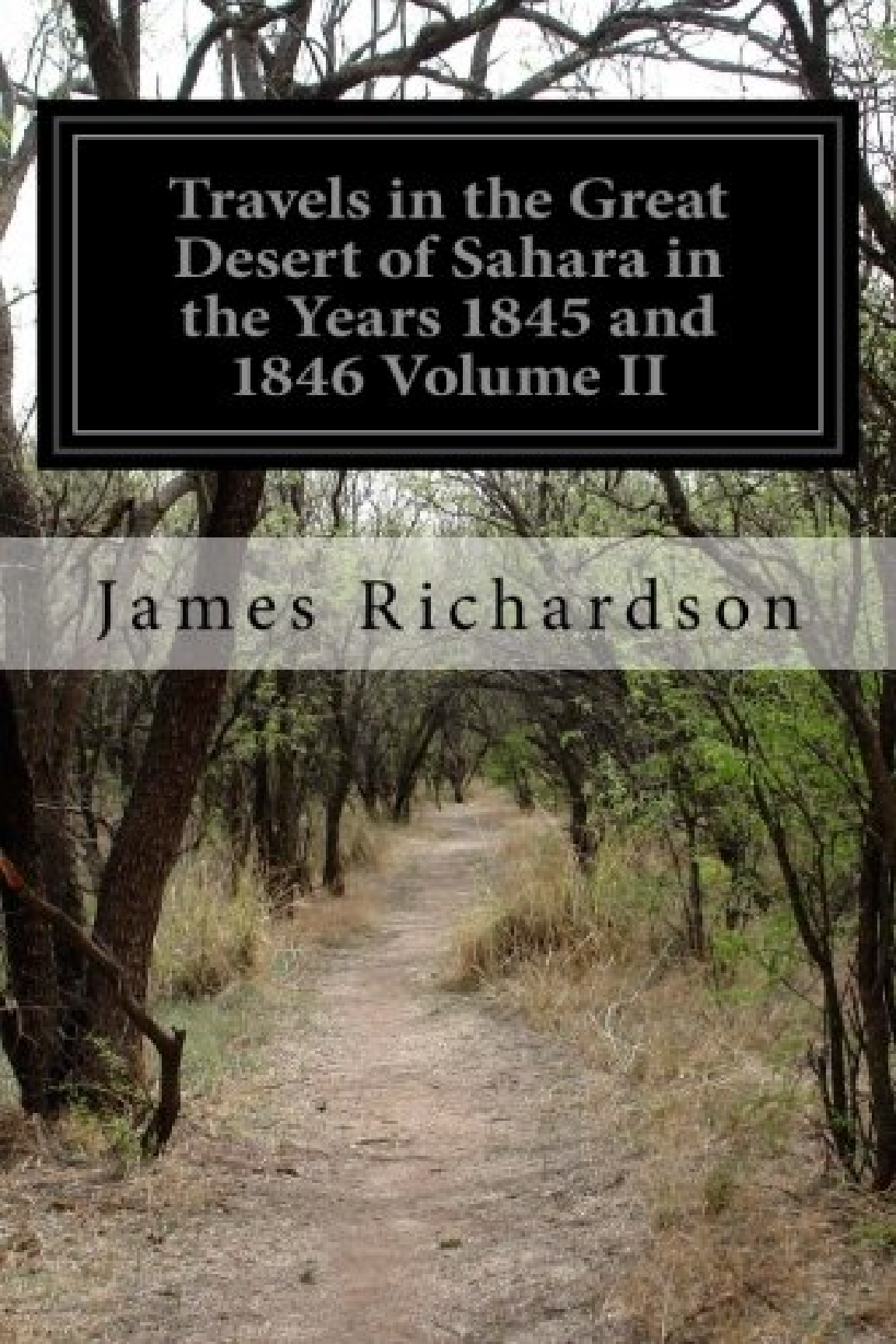

Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara in the Years 1845 and 1846 Volume II
James Richardson

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Title: Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara, in the Years of 1845 and 1846

Author: James Richardson

Release date: July 17, 2007 [eBook #22094]
Most recently updated: August 4, 2026

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/22094

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TRAVELS

IN

THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA,

IN THE YEARS OF 1845 AND 1846.

CONTAINING

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES, DURING A TOUR OF NINE MONTHS THROUGH THE DESERT, AMONGST THE TOUARICKS AND OTHER TRIBES OF SAHARAN PEOPLE;

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF

THE OASES AND CITIES OF GHAT, GHADAMES, AND MOURZUK.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.

Φωνὴ βοῶντος ἐν τῇ ἐρήμῳ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

M.D.CCC.XLVIII.

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LONDON: HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS, 45, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

Transcriber's Notes

1. On page 249 of Vol. II, there is a possible line missing. A period has been changed to a comma and marked. See the original page image for details.

2. 'th' in dates has been italicised consistently.

3. There are numerous spelling inconsistencies in proper and place names as well as within accented characters. These have been left as printed.

4. A list of illustrations has been created for Volume II. Illustrations have

been titled with the text from the illustration lists.

5. The remaining corrections made are indicated by dotted lines under the corrections. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

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M.D.CCC.XLVIII.



JAMES RICHARDSON ESQ[R.]
In the Ghadamsee Costume.
ENGRAVED BY GEORGE COOK FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.
London: Richard Bentley, 1848.

LONDON

HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,

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MAP
ILLUSTRATING
THE TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES
OF
JAMES RICHARDSON
IN
THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA
BY
JAMES WYLD
GEOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN
London, Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, 1848.
ENGRAVED BY J. WYLD, CHARING CROSS EAST

INTRODUCTION.

THE sentiment of Antiquity—that "The life of no man is pleasing to the gods which is not useful to his fellows,"—has been my guiding principle of action during the last twelve years of my life. To live for my own simple and sole gratification, to have no other object in view but my own personal profit and renown, would be to me an intolerable existence. To be useful, or to attempt to be useful, in my day and generation, was the predominant motive which led me into The Desert, and sustained me there, alone and unprotected, during a long and perilous journey.

But, in presenting this work to the British public, I have to state, that it is only *supplementary* and *fragmentary*. If, therefore, any one were to judge of the results of my Saharan Tour merely by what is here given, he would do me a great injustice. I had expected, by this time, that certain Reports on the Commerce and Geography of The Great Desert, as well as a large Map of the Routes of this part of Africa, would have been given to the public. It is not my fault that their publication is still delayed. I can only regret it, because what I am now publishing comes *first*, instead of *last*, and consequently deranges my plan, the following pages being, indeed, *supplementary* to the Reports and Map. I come, therefore, before the public with no small disadvantage.

With regard to these supplementary and fragmentary extracts from my journal, I have also to state, they consist only of about two-thirds of the journal. For the present, I deemed it prudent to suppress the rest. But this likewise may disturb the harmony and mar

the completeness of the work. However, if these portions of the journal are favourably received, other extracts may yet be published.

On entering The Desert, my principal object was to ascertain how and to what extent the Saharan Slave-Trade was carried on; although but a comparatively small portion of the following pages is devoted to this subject. I have already reported fully on this traffic, and it was unnecessary to go over the ground again, which might defeat, by disagreeable repetitions and endless details, the object which I have in view,—that of exciting an abhorrence of the Slave-Trade in the hearts of my fellow countrymen and countrywomen.

In these published extracts from my journal, I have endeavoured to give a truthful and faithful picture of the Saharan Tribes; their ideas, thoughts, words, and actions; and, where convenient, I have allowed them to speak and act for themselves. This is the main object which I have undertaken to accomplish in this Narrative of my Personal Adventures in The Sahara. The public must, and will, I doubt not, judge how far I have succeeded, and award me praise or blame, as may be my desert. If I have failed, I shall not abandon myself to despair, but shall console myself with the thought that I have done the best I was able to do under actual circumstances, and in my then state of health. It would, indeed, ill become me to shrink from public criticism, after having braved the terrors and hardships of The Desert. However, the publication of this journal may induce others to penetrate The Desert,—persons better qualified, and more ably and perfectly equipped than myself, and who may so accomplish something more permanently advantageous than what I have been

able to compass. Acting, then, as pioneer to others, my Saharan labours will not be fruitless.

But, if any persons obstinately object to the style and matters of my Narrative of Desert Travel, I shall likewise as obstinately endeavour to hold my ground. To all such I say,—"Go to now, ye objectors and gainsayers, and do better." My mission was *motu proprio*, and I plunged in The Desert without your permission. But I am but one of the two hundred millions of Europe. You can surely get volunteers. You have the money, the rank, the patronage, and the learned and philanthropic Societies of Europe at your back. Send others; inspire them yourselves, and they may produce something which you like better than what I have given you. If I am not orthodox enough,—if I have not reviled the Deism of The Desert sufficiently to your taste,—send those who will. A little less zeal in Exeter Hall, and a little more in The Desert, would do neither you nor the world any harm. A little less clamour about Church orthodoxy, or any other doxy[1], and a little more anxiety for the welfare of all mankind, would infinitely more become you, as Englishmen and Christians, and be more in harmony with that divine injunction, which sent out the first teachers of Christianity amongst the Greeks and Barbarians, in The City and The Desert, to preach the Gospel to every creature under heaven. If I be too much of an abolitionist, send one who admires slavery, and who will write up the Slave-Trade of The Desert. I have written in my way: you write in your way. If my pages disclose no discoveries in science, this I can only lament. When a man has no science in him, or no education in science, he can give you none. But what are your European Societies of Science for? Are they play-things, or are they serious affairs? Have

you neither money nor zeal to equip a scientific expedition to The Desert? If not, I cannot help you. By the way, I was astonished to receive, since my return, a note from one of your eminent geologists, repudiating and protesting against all knowledge of the subject of "The Geology of The Desert." And The Desert is a fifth part of the African Continent! Yet this gentleman dogmatizes and theorizes on all geological formations, and can tell the whole history of the geology of our planet, from the first moment when it was bowled by the hand of The Omnipotent in the immensity of space, of suns and systems! If such presumption and self-willed ignorance discover themselves in great men, what are we to expect of little men?

In the following pages, I have encroached upon my Reports, to describe several of the Oases of The Desert, besides giving as much of the routes as was necessary to render the Narrative of my journey intelligible. But this is all I could conscientiously do. For the rest of the geographical information, the public must wait.

I return for a moment to the traffic in slaves. Born with an innate hatred of oppression, whatever form, or shape, or name it may take, and under what modes soever it may be developed, mentally or bodily, in chaining men down under a political despotism, or in forging for them a creed and forcing it on their consciences,—I have, since I could exercise the power of reflection, always looked upon the traffic in human flesh and blood as the most gigantic system of wickedness the world ever saw; and which I most deplore, in this our late, more humane and enlightened age, stands forth and raises its horrid head, impiously defying Heaven! In very

truth, it is a system of crime, which dares

"Defy the Omnipotent to arms!"

The reader must, therefore, excuse the language with which I have execrated this traffic in the pages of my Journal. There may be some men who think it no crime to buy and sell their fellow-men; I have seen many such amongst the Moslems. But he who thinks the traffic in slaves to be a crime against the human race, has a right to denounce it accordingly. I must therefore make a few preliminary observations, though painful to my feelings.

It is notorious that the agitations of the Anti-Corn-Law League have given very lately a powerful impulse to the Slave-Trade, and slaves have risen in Cuba to 30 and 50 per cent. above their previous average value, since *slave* sugar has been admitted upon the same terms, or nearly so, as *free-labour* sugar, into England. This is entirely the work of The League. Some of these gentlemen think we must have cheap sugar at any risk, at any cost, even if wetted with the blood of the slaves. A ridiculous incident occurs to me. I once saw a child frightened into a dislike for white loaf sugar, by holding up a piece to the candle, and pretending it dropped blood. But there is no delusion or metaphor here, for the sugars of slave-plantations are really obtained by the blood-whippings and scourgings of the victimized slaves!

As to Cobden, his Cobdenites, and Satellites, they would sell their own souls, and the whole human race into bondage, to have a free trade in slaves and sugar. This new generation of impostors—who teach that all virtue and happiness consist in buying in the cheapest, and selling in the dearest markets—are

now dogging at the heels of Government, in combination with the West India agents, to get them to re-establish a species of mitigated Slave-Trade, because, forsooth, there should be right and liberty to buy and sell a man, as there is right and liberty to buy and sell a beast.

I am not an enemy to Free Trade. I have duly noticed and praised the free-trade mart of Ghat, and shown how it prospers in comparison with the restricted system of the Turks, prevalent at Mourzuk. But this I do say, the case of Slavery was an exceptional case, as the Ten Hours' Factory Bill was an exceptional case in the regulation and restriction of labour. I fear, however, there are some of the Leaguers so outrageous in their advocacy of abstract principles, that they would have a free-trade in vice—a free-trade in consigning people to perdition! They are of the calibre of the men who wielded that dread engine of the "Reign of Terror," the "Committee of Public Safety," and made it death to speak a word against the "One Indivisible Republic[2]." These Leaguers are bent upon establishing an equal, although differently-formed, tyranny amongst us, and we cannot too soon and too energetically resist their odious and intolerable pretensions.

But I know not, whether these civil tyrants be so bad as the spiritual tyrants who have just set up for themselves what they call a "Free Kirk." These reverend gentlemen have received the fruits of the blood of the slaves, employed on the laborious fields of the Southern States of America, to build up their new Free Church, pretending they have a Divine right to receive the value of the forced-labour of slaves, and quoting Scripture like the Devil himself. When called upon to refund they refuse, and make

the contributions of the Presbyterian slave-dealers of the United States a sort of corner-stone of their Free Kirk. Why these priests of religion out-O'Connell-O'Connell, who point-blank refused, for the support of his sham Repeal, and sent back contemptuously, the dollars spotted and tainted with the blood of the slaves! . . . . . It is the old story, the old trick of our good friends, the Scottish divines, and their old leaven of Scottish fanaticism. We know them of ancient date. We have read a line of Milton, who in his time so admirably resisted their bigotry. It is immortal like all that our divine bard wrote. Here is the line—

> "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

The Free Kirk has cut its connexion with the State, because it says the State wishes to enslave its ministers. Yet it has no objection to receive monies from the slave-holders in America. The Free Kirk will build up its boasted freedom on the wasting blood and bones of the unhappy children of Africa! Why, indeed, should these Scottish divines, headed by the Presbyters Candlish and Cunningham, seek or advocate the freedom of the slaves held by their fellow Presbyters of the United States? Is it not enough that they seek and maintain their own freedom, and at whatsoever cost? Have they not received the pro-slavery mantle of the late venerated Dr. Chalmers, and can they, poor pigmies, possibly shake it off? Would it not be impious to do so? No, they cannot,—dare not do this. For, as it was said by Lord George Bentinck, of a quondam champion of the people, in the last Session of Parliament, "Liberty is on their tongues, but despotism is in their hearts."

What can be more humiliating to a generous and tolerant mind, than to see a body of Christian ministers struggling to obtain by a Parliamentary enactment, the cession of plots of land for building of churches for the worship of God in liberty and truth, from the tyrannical holders of the soil; and, at the same time, this very body of priests does not scruple to receive the money of American slave-holders, to build and endow these self-same churches? Such incredible inconsistency makes one sick at heart, and inclined to question the existence of Christian feelings in the professors and teachers of Christianity!

It is deeply to be deplored that our Anti-Slavery Society confines itself so much to protests, and what it calls "the moral principle." No people of the world has done more for the liberties of Africa than the Society of Friends in England, and no people more admirably exemplify in their conduct the humane and pacific morals of Christianity. But when the Founder of our religion resisted his enemies by the remonstrance, "Why strikest thou me?" something more was meant than a protest. We have had lately a *triste* example of the end of protests in a neighbouring country. The annual protest of the French Chamber of Deputies against the extinction of the nationality of Poland, not only ended in barren results, and excited public ridicule, but actually terminated in the triumph of the nefarious scheme against which it was made. Never was a country so humiliated as France in this case!—Its Chief, the Sovereign of its choice, consenting at the time, to the damning act of the extinction of Polish nationality, for the sake of accomplishing a low and scandalous family intrigue in Spain! This was something more than ridiculous, and is one of the many infamies of

our age, perpetrated on so large a scale. Now, I do not assert, that the protests of the Anti-Slavery Society will end in the re-enactment of the Slave-Trade by the British Parliament. But the last and present Sessions of Imperial Parliament, show symptoms of our country abandoning Africa, after the labours of half a century, to all the horrors of the Slave-Trade. Mr. P. Borthwick and Mr. Hume, more especially the latter, pleaded, in conjunction with others, during last Session, for the withdrawal of the British cruisers from off the Western Coast of Africa, and free trade in emigration, if not in slaves. In this good work, of course, they have the sympathies of the Anti-Slavery Free Trading League. Some of our journals opine, in their late articles, that a change has come over the spirit of our abolition dream, and suggest that the clerk, in charge of the Anti-Slavery Papers at the Foreign Office, is an old antiquated, superannuated being. In a word, these journals and Mr. Hume's pro-slavery clique, see no reason why Great Britain should not exhibit to this and succeeding ages, the most dreadful bad faith in the case of British abolition. They would have us say to the world:—"All our Anti-Slavery efforts, our Parliamentary enactments against Slavery, our huge blue books of published Anti-Slavery papers, our protocols and treaties with Foreign Powers, all, each, and singular, are one grand organized system of selfishness and hypocrisy." I know very well that, in general, foreigners give us no credit whatever for our anti-slavery feelings and public acts for the suppression of the Slave-Trade. This they have reiterated in my ears. And, how can they give us credit for sincerity in abolition, when our public men and public writers call for something like the re-enactment of the British Slave-Trade?—and, whilst

our quondam champions of Free Churches receive the blood-stained money of slave-labour to build up their new ecclesiastical establishments? Mankind reason from actions, and not from verbal or written declarations. Our Act of Abolition, and the famous twenty millions, are not such wonderful things after all, when we owed a hundred millions to the descendants of our slaves. We were also nearly half a century in abolishing the traffic, after it had been denounced as robbery and murder by our highest and greatest statesmen, Pitt and Fox[3]. This slowness of our work has given the cue to the suspicions of our national enemies; and, certainly, to use a gross vulgarism, has "taken out the shine," or very much dimmed the lustre of this great act of justice to the African race.

Here I cannot restrain myself from giving a word of caution to the working-classes of our country, to those more especially who head the new "National Society," and form other and similar leagues. You say the politicians of the Anti-Corn Law League are your men; you adore your Humes, and Duncombes, and Wakleys. You, English democrats, or reformers, as you may call yourselves, admire the self-government and cheap government of the Transatlantic Model Republic. You do well. But now read some of their latest handiworks, without note or comment on my part. The violent impulse given to the Slave-Trade in Cuba and the Brazils—the advocacy of a free trade in Slaves by the Leaguers in and out the British Parliament—the invasion and subjugation of Mexico, on the joint principles of lust of conquest and the extension of Slavery. Deny these facts if you can. Learn, then, to think, there may be democracy and republicanism without liberty or freedom.

I pray God, that the protests and public appeals and remonstrances to Government of the Anti-Slavery Society may not end in barren results. But if the Leaguers and Democrats have their own way, its voice, though just and righteous, will be at length reduced to a faint cry, a last shriek of despair—overwhelmed by the loud laughs and jeers of the fiends, which possess the dealers in human flesh and blood, and surround unhappy and doomed Africa with a cordon of rapine and murder, of blood and flames!

"Where the vultures and vampires of
Mammon resort,
Where Columbia exulting drains
Her life-blood from Africa's veins,
Where the image of God is accounted as
base,
And the image of Cæsar set up in its
place."

If I were asked, "What can be done for Africa?" I should reply with no new thing, no nostrums of my own concocting, but what has been reiterated again and again. Teach her children to till the soil—to cultivate available exports by which they may obtain in exchange, through the medium of a legitimate commerce, the European products and manufactures necessary for their use and enjoyment. Until this be done, nothing effectual will be done. In vain you send missionaries of religion, or agents of abolition; in vain you contract treaties with the Princes of Africa. It is humiliating to think, equally a disgrace to our religion as to our civilization, that our connexion with Africa has only served to plunge her into deeper misery and profounder degradation. With truth we here may apply the strong censure of a

Chinese Emperor, "That the march of Christians is whitened with human bones." Wherever we have touched her western shores there our footsteps have been marked with blood and devastation. We have fostered and encouraged within the heart of Africa have fostered and encouraged within the heart of Africa the most odious and unnatural passions. We have sell his child, the brother to sell the sister, the husband the wife, into thrice-accursed and again accursed slavery! We have done all and more than this, whilst we have convulsed every state and kingdom of Africa with war, for the supply of cargoes of human beings. And for what? To cultivate our miserable cotton and sugar plantations! These are the doctrines of mercy and charity which we have taught the poor untutored children of Africa. Happy for poor forlorn, dusky, naked Africa, had she never seen the pale visage or met the Satanic brow of the European Christian! Does any man in his senses, who believes in God and Providence, think that the wrongs of Africa will go on for ever unavenged? Already, has not Providence avenged the wrongs of Africa upon Spain and Portugal, by reducing their national character and consideration to the lowest in the European family of nations? And as to the United States of America, has not the boasted liberty of our Republican countrymen, who colonized America, become a by-word, a hissing, and a scorn, amongst the nations of the earth? Have not these slave-holding Americans committed acts, nationally, within the last few years, which the most absolute Governments of Europe would blush to be guilty of? And what is one of their last acts, on a smaller scale, but not less decisively indicative of their national morality? The New York Bible Society has declared that it will not give the Bible to slaves, even when

they are able to read the Bible! Would the Czar of Russia permit such an impious rule as this to be made by his nobles for their slaves or serfs? Such an action would render the liberties of a thousand republics a mockery, a snare, and a delusion, and their names infamous throughout the world.

And the time of us Englishmen will come next—our day of infamy! unless we show ourselves worthy that transcendant position in which Providence has placed us, at the pinnacle of the empires of Earth, as the leaders and champions of universal freedom.

In noticing the efforts made for raising Africa from her immemorial degradation, we are bound to confess our obligations to the Mahometans for what they have done. If they have extirpated Christianity from the soil of North Africa, and planted, instead of this tree of fair and pure fruit, the more glaring and showy plant of Islamism, they have, at the same time, endeavoured to raise Africa to their own level of demi-civilization. Whilst we condemn their slave-traffic as we condemn our own, we must do justice to the efforts which they have made, by the spread of their creed and the diffusion of their commerce, during a series of ten or twelve centuries, for promoting the civilization of Africa. They have succeeded, they have done infinitely more for Africa than we ourselves. They have organized and established regular governments through all Central Africa, and inculcated a taste for the occupation and the principles of commerce. A great portion of this internal trade is untainted by slavery. Bornou, Soudan, Timbuctoo, and Jinnee, exhibit to us groups of immense and populous cities, all regularly governed and trading with one another. They have abolished human sacrifice, which lingers in our East

India possessions to this day. They have regulated marriage and restrained polygamy. They have made honour and reverence to be paid to grey hairs, superseding the diabolical custom of exposing or destroying the aged. They have introduced a knowledge of reading and writing. The oases of Ghat and Ghadames furnish more children, in proportion, who can read and write, than any of our English towns. The Koran is transcribed in beautiful characters by Negro Talebs on the banks of the Niger. The Moors have likewise introduced many common useful trades into Central Africa. But above all, the Mohammedans have introduced the knowledge of the one true God! and destroyed the fetisch idols. Let us then take care how we arrogate to ourselves the right and fact of civilizing the world. Nay, there cannot be a question, if we would abandon Africa to the Mohammedans, and leave off our man-stealing trade and practices on the Western Coast, the dusky children of the torrid zones would gradually advance in civilization. But is not the bare idea of such an alternative an indelible disgrace to Christendom?

Mr. Cooley, in his learned work, entitled "The Negroland of the Arabs[4]," seems to doubt if the Slave-Trade can be abolished or civilization advanced, in Central Africa, because of the neighbourhood of The Desert. This, however, is transferring the guilt of slavery and of voluntary barbarism, if barbarism can be crime, from the volition of responsible man to a great natural fact, or circumstance of creation—The Desert; and is a style of observation perfectly indefensible, as well as contrary to philosophy and facts. First, we cannot limit the stretch or progress of the Negro mind any more than that of the European intellect. Mr. Cooley

himself admits that the Nigritian people have advanced in civilization. And if they have advanced, why not continue to advance? But so far contrary are facts to Mr. Cooley's theory, that The Desert, instead of being an obstacle to civilization, is favourable to it, whilst the Nigritian countries beyond the influence of The Desert are plunged into deeper barbarism. The reader will only have to compare my account of the Touaricks, with the recently published account of the social state of the kingdom of Dahomy, to convince himself how completely fallacious in application is Mr. Cooley's theory[5]. Slaves, too, abound in thickly populated countries as well as desert countries: witness China and India. The Sahara, also, has its paradisical spots, or oases of enjoyment, as well as its wastes and hardships. It is likewise, not true, that the Saharan tribes depend for their happiness on the possession of slaves, or that life in The Desert is galling and insupportable. Many a happy oasis is without a slave. However this may be, it is always an extremely dangerous line of argument, to represent moral depravity as springing necessarily from certain physical and unalterable circumstances of creation. Finally, to represent The Great Desert as the buttress of the Slave-Trade, is contrary to all our experience. In deserts and mountains we find always the free-men: in soft and luxurious countries we find the slaves. It is not the free-born Touarick who is the slave-dealer, or the stimulator of the slave-traffic, but the Moorish merchant, and the voluptuary on the coast who sends him. All that the Saharan tribes do, is to escort the merchants over The Desert; and they would still escort them over The Desert did they not deal in slaves, carrying on only legitimate commerce.

