Bind the ciagul” (the end of the sails); another, “Prepare the lentils, we are coming;” and all cried out “Hee, Iamohammed, Lisa’s coming! Hee, thy wife, here she is.” He at first sustained with patience all these attacks; but, as the sailors were going on with their merriments, he threw away the wooden spoon with which

he was mixing the lentils, the ciagul, and broke forth against them: "Alciaitan Iakoz coll almorakbie, ualisa, uaomlisa (the devil take all the boatmen, and Lisa, and the mother of Lisa). "Taridu actar min de" (Do you want more than this)? "Allah iolan genscom, gens Farun" (God curse your race, race of Faron). "Taridu aamal lacom altabbak, ualmarakbi, ualkadem ualciaitan bafard marrah" (Do you want me to make the cook, sailor, servant, and the devil at one time)? We all laughed heartily, and passed a very merry evening. After that the sailors had entered the dahabie he became as good-natured as ever, and advocated his cause to them, and succeeded. I recollect that Captain P. at the end of our journey gave him (besides his handsome bachshish, with all the others) a beautiful pair of scissors, saying: "Iamohammed, I think these scissors may be useful to you, because you will give them to your betrothed to cut out your clothes." All the sailors admired the beautiful speech of the Captain, and more so his well-timed jest, and laughed very much. Mohammed thanked the Captain, and went behind the mast muttering some unintelligible sounds. After two or three minutes he looked at the scissors and said to me: "Uallah Iakauagia Iusef, these are too beautiful for the ugly face of Halima (the name of his betrothed, which means pious). Do you think that I will give them to her? I will give her the tomb if I can." I upbraided him, and said: "It is a wicked thing to wish evil to any one, and it does not belong to you to give her the tomb, but the sum of money to free yourself from the contract. Do you understand?" He could not answer, and the sailors said to him: "My boy, you do not know whom you are talking to. Alkauagia Iusef is not a Frangi to be laughed at."

No. 11.

When they twist the cord round their necks to drag the boat, they shout the following:—

He, lauadi ma-dan. Coro. He, lauadi ma-dan.

Solo. He, ia-god an, Coro. He

TRANSLATION.

Solo. He, O valley of Madan!

Coro. He, O valley of Madan!

Solo. He ee!

Coro. The same.

Solo. God preserve the brave,

Coro. Answer: Long life!

COMMENTARY.

When it is calm and the sailors go out to dry the boat, they sing the following solo: "He iauadi Madan!" (O valley of Madan). Uadi Madan is a province belonging to Egypt, and it is situated up the Blue Nile, twelve days' journey from Kartum by land, and fifteen by the Nile, if the wind is favourable. This province cost the Egyptians a great deal of trouble and many victims before it was subdued. In the ancient time, the Egyptians used to capture slaves there; but when it became a province of Egypt, that cruelty was stopped. There is a law (which gives great credit to Abbas Pacha), that none can capture slaves in the Egyptian dominions, either on the frontier of Abyssinia, or in Sennar on the White Nile. The sailors use this exclamation to humble the inhabitants of Uadi Madan, and to show them, that although they had resisted in their valley for some time before the brave children of Rif, they knelt before them as slaves at last. (Rif is an elegant Arabic word, and means a delightful garden or a fertile country, for its copious water. The negroes call Egypt Rif for its fertile land.) The Coro repeat the same exclamation and air.

No. 12.

This is a Nubian air:—

Canto Nubian. Solo. *Repeat the same air, Coro.*

An - dar - ba - dic, an - dar - ba - di, uo le a ziz an - dar - ba - di.

TRANSLATION.

Solo. Child, child of dear mother, thou speakest Arabic like the crow of the young cock.

Coro. (Repeat always the first verse with its melody.)

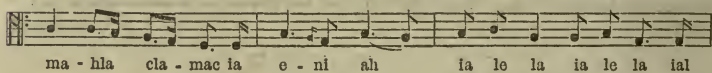
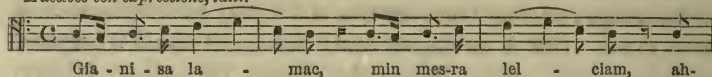
COMMENTARY.

This song is Nubian, and is sung by the Nubian sailors when they come down from Uadi Halfe to Osuan. It is for solo and coro. The coro repeat always the first verse, with the same melody: and the solo also repeats the same melody with different words. It begins on a child, and finishes on his mother. "Thou dear child of thy dear mother," says the song, "speakest Arabic like a young cock; but thy mother speaks with her eyes and heart, and makes every one understand what she desires"—*satis superque*. I knew the other verses *per extensum*, but I lost the little book in which I had written them; I am not sorry for that, but regret the other notes and songs, both Arabic and Nubian, which I had in my former journey on the Nile, and copied them in the same little book. As I did not intend publishing those notes I neglected them, and now I regret deeply their loss; but *post factum lauda*.