I may conclude by a word on Discoveries in The

Sahara. It is now twenty years or more since The Sahara was explored, or before my present hap-hazard tour. From what I have seen since my return, and the little encouragement given to this sort of enterprise,—the public of Great Britain being so much occupied with railways, free-trade, and currency questions, educational schemes, and State endowed, or voluntary ecclesiastical establishments, —it is difficult to foresee how and when another tour may be undertaken, or how a tourist will have the heart to make another experiment. Unhappily, the spirit of discovery, like Virtue's self, is difficult to be satisfied with its own reward. Something, however, may in time be expected from the French, who will get restless in their Algerian limits, and make a bold effort to disenthral themselves, by leaping the bounds of the mysterious Sahara. Evidently the French Government have prohibited all isolated attempts. But should their colony succeed, and they must make it succeed, then a grand stroke of policy and action will be struck upon the lines of the Saharan routes, for diverting The Desert trade, if possible, into Algerian channels. We must wait patiently this time for further researches. Necessity propels nations in the march of discovery. England has some considerable stake likewise in the commerce of The Great Desert. But our governmental affairs are so vast, and ramify over so large a space of the world, that it is extremely difficult to get a Minister to strike out a new path, unless he has the sympathies and hearty support of the public with him. And certainly the last thing in the imagination of the British public is the undertaking Discoveries in The Great Desert.

A remark may be made respecting the English spelling of Arabic words and names. I have not

adopted the new system, as very few people understand it. I have endeavoured to represent the sounds of the original words in the ordinary way, giving sometimes the Arabic letters for those who prefer greater correctness. The spelling of Oriental and African names is also occasionally varied for the sake of variety, and sometimes I have written the words in various ways, according to the style of pronunciation amongst different Saharan tribes. I have also omitted accents and italics as much as possible, to avoid confusion and trouble to the printer. With respect to the contents at the head of the chapters, numberless little things and circumstances are besides unavoidably omitted in the enumeration.

I have few acknowledgments to make to those who rendered me assistance in the prosecution of my Saharan tour and researches. I have rather complaints to prefer against professed friends. I was unable to get up in The Desert a single thing, the most trifling, to aid me in my observations, when I had determined to penetrate farther into the interior; whilst, somehow or other, a Memorandum was obtained from the Porte to recal me instead of a Firman to help me on my way. Fortunately I was beyond its power when it arrived at Tripoli, from Constantinople. But if I feel the bitterness of this want of sympathy, and these acts of hostility, I have the pleasure of being triumphant over all the obstacles thrown in my way. I felt freer in The Desert, unloaded by obligations. Indeed, the fewer of these a traveller has, the better. He always supports his trials and privations with lighter spirits and a more cheerful heart. His success is his own, if his failure is his own also. Nevertheless I have not forgotten, nor can I ever forget, to the latest day of

my life, the acts of kindness shown to me by the rude and simple-minded people of The Desert, and I have duly and most scrupulously chronicled them all.

JAMES RICHARDSON.

LONDON,
December, 1847.

POSTSCRIPT.—It is hoped, for the honour and humanity of our Government, that they will resist the clamour to withdraw the Cruisers from the Western Coast of Africa, and that they will NOT WITHDRAW the British Cruisers. If a blow is to be struck, let it be struck at Cuba, or the Brazils, and not on the defenceless Africans, because they are defenceless. If a burglar prowls about, a whole neighbourhood is on the alert to protect itself against his depredations. If a band of pirates swarm in a sea or infest our coasts, a fleet is fitted out to capture them. But it is attempted to let loose upon weak, defenceless Africa a legion of pirates and murderers —for such will be the result if the British Cruisers are withdrawn from the Western Coast.

Footnotes:

[1] See the newspapers for the correspondence between some of the Bishops of our Church and the Premier. As the question is, Whether Dr. Hampden be a Heretic or a Christian? I may here observe that the term "Christian" is used in the following pages for "European." To the epithet "Christian," in the strict sense of the term, I have no other pretensions than that of being a conscientious reader of the New

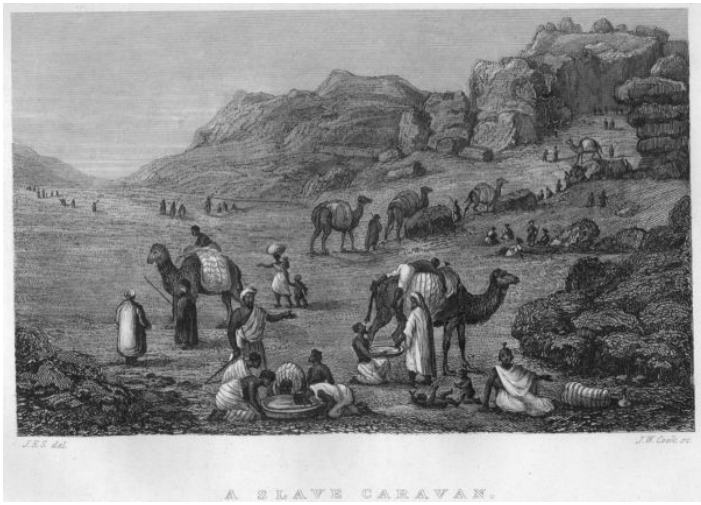
Testament.

[2] "Une et indivisible."

[3] Lord Brougham, in his Life of Pitt, very properly takes off some discount from the Anti-Slavery zeal of this great Statesman, for being so tardy in the work of Abolition, and allowing his Under Secretaries and subordinate Ministers to support the Slave-Trade against himself, and whilst he was advocating its extinction.

[4] "It is impossible to deny the advancement of civilization in that zone of the African continent which has formed the field of our inquiry. Yet barbarism is there supported by natural circumstances with which it is vain to think of coping. It may be doubted whether, if mankind had inhabited the earth only in populous and adjoining communities, slavery would have ever existed. The Desert, if it be not absolutely the root of the evil, has, at least, been from the earliest times the great nursery of slave hunters. The demoralization of the towns on the Southern borders of The Desert has been pointed out; and if the vast extent be considered of the region in which man has no riches but slaves, no enjoyment but slaves, no article of trade but slaves, and where the hearts of wandering thousands are closed against pity by the galling misery of life, it will be difficult to resist the conviction that the solid buttress on which slavery rests in Africa, is—The Desert." (p. 139.)

[5] See MR. DUNCAN'S *Travels in Western Africa*.



A SLAVE CARAVAN.
J. E. S. del. J. W. Cook. sc.

TRAVELS

in

THE GREAT DESERT.

CHAPTER I.

FROM TUNIS TO TRIPOLI.

Project of Journey.—Opinions of People upon its practicability.—Moral character of Europeans in Barbary.—Leave the Isle of

Jerbah for Tripoli in the coaster *Mesâoud*.—Return back.—Wind in Jerbah.—Start again for Tripoli.—Sâkeeah.—Zarzees.—Biban.—The *Salinæ*, or Salt-pits.—Rais-el-Makhbes.—Zouwarah.—Foul Wind, and put into the port of Tripoli Vecchia.—Quarrel of Captain with Passengers.—Description of this Port.—My fellow-travellers, and Said the runaway Slave.—Arrival at Tripoli, and Health-Office.—Colonel Warrington, British Consul-General.—The British Garden.—Interview with Mehemet Pasha.—Barbary Politics.—Aspect of Tripoli.—Old Castle of the Karamanly Bashaws.—Manœuvring of the Pasha's Troops.—The Pasha's opinion of my projected Tour.—Resistance of the Pasha to my Voyage, and overcome by the Consul.—Departure from Tripoli to Ghadames.

ACCIDENT often determines the course of a man's life. The greater part of human actions, however humiliating to our moral and intellectual dignity, is the result of sheer accident. That the accidents of life should harmonize with the immutable decrees of Providence, is the great mystery of an honest and thinking mind. The reading accidentally of a fugitive *brochure*, thrown upon the table of the public library of Algiers, gave me the germ of the idea, which, fructifying and expanding, ultimately led me to the design of visiting and exploring the celebrated Oasis of Ghadames, planted far-away amidst the most appalling desolations of the Great Saharan Wilderness. This should teach us to lower our pretensions, and take a large discount from our merits in originating our various enterprises; but,

alas! our over-weening self-love always manages to get the better of us. The *brochure* alluded to was a number of the *Revue de L'Orient*, published at Paris, containing a notice of Ghadames by M. Subtil, the notorious sulphur[6]-explorer and adventurer of Tripoli.

On leaving Algiers, in January, 1845, I carried the idea of Ghadames with me to Tunis; and thence, after agitating an exploration to The Desert amongst my friends, some of whom plainly told me, if I went I should never return, I should be consumed with the sun and fever, or murdered by the natives, and to attempt such a thing was altogether madness, I journeyed on to Tripoli, where I entered with all my soul and might into the undertaking. But as in Tunis so in Tripoli, I heard the birds of evil-omen uttering the same mournful notes of discouragement:—"I should never reach Ghadames, no one else had done so, or no one else had gone and returned. I should perish by the hand of banditti, or sink under the burning heat. I was not the man; it required a frame of iron. Enthusiasm was very well in its way, but it required a man who was expert in arms, and who could fight his way through The Desert." And such is the absurd character of men, and some people pretending to be friends of African discovery, that, on hearing of my safe return after nine months' absence, they felt chagrined their sagacious vaticinations were not verified. Like a man who writes a book, and ever so bad a book, he cannot afterwards adopt a right sentiment, or course of action, because he has written his book. It is true, the fate of Davidson, in Western Barbary, and the late disastrous mishap of the young Tuscan on his return from Mourzuk, favoured the pretensions of these Barbary-coast prophets, who cannot comprehend a

deviation from what had happened before, but it is equally true that the violent deaths of these individuals, so far as we can gather from the details, were brought about by the greatest possible imprudence on their part. However, I may say without hesitation, no people dread The Desert so much, and have in them so little of the spirit of enterprise and African discovery, as the naturalized Europeans of Tunis and Tripoli, and other parts of Barbary. To purchase the co-operation of a volunteer in these countries would require more money than defraying the expense of an expedition, and after all, from the love of intrigue and double-dealing which Europeans long resident in Barbary acquire, as well as other drawbacks, you would be very badly served.

I shall begin the narrative of my personal adventures in The Sahara with my departure from the island of Jerbah to Tripoli.

May 7th, 1845.—Left Jerbah in the evening for Tripoli in the coaster *Mesâoud* ("happy"). The captain and owner was a Maltese, but the colours under which we sailed were Tunisian. Generally, a Moorish captain *di bandeira* commands these coasters, because it saves them dues at the various ports. Indeed, most of the small coasting craft of Tunis and Tripoli, though the property of Europeans, sail under the Turkish, rather Mahometan (*red*) flag. Although May, our captain told me, it was the worst month in the year for coasting in Barbary. The wind comes in sudden puffs and gales, blowing with extreme violence everything before it, prostrating and rooting up the stoutest and strongest palm-trees. So, in fact, as soon as we got out, a *gregale* ("north-easter") came on terrifically, and occasioned us to return early next morning to Jerbah. During the night, we were nearly

swamped a few miles from the shore. The *gregale* continued the next two days, striking down several of the date-trees with great fury. When these trees are so struck down, the people do not make use of the wood for months, nay years, because it is ill-luck. Jerbah is a grand focus of wind, and it sometimes blows from every point of the compass in twelve hours. Æolus seems to patronize this isle; and, as at Mogador on the Atlantic, wind here supplies the place of rain. The inhabitants of Mogador have wind nine months out of twelve; but seasons pass without a shower of rain.

10th.—Evening. Left again for Tripoli. We passed the night about ten miles off the island, amongst the fishing apparatus, which looks at a distance like so many little islets. They consist of mere palm-tree boughs, struck deep into the mud as piles are driven; and large spaces are thus enclosed. When the tide[7] falls, the fish get entangled or enclosed in these enclosures, and are caught. Very fine fish are taken, and a fifth of the ordinary sustenance of the islanders is derived from this fishing. Unhappily the poor fishermen are obliged to pay from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of the fish caught to Government; so the poor in all countries are the worse treated because they are poor.

11th.—The wind becoming again foul, we put into a little place called Sâkeeah, a port of the island in the S.E. Here is nothing in the shape of a port town, only a small square ruinous hovel of mud and plaster, and a rude hut put up temporarily by a Maltese, who is building a boat. I often think the Maltese are the *Irish* of the South. Maltese enterprise is prevalent in all parts of the Mediterranean but in their own country. The port, such as it is, is defended by a little round

battery, four feet high, with three rusty pieces of cannon. If these could be fired off, the masonry would tumble to pieces. This is the *present* state of all the fortifications of Mahometan Barbary. It frequently happens that when a vessel of war visits the smaller Barbary ports, and wishes to fire a salute in honour of the governors, it is kindly requested this may not be done, because it is necessary etiquette to return the salute, and, if returned, the masonry of the fortifications may tumble down. The scene was wild and bare; the colours of the landscape light and bright. There were some Moors winnowing barley. An ox was treading out the corn, in Scripture fashion. Crops of barley and other grain are grown all over this fertile isle, under the date-palm and olive trees. Small boats were waiting to carry off the grain to Tunis. As in Ireland, little remains to feed the people. They must feed on dates, or fish, or vegetables and roots.

12th.—Left Sâkeeah with a strong breeze. On looking back on the island it had the appearance of thousands of date-palms, boldly standing out of the sea, the land being so low as not to be discernible a few miles' distance. Jerbah, from this appearance, as from reality, deserves the name of the "Isle of Palms." After crossing the channel, which runs between the island and the continent, whose waters were deep and rough, we got aground in the Shallows, off Zarzees. This place is a round tower (*burge*) on the continent, with a few houses and plantations of olives and dates. Here commences the shoal-water, or *bassa-fondo*, as our semi-Italian boatmen called it, which continues east along the coast for eighty miles, as far as Rais-el-Makhbes. When we got off again, at the flow of the tide, we passed Biban ("two doors"), the frontier place of the Tunisian dominions. Biban is

a castle, with some fifty Arab houses, built of palm-wood and leaves in the shape of hay-stacks, and is situate on an islet, on each side of which the sea passes inland and forms a large lagoon. There is at Biban a single European resident, an Italian, who acts as a French agent and spy on the frontiers of Tunis and Tripoli. He is paid about eighteen-pence a day, cheap enough for his high political mission. The French are mighty fond of planting spies all over Barbary; but espionage is their forte. In the evening we arrived at the *Salinæ*[8], "salt pits," on the coast, where we found several small coasters loading with salt for Tripoli. Salt is also exported from this place to Europe. Here we brought up for the night, creeping and feeling our way as in the days of ancient navigation. Our bringing up, however, was fortunate, for the wind suddenly blew a gale from the N.W., continuing all night, and until next day, when it fell a dead calm again. Strange weather for the fine month of May. But the Mediterranean, which is called the "*home* station," is one of the nastiest chafing seas in the world, and in this fair season of the year is exposed to the most tremendous squalls, nay, continuous gales of wind.

13th.—We weighed again our little anchor, and in the afternoon cast it before Rais-el-Makhbes, the last anchoring ground of the *bassa-fondo*. The shore from Zarzees to Rais-el-Makhbes is extremely low. The *bassa-fondo* stretches off the coast in some places at least thirty or forty miles, and is so shallow, that boats of the smallest burden often ground. Here our Maltese captain observed to me, with great mystery, "See, *Signore*, we must now be very cautious how we act, and watch the wind, so as to take it on the very first breath of its being favourable, for from here it is all deep water to Tripoli." In general, however, the

Maltese captains display more courage than the Italians in these coasters.

14th.—In the morning we cleared Cape Makhbes. The captain was to have rounded it and entered the little port of Zouwarah, where there is a quarantine agent, and landed me there according to agreement. I had letters for this place, and was to have gone thence to Tripoli by land, two or three days' journey. On remonstrating, he gravely asked, "Whether I wished to do him an injury, compelling him to go to Zouwarah, from which port he couldn't get out for the wind?" Perceiving the captain had fully made up his mind to break a written agreement, signed before the Consul, for the temporary advantage now offering, I left off remonstrating, though extremely dissatisfied. We continued our course. It soon fell calm, and, as usual, the calm was again succeeded with a violent *gregale*, against which we could not make head. I now told our Palinurus it was necessary to look out for the port of Tripoli Vecchia, otherwise we should be obliged to go back or keep the open sea all night, for we could not reach Tripoli to-day. Half an hour elapsed, and the wind continuing to freshen, the captain took my advice. We turned direct south, and sought the port. After experiencing some difficulty, during which the captain, to my surprise, discovered the most serious alarm, we found and entered the wished-for haven. It was a real miracle of good luck, for the wind came on dreadfully, the angry spray was covering us with water, and our sufferings would have been beyond description if we had been obliged to keep the sea. Our bark was a mere cockle-shell, into which were rammed and jammed and crammed twenty-two mortal and immortal beings: *C'est à dire*, four sailors, fourteen Moorish passengers, including a woman and a child,

two Jews, myself, and a runaway slave. So that our heartfelt thankfulness to a good Providence, pitying our folly and imprudence, may be easily imagined. In the midst of our confusion while searching for the port—having only three or four hours' daylight before us—the most ludicrous scene was enacted, which might have ended in the tragic. Some of the Moors professed to know the port of Tripoli Vecchia. Hereupon each fellow gave a different description, a thing perfectly natural, as each would have seen the port under different circumstances of time and place. "It was surrounded with white cliffs,—it was black,—rocky,—it was a sandy shore." All bawled and clamoured together. The captain put his fingers in his ears with rage. He had never been in before, or his men. At last, losing all patience, the Maltese fire got up, blown to fury, and, seizing a knife, the captain swore he would cut their throats if they didn't hold their tongues, or give a more distinct account of the port. This menace cowed them down like so many bullies, and they fell into a moody but vindictive silence, their looks discovering the internal oaths of revenge. It was really droll, if the words used allow the expression, to hear how the captain blended Italian, Maltese, and Arabic oaths and abuse in his rage. Now "*Santo Dio!*" now "*Scomunicat!*" *Sacrament!* now "*Allah!*" "*Imshe*," "*Kelb*," "*Andat*," "*per Bacco!*" &c. At length, when a sailor from the mast-head descried the port, and a tremendous surf was seen or said to be seen rolling near the entrance, the Moors, who although mostly sulky under the influence of their fatalism, and show very little courage in the dangers of the sea, cried out with fear, "Allah, Allah!" "Ya, Mohammed!" (O God! O God! O Mahomet!) The captain even felt disposed to blubber at the sight of the furious surf, so nothing

less could be expected from the passengers. A bad example is this to the sailors and people, but one which often occurs aboard Italian and Maltese vessels.

15th.—The wind continued all night and the following day. It dropped down on the afternoon of the 16th; on the 17th a pleasant breeze sprung up, and continued until we got within a couple of miles off Tripoli. We were followed for three hours by a shoal of porpoises, some nearly as big as our bark, which enjoyed highly the run with us, "*perceiving*," as the captain said, "*our motion*." The first night of our anchorage in the Tripoli Vecchia, we had several alarms that the tiny bark had dragged its anchor, and was about to take us out into the open sea: no one could sleep. After the wind subsided, our *Christian* sailors were alarmed that we might have our throats cut by the *Ishmaelite* Arabs from the shore the next night. When it was quite calm we went on shore to search for water; we found a well of good water on the N.E. landing of the port. A palm beckoned us to the spring, but a single palm is often found where there is no well or water; and it is not true, as vulgarly supposed, that where there are date-palms there must be water. The country in this vicinity is a perfect desert, yet on this arid waste shepherds drive their flocks in the spring, and up to May and June. The captain considered Tripoli Vecchia, which is a very ancient port, and the site of a once famous city, more secure than that of Tripoli itself, though certainly much smaller. Whilst we were here no bark visited it. Good-sized ships occasionally anchor in it. Like Tripoli, it is defended with a sunken reef of rocks, some peaks of which rise several feet out of the water. Along this line is a strong surf always chafing and roaring. There are two mouths of

entrance; the deepest water within is about twelve or fourteen feet. There is another but much smaller port, two miles further east; the coast from this to Tripoli offers nothing to the tourist. Twelve miles this way begin those forests of fine broad-waving palms, which form so noble a feature in the suburban landscape of Tripoli. When we got off Tripoli we had a dead calm, and myself looking about for the wind, the Moors got angry, and said, "Be still; if you restlessly stare about, and wish the wind to come, it will never come: you cast the '*eye malign*' upon it." These superstitious ideas are not peculiar to the Moors. An English captain once told me, if I continued to stay below, the wind would never be fair. Tripoli looked here very bold, massive, and imposing from the sea; its broad lime-washed towers, and the graceful minarets beyond, all dazzling white in the sun, contrasting with the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean. Such is the delusion of all these sea-coast Barbary towns; at a distance and without, beauty and brilliancy, but near and within, filth and wretchedness.

A word of my fellow passengers and crew. Our Maltese *Rais*, although he broke his agreement with me, behaved well; I therefore paid him, requesting the Chancellor of our Consulate only to scold him, and warn him for the future. He is a good Maltese Christian; and when I told him Malta had fifty years' possession of Tripoli, he replied, "Ah, how the world changes! what a pity God has given this fine country into the hands of rascally Turks." Sometimes he would kick the Moors about and through the ship like cattle: at other times he would say, "Aye, come, *bismillah*[9]," and help them to a part of his supper. The Moors provided for only *four* days' provisions, a day over the average time, and they were all out of

bread before arriving at Tripoli. The captain consulted me as to what was to be done; we arranged to supply them with a few biscuits every day, I taking the responsibility of payment, pitying the poor devils. If a Moor has a good passage at sea, he says, "Thank God!" if not, *Maktoub*, ("It is written,") and quietly submits to the evils which he has brought on himself by sheer imprudence. Their provisions, in this case, consisted of barley-meal, olive-oil, a few loaves of wheaten bread, and a little dried paste for making soup. The soup was made of a few onions, dried peppers, salt, oil, and the paste. On first starting, some of the more respectable had a few hard-boiled eggs, with which the Jews most frequently travel; and others had a little pickled fish. When the paste was finished, the barley-meal was attacked, and when this was gone, the greater part lived on biscuits sopped in water. We tried to buy a sheep from a flock driven by the shore, for which I furnished a dollar; but the current was so strong, that the man could not reach the land. One poor old Moor lived actually on bread and water all the time he was on board, and would have nothing else, telling me, "What God gives is enough." Yet he was cheerful and talkative. One of the two Jews was also a very old blind man, clothed in rags. He, too, mostly fared on biscuits sopped in water; nevertheless, he also was quite happy! "Where are you going, Abraham?" I said to him. "Where God wills I go," he replied; "but I wish to lay my poor bones in the land of our fathers. Many long years God has afflicted us for our sins, but it will not be for ever." The old gentleman was going to get a passage from Tripoli to the Holy Land. How little suffices some! How much does faith! So mysterious are the ways of the Creator in distributing contentment. For myself, I fared

extremely well in the midst of this *happy* melée of misery and starvation, Mr. Pariente, of Jerbah, having filled for me a large box of provisions, consisting of a leg of lamb, a fowl, pigeons, fish and bread, besides wine and spirits. But this was as liberally distributed amongst all as given to me, and not a crumb was left on arriving at Tripoli. When we were getting safe into port, I gave the grog to the crew; they had often cast wistful eyes at the *acquavite*, but none was poured out whilst at sea. Two or three drunken sailors would have sent our cockle-shell to the bottom; still, in spite of the coffee-drinking vessels, a little spirits may occasionally be very usefully distributed to men, fighting and wrestling with the wild waves and the tempest. Our bark was from six to eight tons' burden, and the cabin was just big enough for me and the captain to move in; the woman and child slept in the forecastle, and all the rest on deck. Each Moorish passenger paid half a dollar for the voyage. I have been thus particular in describing our coaster and its *live* freight, to show what misery is endured in these coasting voyages. It was, however, a fit introduction to my painful journeyings through the still more inhospitable *ocean* desert.

I have now to mention my runaway servant, Said. This negro was the slave of Sidi Mustapha, Consular Agent of France in Jerbah. Mustapha was formerly Consular Agent of England, and being found to possess slaves, he was dismissed. He got up however false documents, to show that he had disposed of his slaves; but this being discovered, the cheat did not avail, and he was not allowed to be any longer England's Consul. Then, seeing his imposture had failed, he again resumed power over his slaves, and Said was still his slave on my arrival at Jerbah.

Hearing of this, I told Said to go on board, and wait till the boat left. He did so. The captain winked at it, and apparently every one else, for Said was securely numbered on the vessel's *papers* as a passenger. This, of course, happened before the Bey of Tunis finally abolished slavery, which important event took place in the beginning of the year 1846, to the eternal honour of the reigning Mussulman prince. But, even if slavery had continued in Tunis, Mustapha, the French Consular Agent in Jerbah, could have had no legal right over Said, after having given a document to the British Consul-General, certifying that he had liberated all his slaves. The runaway Said was in reality a freed man. The reader, however, will be pleased to understand that I am not justifying my conduct for enticing a slave to run away. I despise such an attempted justification. On the contrary, I consider that every man, who has the means of striking off the chains from a slave, and does not embrace the opportunity of doing so, is the rather the man who commits an offence against natural right. As to the French Consular Agent, I asked some people why the French Government did not dismiss him also for his premeditated forgery of public documents? I was told that, on the contrary, this was a reason for keeping him French Consul—that he could not be *disavowed* in connexion with *British* affairs, or, if disavowed, he must be pensioned off. A French Consul, whose acquaintance I made in North Africa, replied to me, on rallying him on the various disavowals of French functionaries in different parts of the world: "I assure you, the only way to get distinction in our consular service is to get disavowed. When disavowed about English differences, we must be decorated, or the mob of Paris and its journals would not be satisfied."

Our captain gave me a hint that, on arriving at Tripoli, there would be exhibited a good deal of *fantazia*, ("humbug[10]") by the health-office department. Accordingly, after we had been an hour in port, the health officer came alongside, and affected great surprise at our not having *passports*, and asked me, with great pomposity, what was my "*reverito nome?*" The Turks always adopt and caricature the worst parts of European civilization, leaving its better forms wholly unimitated. This is, perhaps, in the nature of the struggles which a semi-barbarous power may make to attain the standard of its civilized neighbour.

On landing, I went off with Said to the British Consulate. Although I had seen Colonel Warrington at Malta, I was now so sea-worn and browned with sun and wind, with an *incipient* desert beard, that he did not immediately recollect me. I therefore presented my letter of introduction, mentioning my name, when at once the Colonel recognized me. "Ah!" observed the Colonel, "I don't believe our Government cares one straw about the suppression of the slave-trade, but, Richardson, I believe in you, so let's be off to my garden." I rode one of the Colonel's horses, which had been so long in the stable without exercise, that I found the Barbary barb no joke. A most violent *gregale* swept the bare beach of the harbour as we proceeded to the gardens and plantations of the Masheeah, and the restive prancing of the horse was not unlike the dancing about of the cockle-shell bark to which I had been condemned for the last ten days. The *British Garden* I found to be a splendid horticultural developement, containing the choicest fruit-trees of North Africa, with ornamental trees of every shape, and hue, and

foliage—all the growth of thirty years, and the greater part of them planted by the hands of Colonel Warrington himself. The villa is on the site of an ancient haunted house—for what country does not boast of its haunted house? The spot which once was visited nightly by some Saracen's-head ghost, in the midst of a waste, is now the fairest, loveliest garden of Tripoli! Amongst its rich fruit-trees is an immense peach-tree—the largest in all this part of Africa. It is a round, squatting, wide-spreading tree, not nailed up to the walls, but the size of its girth of boughs is enormous.

I must take the liberty of leaving off daily dates here. I detest daily note-writing, although the reader may find for his peculiar infliction so long a journal as these pages.

19th.—A *ghiblee* day. The wind from The Desert is coming with a vengeance. Its breath is the pure flame of the furnace. I am obliged to tie a handkerchief over my face in passing through the verandahs of the garden. I had not the least idea it could be so hot here in the middle of May. At 2 P.M. the thermometer in the sun was at 142° Fahrenheit.

Neither Tunis nor Tripoli has been sufficiently appreciated by the politicians of Europe. Indian and American affairs are the two ideas which occupy our merchants. And yet the best informed of the consuls in Tripoli say, "The future battles of Europe will be fought in North Africa." At this time there is considerable agitation and political intrigue afoot here. Algerian politics, also, envenom these squabbles.

The aspect of the city of Tripoli is the most miserable of all the towns I have seen in North Africa. And they

say, "It grows worse and worse." Yet the present Pasha, Mehemet, is esteemed as a good and sensible man. Unfortunately, a Turkish Governor can have very little or no interest in the permanent prosperity of this country. His tenure of office is very insecure, and rarely extends beyond four or five years; so that whilst here he only thinks of providing for himself. The country is therefore in a continual state of impoverishment as governed by successive pashas. Each successive high functionary works and fleeces the people to the uttermost. Even in our own colonies the exception is, that the Governor cares more for the welfare of the colony than for his own immediate benefit. In Turkish colonies we must therefore expect the rule to be, that the Pasha should govern only for his private benefit and personal aggrandizement.

21st.—This afternoon His Highness Mehemet Pasha had arranged to grant me an interview. I was introduced, of course, by our Consul-General, Colonel Warrington. Mr. Casolaina, the Chancellor of the Consulate, and his son, were in attendance as interpreters. His Highness receives all strangers and transacts all business in an apartment of the celebrated old castle of the Karamanly Bashaws, whose legends of blood and intrigue have been so vividly and terrifically transcribed in *Tully's Tripoline Letters*. On entering this place I was astonished at its ruinous and repulsive appearance. Nothing could better resemble a prison, and yet a prison in the most dilapidated condition. Walking through the dark, winding, damp, mildewy passages, shedding down upon us a pestiferous dungeon influence, Colonel Warrington suddenly stopped, as if to breathe and repel the deadly miasma, and turning to me, said: "Well, Richardson, what do you think of this? Capital

place this for young ladies to dance in, so light and airy. Many a poor wretch has entered here, with promises of fortune and royal favour, and has met his doom at the hand of the assassin! In my long course of service, how many Kaëds and Sheikhs I have known, who have come in here and have never gone out. I'm a great reader of Shakspeare. It's the next book after the Bible. But a thousand Shakspeares, with all their tragic genius, could never describe the passions which have worked, and the horrors which have been perpetrated, in this place." The Colonel's tragic harangue was not without its effect in these dungeon passages, and the old gentleman seemed to enjoy the shiver which he saw involuntarily agitate me. Indeed, the darksome noisome atmosphere, without this tragic appeal, could not fail to make itself felt, as Egyptian darkness was felt, after leaving the fiery heat and bright dazzling sun-light without. Winding about from one ruinous room to another, and ascending various flights of tumbling-down steps and stairs, we got up at length to the eastern end, where there are two or three new apartments constructed in the modern style. In one of them, not unlike a city merchant's receiving-parlour, we found the Pasha and his court. We were immediately introduced, and somewhat to my surprise, I found His Highness an extremely plain *unmilitary*-looking Turkish gentleman, of about fifty years of age, and dressed without the least pretensions of any kind. How unlike the ancient gemmed and jewelled Bashaws! flaming in "Barbaric pearl and gold." The present Ottoman costume is most simple. His Highness had only the *Nisham*, or Turkish decoration of brilliants upon his breast, to distinguish him from his own domestics, coffee-bearers, or others. As soon as he

saw us, he hurriedly came up to us and seized hold of our hands and shook them cordially. The troops were at the moment being reviewed, and we had a good sight of them from our elevated position. They were manœuvring on the sea-beach between the city and the Masheeah. "Tell the Bashaw," cried out the Colonel to Casolaina, "I never saw such splendid manœuvring in all the course of my life. They do His Highness and Ahmed Bashaw, the Commander-in-Chief, infinite credit." This compliment was interpreted and graciously received though its value was no doubt properly appreciated by the politic Turk. The Colonel continued:—"Tell the Bashaw, that as long as the Sultan has such troops as these, he will be invincible." This was answered by, "*Enshallah, enshallah*, (If God pleases, if God pleases)". The Colonel still laid it on:—"Casolaina, tell the Bashaw, I myself should not like to command even English troops against these fine fellows." To which the Bashaw and his Court replied, "*Ajeeb*, (Wonderful!)" Ahmed Bashaw, the Commander-in-Chief, a most ferocious-looking Turk, seized hold of my shoulders and pushed me to the window to admire his brilliant men. I could just see that their manœuvrings were in the style of the "awkward squad;" but their arms and white pantaloons dazzled beautifully in the sun upon the margin of the deep-blue sea.

After we had satisfied our curiosity or admiration in looking at the troops, the windows were shut down, and all sat down to business. His Highness began by asking my name, when I came, and what I was going to be about? The Consul replied to these first and usual questions of Turkish functionaries, and more particularly explained my projected visit to Ghadames. The Pasha immediately consented, as a matter of course, with Turkish politeness; but before

the interview was concluded, various objections were started and insisted upon, showing the *not* suddenly excited jealousy of these functionaries, who, previous to my interview, knew all about my anti-slavery and literary projects. His Highness observed:—"The heat is killing now, the distance is great, the road is infested with robbers; I shall have to send an escort of five hundred troops with your friend, (addressing the Consul); not long ago two hundred banditti attacked a caravan. All Tunisian Arabs are robbers; the Bey of that country cannot maintain order in his country; besides, an Arab will kill ten men to get one pair of pistols; but I'll make further inquiries." His Highness also related a feat of his own troops, who captured seven camels from the banditti, which he said he distributed amongst the captors. He also gave his own people, the Tripolines, a very bad character. But, of course, the Tripolines and the Turks must mutually hate one another. We were served with pipes, coffee, and sherbet. I pretended to sip the pipe two or three times, as a matter of politeness, for though I have been in Barbary some time, where smoking is universal, I have not adopted the dirty vice. Near the Pasha sat the second in command, or Commander-in-Chief of the forces, the Pasha himself devoting his attention almost exclusively to civil affairs. As I have said, this functionary was a most savage-looking fellow, and his acts in Tripoli and his reputation accord with the character broadly stamped on his countenance. He has risen from the lowest ranks—one of the *canaille* of the Levant—and is blood-thirsty and vindictive whenever he has the means of showing these dreadful passions. How many tyrants have risen from the ranks of those who are the victims and objects of tyranny!

The Consul hinted to me afterwards, that this

military tyrant would oppose my journey to the interior, and throw all sorts of obstacles in the way, but thought the Pasha would not listen to his insinuations. On asking the Consul what he thought of the objections of the Pasha? he said: "Oh, they are only to increase the merit of his facilitating your trip." Mehemet Pasha has the rank of three tails, and the Pasha of the Troops two tails. There was present also Mohammed Aly, a Moor, who interprets between the Moors and Arabs, and the Turks. He is said to be entirely in the interest of the English. He frequently visits the Vice-Consul, Mr. Herbert Warrington, who treats the interpreter with a bottle of champaigne, and in this way things are greatly smoothed down before His Highness. A glass of wine is often more potent than an elaborate speech in these and other diplomatic transactions. It is but justice to these functionaries to say, whatever money they may take away from Tripoli, that they are very moderate in their style of living and dress in this place. The apartment in which we were received was exceedingly plain. All the furniture was of the most ordinary European stuff; there was nothing oriental in it but a large square ottoman. A few flowers were placed gracefully on the table, and there was a pretty bronzed lamp. We visitors sat on cane-bottomed chairs. The costume of these high functionaries was the usual large Turkish frock-coat, tightly buttoned up, and white or other light-coloured pantaloons, for summer wear, and these strapped over thick heavy black leather shoes, the straps often inside the shoes as an Ottoman improvement on the European fashion. The head was covered with the *shasheeah*, or fez, with a large blue silk tassel hanging prettily from the crown. On the breast hung the *Nisham* decoration, distinguishing the various grades and

rank.

We left His Highness under the impression that he would do every thing in his power to forward our views, and never dreamt of a future memorandum of recall after having reached Ghadames with His Highness's permission.

It is not now my intention to give an account of Tripoli, so I pass on to a second interview I had with the Bashaw. This was on the 7th of July. In this long interval, I had been waiting for letters from England, and in every way was learning lessons of most imperturbable patience.

I was visiting some sick officers in the castle with a Maltese doctor of the name of *Gameo*, whose acquaintance I had made, and whom I found useful in collecting information on Tripoli and the interior, when one of the functionaries of the Castle came to tell me the Bashaw would like to see me. I felt some delicacy in going, but thought it better to comply with the wish of His Highness. There was immediately presented to me, as usual to all visitors, a pipe, coffee, and sherbet. Our interview lasted about half an hour, and the conversation was *to the point*, referring solely to my journey to the interior. But, although I exerted all my skill and tact, I could not remove the jealousies of His Highness, and I believe for one, and only one reason. It had been given out in Tripoli that I was to be appointed Consul at Ghadames. The Bashaw fearing that such an appointment would interfere with his system of extorting money from the inhabitants of that country (the treasury being empty in Tripoli), set his face against my journey, and endeavoured to delay it until he could get a *counter* order from

Constantinople. His Highness was however very polite, and promised to furnish me with tents, if I had need, and a large escort. The Turks are getting sensitive of the press. The Bashaw said he had heard I was a great newspaper writer, and asked me if I had any objection to writing an article in his praise.

At the end of the month of July (30th), Colonel Warrington suggested to me the propriety of writing to him a letter, stating my wish and objects in visiting the interior. I did so, and received an answer from the Colonel the same day. Mr. Frederick Warrington, who had great influence with several people about His Highness, and myself, went again to the Bashaw, in order to conciliate His Highness and persuade him to give a *bonâ fide* protection to me through the interior of Tripoli, as also to obtain a passport. It unfortunately happened, that about a week ago, a Ghadames caravan had been captured by some hostile Arabs on the frontiers of Tunis. His Highness immediately produced this case, and said it was impossible for me to go whilst the routes were so insecure. He also alleged, and with more reason: —"The season was now too late, the heat was intolerable, and an European of my delicate constitution must succumb." We therefore returned much depressed. Colonel Warrington then, annoyed at the Bashaw's resistance, wrote the next day a letter to his Chancellor, requesting him to wait upon the Bashaw, and demand formally a passport for me, my servant, and camel-driver. I went with Mr. Casolaina, but did not see His Highness, waiting only at the door of the hall of audience, in case I should be wanted. His Highness apologized for his opposition, stating his objections of the season and the insecurity of the routes, but gave the order for the passports. I find the following note in my journal:

—"Left Tripoli for Ghadames on the 2nd August, 1845; I had grown completely tired of Tripoli, and left it without a single regret, having suffered much from several sources of annoyance, including both the Consulate and the Bashaw."

Footnotes:

[6] Many newspaper articles have been written, and companies formed, for the promotion of exploring for sulphur in Tripoli (the Syrtis); but somehow or other, all these schemes have failed. I have been told there is sulphur in the Syrtis, and the failure of obtaining it in remunerative quantity is to be attributed alone to the chicanery or want of skill in the agent.

[7] There is a far greater ebb and flow of tide here than at any other coast of the Mediterranean, the sea rising and falling no less than ten feet. This tidal phenomenon extends to the Lesser Syrtis and to Sfax.

[8] Like the fish-lakes of Biserta in Tunis, these salt-pits were worked by the ancients, and have been inexhaustible and unchangeable through two thousand years. Whatever may be the geological changes in other regions of the globe, those of North Africa are not very rapid, beyond filling up a few of the artificial harbours, or *cothons*, with mud. Barbary contains several Roman bridges which have spanned a stream remaining the same size, and running in the same bed, through a course of centuries. The salt of the *Salinæ* is of good quality.

[9] *Bismillah*, "In the name of God," the formula used by Moslems when they partake

of food. In the *Lingua Franca* we have sometimes "*Avete* bismillah?" or "bismillah*ato*?" that is, "taken your meal?"

[10] In the present application, for this *Lingua Franca* word generally means "vain silly shewing off." The "playing at powder," or "firing off matchlocks for amusement," is also called a *fantazia* in Algeria and Morocco.

CHAPTER II.

FROM TRIPOLI TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Leave Tripoli for the Interior.—Feelings on Starting.—Ghargash.—Gameo, the great quack of Tripoli.—Janzour.—Account of my Equipment.—Camels fond of the Cactus.—Arab Tents.—Jedaeen.—Zouweeah.—The Sahara.—Beer-el-Hamra.—Squabbling at the Wells.—The strength of Caravan, and character of Escort.—Shouwabeeah.—Difficulty of keeping the Caravan together.—Camels cropping herbage *en route*.—The *Kailah* or *Siesta*.—Arab Troops seize the Water of the Merchants.—Wady Lethel.—Irregular March of the Caravan.—Aâeeat.—Descent into Wells.—Learn the value of Water.—The Atlas and its Tripoline divisions and subdivisions.—The ascent of Yefran, and its Castle.

NOTHING is more common than that, after long

delay and various negotiations, in waiting and preparing for a journey, everything at last is hurried with a most reckless dispatch; this, at least, was the case with me. I was to have been escorted out of Tripoli by the Consular corps, with the British Consul at their head, in the wonted style of Europeans setting out for the interior. But on the morning of the 2nd August, before I could finish my letters for England, or get my luggage together, came my camel-driver Mohammed, who, at the sight of my papers all spread out, began whining and blubbering, protesting, "The *ghafalah*[11] is gone; we can't overtake it—we shall be murdered, if we delay behind." Without saying a word in reply, I amassed and bundled up everything together, and gave him the baggage; then went off to the *Souk*, or market-place, to buy some fresh bread,—and found myself on the way to Ghadames, before I was conscious of having left Tripoli. Such is the excitement and vagaries of human feeling! Not being accustomed to mount the camel, I determined to hire some donkeys to ride to the first station; Gameo and one of his brothers accompanied me. When I could breathe freely, as I rode on my unknown way, with a boundless prospect before me, I felt my heart rebound with joy, and commended myself humbly to the care of a good God, not knowing what was to happen to me. I had consumed three months of most suffering patience in Tripoli before I could start on this journey, and was otherwise schooled for what was about to take place. But I must not begin too early the record of my complaints.

Our first day's ride was mostly through desert lands, for The Desert reaches to the walls of the city of Tripoli. The little village of Gargash was seen at our right, near the margin of the sea. Gameo exclaimed,

"There's the little mosque—there's the little cemetery —there are the little gardens, little palms!"—and little this, and little the other: indeed, it was a perfect miniature of congregated human existence. Arrived at Janzour, Gameo and his brother prepared to return. But previous to his leaving, Gameo, who was a tabeeb of great notoriety, determined to display his healing art. He took out his lancet, and forthwith bled everybody in the Kaëd's caravanseria. When his brother begged of him not to bleed any more people unless they paid him something—not to be such a *sciocco* ("ninny,") he turned round upon him, and indignantly exclaimed "Ancora voglio lasciare il mio nome qui" (Here I will leave my name also!) It was the delight of Gameo to be the grand tabeeb of Tripoli, and even to prescribe for the officers and subordinate bashaws; and yet Gameo and his family many days were without bread to eat, to my certain knowledge. I relieved them as much as I could. The Moors and Arabs are very funny about bleeding, and the matters of the tabeeb; they will ask you to bleed them when in perfect health. All these persons who were bled at Janzour had no ailments; they will also swallow physic, whether well or ill. One of them consulted Gameo privately how he was to obtain children from his wife, who was barren. Another wished to obtain the affections of a girl by administering to her a dose of medicine. They consider a doctor in the light, in which our fathers of the time of Friar Bacon did, of a magician, and a person who holds some sort of illicit intercourse with the devil, or, at any rate, with the genii. They never give the doctor credit for his skill, but attribute his wit and success to the blessing or interposition of God.

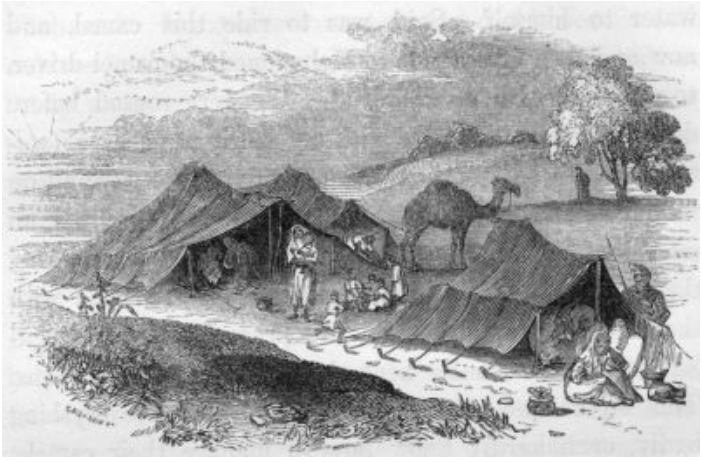
After taking leave of Gameo, I waited for Mohammed

and Said; we had gone on quickly with the donkeys. They came up with the camels, but instead of encamping within the village, the ghafalah had brought up outside. This annoyed Mohammed, who kept exclaiming, as we went to the rendezvous of the merchants, "Ah! Gameo, that's him, Gameo, Gameo! What trouble he has brought upon us, Gameo! Gameo! he a tabeeb? Not fit to give physic to a dog. Gameo! Gameo! always talking—always talking; the devil take him, for he's his son." We reached the encampment as the shadows of night fell fast; we did not take supper, or pitch tent. My spirits gave way, and I felt fearful and saddened at the prospect of going into the interior absolutely alone. I had not a single letter of recommendation to any one, after waiting so long at Tripoli, and so much talk with all sorts of people about the necessity of having letters for the chiefs of The Desert. This was, indeed, bad management; yet I could not insist upon the Pasha giving me a letter, nor could I importune the British Consul: but it often happens, where there is less help from man, there is more from God. Many of the Ghadamsee merchants, whose acquaintance I had made in Tripoli, came now to me and welcomed me as a fellow-traveller. Janzour is a small village, with gardens of olives and date plantations.

August 3rd.—Before starting to-day, it is necessary to give some account of my equipment. I had two camels on hire, for which I paid twelve dollars. I was to ride one continually. We had panniers on it, in which I stowed away about two months' provisions. A little fresh provision we were to purchase *en route*. Upon these panniers a mattress was placed, forming with them a comfortable platform. As a luxury, I had a Moorish pillow for leaning on, given me by Mr. Frederick Warrington. The camel was neither led nor

reined, but followed the group. I myself was dressed in light European clothes, and furnished with an umbrella for keeping off the sun. This latter was all my arms of offence and defence. The other camel carried a trunk and some small boxes, cooking utensils, and matting, and a very light tent for keeping off sun and heat. We had two gurbahs, or "skin-bags for water," and another we were to buy in the mountains, so each having a skin of water to himself. Said was to ride this camel, and now and then give a ride to Mohammed the camel-driver, to whom the camels belonged. We were roused before daylight. I made coffee with my spirit apparatus (*spiriterio*). In half an hour after the dawn, we were all on the move, and soon started. The ghafalah presented an interminable line of camels, as it wound its slow way through narrow sandy lanes, hedged on each side with the cactus or prickly-pear. We progressed very irregularly, and the camels kept throwing off their burdens. The Moors and Arabs, who manage almost everything badly, even hardly know how to manage their camels, after ages of experience. It is, however, very difficult to drive the camels past a prickly-pear hedge, they being voraciously fond of the huge succulent leaves of this plant, and crop them with the most savage greediness, regardless of the continual blows, accompanied with loud shouts, which they receive from the vociferous drivers to get them forward. I wore my cloak for two hours after dawn, and felt chilly, and yet at noonday the thermometer was at least 130° Fah., in the sun. We emerged from the prickly-pear hedges upon an open desert land. Here was an encampment of Arabs, with tents as "black" and "comely" in this glare and fire of the full morning sun, as "the tents of Kedar!" (See Solomon's Songs i.

5.) Nothing indeed is more refreshing than the sight of these black camel's-hair tents, when travelling over these arid thirsty plains. The whole households of the tents were alive, but their various occupations will be seen better in the following sketch than pictured to the mind by any elaborate description.