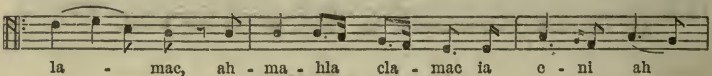
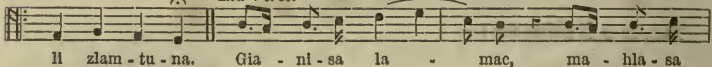
No. 13.

When they wish to amuse themselves at night, they sing in Coro as follows:—

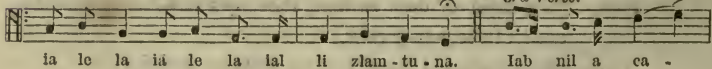
Maestoso con espressione, tutti.

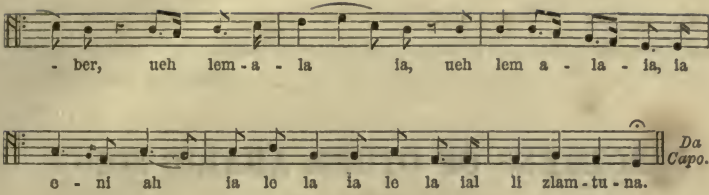


2nd Verse.



3rd Verse.





TRANSLATION.

Thy salute came to me from Cairo to Damascus.
 O, how sweet are thy words to me !
 O, how sweet is thy salute !
 O, son of a great people, do me the favour.
 O, my eyes ; O you, who had oppressed us !

COMMENTARY.

These two lines are the answer of a girl to her lover, as is easily seen. She was at Damascus, and her lover at Cairo. He wrote her a letter with some poetry, and she answered him with two lines ; that is to say : "Thy salute came," &c. The music of these two lines is really beautiful and expressive.

SPECIMENS OF OTHER ARABIC SONGS,

WITHOUT THE MUSIC.

No. 1.

WHEN the sailors or others are in society, passing a merry evening, then one is invited to sing a mual (ritornello, an epigram). This may be either on love, native land, absence of a beloved person, or on the deeds of a brave man. The muallil (the plural of mual, which properly means an object which goes and comes back), are generally about love, and begin always with the same exordium, "Ialeli" (O my night).

Every one knows that the Arabs were once extremely civilised, and possessed the sciences of the most sublime spheres. At one epoch they had about seventy poets, and they were almost all of the same class. These, besides their compositions on brave men and pathetic subjects, had written on love. As the majority of the muallil are on love, and the bazaar of love is generally open at night, they always begin them with Ialeli (O my night). After the invocation to the night (which invocation is always sung with great taste), the singer begins to sing the mual word by word (it is impossible to adopt their manner of singing it to European music), repeating it with different melody, and cadence according to its weight; especially if it is the name of some girl, her rosy cheeks, or sparkling eyes. Every time the singer arrives at such a sweet name, the hearers groan deeply Hee! like many hungry wolves or wounded stags. The following mual is on a covetous man, who never did good to any one:—

"They told me the covetous died. I said: the living one has got rid of him. He (covetous) was dead in the world when living, because he never bestowed charity on any. God will make him meet with fire, which shall burn him cruelly."

Prosit. Mr. Covetous.

If there is any covetous, who will read this mual, I hope that he may trample on his avarice, and be generous, to have a good song of *requiescat in pace* after his death.

No. 2.

MUAL.—A youth sings to his beloved one sitting opposite to him on the top of a high mountain, without being able to join her; because there was flowing down the valley below a rapid stream, which prevented him passing. He was almost in despair. Seeing his beloved sitting on the top of the mountain opposite, he began to sing:—

“Ialeli (O my night). I was sitting on the top of a high mountain, and between me and my beloved, flowed a great river. I was clapping my hands and shouting: Why didst thou not come before the stream became impassable? Why didst thou not write to me on paper and forward it? Ialeli, Ialeli, O my loss!”

No. 3.

MUAL.—A young girl speaking to her lover:—

“Ialeli! O, my lover; O, most beloved. Why didst thou disappear from me? Why didst thou not moisten (irrigate) thy love, which thou hadst planted in my heart? Ah! severing a budding love is a pain, whose weight none, except those who are transfixed with it, can perceive.”

No. 5.

The answer of the lover to her:—

“O my rose, my eyes, my heart, and my soul, I have no rest! Thou knowest my heart, and I thine. I am burning for thee as you are for me. But the time is near when we shall rest on the downs of Naam (bed made of ostrich feathers). Rejoice! rejoice!”

No. 5.

A young girl, speaking to her lover in her letter as follows :—

“Ialeli! thy person (form) is sitting on my head, amongst my garland of pearls, roses, and jessamine; thy beautiful eyes are always before mine, and prevent me from embroidering thee the cap. O! Lilleh taali (O! for the sake of God, come), do not delay any longer. My heart palpitates when thy sweet name gently touches my lips; then my eyes rain a stream of love. I want you to come, O my beloved! I want you to come! Come quick to rejoice!”