Encamped at Jedaeem about 10 o'clock, A.M. Remained here only two hours and proceeded to Zouweeah, a large village, situate in the midst of most pleasant gardens, or rather cultivated lands, overshadowed with date groves. These gardens are considered superior to those of the Masheeah around Tripoli. Passed through the whole district by 3 P.M., and then entered what is usually called the Sahara, this side the Mountains. This desert presents sand hills, loose stones scattered about, dwarf shrubs, long coarse grass, and sometimes small undulations of rocky ground. It is, however, overrun by a few nomade tribes, who feed their flocks on the ungrateful and scant herbage which it affords. Tripoli, in general offers a remarkable contrast to Tunis and other parts of Barbary, in having its Arab

tribes located in stone and mud houses or fixed douwars, whilst nomade Arabs are found thickly scattered all over the West, as far as the Atlantic. Zouweeah is the last *belad*, or *paesi*, (*i. e.*, "cultivated country,") before we reach The Mountains, which are two days' journey distant. I therefore sent Mohammed to buy a small sheep, but he could not succeed although there were many flocks about, the people absurdly refusing to sell them, even when the full price was offered. The Arabs themselves never eat meat as the rule, but the exception, supporting themselves on the milk of their flocks and farinaceous matter. Olive-oil and fat and fruit they devour. Of vegetables they eat, but with little *gusto*. Their flocks are kept as a sort of reserve wealth, and to pay their contributions. Our course to-day and yesterday was west and south-west. At sunset we encamped at Beer-el-Hamra ("red-well"), which is a well-spring of very good water, ten feet deep, the water issuing from the sides of the rocky soil. Here we found artificial pits or troughs for the sheep and cattle to drink from, and trunks of the date-palms hollowed out for the camels. When a ghafalah passes a well there is the greatest confusion to get all the camels to drink, and the people quarrel and fight about this, as well as for their turn to fill their water-skins. This quarrelling at the wells forcibly reminds the Biblical reader of the contest of Moses in favour of the daughters of Jethro against the ungallant shepherds. (Exodus i. 17.) We take in no more water till we get to The Mountains.

Here mention must be made of the strength of our caravan, as all are to rendezvous at this well for safety, to start together over The Desert to The Mountains. It was half a day's advance of this where the Ghadamsee ghafalah had been lately plundered

of all its goods and camels. As soon as the Sebâah banditti appeared, the merchants, who were without escort, all ran away like frightened gazelles. One man alone had his arm scratched. Our ghafalah, besides casual travellers going to The Mountains, consisted of some two hundred camels, laden chiefly with merchandize for the interior, Soudan, and Timbuctoo. Thirty or forty merchants, nearly all of Ghadames, to whom the goods belong, accompany these camels. To ascertain its value would be hopeless, for the merchants, with the real jealousy of mercantile rivalry, conceal their affairs from one another. Two of the principal Ghadamsee merchants are with us, the Sheikh Makouran and Haj Mansour, besides a son of the great house of Ettence. These merchants belong to the rival factions of the city, and accordingly have separate encampments. The greater number of the merchants of our ghafalah are only petty traders, some with only a camel-load of merchandize. We are escorted by sixty Arab troops on foot, with a commandant and some subordinate sheikhs on horseback. They are to protect us to The Mountains, where it is said all danger ends. They are poor, miserable devils to look at, hungry, lank, lean, and browned to blackness, armed with matchlocks, which continually miss fire, and covered with rags, or mostly having only a single blanket to cover their dirty and emaciated bodies. Some are without shoes, and others have a piece of camel's skin cut in the shape of a sole of the foot, and tied up round the ankles: some have a scull-cap, white or red, and others are bare-headed. I laughed when I surveyed with my inexperienced eye these grisly, skeleton, phantom troops, and thought of the splendid invincible guard which the Pasha promised me. And yet amongst these wretched beings was riding

sublime an Arab Falstaff.

4th.—Morning. Find the greater part of the ghafalah has not yet come up. We are to wait for them, being the advanced body. Expect them in the afternoon. It is exceedingly difficult to keep these various groups of merchants together; each group is its own sovereign master and will have its own way. The commandant is constantly swearing at each party to get all to march together; now and then he draws his sword and shakes it over their heads. "You are dogs," he says to one; "you are worse than this Christian Kafer amongst us," (myself,) he bawls to another.

Have, thank God, suffered little up to now, although intensely hot in the day-time, and my eyes so bad that I cannot look at the sun, and scarcely on daylight without a shade. They were bad on leaving Tripoli, having caught a severe ophthalmia from the refraction of the hot rocks when bathing. My left arm is also still very weak, from the accident of falling into a dry well a little before I started. I can't mount the camel without assistance, but begin to ride without that sickly sensation, not unlike sea-sickness, which I felt the first day's riding. Drink brandy frequently, but in small quantities and greatly diluted, and find great benefit from it; drink also coffee and tea. Eat but little, and scarcely any meat. The Arabs of the country brought a few sheep to sell this morning, but asked double the Tripoli price; so nobody purchased. Bought myself a fowl for eighty Turkish paras. The people of the ghafalah civil, but all the lower classes will beg continually if you are willing to give. Each one offers his advice and consolation on my tour; but Mohammed keeps all the hungry Arabs at a respectable distance, lest I should give to them what belongs to his share, like servants

who don't wish their masters to be generous to others if it interferes with their own prerogatives.

We left in the afternoon and encamped in The Desert at Shouwabeeah. The Desert here presents nothing but long coarse grass and undulating ground. I observed a patch which had been cultivated, the stubble of barley remaining, which the camels devoured most voraciously. Chopped barley-straw is the favourite food of all animals of burden in North Africa; horses will feed on it for six months together, and get fat. *En route* the chief of the escort had great trouble to keep the caravan together; he made the advanced parties wait till the others came up, so as all to be ready in case of attack. One would think the merchants, for their own sakes, would keep together; but no, it's all *maktoub* with them; "If they are to be robbed and murdered they must be robbed and murdered, and the Bashaw and all his troops can't prevent it." This they reiterated to me whilst the commandant bullied them; and yet these same men had each of them a matchlock and pistols besides. The Sheikh Makouran had no less than four guns on his camel. I asked him what they were for. He coolly replied, "I don't know. God knows." The camels browse or crop herbage all the way along, daintily picking and choosing the herbage and shrubs which they like best. My chief occupation in riding is watching them browse, and observing the epicurean fancies of these reflective, sober-thinking brutes of The Desert. I observe also as a happy trait in the Arab, that nothing delights him more than watching his own faithful camel graze. The ordinary drivers sometimes allow them to graze, and wait till they have cropped their favourite herbage and shrubs, and at other times push them forward according to their caprice. The camel, with an intuitive

perception, knows all the edible and delicate herbs and shrubs of The Desert, and when he finds one of his choicest it is difficult to get him on until he has cropped a good mouthful. But I shall have much to write of this sentient "ship of The Desert." It is hard to forget the ship which carries one safely over the ocean, whose plank intervenes between our life and a bottomless grave of waters: so we tourists of The Desert acquire a peculiar affection for the melancholy animal, whose slow but faithful step carries us through the hideous wastes of sand and stone, where all life is extinct, and where, if left a moment behind the camel's track, certain death follows.

5th.—Rose at daybreak, and pursued our way through the Desert. Saw the mountains early, stretching far away east and west in undefined and shadowy but glorious magnificence,—some of deep black hue, and others reddened over with the morning sunbeams. It is a gladdening, elevating sight. The presence of a vast range of mountains always raises the mind and imagination of man. Encamped during the *Kailah* قايلة, or from 10 o'clock A.M., to 3 P.M. This is the siesta of the Spaniards, and it is probable the Moors introduced it into Spain. It is also the mezzogiorno of the Italians and the Frank population of Barbary. But the Italians usually dine before they take their midday nap. Our object here is to shelter ourselves from the greatest force of the heat of the day. None of us dine. In the afternoon the Arab soldiers, being without water, began to seize that of the merchants, after having demanded it from them in vain. In one case they robbed a merchant under the pretext of getting water. They also attempted to take water from my camels, but I resisted, threatening to report them to the Bashaw.

After a scuffle with my negro servant and camel-driver, in which affair Said drew out manfully from the scabbard the old rusty sword which I presented to him on leaving Tripoli—to gird round him as a warrior badge—they desisted and retreated. The sub-officer of the escort came up to me afterwards, and begged that I would say nothing about the business. I gave him a suck of brandy-and-water, and we were mighty good friends all the way. Our course was south to-day, striking directly at The Mountains. We encamped about midnight at the Wady Lethel, the name of which is derived from the tree *Lethel* لذل, frequent in the Sahara.

With regard to the conduct of the poor Arab soldiers, justice requires it to be said, that they are allowed nothing for the service of the escort, whilst if they do not serve when they are called upon, they are fined. The consequence is, they generally have nothing to eat, and no skins to put their water in. Perhaps a camel with a couple of skins is allowed to twenty men. As there was water for scarcely two days of our slow marching, (we only march about twelve hours per day,) these miserable victims of Turkish rule had no water left. It is hunger and misery in this, as in most cases amongst the poor, and not the native unwillingness of the heart to perform good actions, which excite them to deeds of violence and plunder. This night the heavens presented an appearance of unexampled serenity and soft splendour; all the constellations glowed with a steady beauteous light; there were the "sweet influences of Pleiades," the bright "bands of Orion," "Arcturus with his sons," and the infinitude of sparkling jewels in "chambers of the South." All the stars might be seen and counted, so distinctly visible were they to the naked unassisted eye. In encamping our ghafalah carried on its

delightful system of confusion, and the night fires of the various groups glared wildly in every direction. I had not yet become familiar with these nocturnal lights of Saharan travelling, and my senses were confounded. I felt tormented as with an enchanter's delusive fire-works in some half-waking dream.

6th.—Rose at day-break. Our route was now over a vast level plain, and we were within four hours of The Mountains. They now discovered the true Atlas features, a part of which chain they were. We marched in the most glorious disorder. Some were before, some behind, straggling along, others far to the right, and others as far to the left, a mile or two apart. We had the appearance of an immense line moving on to invest The Mountains *en masse*, for there seemed to be no common point to which we were advancing in such tumultuous array. The Arabs pay little attention to marching in order, and in a straight line, so that the camels traverse double the quantity of ground that there would be any occasion for did they attend to plain common sense. The Desert now showed more signs of cultivation, and, indeed, a great portion of this so-called Desert is only land uncultivated, but capable of the highest degree of cultivation;—all which might be effected by supplying any scarcity of rain by irrigation.

We passed the kailah, or in Scripture phrase, "the heat of the day," at a place called Aâeeat, below The Mountains, where we found two wells without water, or with very little bad, dirty, nay, black water. Nevertheless, many descended these wells, about thirty feet deep, to bring up the muddy filthy water, and swallowed it immediately. I myself was so thirsty, that I drank it greedily. Said had very severe thirst, and I believe he drank in one of the last two

days nearly a bucket and a half of water. I finished two bottles of brandy, having diluted it with large quantities of water. I believe this was the only thing which kept me alive, the heat was so intense and prostrating in the day-time. I am astonished to see these people descend into the wells with such facility. I expected, on the contrary, to see them break their necks. They descend by the sides, only assisted by their hands and feet, clinging to naked stones, the interstices of which in some places not even allowing space on which to rest the foot. Here again is hubbub and vociferation of the wildest form, all sorts of quarrelling over this sewer-like water. I now, for the first time in my life, experienced the real value of water, and in these climates more clearly understood the vivid and frequent allusions in the Holy Scriptures to this essential element of existence. Mohammed went several miles in The Mountains, and returned with a skin of fresh water. In his absence the torment of thirst prostrated me, and I lay senseless on the ground:

"The water! the water!
My heart yet burns to think,
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lips to drink."

After the Kailah, we ascended that portion of the Tripoline chain of the Atlas called Yefran. This chain has various names, according to its different links, or groups, more properly, for the usual phenomena of the Atlas are groups, pile upon pile. The following are some of the principal names of this part of the Atlas, beginning east and proceeding west: Gharian, Kiklah, Yefran or *Jibel*, ("Mountain," par excellence,) Nouwaheeha, Khalaeefah, Reeaneen, Zantan, Rujban, Douweerat. All these larger districts are divided into smaller ones, descending to very minute subdivisions. Every dell, and copse, and glade, and brook, and stream, and drain, (to use English nomenclature,) of these mountains, is defined, and owned, and cultivated, as the most cultivated, divided, and subdivided estate in England. It is quite ridiculous to look upon the Atlas chains as so many vast uninhabited wastes. The French, whose forte in colonization is blundering, rushed into the plateaus and groups of the Atlas as into lands unowned and undefined, and were quite astonished to hear of claimants for their newly acquired lands and farms. They imagined that the plains of the Metidjah and the adjacent Atlas chain had lain desolate since the Creation, or were only wandered over by savage hordes of barbarians.

We found the ascent of Yefran difficult. The Arabs call all places difficult of traverse, Wâr—وعر—whether applied to stony rocky ground, sandy regions, or mountains. The camels in the ascent are

timid, and besides the evident fatigue which they experience, show great caution, picking slowly their way with the greatest circumspection. Only a portion of the ghafalah got up to-day. Some camels were labouring up the mountain sides, others threw off their burdens and stood still. As our party was always the advanced, we managed to get up soon. Beneath a huge old black olive-tree, which seemed to have begun with Creation, but still as vigorous as ever, we found a comfortable shade in a snug retired place. It was cooler on the top of The Mountains, and I took a walk in the evening to the Castle (Kesar) of Yefran, a most formidable thing to look at from a distance, but a wretched mud-built place in reality. To the Arabs, however, it is a terrible bulwark of strength, and for them impregnable. Everything in the shape of a fort or a blockhouse, be it ever so untenable or miserable, terrifies the Arabs. It is repeatedly asserted that the Arabs of Algeria never took a blockhouse. An authentic anecdote was recently related to me of a French civilian keeping a whole tribe in check for two days, by fortifying his house and firing from loop-holes which he made in its walls. Not so the Kabyles. Their genius is defending their little forts, often constructed of loose stones, in their mountain homes. Behind these and other forts of nature they maintain for days an obstinate resistance, and pour deadly mitraille. The Turkish soldiers were here lounging about; they gaped and stared at me. I am, perhaps, the first European who has been to Yefran in the memory of the present generation, nay, the first European Christian who has visited this spot. The sun now set fiery red, and night was fast veiling The Mountains with her sable curtain. I retired to my olive-tree, and under its shade slept most profoundly. This was

repose—this, sleep! I shall never sleep in more profound slumbers until I sleep my last.

Footnotes:

[11] Ghafalah, قفله, is the ordinary term for a caravan in North Africa.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO GHADAMES.

Interview with the Commandant of The Mountains.—Military Position occupied by the Turks.—Subjugation of the Arabs.—My different Appellations.—Departure for, and arrival at, Rujban, native place of my Camel-driver.—Aspect of The Mountains.—Miserable condition of the Inhabitants.—Cruelty of the Tribute Collectors.—Marabouts exempt.—Curiosity of the Women to see The Christian.—Social Habits of the People.—Politics in The Mountains.—Visit from The Sheikh.—Various Conversations and Visitors.—Heat of the Weather.—The Sheikh offers to sell me his Authority.—Want of Rain.—Population.—The playing with the Head.—Pervading principle of Religion.—The Sheikh in a bad humour, and misery of Life in The Mountains.—Departure from The Mountains.—Description of the four days' journey from The Mountains to the Oasis of Senawan.—Dreadful sufferings from Heat

and want of Sleep.—Provisions of the Caravan.—Stratagem to preserve Water.—Second Christening in The Desert.—Senawan and its group of Oases.—Resume our Journey.—Emjessem.—Met by a party of Friends from Ghadames.—Quarrel about Said.—First sight of Ghadames.

7th.—WAS awaked by a young man, who said he had brought for "the Consul of Ghadames" (myself) a brace of partridges, some milk, and grapes, from the secretary of the Commandant. Drank a large basin of milk and coffee, and went to pay a visit to the Commandant. Found all the principal Ghadamsee merchants at the Castle, closeted in a small apartment with the Commandant, Ahmed Effendi, talking over the affairs of the ghafalah. At first I imagined this officer had brought them up from Yefran to make them pay black-mail in various presents. But it was only his vanity which dragged up the poor camels this fatiguing route, an ascent of four hours. Our direct route to Ghadames would have been half a day farther west. He said he had merely sent for the merchants to ask them how they were, and give them his blessing. When I entered, a stool was brought me to sit upon. The Rais[12] was seated on a raised bench covered with an ottoman, and the merchants were squatted on their hams upon the matting and carpets of the floor. Coffee was brought me, as to most visitors. The Rais asked me where I was going? and what I was doing? as if he knew nothing about me. I then had my palaver, and represented to the Rais the case of taking by force water from the merchants, which took him quite aback, and astonished all present, the merchants

secretly admiring the boldness of the remonstrance. But it was one of those unpleasant duties which are absolutely necessary to be performed. In our case it was necessary for our own health and the order and security of the caravan. The Rais surprised and displeased, nevertheless gave strict orders that it should not happen again. The merchants afterwards expressed their thanks to me; seeing plainly also the advantage of having one amongst them who was not immediately subject to the Pasha and his soldiers. Besides, I hinted to the Rais it would be better if the ghafalah marched more in order, and had a chief. This the Rais discussed with the merchants, and it was considered advisable to adopt these common sense measures, they, however, laughing heartily at my European ideas of order. I then begged the Rais to persuade the people to travel by night, as this was the hottest season in the year, and being a new traveller in The Desert, I could scarcely support the heat. He replied it would be better for all as we were not now likely to be molested with hostile Arabs. Before separating, a marabout made a short prayer (the *fatah*) for the safety of the caravan. This prayer, the first chapter of the Koran, is never omitted on these occasions. Ahmed Effendi is a very smart Turk, in the vigour of age and health, and has the character of being very stringent in his administration. People call him "*kus*," or hard and determined in disposition; but he is not ferocious, like the Commander-in-Chief. His countenance betrayed a very active intelligence. He said to me aside: "Now these people you are travelling with are barbarians; you must humour their whims and respect their religion. If they were not now present, we would have a bottle of wine together."

The garrison of Yefran contains some two or three

hundred Turkish soldiers, as also that of Gharian, besides Arab troops. The Arabs of these districts are entirely subdued, their native courage apparently dried up and extinct. This has been done chiefly by forced emigration or extermination. The French acquired their *razzia* system from the Turks whom they found in possession of the government of Algiers, on the conquest of that country; but they have improved on it, for a superior intelligence imitating a bad system, will always increase its cruelty and wickedness. We passed many villages depopulated, their humble dwellings razed to the ground—the work of the ferocious Ahmed Bashaw, who came in person to these mountains. A great deal of fighting had taken place near the Castle, and there were the ruins of a very large village on one of the neighbouring peaks. Yefran is a very strong position, and was hotly contested by both parties. In all these mountain districts very few inhabitants are seen, and the present cultivation is therefore insignificant. The people are without money or stock, and have scarcely anything to eat. The single advantage of Turkish rule here is, a large military road cut from the plain to the summit, on which the fort stands, but, of course, as a military road, it was not made specifically for the improvement of the people. Certainly the Turks must show more civilized and polite manners to the mountaineers, but the Arabs will not imitate them, or, if anything they do imitate, as in the case of all subjected nations in relation to their conquerors, it is the vices of their masters. It is unfortunately much the same when the Turks imitate us Christians.

Bought some meat cheap at Yefran, but my camel-driver afterwards stole the greater part. The secretary of the Rais, Bou Asher, who knew the Vice-consul of

Fezzan, showed me some kindness, and sent me again milk, which he said was the right of "The Consul." I had also received a nice delicious little present of a melon from the Sheikh Makouran *en route*. These were the first proofs of a friendly disposition of the natives towards me, and were most thankfully appreciated. The people called me *Taleb* ("learned man"), or *Tabeeb* ("doctor"), or Consul, or the Christian, just as their caprice or information led them[13]. Here all the merchants determined to stop a week, some going to one part of The Mountains, and some to the other, to purchase oil, barley and *gurbahs* ("water-skins"). Many travellers, who had availed themselves of our escort to The Mountains, here left us.

I left in the afternoon for the native country of my camel-driver, and encamped for the night in The Mountains. Our party consisted only of the camel-driver, Said, and myself, with three camels. I must say I felt rather queer knocking about in The Mountains, almost alone.

8th.—Rose early, and pursued our way. The air of this elevated region invigorated my mind and body; and so by a mishap I took no coffee before starting. Passed the kailah under a group of olive trees, called "The Sisters[14]," where also flocks of sheep and shepherds were dosing and reposing under the shade. We exchanged biscuits for milk. The shepherds were giving their dogs to drink, and made me wait until they had drunk their fill, thinking no doubt that their dogs were as good as "a Christian dog," (the ordinary epithet of abuse applied by Mussulmans to Christians). I had my revenge, for when I had drank my milk, I took good care to give them only a fair and exact return of biscuits, which made them ask

for more, but which I refused. Started again, and did not arrive at Mohammed's village, in the district of Rujban, till after midnight. It was a most wearisome ride. I kept asking Mohammed, "how far the village was off?" He would say, "Now three hours;" in two hours after, it was still "three hours;" in two hours after that, it was still "two hours and a half;" it was "near" when it was six hours before we arrived; it was "close by us," three hours before we arrived, &c. &c. But an Arab will often tell you a place is just under your nose when it is at a day's journey distant, pointing to it as if he saw it within a musket-shot. I was highly exasperated at Mohammed, because we had delayed to eat anything all day long, upon his representing to me that we should arrive an hour after sunset. But the milk acted like a purgative, and was perhaps advantageous. No people were seen in The Mountains, and very little cultivation. There were a few modern antiquities, chiefly the stones of Moorish forts and castles. Many villages in ruins, destroyed in the late wars. And Mohammed, like a thoughtless idiot, ridiculed the rude desolations of his brethren, exulting and calling out to me to see "the cooking places." Many parts had the geological features of the Sahel, or hilly country in the neighbourhood of the city of Algiers. The air was pure and cool. But though it was calm this day and the evening, a sudden tempest got up after midnight. I was lying on the bare ground rolled in a blanket, when the wind tore it from off me, and I was obliged to retreat to a hovel. I am told these tempests are frequent in The Mountains, no doubt arising from the intense heat rarefying the air.

9th.—Slept the greater part of this day to recover from the fatigue of the preceding days. Do not suffer much, and am surprised I do not suffer more. Asked

Mohammed for the quarter of sheep purchased at Yefran, and taxed him with stealing it: told him I would give him no backsheesh on arriving at Ghadames. He had stolen the meat to make a feast for his friends on his arrival, and afterwards brought me a piece of my own meat cooked as his own, but which I refused. This is a fine illustration of being generous at another person's expense. In the evening went to see Rujban. There are seven villages forming the district of Rujban. These consist of so many mud and stone buildings, but some of the houses are excavations out of the solid rock, the principal object being protection from the fiery summer heat, and the intense winter cold. Many of the houses have a yard before them, which is walled round, and three or four are mostly clustered together. Sometimes excavations are made in a pit or hollow found on high ground, and then a subterraneous passage leading to them is excavated from the mountain sides: these are reckoned very secure. From the heights where I write, there is a boundless view of the plain and undulating ground which lie between the Mediterranean and this Atlas chain. The Arabs call it their sea, and it certainly looks like a sea from these heights. A marabout sanctuary and garden at the base of the mountains, is called their port. There is frequently a freshness rising from the subjected plain like that of the sea. The camels, they say, are their ships. There are besides some pretty views in and over the Atlas valleys, where you overlook the small scattered oasisian spots of cultivation, with here and there a palm and little groups of inclosed fig-trees. Then again, there are heights crowned with olive-woods, as if The Mountains had put on a black scull-cap. Some of the precipices are so profound, as to deserve the epithet of "horrid." In different parts of

these heights are flights of natural steps, by which they are ascended, and which seem to have received some finish from Arabian ingenuity.

In spite of the freshness and coolness of mountain air, it has been very hot these last two days. On the plains, the people say the heat is now overpowering.

There is scarcely any natural produce about. A few sheep and goats, a camel or two, and a few asses, are all the animals I have seen. The fig-trees produce something, but I have seen no prickly-pears, which support many poor families on The Coast, during several months every year. The olive plantations are the principal resource of these poor mountaineers, which are also a sensible relief for the eye on these bare heights. In the houses there is hardly anything to be got. No pepper, no onions, no meat killed or sold. No bread can be obtained for love or money. I laid in a stock of fresh bread in Tripoli for a fortnight, but my gluttonous camel driver devoured all in three or four days! There were no less than fifty twopenny loaves. He was accustomed to eat in the night, when I was asleep, and used to threaten to beat Said if he blabbed. I mentioned the circumstance after, to the Rais of Ghadames, who observed: "If you had brought a thousand loaves, all would have been devoured."

Notwithstanding this abject poverty, a bullying tax-gatherer, with half a dozen louting soldiers, have been up here prowling about, and wresting with violence the means of supporting life from these miserable beings. The scenes which I witness are heart-rending, beyond all I have heard of Irish misery and rent-distraining bullies. One man had his camel seized, the only support of his family; another

his bullock; another a few bushels of barley: the houses were entered, searched, and ransacked; people were dragged by the throat through the villages, and beaten with sticks; and all because the poor wretches had no money to meet the demands of these voracious bailiffs. Poverty is, indeed, here a crime. One poor old woman had a few bad unripe figs seized, and came to me, and a group of wretched villagers, crying out bitterly. One or two men, who were imagined to have something, though they had nothing, were held by the throat until they were nearly suffocated. I cursed over and over again in my heart the Turks. I was not prepared for such scenes of cruelty in these remote mountains. We shall find, that amongst the so-called barbarians of The Desert there was nothing equal in atrocity to this. What wonder that the Arab prefers, if he can, to pasture his flocks on savage and remote wastes to being subjected to these regular Governments—of extortion! And yet we, in our ignorance of what is here going on, are surprised at their preference. If the people are not ready with their money, the little barley, their winter's store, is seized, and they must pay afterwards their usual quotas of money. Several bags of barley are illegally gotten in this way. The amount of tax or tribute for the whole district of Rujban is five or six hundred mahboubs, which is paid in three instalments, three times a year; but, which though nothing in amount, is more than all the people are worth together, for riches and poverty are relative possessions, if the latter can be possessed. If they can't pay in money they pay in kind. The Sheikh of the district, with the elders, determine how much each man and family shall pay. This, of course, gives rise to ten thousand disputes, heart-burnings, and eternal wranglings amongst

themselves. The Arabs, on these occasions, however silent and sulky they may be on others, show that they have the gift of speech, as well as Frenchmen and Italians. Then, indeed, God's thunder can't be heard. Marabouts do not pay these taxes. This is a privilege of religion, which successfully exerts itself against the oppressive arm of the civil power. Such privilege has been enjoyed in all ages and countries. My camel-driver is a Marabout, and is consequently exempt. I rallied him upon his privilege, and he replied: "The villains are afraid to come here; see my flag-staff and green flag, they dare not come over my threshold—God would strike them down!" It is impossible to tell how much of the five hundred mahboubs gets into the treasury of Government, but, I am told, a good portion gets into the pockets of the officials. The whole administration of The Mountains, and the Saharan oases of Tripoli, is conducted on the same principles of finance and extortion.

I am lodged in the house of my camel-driver. The women show the greatest curiosity to see me, and declare that I am more beautiful (*bahea*) than they. They wonderingly admire everything I have. The greater part of these women never left their mountain-homes—never saw a Christian or European before—and this is the reason of their surprise at my appearance. The children, of course, are equally astonished, but are too frightened to reflect steadily on an European. Both the women and men say it is *maktoub*, ("predestination") which has brought me amongst them, and they are right. These poor people are very civil to me. In my quality of tabeeb they consult me. The prevailing disease is sore eyes. Two children were brought to me, a girl with a dropsy of a year's standing, and a boy with only one

testiculum, for neither of which did I prescribe. The employment of the men is camel-driving between Tripoli and Ghadames. Agriculture, there is scarcely any. The women weave barracans or holees for their husbands, themselves, and children, and for sale. They are mostly dirty, and ill-clothed. The men have but a single barracan to cover them, one or two may have a shirt; the children are nearly naked; and the women wear a woollen frock, charms round their necks, armlets, and anclets, sometimes throwing a slight barracan or sefsar round their heads and shoulders. I observed, however, that often women wear great leather boots, made of red leather or camel's skin. None of them were pretty, but some were fine-looking, with aquiline noses, and rolling about their large, black, gazelle-like eyes.

10th.—Spent the day in writing notes. Expect to remain three more days. I am, however, comfortably sheltered from the heat, which has been to-day excessive. Mohammed, my camel-driver, is useful to me as a writer of Arabic, giving me the names of places in Arabic. But he knows nothing of Arabic grammar, and writes very poorly, like most of these Marabouts, although he passes for being a very learned man. He purchased some old dirty leaves of an Arabic book, and exhibited them to the people as sacred works. The Sheikhs of Rujban and all the great people of the villages came to stare at them. They were shocked at my presumption in wishing to handle these sacred leaves, which were a portion of a commentary on the Koran. My Marabout is the Katab, or writer of the village, there being only another who can write here besides himself, and who writes very badly. Mohammed, though a saint and a writer, is an enormous hog, and dishonest, when he can be so with safety. He has begun badly, but may

turn out better. Said is not of much use yet; he is very stupid, but not malicious. I must make the best of both, and of every body and everything in my present circumstances, conciliating always wherever I can, and passing by all offences. If I can't do this, I may go back. I cannot finish these trifling memoranda to-day, without expressing my thankfulness to a good Providence, that I enjoy good health and spirits up to this time, and there is every appearance of my arriving safely in Ghadames. "All is from God!" (*Men ând Allah El-koul*, as the people say.)

11th.—Yesterday evening conversed with the Arab villagers, and asked them if the soldiers of the Government were gone, *i. e.*, the collectors of the tribute. They replied, "Yes, thank God, and may they never return! The curse of God upon them!" They then asked me, if the people were treated so by our Government. I observed to them, "Not always. But that sometimes the British Government sorely oppressed the people, as all the Governments of Europe; and I was often tempted to think that there were only two classes of people in the world, the oppressing and the oppressed, (*i. e.*, the eaters and the eaten)." To which latter remark they all answered with a loud "Amen," and swore it was the truth. They then asked me, "If the English were coming to Tripoli?" I told them, "No," for the English had now more countries than they knew what to do with. Surprised at this remark, they continued, "What are the French vessels doing at Tripoli?" (There were then a French steamer and a brig at this time.) I told them to keep away the Turks from attacking Tunis. They were anxious to know if the French would come to Tripoli. I answered, I thought not, as they had enough of Algeria. "We hope (*en shallah*,)" said

they, "the English are our friends." I replied they were, but, being friends of the Sultan of Constantinople, they would not take possession of Tripoli. The fact was, these poor people were just smarting under the oppressive acts of the Turkish tax-gatherers, and they would then have sold their country to the first comer for an old song, were the buyer Christian, Jew, or Pagan. But I have always found the Arabs fond of talking of politics; it seems instinctive in their character; and it is astonishing how much policy is always going on amongst their tribes, and how intricate are the various negotiations of the Sheikhs. I asked them "If they had any arms?" To which they replied, "No, none whatever; the Turks have taken them all away." And so these once formidable mountaineers have not only lost all spirit and courage, but have not even arms to defend themselves against the most petty annoyances. Robberies of the small kind are frequent about the neighbourhood, and the people are often obliged to gather their figs before they are ripe, lest they should be stolen. At other times they display great impatience of the seasons, and gather the fruit before ripe. Those who steal provisions are poor famished devils, having nothing to eat. There is no poor-law here. It is simply a question of theft or starvation to death. This is the alternative of Arab life in many parts of these mountains.

This morning received a visit from the Sheikh of Rujban, Bel Kasem by name[15], and his head-servant, or factotum. I made them the best coffee I could, putting into it plenty of sugar. The Arabs are curious people; they like things either very bitter or very sweet. Their eyes sparkled with satisfaction; they had never tasted coffee before like it, and were rejoiced—"Tripoli always belongs to the English!"

Speaking of the Marabouts, and alluding to my Mohammed, the Sheikh said, "These fellows pray God and rob men." "Mohammed," he added, "is a rogue, he pays nothing, and I am obliged to eat up all the people to make up the amount for the Bashaw." It is curious to observe everywhere this eternal contest between the civil and spiritual power. To pacify him, I told him Christian priests were many of them as bad as Marabouts (and which is quite within the mark). The Sheikh and his men had very white teeth. I observe nearly all the Arab men and women, as well as the negroes, to have extremely white teeth. This has never been medically accounted for; I believe it arises from the simplicity of the food they eat. Some Tunisian Arabs have reported that large bodies of troops are being concentrated at the Isle of Jerbah, in expectation of the Turks. The trading Arabs are the gazettes of North Africa.

Said's feet are very sore, arising from Mohammed refusing to allow him to ride. I was obliged to tell him, at last, that, unless he permitted him to ride, Said should not help him to load the camels. This had some effect, and he allowed Said to ride an hour or two before reaching here. This Marabout is, indeed, a cruel, selfish fellow. He also pretends to be very jealous, and will not allow any person, much less a Christian, to see his wife. He won't allow me to present her a cup of coffee. But I found out the reason; the rascal wished to carry it himself, and drink half of it on the way. Afterwards his wife told me herself the reason. An indiscreet conjugal disclosure this: but such is the character of the man.

An old blind man is calling on me. He tells me his

country is my country, and his people my brothers and sisters. He prays God to bless me and preserve me. How soft and gentle—how full of good-will and patience—are the manners of the blind in all countries! Full fed flesh and the prosperous are proud and cruel, those stricken with infirmity and misery show the milk of human kindness. This poor old gentleman prays all the day long. Prayer is his daily bread. The Arabs ask me if Said is my slave. I tell them the English have no slaves, and that it is against their religion, but that some other Christian nations have slaves. They are greatly astonished that slavery is not permitted amongst us. The women of the village continue to visit me as an object of curiosity. They never saw a Christian before. They are always declaring me "bahea," handsome, of which compliment I am, indeed, very sensible.

This evening, however, the women of our two or three huts, and their neighbours, played me an indecent trick, with, of course, a mercenary object. Although the Barbary dance is rare amongst the Arab women, they can have recourse to it at times to suit their objects. The men were gone to bring the camels, and the women sent Said after them on some frivolous message. Four of the women now came into my apartment, and taking hold of hands, formed a circle round me. They then began dancing, or rather making certain indecent motions of the body, known to travellers in North Africa. At once nearly smothered and overpowered, I could scarcely get out of the circle, and pushed them back with great difficulty. At this they were astonished, and wondered all men, Christians and Mussulmans, did not like such delicate condescension on their part. "Don't you like it, infidel?" they cried, and retreated from my room. I now saw their object. They began

begging for money vehemently, saying, "Pay, pay, every body pays for this." Nothing they got from me; and the wife of the Marabout came afterwards, imploring me to say nothing to her husband. It is thus these rude women will act for money, as many who are better taught, in the streets of London. But acts of indelicacy are nevertheless very rare amongst the mountain tribes. I have seen Arab women at other occasions, on a cold day, standing athwart a smoking fire, with all the smoke ascending under their clothes. This may be expected, and is characteristic of the filthy habits of these wretched mountaineers. But cases of adultery are unknown amongst these simple people.

12th.—A beautiful Arab girl, a perfect mountain gazelle, came with her mother to consult me about her eyes, being near-sighted. Recommended her to apply to Dr. Dickson, if she ever went to Tripoli; and wrote her a note to him. Many other people came for medicines. Went to see an old man whose eyes were bad with ophthalmia. I gave him some solution to wash his eyes, and he gave me in turn a jar of new milk. Something was said about olive-oil, and I asked where we could get some. They said there was none in Rujban. The lady of my host thinking me incredulous, pulled her gray grisly hair, and exhibited its crispness and dryness, observing, "See, where's the oil?" Of course such an argument was conclusive that they had no oil in the house.

The villagers, in this season, do absolutely nothing, unless it be sleep all day long. The fact is, it is awfully hot, from early morn to evening late, and they have little to do. All that they have to do, many of them do with apparent dispatch. At the dawn of day the wind is so strong, one cannot enjoy an hour

of the morning's freshness; and, in the evening, the sultry ghiblee is equally disagreeable. I scarcely go out of my room the whole day. Begin to recover my Arabic. Many times I have begun and re-begun this difficult language. But there is no remedy. I must work, and work brings some pleasure, at least destroys ennui and kills time. However little time we have, we wish it less.

The Arabs ask me, "Why the Christian priests have no wives?" The Mohammedans and Catholics go to extremes in their ideas of separating or connecting women with religion and sanctity. The Mohammedans think a saint or marabout cannot have too many women or wives, which, they say, assist their devotion—a sentiment which they pretend to have received from Mahomet himself by tradition. The fact is, the prophet was very fond of women. The Catholics would seem to think a priest better with absolutely no wife. This is a mere struggle between sensuality and asceticism. There is no love or affection in it. I showed Mohammed an empty bottle. He took a piece of paper and wrote: "The bottle is empty of wine, God fill it again." Such is Arab marabout literature.

13th.—Elhamdullah! The wind has changed, the furnace breath of the ghiblee is gone out! We have now a pleasant breeze from N.W., the bahree, as the Arabs call it. We can now go out any time; before we were prisoners the live-long day. Mohammed, who pretends to all sciences, says: "There are three modes of cure—"1st, Blood-letting; "2nd, Fire and burning; "3rd, The word of God."

He made this observation in applying verses of the Koran to the eyes of his wife's sister, which he said

were more efficacious than all my physic. Some of these bits of paper, with the name of God written on them, were steeped in water and swallowed by the patient. This superstition of swallowing bits of paper, with the name of God and verses of the Koran written on them, as well as the water in which the paper is steeped, is prevalent as an infallible remedy in all Mahometan Africa. Marabouts are all powerful in The Mountains; and a woman, pointing to her child, said to me:—"That boy is the child of a Marabout. I never allow another man to sleep with me." Nevertheless, the women still display intense curiosity in seeing "The Christian," and will declare, "By G—d, you are beautiful, more handsome than our men." They admire the most trifling thing I have, and add, "God alone brought you amongst us." Their language, though indelicate to us, is not so to them. It is the undisguised speech of a rude people.

Went this morning to see El-Beer, or "the well," the real fountain of life in these countries. Was much pleased with the visit; and found it at the bottom of a deep ravine, bubbling out from beneath the shade of palms and olives, amidst wild scenery of rugged steeps and hanging rocks. There are indeed, four springs, but all apparently from the same source. They are not deep, and have near them troughs for watering sheep, goats, cattle, and camels. These wells furnish water for two mountain districts. The water is of the purest quality, clear as crystal, aye, clear as—

"Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God."

The road to them is very difficult, over rattling, rumbling stones, and rocks, and precipices, and it is

hard work for the poor women who fetch the water, for the wells are distant nearly three miles from our village.

The Sheikh came to my Mohammed, asking him to write to Tripoli, to collect the money due to the Bashaw from certain people of this country, who are now working in that city. They look sharp after these poor wretches. Amuse myself with washing my handkerchiefs and towels, and mending my clothes. I also always cook and do as much for myself as I possibly can. Besides doing things as I like, it amuses me. Bought another skin-bag for water, and shall now distribute the three amongst us, and each shall drink his own water during the four days of our route, where no water is to be found. This will prevent wrangling on the way, and make each person more careful of this grand element of life in The Desert. Mohammed put a little oil in the skin before filling it, to prevent it from cracking. This gives the water an oily taste for weeks afterwards, but we get used to it, and are glad of water with any taste.

His Excellency the Sheikh got very facetious to-day. He offered to sell me his authority, his Sheikhdom, and retire from affairs. I bid one thousand dollars for the concern. "No, no," said he, "I'll take ten thousand dollars, nothing less." Then, getting very familiar, he added, "Now, you and I are equal, you're Consul and I'm Sheikh—you're the son of your Sultan, and I'm a commander under the Sultan of Stamboul." The report of my being a Consul of a remote oasis of The Sahara was just as good to me on the present occasion as if I had Her Majesty's commission for the Consular Affairs of all North Africa. Who will say, then, there is nothing in a name? A tourist in Africa

should always take advantage of these little rumours, provided they are innocent. But the traveller more frequently has to encounter rumours to his disadvantage. Many visitors, men, women, and children—some brought milk, others figs and soap. Soap is considered a luxury in all the interior cities, and people will beg soap though never use it, but keep it as a sort of treasure. Fig and olive trees abound in the mountains, but for want of rain have produced nothing this year. So of most other vegetables products. Goats only are in abundance, of animals. The ordinary food of the people is bazeen, a sort of boiled flour pudding, with a little high-seasoned herbal sauce, and sometimes a little oil or mutton fat poured on. It is generally made of barley-meal, but sometimes flour. This is the supper and principal meal of the day. As a breakfast, a little milk is drank, or a few dates with a bit of bread is eaten. The rule of these mountaineers is, indeed, not to eat meat, though some of them have flocks of sheep.

14th.—His Excellency the Sheikh roused me from my bed this morning. He said he could not sleep, and therefore I ought not to sleep. According to his Excellency, Rujban contains 500 souls, all in misery and starvation. "The country is *batel* (good for nothing)," he says. It is certain the greater part of the people have not enough to eat, or half the quantity of what is considered ordinarily sufficient. In the neighbouring districts, S.W., there are 1,500 souls. Ahmed Bashaw destroyed the greater part of the inhabitants of these mountains, and disarmed the rest, leaving not a single matchlock amongst them. Such are the Turkish ideas of mountain rule—absolute submission or extermination!

This morning is cool and temperate. Every day

continue to administer solution for ophthalmia, and even those whose eyes are quite well, will have a drop of it put on their eyes. They say it will prevent them, after I am gone, from having the malady. Everybody begs a bit of sugar, a little bread, a scrap of paper, a something from the Christian. Content all as well as I can.

This evening saw, for the first time "the playing with the head," which is performed by females. This was done by a young girl. After baring her head and unbinding her hair, throwing her long dark tresses in dishevelled confusion, she knelt down and began moving her chest and head in various attitudes, her whole soul being apparently in the motion. Part of her hair she held fast in her teeth, as if modestly to cover her face, the rest flew wildly about with the agitation of her head and chest, and all to the tune or time of two pieces of stick, one beating on the other, by the woman upon whose knees she leaned with her hands. The motion was really graceful, though wild and dervish-like, but there was nothing lascivious in it, like the dancing of the Moors, nor could it well be, the upper part of the body only was in agitation, being literally "the playing with the head." I never saw this before or again in North Africa. I gave the young lady twenty paras, the first time she had so large a sum in her life. Received a present of leghma from the Sheikh, very acrid and intoxicating. The women admire much my straw hat, made of fine Leghorn plat, and wonder how it is done. None of the inhabitants but our Marabout read and write. Portions of the Koran, however, are committed to memory; and one day an old blind man repeated several chapters of the Koran for my especial edification. He did it as a protest of zeal against my infidelity before the people, but I took care not to

show that I was aware of the object. The men pray now and then, the women never, that I could see, and never think of religion beyond ascribing all things, good and bad, to God. Indeed, all classes in these mountains think the sum of religion consists simply in ascribing all matters, how great or how small, how evil how good soever, to the Divine Being. When they have done this, they think they have performed an act of piety and mercy. At my request, Mohammed made Said a pair of camel-driver's shoes, or sandals, to save his best. The plan is primitive enough. They get a piece of dried camel's hide, and cut it into the shape of the sole of the foot. Then they cut two thongs from the same hide. Holes are now bored through the soles, a knot is made at the end of the thongs, and they are pulled through the holes. The whole is then rubbed over with oil; the hairy side of the hide is fitted next to the foot, and the thongs are bound round the ancles. These sandals serve admirably well their purpose; some are made of double soles. But for the especial benefit of our cordwainers, I may mention, the African shoe has no heel to the sole.

15th.—His Excellency the Sheikh, and his factotum, or shadow, took coffee again with me this morning. A cup of coffee is a rare treat in Rujban. The Shadow of his Excellency brought me a few bad Fezzan dates, from which oases The Mountains are mostly supplied. Dates are not cultivated in The Mountains. The palm requires a low and flat sandy soil. The climate is not of so much consequence as the soil. Jerbah, and the Karkenahs, islands in the Mediterranean, produce as fine dates as the most favoured oasis of The Sahara. The Sheikh tells me there are thirty negro slaves in his district. One would wonder how the people could keep slaves

when they can scarcely keep themselves. His Excellency is very sulky. He threatens to resign his Sheikhdom. The poor Sheikh is the dirtiest, unhappiest mortal of all his people. He is without wife, family or friend; he is without a rag to cover himself, except a filthy blanket. He houses in a little dirty cabin. In looks he is a hard strong-featured man, and large of limb. I asked his Excellency what he got by his Sheikhdom, to plague him. He growled, "*Shayen* (nothing)." "Why don't you resign?" I continued. "I can't; all my ancestors, from the time of Sidi Ibraim, and our lord Mahomet, were Sheikhs. We're one blood. I shall dishonour them:" he returned. The principle of aristocracy is irradicably bound up in the Arabian social economy. The levelling and co-operative system has no place here. The Sheikh's factotum is a noisy, roguish-looking Arab, with several bullet-marks about him received in the late wars. As he does all his master's dirty work, he is universally detested. Master and man swear the country is ruined. There certainly is nothing in these villages to render life tolerable. No rustic plays; no moon-lit dance to the sound of the rude calabash drum and squeaking pipe; no cheerful family circle—all is poverty and loneliness! Such a life is really not worth living. To make wretchedness still more wretched, for three years there has been no rain in these mountains. God's power and man's cruelty press sorely upon these miserable people.

The curiosity of the villagers begins to abate, or my Mohammed refuses them admission into his house to see me. He pretends to be honest in his opinion of his countrymen. He says: "The Arabs are all dogs (*kelab*)." They certainly have most begging propensities. And Mohammed adds, that when they have sufficient they will still beg, being born

beggars. But, alas! these poor people, I am sure, never know now what it is to have enough. Yesterday some audacious thief stole the Sheikh's leghma. His factotum is foaming with rage, but the Sheikh laughed heartily at the impudence of the thief. His Excellency is accustomed to send me some every morning. I shall here relate a case or trait of selfishness amongst Arab women. I gave to the wife of the Marabout half a bottle of solution for washing her eyes should she be attacked with ophthalmia. Her sister-in-law, living next door, was laid up in a dark room with a dreadful ophthalmia. She sent her husband to beg a little of the solution. The Marabout's wife first denied that she had any, and then that she could find it. When I came from my walk, I scolded her soundly and gave the poor sufferer some solution.

The Marabout seeing my little stock of oil, burst forth with a violent panegyric on olive oil, as he dipped his fingers into it and licked them, not much to my satisfaction:—"Oil is my life! Without oil I droop, and am out of life; with oil, I raise my head and am a man, and my family (wife) feels I am a man. Oil is my rum—oil is better than meat." So continued Mohammed, tossing up his head and smacking his lips. I have no doubt there is great strength in olive oil. An Arab will live three months on barley-meal paste dipped in olive oil. Arabs will drink oil as we drink wine.

16th.—This morning we leave for Ghadames. What is remarkable, nearly all the Mountaineers offered me their services, and were willing to leave their native homes, and go with me any where or everywhere. I hardly observed a spark of fanaticism in them, so far as accompanying me was concerned. They were all

actuated with the common and universal feeling, to obtain something to live withal in this poor world.

I have endeavoured to give some minutiæ of Arab mountain life. It will be seen to be not very stirring or agreeable, and there is certainly no romance in it, but, such as it is, I offer it to the reader, and he must make the best of the information. Life is life under any and all forms.

From Tripoli to The Mountains our route was southwest, so that we were not so far from the coast as at first might be imagined, from the number of days' journey, and we were still within the influence of some cool sea breezes, for any point almost between west and northeast, brought reviving life to The Mountains, in this terrible season of heat.

My journey seemed now to begin again, I felt a sickening regret, even in leaving my new Arab acquaintances. But the oppression which ground down to the dust these poor people filled my mind with the horror of despotic government. I was glad to get away from its victims, and from under the sphere of its influence, and plunge into the wild wastes of The Sahara, where I could breathe more freely. I must relate one other anecdote illustrating this oppression. A poor man sold me a peck of barley. The myrmidons of power, hearing of the sale, immediately went to him, and he refusing to give them the money, they got hold of his throat and nearly strangled him. To make them desist, I paid them also the value of the barley. Several of the poor people ran out after me when I mounted the camel, and amongst them many women and children, all crying out "*Bes-slamah, bes-slamah*," (Good-bye, good-bye). We now entered upon the most difficult, and

the most critical part of our route in this season, and I commended myself and the people again to Eternal Providence.

20th.—Seenawan. I find it impossible to write daily in this part of the route.

I have seen lately in the newspapers and geographical journals, that a Frenchman is going to traverse Africa from west to east, and that he is to make hourly observations with scientific instruments. I think the parties who write such paragraphs must be either madmen, or grossly and unpardonably ignorant of the nature of African travelling. If a traveller is in his sober senses, half the time he is *en route*, he is a happy man. But to proceed.

Our first object was to find the rendezvous of the ghafalah. I said to Mohammed: "Are you sure the ghafalah is on the march to-day?" "The ghafalah is like the sun," he replied, "every body knows it will move to-day." About four hours after looking over the undulating ground, I thought I saw at about six miles distant some black spots moving, and turning to Mohammed, I said, "What's that?" He exclaimed, "The camels! the camels! I told you I was right, and don't you see I have struck into the right path?" I was glad to hear this, for I was not yet sufficiently broken in to desert travelling to be wandering about as we were in search of moving parties of the ghafalah. An hour after I took off the shade from my eyes, for I had still a slight ophthalmia, and looking round, I found we were in the midst of detached parties of the ghafalah, widely apart, but all hurrying in one direction. We were not near enough (indeed some miles off) to have any conversation with them. By noon we had all rendezvoused upon a pleasant

plateau of The Mountains. The merchants welcomed my return, and asked me what I had been doing. I said, "We have delayed too long." They smiled:—"Oh, you don't understand; you see we have one day for buying oil, another day for barley, another for skins, another for doing nothing," &c. It appeared to me a bungling way of doing business. But some of them had been obliged to go a day's journey to purchase a few things. The ghafalah had, in fact, been scattered all over The Mountains. A few never left Yefran. This was my first taste of delay in Saharan travel.