No. 6.

The Arabs (as I mentioned in note 1, chap. 9) are rude in their life, but naturally eloquent in their expressions. Every Arab is able to compose a mual *ex abrupto*, according to the theme proposed by the person who requests it. When the Arabs travel at night they occupy themselves by singing muallil, to banish sleep, and to lessen the feeling of fatigue, and because both camels and dromedaries like their songs, and travel more freely. Here is a song of the Arab Ababde on themselves crossing the Desert. They envy the inhabitants of Bagdad, because they are surrounded by water and live in a paradise :—

“I got up in the morning and prayed to the Prophet, O fortune of the fortunate, O inhabitants of Bagdad!”

This second one is of the same Arabs on Mecca the celebrated :—

“Three colours, O three colours, are seen in Mecca, mother of the world, country of Damascus! (it means Syria.) Three colours, O three colours on thy seat, O leader of the Arabs and their beasts! Thou hast thy balance in the centre of the world.”

They say “three colours, O three colours,” because when the Moham-medans go to visit Mecca they have their banners of red, green, and yellow (the half moon in the middle is white). This is the reason why they sing three colours. “Mecca, mother of the world,” because they believe

that Mecca had been chosen by the holy Prophet of God (Mohammed) for his house of holiness. "Country of Damascus," because all the Moslem of Syria go there every year to visit it. "Thou leader," "Hast thy balance." They say that Mecca is situated in the centre of the world, where the day and night are always of the same length of time, that is to say twelve hours the day and twelve hours the night.

This song is of the Arab Cobabish who dwell near Cordofan, and it is beautiful :—

"Eat from both sides, O eater! eat from both sides, O eater! thy mother Fserieh, and thy father Cobbasieh."

To understand this it must be known that the Arabs Cobabish possess the finest male dromedaries, as well for bodily beauty as for their speed and long endurance of fatigue. The other tribe of Arabs called Fserieh, who dwell near to the Cobabish, have the finest female dromedaries. The Cobabish, from having the finest dromedaries, cross the breed with that of the Fserieh, and from this mixture they obtain only the finest male dromedaries. The female dromedaries of such mixture are not so handsome as those from the same father and mother of the same race. This is one of the mysteries of nature. When the Arab Cobabish travel they sing that song to remind the dromedary of his high race.

Now I have done, courteous reader, with these short notes or comments, because every one comprehends these songs better. You must know that my comment has its basis on the worthy authority of the Egyptian sailors, and you must excuse me if you expected more songs or longer description of those places of Nigritia which are very seldom visited, having known my bad state of health. If I go another time to those places I hope to study every song with its melody, and get you every minute information about the inhabitants, both Negroes and Arabs. "Osct" (Long life to thee!)

ERRATA.

Page 35, line 11, *for* hearing *read* leaving; page 46, line 5, *for* soon *read* saw; page 48, line 4, *for* I *read* and; page 49, line 8, *for* parienza *read* pazienza; page 61, line 4, *for* bill *read* beak; page 62, line 13, *for* Mohammed *read* Abdolhamid; page 64, line 19, *for* Palma *read* palm; page 69, line 7, *for* Abuhamed *read* Abdolhamid; page 83, line 13, *for* ascorciatura *read* accorciatura; page 128, line 16, *for* Pyllianum *read* Ryllianum; *idem*, *for* madait *read* maduit; page 153, line 2, *for* doku *read* dokn; page 157, line 6, *for* better *read* bitter; *idem*, line 9, *for* Iakauagia *read* Ilkauagia; page 161, line 14, *for* were *read* are; page 167, line 14, *for* Fasciar *read* Fasciak; page 183, line 5, *for* Barum *read* Barnu; page 185, note, *for* Lob Lobaied *read* Lobaied; page 186, line 1, *for* Barum *read* Barnu; page 189, line 14, *for* he, *read* we; *idem*, line 18, *for* mistle *read* myrtle; *idem*, line 20, *for* Prihan *read* Rrihan, always so; page 190, line 16, *for* profiscere *read* proficiscere; page 199, line 12, *for* Ahsamn *read* Ahsan; page 202, title, *for* convalescent *read* convalescence; *idem*, line 2, *for* Gabir *read* Giaber; page 203, line 21, *for* I, *read* we; page 204, line 28, *for* Barum *read* Barnu; page 229, line 4, *for* seven months, *read* seventy years; page 238, line 5, *for* of the *read* after; page 242, line 10, *for* faciamas *read* faciamus; *idem*, line 10, *for* anim *read* anima; page 270, line 23, *for* Doni *read* Dom; page 272, line 9, *for* names *read* name; page 292, line 24, *for* Sabusa *read* Sabua; page 305, line 20, *for* examia, *read* eximia.

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