We began our four days' journey in the evening, and continued all night up to two hours before sunrise. The camels then rested but were not unpacked. All the people now got a few winks of sleep. At dawn we started again, and halted for the day after two hours and a half of marching. In the afternoon, about half-past four, we then resumed our march, and in this manner we continued for the four days. Our pace was upon an average three miles per hour, sometimes two and a half, and sometimes three and a half. On looking at the camel you think it goes slow, but when you look at the driver, you observe that he is often kept up to a very good walking pace. Our camels were five days without drinking, for they drank the morning before we left.

I was once going to write, "the Arabs pack their camels as badly as possible; make their journeys as long as possible; travel as much in the sun as possible[16];" but these last four days have convinced me that, under the guidance of a good Arab chief, they know what they are about, and can do things with order and dispatch.

I don't know how it was, but it came into my head

that, on leaving The Mountains, and proceeding south, we should soon descend again, as if we were to cross some mighty ridge or series of ridges of the Atlas. Every moment I expected to descend into valleys or plains, corresponding to the country which lies between Tripoli and The Mountains. Getting impatient, after nearly a day's march, I asked for the plains. The people turned upon me with surprise, and said:—"*Lel Ghadames, koul hathe souwa, souwa*, All like this to Gadmes." I found, indeed, that, after getting fairly into The Mountains, and proceeding south, you first entered upon a deep undulating country, with here and there a profound ravine, then a pretty verdant inclosed plateau, and then a bare towering height, all which *accidented* country dissolved at last into an immeasurable plain. Proceeding south, however, we found a new species of mountains began to raise their long, lone, dull, dreary naked forms; and, asking Mohammed what they were, he replied correctly enough:—"These are *Gibel Sahara*, (Saharan Mountains)." The plateaus and undulating ground were in places covered with loose stones, with sand and sand-hills scattered or heaped about. Then these stones and sand were partly covered at this season with sun-dried and sun-burnt herbage, mostly very coarse, with here and there a few bushes and shrubs. Many also were the dried beds of rivers, and there were still wider and profounder depressions of land than these waterless wadys. But all is now burnt, scorched, dried up, and the nakedness of the Saharan ridges is responded to with a hideous barrenness from the intervening plains and valleys. Not a single living creature was visible or moving; not a wild or tame animal, not a bird nor an insect, if we except a tiny lizard, which seems to live as a salamander in heat and flames,

now and then crossing our path at the camel's foot, and a few flies, which follow the ghafalah, but have no home or habitation in The Dried-up Waste. Nor was there a sound, nor a voice, or a cry, or the faintest murmur in The Desert, save the heavy dull tramp of our caravan: all else was the silence of death! However, my Marabout tells me, in the winter the whole scene is changed. "There is then," he says, "herbage, rain, birds, gazelles, and all things." It is certain that within nine hours' ride from Rujban we passed the stubble of two or three patches of barley, which had been rescued from the dominion of The Desert.

As to myself, personally, in this part of the route, I have suffered most from want of sleep. In the day-time it was too hot to sleep, and in the night I was on the back of the camel, where, of course, for the present, I could not be expected to sleep, though many of the Arabs, nay, merchants slept. I should say all slept on the camel as soundly as in a bed. So that what I saved of suffering from the heat of day-travelling, I lost in want of sleep by night-travelling. Poor human brute! I thought of the fable of the ass and his winter and summer advantages and disadvantages. The hottest day was yesterday, last of the four, when we encamped in a dry bed of a river. I shall never forget that day, forget what I may else! I was first on the point of being suffocated, and seemed at my last gasp. I began to think that the predictions of my *friends* in Tripoli were about to be verified. I was to succumb to make them prophets! In addition to this my deep distress, I felt the wound of pride. I got some tea made, I can't tell how, and poured some brandy into it. This I drank, and from a fever of delirium found myself conscious again, and swimming in a bath of perspiration. The crisis was

now passed, and I was to see Ghadames and Ghat, and return to my fatherland. So fate—rather Providence—would have it. Every day, until I reached Ghadames, there was a sort of point of halting between life and suffocation or death in my poor frame, when the European nature struggled boldly and successfully with the African sun, and all his accumulated force darting down fires and flames upon my devoted head. After this point or crisis was past, I always found myself much better. It is strange that my head never ached, nor was in any way affected during the whole route, except in the one day mentioned. Some and all have vainly invoked sleep upon a bed, in the time of darkness and cold, but those who call for the god in the African Desert, in midday of the hottest season of the year—and to the last moment of starting with a long, long night of travel before them—as they lay rolling on the burning sand, and he disdains to shed his dull influence over the eyelid, know, indeed, something of this kind of human suffering, and how dreadfully long and dreary were those nights! What signified the sight of the ten thousand orbs moving in silent mystic dance, and dressed out in soft bright fires, over the poor traveller's head! Alas! it was a mockery of his woes. . . . Four days and four nights were thus passed, without four hours of sleep. I often wonder if I could go through this again. I had an additional suffering of the eyes. I never took the veil from my face from sunrise to sunset, for had I done so, I should have had the hot sand immediately into them. We had ghiblee or simoon every day. But, thanks to Heaven, now ends the greatest of my sufferings from heat.

We were escorted by sixty Arab troops on foot, like those who escorted us from Tripoli to The

Mountains. The Pasha mostly chooses them from districts through which we pass, and in this way secures a guard well acquainted with the route. But how odd, before the Turks, in the good old days of The Bashaws, these very Arabs were the banditti of the route. A Ghadames merchant said to me one day, "Yâkob[17], see these fellows; formerly all were villanous *Sbandout* (banditti)." The captain of this escort, Sheikh Omer, who will conduct us to Ghadames, was charged by the Commandant of The Mountains, that his men should not be allowed to take water, or anything else by force, "bel kouwee," as the merchants said. The Sheikh was a civil fellow, and found it his interest to cultivate my acquaintance. Every morning I invited him to take coffee and tea in my tent, and he never forgot to come. In acknowledgment, he sent me some liquid butter, which was not excessively bad. The food of the Arabs, and the poorer sort of the merchants, for this journey was, as written by my Mohammed, سُوِيقَ زُمِيته ("Souweekah-Zameetah," that is, two names); but commonly called Zameetah, which is nothing more than barley or wheat burnt or malted, then ground, and afterwards made into paste. On this is sometimes poured a little oil or fat; but many cannot afford this luxury, and must content themselves with a little water to make up the meal into paste. I may safely affirm, there was not a bit of meat eaten, or a drop of tea or coffee drunk, in the whole caravan of merchants, with 200 camels, including, with the Arabs, some 150 persons, during the last four days, except what was eaten and drunk in my tent. I myself had only a little bit of fowl. The Sheikh *Shabanee* (Makouran) as the Arabs call him, was the most civil to me. His portion of the camels is about forty, and he seems a most respectable old

gentleman. He has two sons with him. He gave me last night a guzzle of cool water, a large brass pan full, of the size of a warming-pan, which I drank off in an instant, and found it more like nectar, than our earthy animalculæ water; it was so deliciously cool and sweet. Valuable, indeed, becomes a thing of commonest use, from its scarcity. The old Sheikh has a donkey with him to carry his drinking-water. The skins keep the water cool even in the hottest part of the day, whilst some which I had in bottles became quite hot. I shall here relate an ingenious stratagem, which I recommend to all African travellers. On leaving The Mountains we had three skins of water, one for each. But first, one of the skins cracked, and we lost a good deal of water, before it could be mended. Then Mohammed, the chief thief, was accustomed to drink large draughts when neither myself nor Said was present. This we learnt from the rest of the caravan. Said, himself, poor fellow, as soon as Mohammed had turned his back, was either to beg me to give him extra water, or help himself. Sometimes I chided him, at others I gave him water, or was too much exhausted to see what he was about. Then Said would help his friends amongst the Arabs now and then, and sometimes the Arabs helped themselves, by going behind me, and sucking from the neck of the skin whilst I was riding. To avoid this, Mr. Gagliuffi told me he always put the neck of the skin-bag before and not behind, so that it was impossible for a person to drink, and at the same time to walk backwards with the camel going forwards, or at any rate to do so without being seen. Then, finally, there was the terrible action of the sun on the water, often reducing it by a fifth, and sometimes a third, of our supply. But the consequence of all this was, our three bags were

empty before we arrived at Seenawan, and the little water which had remained, the third day, was so shaken in the skins, all being oiled, that for me it was not drinkable. Now for the stratagem. Apprehending this waste of water, I got twelve pint bottles filled with water at Tripoli, which were packed away as wine and spirits, neither Mohammed or Said suspecting the contrary. Accordingly I quietly despatched my couple of bottles of *acqua pura* per day, as the London lady drinkers are said to take their sly drops from the far corner of the cupboard, without the least suspicion of my fellow travellers. I overheard once, Mohammed speaking of me to Said: "By G—d! these Christians, what lots of rum they drink: that's the reason, Said, the sun does not kill him—he'll never die. These Christians, Said, are the same as the dæmons; they know everything, but God will punish them at last—if not, there's no God, or Prophet of God." I took no notice, but when we got to Ghadames, I took the remaining bottle, and asked him to drink. He jumped up with alarm. I then called him a fool, and proved to him I had been drinking water at the time he thought I had been drinking rum. He laughed, and said, "Ajeeb, ente Yâkob âkel: (Wonderful, you James are wise.)" I then took upon myself to lecture Mohammed, abusing him for his carelessness in not preserving the water, and asking him if he thought that I, on the first time of traversing The Desert, could put up with dirty water like them, and go without for days, or with a very small quantity?

The Sheikh Makouran continues very civil: to-day he gave me a supply of onions for making soup, and promises to give me a house to live in, when I get to Ghadames. I have, in turn, to give him some medicine, on my arrival, for one of his two wives. I

rode a little the Sheikh's donkey last night, at his request. It is nothing like the camel, it stumbled a great deal over the loose stones, and I am told the horses stumble as much. I felt the immense superiority of the camel, with its slow regular pace and sure foot, in these stony wastes. The Sheikh's ass is the only animal of the beast-of-burden sort in the whole caravan, besides the camels. I noticed, however, a few extra unladen camels, which take turn with others for carrying, as also several foals following lightly and friskily their dams. *En route*, during the nights, the Arab soldiers amused themselves by firing off their matchlocks, the most advanced party answering the farthest behind, and *vice versâ*. The noise of the gun broke through the painful silence of The Desert, and came finely back reverberating from the Saharan hills with double and treble discharges of sound. When their powder began to be exhausted, and they have never more than half-a-dozen charges, they sang their plaintive love ditties, or chatted to the merchants. On the whole, they showed great good temper, and, pennyless and naked, were happier than well-clothed and wealthy merchants.

In the afternoon of yesterday a letter was brought to me, written by Gameo, which had been in the ghafalah nearly all the length of the route, but had been forgotten. This stated that Mr. Macauley, the American Consul, had kindly prepared a small package of American rum for my journey, and had forgotten to send it till too late—in fact, like several persons in Tripoli, he really thought, what from the intrigues of the Pasha, and the obstacles of the season, I should never get off. I may observe, the nearer a person is to an object, it often happens he sees it less:—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the
view."

There is infinitely less enthusiasm for African discovery,—nay, more horror of African travelling in Tripoli than in London: in truth, the greater part of the Europeans of Tripoli, and in all Barbary towns, are a degraded unenthusiastic race, wholly occupied with their petty quarrels and intrigues. Of course, a man of my stamp was considered by them either "*un sciocco*" or "*un matto*."

It is the misfortune of Africa to be surrounded by a cordon of vitiated races, half-caste and mongrel breeds, propagated from adventurers and convicts from the other continents of the world. So that Africa learns nothing but the vices of civilization from its contact with the rest of the world. It is also certain, that the native tribes of Africa itself are more immoral and barbarous on the coasts than in the interior.

We have had the full moon during our last four days. Our route is always more or less south-west.

As I expected, Said is knocked up and lamed. The Marabout has cheated Said all along out of his rides, under pretence of his having made him a pair of shoes. This Marabout is the cunningest, cruellest rogue I ever met with. But I must here relate a service which he rendered me of considerable importance. Nobody could pronounce, at any rate *recollect*, my name. Mohammed said to me one day, "*Ingleez*, we have many names, have you no more than one? The ghafalah can't learn your name, it's too difficult. Make a name like ours, if you haven't one." I then told him I had another, *James*, and that it was in Arabic, *Yâkob*. Hereupon, his eyes moved

round wildly with joy, and he cried out,—"That's it! that's it!" He immediately started off amongst all the people, calling out my name was "*Yâkob*." This *second* christening in The Sahara was an immense advantage to me. There is now not an oasis in the wildest and farthest region of the Great Desert but what has heard of *Yâkob*. When I arrived at Ghat I was astonished to find even the Touaricks calling me *Yâkob, as if I had been brought up with them*. Clapperton and the rest of his party adopted Mahometan names, and were wise in doing so. When I was in Fezzan, Clapperton's Arabic name of *Abdallah* was mentioned more than twenty years after his death in Soudan. Denham was called The *Rais,* being an officer.

The road from The Mountains to Seenawan is very good. The greater part, indeed, is beautiful broad carriage-road. It is generally well marked with camel-paths, about a foot wide. These well-beaten, well-trodden paths, are very sinuous, running one into another, and often are in great numbers, running parallel in serpentine style, and containing a united breadth of a hundred yards. There are a few places where no road-traces are apparent to the European eye, but the well-practised eye of the Bedouin camel-driver, like the eye of the Indian in the American Wilderness, can see things, and shapes, and signs in The Desert which entirely escape us. Along the line of route small heaps of stone are placed, said by my Marabout "to point out the way." We did not meet a single traveller all the four days, no small parties—no couriers—no one. I shall not soon forget our reaching Seenawan. It was a few hours after midnight. I looked forward to it as the haven of rest from all my sufferings. A fellow-traveller came up to me, (for I had been asking all

night long to see it,) and said, "See, Yâkob, there is the *Nukhlah* (palms) of Seenawan." Looking through the shadowy moon-light, I thought I saw something very small and black, and made a start at it from my camel as if I was going to leap into a downy bed of rest under the eternal shade of grateful palms. When the object is grasped, how its value vanishes! We threw down the mattress under the shade of a little ruined round tower, and I fell asleep. But such a tempest got up that the people waked me, covered with sand, and made me crawl into a hole, called the door of the *burge*. Here, amongst heaps of stones and dirt, I fell asleep again, and did not wake till called next day near noon.

Seenawan is but a handful of date-trees, thrown upon the wide waste of The Sahara, with one or two pools of sluggish running water, sheltering beneath its palms thirty or forty inhabitants. There are four or five spots of vegetation, gems of emerald on the rugged brow of The Desert. The houses, if such they are, consist of half a dozen or more of mud hovels huddled together, here and there a little stone stuck in the walls, and some dark passages running beneath them. One or two had a couple of stories and a stone wall round them. Yet, within, they are cool, and have dark rooms to protect the inhabitants from both heat and cold. There are also two or three mud and stone *burges*, or round towers, to protect the few dates and spots of green. Nevertheless, in this pretence of existence, surrounded by the frightful sterility of The Desert, glowed the warmth of true hospitality. The Arab merchant, Zaleeâ, who lives here, and had been one of our caravan, made me come to dine with him in his house, and introduced me to his family. He gave me for dinner boiled mutton and sopped bread. When I started next day,

he presented me a supply of eggs and two fowls, a sumptuous feast in The Desert! I found his wife and daughter suffering with ophthalmia, and made them up a pint-bottle of solution for washing the eye. I had had to wash the eyes of many poor Arabs during the last few days. I gave Zaleeâ's aged father half a dozen ship's biscuits, a part of one of which he sopped and ate. The old gentleman offered up a prayer for my safety, and said he would save one to eat on my safe return.

The morning of the 20th was horribly hot, but I was housed and sheltered in the old *burge*. I received a present of some fresh dates. This was the small black date of Ghadames, which is peculiar to two or three oases about here. They were delicious as fruits of the garden of the Houris, and certainly now more esteemed by me. The Commandant, seeing me write to-day, wished to have the honour of his name being written in my journal. It is Omer Ben Aly Ben Kareem Bez-Zeen Laseeâ. The people showed no jealousy at my writing notes. Indeed, they were quite aware this was part of my business, and often assisted in telling me the names of persons and places. Never went an European into the interior with less suspicions flying about him amongst his fellow-travellers. I attribute this, in a great measure, to the frankness with which I spoke about Government and the Turkish authorities, as well as the Consular people of Tripoli. Besides, I never affected to conceal my objects. Here a man wrote in my journal the names of abuse applied to the lazy, lagging camels, for his own especial amusement; viz., "*Ya kafer, Ya kelb, Ya Yehoud*, 'Oh thou infidel!' 'Oh thou dog!' 'Oh thou Jew!'" In a quarrel, the Arabs transfer them complacently to one another, with sundry additions and oaths, too broad for ears polite.

Kafer, ("infidel,") and *Deen El-kelb*, ("religion of a dog,") are the most odious terms of abuse which they can throw at one another.

21st.—We left early this first sprinkle of Seenawan vegetation, and passed the 22nd at the larger spot of the oases. This second spot is called Shâour; but both oases are included in the first name, as Ghat and Berkat are included in *Ghat*. It is necessary to make these distinctions in order to guard against error in laying down the routes. Shâour consists of a few stunted date-trees, a little *gusub*, a grain esteemed almost as much as wheat, and one or two fig or other fruit-trees. The united oasis, though but containing a population of sixty souls, and all very poor people, pay 600 mahboubs per annum to the Pasha of Tripoli. The oldest man of the place told me, that, from the first hour of his observation and recollection, to the present time, the water had always been the same in quantity. There is always a little more in the winter. It is running water, and as it runs and bubbles up to the surface it is distributed over the little garden plots and patches. I asked him why he did not make the gardens larger? "God bless you," he replied, "we would if we had more water." It is surprising to notice the regularity of even this scanty supply of water through the years of an old man's life, upwards of eighty, in the heart of The Desert, for such is the site of the oasis of Seenawan. I looked about for birds, but saw none. My aged informant said, "In the winter there are some doves." No wild beast haunt the environs; they cannot get at the water. The people keep a few sheep, goats, and fowls. There are also a dozen or so of camels. It is remarkable that the soil of this speck of vegetable existence is entirely sandy, and all the water comes out of the sand. But in places, indeed, on the coast of

Barbary, the finest and most vigorous vegetation often bursts forth out of a purely sandy soil. By the time all the ghafalah had taken their supply of water, and the camels had drunk, the pools were dried up or exhausted, and the people of the village had to wait for the running of the water. I put a last question to my aged Saharan *Cicerone*,—"How do you live here, do you work?" "I am always sleeping," (or *kāéd*, "reposing.") "But, how do you get anything to eat?" "Oh, I eat every other day, when I can get it, and sleep the rest of the time: what can I do?" Such is vegetable and animal existence here! Nevertheless, this show and sham of life looks fair, fresh, nay, enchanting, after the five days' desert; and all, as well as myself, welcomed Seenawan as a little Hesperides.

We were a tolerably harmonious caravan, but had now and then a good quarrel. To-day a serious misunderstanding broke out between the Commandant Omer and one of the merchants. I could not learn what it was about, but Omer drew his sword twice to strike the merchant, and was only prevented doing so by the bystanders rushing on him. The Sheikh Makouran came to me apart and said: "Now, if they ask you who's to blame, say both." We then advanced to the parties, and the Sheikh turned to me, and said: "*Yâkob*, who's to blame?" I immediately said, though I knew nothing of the business: "Everybody, all of you." This was the signal for a burst of laughter, and the group separated. The quarrel, however, did not finish, it was carried to Ghadames and settled there. The Arabs enjoy a good quarrel, and, like good ale, they prefer it, not being too new, but caulked up a bit. The greater part of their occupation and amusement is supplied by quarrels.

Before leaving Seenawan the merchants dispatched a courier to Ghadames, and Mohammed wrote a letter to the Governor, telling him very pompously: "The English Consul of Ghadames was approaching the city under his protection." Mohammed said he had submitted the letter to the Sheikh Makouran, and it was approved. I approved of anything that had not my name attached to it.

22nd, 23rd.—Left in the afternoon, and continued all night, till two hours before day-break. Rose at sun-rise and continued till nearly noon. Halted for the Kailah, and afterwards resumed our journey, continuing all night. The people of the ghafalah amused themselves in the night, by "playing at powder." As they fired the matchlocks, they shouted the name of the person whom they intended to honour, mostly firing off the gun just under his nose. Mohammed was very active in the business, and kept firing off my praises, and those of the Sheikh Makouran. This mode of compliment is universal in North Sahara. The Marabout is a good politician, and knows what he is about. He knew that Makouran and myself could serve him. The style of firing off these praises was this: "Who's this for?" cries the person that has the musket ready loaded. A number of persons, the flatterers of the great man, answer, "The Sheikh Makouran!" The majority has it if other names are mentioned. The man with his gun then runs before the Sheikh, and fires it off in his face, or a very short distance from him.

The camel-drivers showed a perverse disposition for continuing all night the 22nd and 23rd, and would not halt, without difficulty, for the two or three hours' rest before day-break. The Commandant called for more than an hour: "*Ya oulād oŭăl kāéd*, (You first

fellows stop!)" I never felt so angry with any people, as I did with these oulad in advance, I myself was calling out, "You first fellows stop!" But they were full a mile in advance. The Arabs are very fond of this sort of disorder and annoyance to others. Another party took it into their heads to halt at noon, the 23rd, several miles from the rest. The Commandant went after them, broke up their encampment with violence, using his sword to hide them, and brought them up to the main body. Very windy these two days, and got the sand in everything, cooking utensils, cups, glasses, bowls. We found the sand, however, occasionally useful, and used it instead of water for cleaning our platters and cooking pots. Some of the people say, it is better than water for cleaning pots and platters.

I have already said how my camel was harnessed, if harnessing it can be called. First, two panniers were placed (nicely balanced), which formed a sort of platform upon a level with the camel's back-ridge and hump; a mattress and skins next were placed on this, which were tied down with Arab herb-cords, and carried under the belly of the camel, securing the panniers as well as the coverlets. A small ottoman was then put at the top, on which I sat as on a chair-cushion, with my legs hanging down on each side of the camel's neck. Sometimes I lay at my full length across the mattress. But this the people disapproved of for fear I should fall off. They, however, frequently slept this way whilst riding. I was dressed as slightly as possible, and had on a gingham frock coat, with a leghorn hat. During the time the sun was above the horizon, I held up an umbrella and tied a dark-green silk handkerchief over my eyes and face. I could have borne more clothing, but I think the Moors and Arabs had too

much. They don't change the quantity with the season, and wear as much in summer as in winter. The consequence is, they are very cold in winter, and very much oppressed in summer; but it is mostly the want of means which does not allow them to change their clothing with the season. I carried a little bottle of spirits and water to drink. In the night I was to eat a little biscuit. None of the camels had bridles, unless used solely to ride upon. The camel which I rode was a very good one, and very knowing, and, like many knowing animals, very vicious. He was in the habit of biting all the other camels which did not please him on their hind quarters, but took care not to get bitten himself. He seldom stumbled, and I was rarely in fear of falling. A camel will never plunge down a deep descent, but always turn round when it comes to the edge of a precipice. I often rode for several hours with comparative comfort. The camel-drivers never ride when their camels are laden, sometimes suffering as much as the camels themselves. I somewhat offended the self-love of the people of Ghadames. I asked them whether Ghadames was bigger than Seenawan. They said pettishly, "Ghadames *blad medina*, (Ghadames is a city)."

24th.—Emjessen. Arrived at these wells about 10 A.M. Earlier we had passed a place where they were trying to get water. Emjessen is a vast salt plain, which is covered over in different parts with a coating of salt, hard enough and thick enough to furnish materials for building. And here they were building a *burge*, "tower," or *kasbah*, "castle," or *fonduk*, "caravanserai," (all which names people called it,) with a large wall round the principal wells, the materials of which were red earth and lumps of salt, some of which appeared as hard as the soft Malta stone. The water is, of course, brackish, but

nevertheless the camels drank it with eagerness. I was staring at the eagerness with which the camels were drinking, when the Commandant said, "*Enhār sākoun, Yâkob*," (a hot day, James,) "do the camels in your country drink water in that way?" Hereat a merchant interposed, and instructed the Rais that the English had no camels, but lived on boats in the water. This is a very commonly spread opinion respecting the English in The Desert. But Caillié says of the Foulahs near Kankan, and other tribes: "The prevailing idea of the people in the interior of Soudan is, that we inhabit little islands in the middle of the ocean, and that the Europeans wish to get possession of their country, which is the most beautiful in the world." Mohammed would not allow his camels to drink here, and said the water was bad. Emjessen is situate about ten hours from Ghadames, say, a short day's journey.

The Sahara all around now showed still more marked features of sterility, of unconquerable barrenness. Here too, for the first time, I saw boundless ridges and groups of sand stretching far away to the south-west, but they were low squatting heaps. Some sand-hills we had crossed for an hour or two. Mohammed called them *wâr*, and asked me to descend to save his camel's legs, I thought my legs less practised in The Desert than the camel's, and kept my place. Here were spread about, between the sand-hills and low black stony ridges, plains of salt and chalk. My first impression was, that the sea had once covered these regions.

Our route was still south-west, and south, and the prevailing wind *ghiblee*, or from about the same quarter.

On leaving *Emjessem*, we were met in the afternoon by several friends and relatives of the merchants, who had come from Ghadames in answer or invitation to our letters written at *Seenawan*. These strangers (to me) were finely mounted upon camels of the Maharee species, both themselves and their camels dressed out superbly, the camels being tightly reined up like coursers. They had a novel and noble appearance, and I thought I saw in them something of the genuine features of The Desert. They had come eight or ten miles an hour, a long *galloping* trot, for such is the motion of the camel. As soon as the two parties met, there was a simultaneous scamper off of our camels, and some of theirs got very unmanageable. I was nearly thrown off, and it required Mohammed and Said to hold my camel until the alarm had subsided. The Sheikh Makouran was obliged to dismount and ride his donkey. I asked Mohammed what was the matter, for I could not understand this strange confusion all at once amongst the camels. He cried very angrily, "The camels are drunk, are mad—God made them so." When things got more settled, the merchants explained to me that it was the antipathies of the two races, the *coast*-camel, and the Maharee or *desert*-camel. That each was alarmed, but the most fierce and dominant was the Maharee, which always assumed the mastery over the coast-camel, "like," added one, "the Touarick assumes to be lord over the Arab."

To-night I was obliged to quarrel seriously with Mohammed. Said was now quite lame and could not walk more. I told Mohammed plainly he should have no present as first promised, since he had broken his agreement about Said's riding. He then put Said on a camel. The merchants were much amused at the

quarrel, and thought me an ass to quarrel about *a slave*, (for such they esteemed Said) having a ride[18]. Some few observed I was right, and bullied Mohammed, who now made another lying excuse, that his two camels were knocked up, which was the reason Said didn't ride. The early part of the night he had been riding one of them himself, and taxing him with this, he said, "Yes, but was I not ill, didn't you give me some water and acid, and sugar?" I replied, "Yes, I recollect it too well, I'm sorry I had so good an opinion of you." The Commandant now came up, and some bawled, "Here's a *shamatah*[19] with Said," and explained the business. The Commandant, without any more to do, takes the back of his sword and belabours Mohammed till he cries for mercy. Then the people beg the Rais to desist, and say, "Mohammed is a *marabout* and must not be beaten." Mohammed was very cunning, and always took care to repeat aloud a prayer when we started afresh from any station, and so gained the esteem of the more pious. Said rode the rest of the way to Ghadames.

During the greater part of the night of the 24th we reposed. At dawn of day, on the 25th, we started fresh on the last march. Just when day had broken over half the heavens, *I saw Ghadames*! which appeared like *a thick streak of black* on the pale circle of the horizon. This was its date-woods. I now fancied I had discovered a new world, or had seen Timbuctoo, or followed the whole course of the Niger, or had done something very extraordinary. But the illusion soon vanished, as vanish all the vain hopes and foolish aspirations of man. I found afterwards that I had only made one step, or laid one stone, in raising for myself a monument of fame in the annals of African discovery!

Footnotes:

[12] The term Rais is applied by these people both to a naval and military commander, the literal meaning being "head."

[13] When an European arrives first in a remote Barbary town, although there may be many Europeans in the place, he is mostly called and mentioned in Moorish society as "The Christian," which happened to myself in Mogador.

[14] How strangely the genius of nations of such different habits have given the name of "sisters" to separate groups of trees. I have also passed twin peaks of mountains in Africa, called "brothers" by the Arabs. But *Bou* or *Abou*, "father," is the ordinary appellation of things in North Africa. *Omm*, "mother," is also very common. The two last are found in combination.

[15] Long names are not confined to European rank and royalty. The Sheikh's name in full is, "The Sheikh Bel Kasem Ben Ali Abd-el-Hafeeth, the Rujbanee." And this is only the quarter of the length of some of these names.

[16] So I found it written in the first portions of the journal.

[17] *Yâkob*, Arabic for James.

[18] There were certainly several slaves walking; but they were all long accustomed to it, whilst Said had only just come out of a weaver's establishment, where he had been many years.

[19] Turkish, "a row;" but mostly "war," "battles."

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN GHADAMES TO BEGINNING OF THE RAMADAN.

Arrival at Ghadames.—Welcome of the People.—Interview with the Governor, Rais Mustapha.—Distances of the route from Tripoli to Ghadames.—Geographical position of the Oasis.—First sight of the Touaricks.—Commence practising as Quack-Doctor.—Devotion of the Arabs.—Prejudices of the People, and overcome by the Rais.—Many Patients.—My House full of Touaricks.—The Sheikh of the Slaves.—Character of my Camel-Driver.—I make the tour of the Oasis.—Visit to the Souk.—Prejudices against me diminish.—First sight of Birds.—A young Taleb's specimen of Writing.—My Turjeman's House.—The Negro Dervish.—Touarick Camel Races.—A few Drops of Rain.—Various Visits, Conversations, &c., about Timbuctoo.—Prevalent Diseases, and my Medicine Chest.—Evening previous to the Ramadan.—Houses, Public Buildings, and Streets.

GRADUALLY we neared the city as the day got up. It was dusty and hot, and disagreeable. My feelings were down at zero; and I certainly did not proceed to enter the city in style of conqueror, one who had vanquished the galling hardships of The Desert, in the most unfavourable season of the year. We were now met with a great number of the people of the

city, come to welcome the safe arrival of their friends, for travelling in The Desert is always considered insecure even by its very inhabitants. Amongst the rest was the merchant Essnousee, whose acquaintance I had made in Tripoli, who welcomed me much to my satisfaction when thus entering into a strange place. Another person came up to me, who, to my surprise, spoke a few words in Italian, which I could not expect to hear in The Desert. He followed me into the town, and the Governor afterwards ordered him to be my turjeman, ("interpreter"). Now, the curiosity of the people became much excited, all ran to see *The Christian*! Every body in the city knew I was coming two months before my arrival. As soon as I arrived in Tripoli, the first caravan took the wonderful intelligence of the appointment of an English Consul at Ghadames. A couple of score of boys followed hard at the heels of my camel, and some running before, to look at my face; the men gaped with wide open mouths; and the women started up eagerly to the tops of the houses of the Arab suburb, clapping their hands and *loolooing*. It is perhaps characteristic of the more gentle and unsophisticated nature of womankind, that women of The Desert give you a more lively reception than men. The men are gloomy and silent, or merely curious without any demonstrations. I entered the city by the southern gate. The entrance was by no means imposing. There was a rough-hewn, worn, dilapidated gate-way, lined with stone-benches, on which The Ancients were once accustomed to sit and dispense justice as in old Israelitish times. Having passed this ancient gate, which wore the age of a thousand years, we wound round and round in the suburbs within the walls, through narrow and intricate lanes, with mud walls on each side, which

inclosed the gardens. The palms shot their branches over from above, and relieved this otherwise repulsive sight to the stranger. But I was too much fatigued and exhausted to notice any thing, and almost ready to drop from off my camel. In fact, the distance which I had come since I first saw the dark palms of the city at the dawn, seemed to exceed (mostly the case when exhausted in completing the last mile of the journey,) all the rest of the route. I now proceeded forthwith to the Governor, the Rais Mustapha, being led by the people *en masse*, who, on seeing me, said, "*Es-slamah! Es-slamah! Es-slamah!*" ordered me coffee, and gave me a cordial welcome. It was about 10 A.M. His Excellency was sitting out in the street on a stone-bench, under the shade. Some visitors were sitting at a distance, and servants were lounging about. The Governor's house is without the city, in the gardens. It was cleanly white-washed, but small, only two stories high. Before the door it was well watered, and there was a freshness springing up from the water just sprinkled about. Several palms cast gracefully their dark shadows on the street. The Governor was very sick, his face was tied up, and his eyes covered. But he smoked incessantly. He said only a few words through his interpreter. I was equally out of order, and begged him to allow me to go to the house which was being prepared for me. He consented; and two hours after his Excellency sent me a dinner of mutton, fowls, and rice.

If I were asked my opinion as to this journey, and its being undertaken by an European, I would answer for myself, that I would risk it again, because I know my constitution, and how to treat myself. But I could not conscientiously recommend it to others in this season of the year. Were I to perform it again, I would manage much better. I would be better

mounted, have a better tent, and a better assortment of provisions. Most assuredly I have great reason to thank Providence that I am arrived in perfect health.

The whole time from Tripoli to Ghadames had occupied twenty-three days, but seven or eight had been consumed by delay in The Mountains. The absolute distances of travelling given me by Mohammed, are:—

From	Tripoli to Janzour	3	hours.
"	Janzour to Zouweeah	9	"
"	Zouweeah to Beer-el-Hamra	2	"
"	Beer-el-Hamra to Shouwabeeah	5	"
"	Shouwabeeah to Wady Lethel	14	"
"	Wady Lethel to Aâyat	3	"
"	Aâyat to Yefran	3	"
"	Yefran to Rujban	18	"
"	Rujban to Seenawan	4	days.
	(sometimes 5.)		"
"	Seenawan to Emjessen	2	"
"	Emjessen to Ghadames	1	"

The quickest time, in more general terms, in which the journey can be performed, excluding of course all stoppages, is:—

From	Tripoli to The Mountains	3	days.
"	The Mountains to Seenawan	3	"
"	Seenawan to Ghadames	3	"

The French geographers, for some reason, have made Ghadames situate upon a salt plain, confounding its site with the salt plain of *Emjessen*. There is no salt plain in the suburbs of Ghadames, or the country near. According to the *official* letter of the Porte, written by Ali Effendi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the oasis is situate in the *Caimakat de Jibel Garbigi*. As I did not receive the Porte's memorandum of my recall from Ghadames until my return, I made no inquiries of this mountain *Garbigi*, but I imagine it exists, though I never heard its name. Ghadames is situate in 30° 9′ north latitude, and in 9° 18′ east longitude.

25th.—I find my house, which had been prepared for me by the kindness of the Sheikh Haj Mohammed Makouran, very commodious and tolerably clean, and I make myself at home. It is situate in the suburbs, close by the Governor's house. I now tried to get a nap, but could not. Then I went to bathe in the Mysterious Spring, whence springs up this city as an emerald amidst a waste of stone and sand! Intend bathing every day if I can. Saw Essnousee again, and many of the merchants whom I had seen at Tripoli. Found them all civil. But the people who most excited my attention were the Touaricks, whom I now saw for the first time. Many of them were here at this time for trading purposes. They expressed as much astonishment at seeing me as I them, some exclaiming, "God! God! how could the Infidel come here?" Late in the afternoon, after napping, went again into the city: was much pleased with its appearance. Thought it better than Tripoli, considering the position of the respective places, Tripoli on the edge of the sea, and open to all the world, and Ghadames in the midst of The Desert, far from the shores of the Mediterranean. No poor are

seen begging about the streets, and all the people look well dressed today. They had put on their holiday clothes, which is usual on the arrival of a large caravan. What a contrast was this to the squalor and filth of Tripoli, with its miserable beggars choking up all the thoroughfares! No women were seen about but the half-castes, mostly slaves, but plenty of children playing here and there. I heard amongst them the whisper of "The Kafer, the Kafer!" as I passed by.

Began to practise my quackery very early, and administered solution for the eye in various parts of the streets *pro bono publico*. The Rais sent for me likewise, and I poured a few drops of caustic into his eyes. In fact, I was full of business, although but a few hours in the town, and hardly had time to look about me. This business after such a journey! My turjeman, Bel-Kasem, also took me into his garden, and gave me a supply of onions, peppers, and dates. The gardens appeared quite equal to those of Tripoli. The turjeman was soon useful, though he only spoke a few words of Italian, but chiefly because he had less prejudices against the Christians than his fellow-townsmen. He had worked in the house of a French merchant in Tunis many years, and always retained a sort of sneaking kindness for Frenchmen, which indeed was much to his credit. In walking about the town, I was followed by groups of children and black women, all running one over another to see me. My turjeman was obliged to beat them to keep them off. I am the *second* Christian who has visited Ghadames; the first being the unfortunate Major Laing, who never returned to record what he saw in this city! But his residence of a few days here is forgotten by nearly all the present generation. The Rais is the only Turk. All the troops are Arabs. The Ghadamsee

people are never soldiers. This evening the Rais sent me supper, much the same as the dinner.

The people of the ghafalah (the Arab strangers), went to pray this evening in the mosque set apart for strangers. I must not omit the mention of the strict and scrupulous exactitude with which all the ghafalah prayed *en route*. Five times a day is prescribed by the Koran. Most of them prayed the five times, but not altogether, some choosing their own time, a liberty allowed to travellers. It was a refreshing, though at the same time a saddening sight, to see the poor Arab camel-drivers pray so devoutly, laying their naked foreheads upon the sharp stones and sand of The Desert—people who had literally so few of the bounties of Providence, many of them scarcely any thing to eat—and yet these travel-worn, famished men supplicated the Eternal God with great and earnest devotion! What a lesson for the fat, overfed Christian! And shall we say, that because these men are Mohammedans, *therefore* the portals of heaven are hermetically sealed against the rising incense of their Desert prayers? . . . It is hard to think so . . . though some think so.

26th.—Employed as yesterday in administering the medicines. My turjeman did not come to-day, and I suspected, intuitively almost, the people of Ghadames had persuaded him not to come. It turned out afterwards that my suspicions were well-founded; nevertheless, I received several small presents from the people. The merchants are civil, but some little jealousy discovers itself on religious grounds. All Mohammedans have got an idea that the Christians will one day take their countries from them, but that, in the end, with the aid of God, they

will revenge themselves, and repossess all their cities and countries: "This," said my Marabout, "is a prophecy contained in our sacred books." My presence is therefore by some considered the preliminary for the overthrow of the Mussulman power of Ghadames, I am the scout, the spy into "the nakedness of the land;" others think I pollute the sacred city of Ghadames with my infidel carcass. Yesterday I got also entangled in the labyrinth of dark streets, some of which are often turned into mosques at certain hours of the day. Of this the people complained to the Rais, who sent me word to be careful. I replied, I was an utter stranger, and did not know what I was about; in fact, the Rais excused me to the people saying, "A little by little, The Christian will know to do all which is right. We must teach him." Indeed, I found the conduct of Mustapha from the first very kind, and he was determined no improper prejudices should get into the heads of the people against me. The Rais continued to send me breakfast, dinner, and supper. "This," said the servant, "would continue *three* days, according to custom;" in fact, I found the same custom adopted by the Governor of Ghat. Caillié mentions the custom as prevailing amongst the Braknas. But it will soon be seen that the Rais did not stint his hospitality to this conventional usage. His Excellency found his eyes better to-day, and I gave him a dose of pills.

My camel-driver came up to me in his usual soft sneaking way, and began his pious jargon:—"God be praised for Yâkob, because he has arrived safe in Ghadames—now God is one, and above all things powerful. Besslamah." This he was wont to repeat *en route*. He then said gravely, "Now, Yâkob, you are my friend—you wish to go to Soudan, I will go with you, if you like, but I will sell you my camel, on which

you rode here. You know it's good and very wise. It doesn't stumble. Buy it, I'll sell it because you are my friend, you shall have it cheap, for twenty-five dollars." The fact is, the camel had got a small hole in its back, and being afraid he should not cure the camel, he wanted me to buy it. Twenty-five dollars is the average price of a camel.

27th.—Paid a visit this morning to the Rais; told him the turjeman was afraid to come with me to show me the city and interpret, because the people said to him, "Bel-Kasem, thou must not show The Christian the sacred things of our holy city: never were they polluted by an infidel." The Rais smiled and ridiculed the thing, and said he would send for the man. I observed I would pay him so much per day. "No," he replied, "I am his master, you are a stranger, I must pay." Whilst we were talking, a letter came informing the Rais that some robbers had carried off six camels from the village of Seenawan. The Rais was displeased and said to me, "All this country is *batel* (good-for-nothing)." I asked the Rais if there were a prison in Ghadames.

H. E. "Yes."

I. "Is there any body in it?"

H. E. "No."

I. "How?"

H. E. "This is a city of dervishes and marabouts—people don't steal—if they've nothing to eat they beg."

People are calling at my house all day long for medicines. Every morning I send tea (made, of course,) to the Rais and the Sheikh Makouran.

Presented the Rais with my Moorish portfolio, all worked over with various devices in leather and silk. He was quite delighted with it, observing, "The Christians are good people, but the people here don't know them. Yâkob, take courage, little by little," (a favourite expression of the Rais). Next to my house is a garden whose date-trees bear no fruit, and its beds are covered with dry dust, a sad picture of neglect. On asking how this was, I was told the owner was in Soudan, and in consequence no one looked after and watered his garden. The merchants of this city often remain in Soudan five, ten, even fifteen and twenty years, leaving their families here whilst they accumulate a fortune in commercial speculations. Sometimes they marry other wives in Soudan, and form another establishment.

Bathed again in the Spring, but found it surrounded with women, fetching water. Contented myself with washing in one of the private washing apartments attached to the Spring. The water was warm, but I felt afterwards cool and refreshed. There are no public baths here as on the coast towns. I observed the place formed of a high raised stone-bench, just as you enter the city, (on our side) where all strangers pray. It seems built on, the principle of some Romanist churches, which are dedicated, like those of the ancient classic temples, to particular uses and services. My Marabout prayed in it with devout fervour as we passed, I being obliged to wait for him.

This evening dined with the Rais at his house for the first time. His Excellency was extremely kind and spoke freely of the Ghadamsee people. "These," said he, "are a people given up to prayer, and many of them spend their time in nothing else."

I said, "Are there ten thousand people in Ghadames? So I have heard."

Astonished, he replied, "There are not five hundred men."

"Are there not several of the people travelling?"

"Only a few."

Then, talking of thieves and banditti, the Rais told me to bring my money to his house in order that he might take care of it. On depositing it with him he asked how much it was. There were only two hundred piastres of Tunis, all the money I had. The Rais seemed surprised it was so little (about *seven pounds sterling*!) I made the best of it by telling him if I remained I must send for some more. He also recommended me not to sleep on the top of the house, but in my room, and shut the door. However, it is so hot that I should be suffocated if I were not to leave the door open. In explanation, he said, "The Touaricks and other strangers are thieves." The Rais is very sick, with bad eyes. Sent him some more physic.

Whilst writing my journal, the house is filled with Touaricks, and I cannot get rid of them. I am obliged therefore to enter into conversation to amuse them.

"How large is Ghat? as large as Ghadames?"

"Bigger than Tripoli."

"Have you plenty of meat in Ghat?"

"Plenty of everything."

"I am afraid of you—you killed one of my countrymen near Timbuctoo?"

"No, no, (crying out lustily,) not the Touaricks of our country."

"Will you take me safe to Ghat?"

"Upon our lives!" (*Drawing their swords across their foreheads.*)

"Have you a written language?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?" (The Touaricks to me.)

"Here, I will write it."

"Have you any medicine for the eye?"

"Yes."

I then applied some solution to the eyes of one of them. Another said:

"My son is always coughing. What shall I do for him?"

"Bring him here," I said, "in the morning, and I will give him something."

The Touarick.—"You won't poison him?"

I.—"No, no."

They then entered upon a religious conversation.

"What do you think of *religion*? Do you pray?"

"Well, there is one God."

"And, Mohammed?"

"He is the prophet of the *Arabs*."

"Who is your prophet?"

"Jesus; he is Prophet of all the Christians, as Moses is the prophet of the Jews."

(With impatience.) "But Mohammed?"

"We Christians have but one Prophet, who is Jesus."

Here an interruption took place, of which I was very glad. Afterwards they resumed:

"Have you any powder?"

"No; I am an English Marabout, and carry no arms, and have nothing to give away but medicines."

"Aye, an English Marabout, and not a merchant?"

"No; only a Marabout."

One of them. "We shall take your name as you have written it on this paper, and show it to our people. It will be esteemed precious by them; and if you ever wander that way through The Desert, they will ask you your name, and, if you reply to it, they will not kill you, but give you plenty of camel's milk. If they have not your name they may kill you, and not their fault."

Had a visit from the Sheikh of the slaves. In most countries of North Africa there is a chief appointed by Government for any particular race, not the same as the ruling dynasty, domestic as well as foreign, which may be resident in the towns and cities. So the Jews of Barbary have their chiefs, and the slaves theirs. In Tunis a number of free coloured people, called *Waraghleeah*, emigrants from the Algerian oasis of Warklah, have also their chief or headsman. This chief has rather large and even discretionary

powers, and can order his subjects to be imprisoned by the officers of the sovereign Government of the country. But, of course, this imperium in imperio is subject to the supervision of the supreme Government. The object is apparently to relieve the Government, but whilst it relieves the higher authorities, it inflicts irreparable injuries upon poor people, and is full of the most gigantic abuses. It is often complained of by the Levant correspondents of newspapers, under the character of the various spiritual tribunals of Eastern Christians inflicting fines, torture, and imprisonment on refractory or heretic members of those churches. The Jewish synods of Africa and the East exercise the same arbitrary powers, under the sanction of the supreme Mahometan authorities. Lately, however, the European ambassadors have done something to check these abuses in the dominions of the Porte.

After some conversation, I asked the Sheikh of the Ghadames slaves what were his duties. Drawing himself up into a posture of authority, he replied: —"Be it known, Oh Christian! I am the Sheikh of the slaves, my name is Ahmed. I am from Timbuctoo. The people of Bambara are the finest in the world. They are brave—they fear none. Now, hear me: I know all the names of the slaves in Ghadames: I watch over all their conduct, to punish them when they behave badly, to praise them when they do well. They all fear me. For my trouble I receive nothing. I am a slave myself. I rarely punish the slaves. We have always here more than two hundred. If you wait, plenty of slaves will soon come from Soudan!"

Late to-night, Mohammed the Marabout of Rujban, left for his country and Tripoli. I gave him some

Ghadames dates to take to Tripoli as presents, the small black dates, as a rarity, and to let the people know I had not so much forgotten them as they had forgotten me. This clever, cunning, selfish fellow, I completely overreached. He never believed that I had the courage to punish his bad conduct. I had promised him, besides the ten mahboubs (about forty shillings), the hire of the two camels from Tripoli to Ghadames, a present, or backsheesh of two mahboubs, on his behaving well. On paying him his ten mahboubs I told him there was no backsheesh. At first he was astonished and looked pale, shaking in every limb, for he expected to reap a great harvest by my affair—even a double present to what was promised. But on reflecting that he had lamed Said, who was still laid up, had pilfered our provisions all the way, and lived on us by force, although the agreement was that he should keep himself, he confessed I was right, or thought it better to make the confession. However, he beat about the merchants, and got two or three of them to come down to speak to me, who said, "If he has done bad, treat him bad, that is, give him a little backsheesh." I then gave him half a dollar. His ingenuity was never exhausted. He pretended I ought to feed the camels two or three days after their arrival, which he said was the rule. There is no herbage for miles in the neighbourhood of Ghadames. The people are sometimes obliged to drive their camels to Seenawan, or Derge, two or three days' distance, to feed. I gave way, and added a trifle. He then begged something for his wife; he had bought her a pair of Ghadames shoes, worked with silk, which shows an Arab can have an affectionate remembrance for his wife, but which has been denied by some. I again added something. He now had his supper. I gave him

a feed of mutton, and broth and bread. This was his feast before parting, for I did not like to send him away as a blackguard, notwithstanding he had extremely annoyed me. I never saw a person eat with such voracity. After his allowance, or the supper I had cooked him, a large supper was sent in by the Rais for three. He set to and ate his own and Said's share in the bargain. I have often seen Arabs gorge in this way, but, what is most singular, when obliged to be abstemious they scarcely eat the amount of two penny loaves per day. Mohammed was a good type of this Arab abstemiousness and voracity. When he kept himself, he only took a small and most frugal meal once a day. Of his gluttony I may add, that I was obliged to separate his mess from that of Said when he dined with me. If not, he would eat Said's mess and his own before I could see what they were about. At last Mohammed began to soften and to confess adroitly, for he was one of the acutest Arabs I ever met with. He observed to me, in a whining tone, "Now I am going, I wish to tell you something. You think me very bad, and a great rogue, and so I am; but, I tell you, if you had had any other Arab you would have found him a thousand times a bigger rogue than myself, *for all the Arabs are dogs*. This is the truth: (*El-khok*.)" After this confession, I gave him a certificate of my having arrived safe in Ghadames under his guidance. This I could not object to do, in order that he might show it to the Pasha and the English Consul. Some of his remarks were full of *sel*, but mostly touched with selfishness. One evening, looking at his camels feeding, he said, "Ah, Yâkob, see those camels eat. It does my heart good to see them, for what am I without my camels, what are the Arabs without the camels—are not the camels the pillars which support the Arab's house?" At other

times he would abuse his fellow camel-drivers for coming into my tent, upbraiding them,—"What, do you want to rob The Christian? Am not I encharged with his affairs?" Mohammed was rather tall, and of lean habit of body, like all Arabs. His hearing and sight were very quick, and he always seemed to sleep like a watch-dog. His bravery I never tested. He was mostly lively and facetious. He was good-looking, and about thirty years of age.

I saw him after my return to Tripoli. He wanted to go with me again. He said to me, "Now you have seen all, The Mountains, The Sahara, and the Touaricks. You know all our affairs, and everything we do." As a literary curiosity, I shall here translate my camel-driver's account of the route from Tripoli to Ghadames, written at my request, in which will be seen the camel-driver's minute acquaintance with the route, and how every wady, and well, and mountain, is particularized. This is the style of the Saharan travellers and chroniclers.

"First Tripoli, and not far from it are palms of El-Hamabaj, and a mosque El-Kajeej. You then proceed to Gargash, in which are palms, and along the road the Kesar Jahaly. And you go on to Janzour, in which are palms and two castles, one of them is called Kesar Areek, and the Kesar of the Turkish soldiers (God curse them!) Upon the sea-shore is the mosque of Sidi Abd-el-Jeleel. And you proceed to Seid, where are palms and the Indian fig. And you go on to Ghafeeah, and here is cool refreshing water, (oh! how delicious in the great heat!) and you pass the water to El-Toubeem, where are palms, and mosques, and houses. You go on to Zaweeah, where are palms, houses, and a Kesar for troops, and a Zaweeah for the reading of The Sublime Koran, and

mosques. You proceed thence to Houshel, in which are palms and houses. You move on to Aabareeah, where are palms. You now reach The Sahara, where there is a little sand; you find in it the well of El-Hamra. Pursuing your way upon The Sahara, you find the well of Esh-Shaibeeah. And travelling on The Sahara you find another well called Lakhreej. You travel further on The Sahara, and find Afoub Aaly, where there is sand, called El-Hal. And after it, you find Wady Lethel, in which are lote-trees and the lethel, a large tree like an olive-tree. And you travel to El-Jibel, where are houses and a Kesar for troops. In the country called Yefran, are olive-trees and fig-trees; and below the country (or in the plains), you find palms. And near El-Gibel, in all the countries you find olive-trees and fig-trees, as far as the other mountains westward. Now Rujban (my happy country, the blessing of God on it!) has seven countries, viz.:—El-Barahem, and Tarkat, and Sharn, and Zâferan, and Ghalat, and Zantan, and Tarbeeah.

"We mounted from Rujban and from El-Gibel, and went to Eth-Tha, where is Koteet, between Ez-Zantan and Rujban. Thence we travelled to Wady Souk-ej-Jeen. Thence to Haram and Et-Teen. And we travelled to Wady-Azgheer, and afterwards Wady Walas. Thence we arrived again on The Sahara, called El-Hamrad, which is *fertile*[20] land, and on it are lote-trees, bearing berries (*nebek*). Now, oh Yâkob! this is not the lote-tree in the seventh heaven, near the presence of Rubbee (God), and which Gabriel, nor our lord Mahomet, dare not pass beyond. Alas! O Yâkob, if you believe not in Mahomet, you cannot be near this lote-tree. It says in the Koran, 'It covers the concealed[21].' And we ascended a hill,—a high hill, that is to say, a little mountain. And we ascended (descended?) to a wady,

called Ahween, in which is a well on the west of the route. And after this is Eshâab, small wadys, called Eshâab Eth-Thoueeb, and after them is Wady Seelas, where there is a well of water. You pass by it on the road, and come to Seenawan, in which is a spring of water, called Spring Aly. In Seenawan are palms, and its *ghotbah* is like a tower (burge), built with small stones, and so of the country (village) near it. And after this is the country Esh-Shâour, where there is water from springs which run upon the face of the earth, and palms and houses built with small stones. From The Mountains to Seenawan are four days with heavily laden camels.

"Afterwards you travel and find Wady Babous Eth-Theeb. Thence there is land, on which is sand, and in this the well of water El-Wateeah. After there is Wady Ej-Jeefah. Then Saheer El-Maharee, and then a long stream, in which are reeds. Afterwards you find Hinsheer El-Basasah. And after El-Bab-Rumel ("gate of sand"), a difficult place. Thence you come to Emjessem. All this route is Sahara; and the road from Seenawan to Emjessen is two days' journey. After this you find the small mountains Baârbeeah Aghour. Then you find Ghadames. There is a day's journey from Emjessen to Ghadames."

28th.—Early this morning made the tour of the city's walls and gardens. Went with Said, and myself, alone. I am fond of being alone, and would sometimes walk miles over The Desert—the caravans being not even in sight. This *was* solitude!

"I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

It occupied us, at a moderate rate of walking, about an hour and a half, so that the oasis may be about five miles in circumference. What a scene of hideous desolation did the environs present—nor tree, nor herb, nor living creature! Talk of the Poles, there is less life here! On the west, the groups of sand-hills, which stretch ten days' journey, were all bright as the light, and sometimes not visible from brilliancy. Some Touaricks saw us going, and called after us; we took no notice of them. The Rais, on my return, asked many questions, about what I thought of the city, and observed, "These poor fools think there's no city like theirs, but what would they think if they saw Stamboul? Those who have not seen Stamboul have not seen the world!" The walls of the city of Ghadames, like the houses, are built mostly of sun-dried bricks, but parts of small stones and earth. They are in a ruinous condition, and in many places open to The Desert. But within these outer walls are garden-walls and winding paths, so that the approaches to the city are difficult, except by the southern gate. Formerly, four or five gates were open, but the Rais has shut them all but this one for security, as well as facility in collecting the octroi, or gate-dues.

The greater part of the camels of our ghafalah left today, but unladen, there being no Soudan goods now in Ghadames. These camels belong to The Mountains, and are hired by the merchants to convey their goods between this and Tripoli. The ordinary price paid is two dollars per camel. The weight the camel carries is from two to three cantars.

This afternoon had a visit from the Touarick women, and was astonished to find some of them *almost fair*. They were pretty and plump, coquettish and saucy,

asking a thousand questions. It is evident the men are dark simply from exposure to the sun. I regaled them with *medicine* and tea. This party belongs nearly all to Touat. They want to prevail upon me to go with them. I am almost inclined. Two men, who came with the women, assured me I should go safe and sound. I believe I could, provided I go as poor as a beggar, distributing only medicines. This evening dined again with the Rais. He is now a little better, and puts his charms over his eyes, as if the charms cured them, and not the caustic of nitrate of silver. His Excellency talked of the affairs of the city; he pretends the antiquity of Ghadames goes back four thousand years, to the times of Nimrod and Abraham. The people of the town, I suppose, have told him so; but where is their authority? He says of *present* matters,—"The people pay 6,000 mahboubs per annum; it is too small a sum for a city of merchants; there is little money in the country, it being mostly deposited in the hands of merchants in Tripoli; he wishes Christians established here, and a regular souk, or market, opened; the number of Arab troops which he has here is 120; he is building barracks and a fondouk at Emjessen, in order to station troops there to guard the wells, for the banditti come there and drink water, and then lie in ambush to plunder caravans." This building of forts at wells is a wise and efficient measure; the same thing has been done at the oasis of Derge. The Rais receives his pay *direct* from the Sultan of Constantinople; his appointment is quite uncertain; he is a native of Erzeroum; he took part in the Turco-English campaign in Syria, served under General Jochmus, and was acquainted with many English officers. He has been at Constantinople, Smyrna, Malta, and many other parts of the Upper

Mediterranean.

People complain that the gardens languish for want of money to cultivate them; not more than half of the date-trees bear fruit this year, owing entirely to the want of labour and irrigation. People have to purchase water. I have seen no birds in the oasis up to this time.

The greater part of yesterday and to-day occupied in distributing medicines. Afraid I shall soon finish my stock. The medicines were furnished by the British Consul-General of Tripoli, at the expense of Government; there were only five pounds-sterling worth. Ramadan begins in a few days; then I shall not have so many customers. Then the Moors cast physic to the dogs.

29th.—Went this morning to see the Souk. At the time of my visit there were only a few tomatas, peppers, a little olive-oil, and some grain, wheat and barley, exposed for sale. Passed a butcher's, where a whole camel was killed and cut up. Told in this way it fetches about thirty shillings. Paid a visit to my runaway Turjeman, who said he would call upon me this evening.

Observe the Rais employs, in his administration, all strangers, either Arabs or Tripolines, or people from Derge and Seenawan. How true are the principles of despotism! This is upon the same principle as the employment of the Swiss at Naples; in both cases the despotic government cannot trust the people. The Rais is very busy in collecting the half-yearly tax: he works with surprising zeal from morning to night—a zeal worthy of a better cause.

I am told the nearest route from here to Tunis is *viâ*

Douwarat (or Duerat), a portion of the Atlas where is situate Shninnee. This village, scattered over all the hills, is three days from Ghabs and seven from Ghadames. The Souf Arabs tell me there is no water for seven days in summer and twelve in winter, on the road they came from their country to Ghadames, the difference being the length of days. The well is called Beer-es-Saf, and sometimes Beer-ej-Jadeed. The route lies entirely through sand, N.W. This region of sand is the celebrated hunting-place of the Souf Arabs.

Dined again with the Rais this evening. His Excellency complained that the Ghadamsee people show him scarcely any attention. He never receives the smallest present, neither a few dates, nor a melon, nor a vegetable; he buys and is obliged to buy everything[22]. I thought myself more fortunate than the Rais, for I have received several little presents from various individuals. His Excellency says he never punishes the people except for *abusive language* to one another, and than he only gives them twenty or fifty strokes of the bastinado. In this respect he says, "Ghadames may be compared to Paradise, there being no crime in it." His Excellency repeated that the greater number of the resident inhabitants, who do not travel abroad, spend their time in reading, writing, and prayer—that, emphatically, this is *a Marabout city*.

30th.—Occupied two or three hours this morning in administering medicine and visiting the sick. My turjeman came back and apologized; he said the people were fanatic. Received a visit from Haj-el-Beshir, eldest son of the Sheikh Makouran. He said his father had been twice to Timbuctoo, and resident there many years, and would give me some

information. The Rais says there's no Sheikh of the slaves, and adds, "I'm the Sheikh of the slaves." This again is not correct, as the people all told me, there must be a headman or Sheikh of the slaves in all countries. Had a visit from two young men who were quite free from the prejudices of their countrymen. They told me to take courage, "that God was the Maker of Christians as well as Mohammedans, that in this city no one could do me harm, but I was not to expose myself to the ignorant." I seem, indeed, to get on better with the people, their prejudices apparently are beginning to give way; I shall be able to open the way for some other person. The father of one of my young friends has been now twelve years in Kanou; when he returns he brings a fortune.

Speaking to the Rais of the Ghadamsee people, I asked him what they did for soldiers before the Turks came? He replied, "These people are not soldiers and never had soldiers; they are like women and children; if any body came from The Desert to plunder, he stole what he pleased and was allowed to go away unmolested. They depended upon God and prayer for their protection. You see I told you these people were dervishes." Still there is reason to believe that if they did not fight themselves, as, at the present time, they got their quondam but powerful friends, the Touaricks, to fight for them.

This afternoon saw some doves in the gardens; and also a small flight of birds hovering over the city, perhaps there were twenty. These birds were called *arnout*, and have very long bills and necks. When the men leave off working at the wells, they dart down to drink. The palm-groves are the favourite resort of the doves, as poetical as natural. Animals, and especially birds, are so rare in those regions that

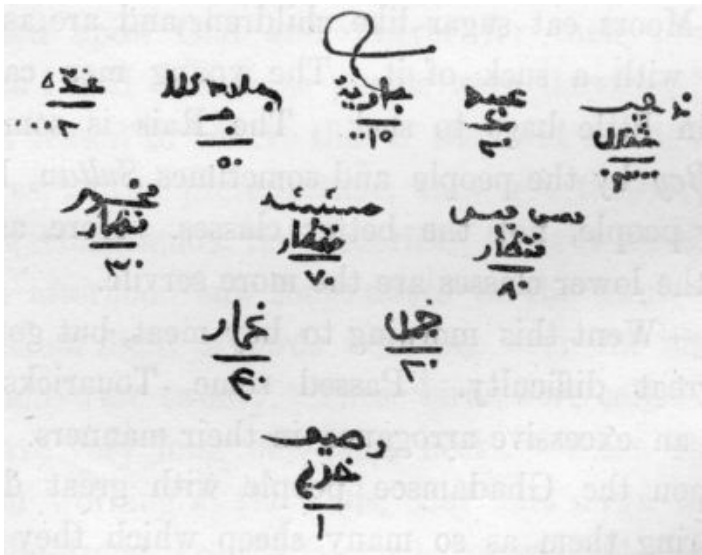
every sight of them is worthy of mention; indeed, these are the first birds I have seen since I left Tripoli. No meat to be had to-day in Souk. People usually club together and buy a whole sheep: they then kill it, and divide it into so many portions according to the number of purchasers; so that meat is rarely exposed publicly for sale, and it is necessary to join these private purchasers. Purchase-money is always paid down at once and not on delivery. The meat is never weighed but divided at guess. When any disagreement takes place lots are drawn for the division.

During the four or five days of my residence here, the weather has been comparatively temperate; at least, I have not felt the heat excessive. To-day has been close and cloudy: no sun in the afternoon: wind hot, *ghiblee*. I continue to be an object of curiosity amongst the people, and am followed by troops of boys. A black from Timbuctoo was astonished at the whiteness of my skin, and swore I was bewitched. The Ghadamsee Moors eat sugar like children, and are as much pleased with a suck of it. The young men carry it about in little bags to suck. The Rais is sometimes called *Bey* by the people and sometimes *Sultan*, but by the low people, not the better classes. Here, as elsewhere, the lower classes are the more servile.

31st.—Went this morning to buy meat, but got some with great difficulty. Passed some Touaricks, who showed an excessive arrogance in their manners. They look upon the Ghadamsee people with great disdain, considering them as so many sheep which they are to protect from the wolves of The Sahara. Met several of the merchants I knew at Tripoli. They asked me how I liked their city, and if better than

Tripoli. I always replied, *Haier* (better). It is singular that though these merchants are so enterprising themselves in the interior of Africa, they cannot conceive of the possibility of a Christian coming so far from home into The Desert, and when I tell them I wish to go to Soudan, or Bornou, or Timbuctoo, they look at me with incredulity and say, "No, no, you cannot go so far, you will die, or the people will kill you." They have not the least idea of the courage and enterprise of European tourists, nor can they understand their objects. But these their objections may be founded in jealousy of us Christians.

The following is a nice neat facsimile specimen of the writing of a young taleb and Ghadamsee Marabout, one of the best I have seen in The Desert. It is a bill of sale, consisting of gold—slaves, male and female—bullocks' skins—pillow-cases—elephant's teeth—senna—bekhour (perfume)—camels—sacks—and (I think) household slaves.



The young taleb showed great consequence and presented me with the original. He observed that a metegal of gold is of the value of 33½ Tunisian piastres. I said, "Will you come to my house and I will show you an Arabic book (the Bible) containing the religion of the Jews and Christians?"

The Taleb: "I, I enter the house of an infidel! God preserve me!"

"Oh!" I observed, "you are afraid of me and my books —my books *will bite you*." Hereupon all the people present burst into a loud laugh, and the taleb looked quite crest-fallen.

Many people blind with one eye, and some with two eyes, come to me to be cured, but I can do nothing for them. One poor old man comes every morning. I wash his eyes with a solution of the Goulard powders. He, though nearly seventy years of age, still lives in the hopes of recovering his sight. How faithful a companion of the unfortunate is hope! The Touaricks use mustard for bad fingers and hands. They also cut and carve their backs for blood-letting, and the marks remain for years upon years. I saw one of them whose back was scarred and scarified all over.

This morning visited my turjeman at his house. The house is a *mezzonina*, having no ground-floor apartments; the parlour, or grand room, or hall, was surrounded, to my surprise, with small apartments, in which three or four sheep were fattening, as people fatten pigs. The sheep is with the Ghadamsee people what the pig is with the Irish, their *dii penates*. There was also another story above this, the sleeping-room; and then on the terrace, or flat roof, are other little rooms. All the apartments were

exceedingly small, but their situation high. Stone stairs lead from one room to another. The turjeman told me all the houses were built in the same manner, but some larger. Indeed some houses are four stories high, besides the terrace. The lower rooms are mostly used as magazines. As soon as I ascended the staircase, the wife of the turjeman pretended to take fright, and hid herself in a private apartment. At another time when I called, and her husband was absent, she came out to see me, and collected all the women in two or three neighbours' houses to see The Christian. It is the husband the woman of Africa is frightened at, and not the stranger. The tyranny of men over the sex of feebler bodily frame is co-extensive with the population of the world. It is the same in Paris, in London, Calcutta, and The Desert. But the principle of women-seeing in Ghadames and all North Africa is simply this: "If the woman is poor, or the husband poor, she may be seen; if rich, she cannot be seen." A pretty woman will, however, always try to let you see her face if she can.

There is a very good-natured black dervish always about the streets, but clean and well-dressed. Ordinarily amongst these saints filth and piety go hand in hand. They abhor the proverb of cleanliness being next to godliness. The poor fellow is very fond of me, is running in and out of my house all day long. I always shake hands with him when I meet him. The Moors approve my conduct and say: "Ah, Yâkob, he's a saint." Once the cunning fellow, when he noticed a lot of half-caste women anxious to see me, took hold of my head and turned me completely round to show my face to them. He has some sense, good simpleton, and is without malice; consequently a great favourite with the people. A pity all madmen

were not like this poor dervish. Yet how many would be as harmless and beloved as he if they were not confined, and caged, and chained, in civilized and Christian madhouses! The dog knows I'm a *kafer*, and said to my camel-driver, the day of my arrival, "Why did you bring the Christian to our holy city?" chiding him.

This afternoon we went to see the Touaricks "play with camels"—يلعبوا مع الجمل—that is, perform a sort of camel-race. Strange coincidence of civilized and barbarian life! This was the Epsom and Ascot of The Desert. But I was never more disappointed. All that the Touaricks did with their camels was, they dressed them out most fantastically with various coloured leather harness, that is to say, the withers, neck, and head; they reined them up tightly like blood-horses; and then rode them a full trot in couples. This was the whole of the grand play with camels. Some, however, would not fall into this trot of couples, and grumbled terrifically. The Touaricks who rode these restive camels were saluted by the spectators with loud laughter, the effect of which was painted sullenly in their faces. I never saw men look so *couldn't help it* like. One of them was a young Touarick who had been saucy to me. I was not displeased to see him in this *triste* position. The camels were the genuine Maharee, of course; the Touaricks have no other camels. The men were dressed out also in their gayest barbaric finery. A tent was dressed up, around which squatted a group of Desert jockies, with their fierce spears bristling above in the sun before them, like the lords of creation. Even a banner floated gaily in the bright sun from the tent top. A great concourse of Ghadamsee spectators were present, one of whom swore to me that a Maharee once passed from

Ghadames to Tripoli IN ONE DAY, but that the rider died instantly from exhaustion, on his arrival. Another Maharee outstripped the wind, but as it was a strong cold wind, the animal died when it got into hot atmosphere, to which the tempest was driving.

Had a long conversation with a Touarick about a journey to Timbuctoo. I offered him five hundred dollars to escort me; but, to deposit the money in the hands of the Governor of Ghadames, or a respectable merchant, till my and his safe return. Said I would take nothing with me but medicines, and a little provision, and go in *formâ pauperis*, as a dervish or doctor. All the Ghadamsee people present approved this way of going, and admired its wisdom, as removing all temptation to attack me, or to steal anything from me when I had nothing to steal. But the Touarick could not come up to the scratch, and was frightened to take upon himself the responsibility, observing, "You are a Christian; the people of Timbuctoo will kill you unless you confess Mahomet to be the prophet of God."

Dined this evening with the Rais. His Excellency said: "Formerly, when Ghadames was governed by the Moorish Bashaws, the people paid little or nothing. There are but three or four rich persons now here, the rest are poor, or have only a few mahboubs to carry on a petty trade." At night, the streets are enveloped in pitch darkness, whether the moon be up or not. I endeavoured to persuade the Rais to make the people light up the town with a few lamps, having oil enough in them to last till midnight. "Good," he observed, "but the people say it was always so, and it must be so still. What can I do?" There are no coffee-houses in Ghadames; people drink coffee inside their houses. I threatened the

merchants to set up Said as a *kahwagee*, (coffee-house keeper). They laughed, and said, "None will buy." For conversation people collect in groups round shops, in the *Souk*, or in little squares near the mosques, where there are many stone benches for reclining on, or in some quiet dark nook and corner, where, when you expect to find no one, you fall foul of a retired circle of gossips, squatting down in utter darkness. These Saharan streets are veritable catacombs.

1st September.—This morning, wonderful! It broke with a few drops of rain; to me most pleasant, and welcomed as falling pearls of nectar. At noon the sky became as dry and inflamed as ever. Went to the Spring early to bathe. Found it surrounded with women, nearly all half-castes and female slaves. They pretended to be in a great fright, as all were washing and dabbling in the water. I came away. A man said, "The Christian must not go to the well in the morning, but only in the evening." There seems to be a tacit understanding, that from day-break to a couple of hours afterwards, the women shall have possession of the well, for purification purposes, according to the rites of religion.

This morning took coffee with the Rais; as no one was present, he began talking politics. "By a little and a little," he said, "we shall take possession of Ghat. We can't do it by force, it would require some thousand men to take it by arms. The Touaricks are all robbers and devils." I asked him if he would not like to occupy Touat. He replied, "No, there's another Sultan there, and another people. There are two Sultans in the world, one in the East and one in the West (*Muley-Abd-Errahman*). Ghat we might take. At Touat we are too near the French, and might quarrel with them. All the freebooters come from Tunis. The

Bey has no power or authority over the Arabs there. His government is bad; he's a madman. Our Pasha has often written to him about these freebooters, but it's no use. The English and the Sultan are one, and always friends, whatever may be the condition of the rest of the world." Speaking of me:—"You are mad to think of going to Timbuctoo; you are sure to have your throat cut."

I allow all persons, rich and poor, young and old, men and women, to come and see me. At the same time I make a distinction between those who are likely to be useful to me and mere idle intruders. All the Arab soldiers come, and, in general, though poor and thievish, they have less of prejudices, and like the English better than the Ghadamsee people. This city has not yet felt the benefit of English influence, and interference in Tripoli, and therefore the merchants have not the same reasons for being friendly to the English as the Arabs of The Mountains and the townspeople of Tripoli. All the Ghadamseeah agree with me, that the camel-playing of the Touaricks was a failure. Five slaves are leaving for Tripoli. The poor things complained of having nothing to eat; I sent Said with some victuals for them. The people continue to be friendly, and the merchants, whose acquaintance I made in Tripoli, very much so. The steward of the Rais has arrived from Tripoli in fourteen days. His whole party consisted of six camels and five persons. So much for the pretended insecurity of the route! He is dressed in the Turco-European costume, like indeed the Rais himself. To-day the mother of Essnousee, my friend, was bitten by a scorpion. I administered Goulard solution to the part, and gave her fever-powder, as she was very hot and her belly swollen. She died the next day.

Dined again with the Rais. He says, scorpions are in great numbers in this city, because it is ancient, and particularly they abound in the old mosques where the people do not live or perform domestic matters. "No person," he added, "is secure from them, and it is all destined whether we are bitten, and die or not." The Touarick again assured me that he spoke the truth, he did not flatter me, by telling me he could take me to Timbuctoo, when he could not; but yet, if I could make friends with some respectable merchant of Touat, they might succeed. A son of the Sheikh Makouran is now in Timbuctoo. The Sheikh himself gave me a detailed account of the city; he has been there twice. The old gentleman, when he had finished his narrative, thought the time was come for me to assist him. He begged me to intercede with the British Consul at Tripoli for him, that he might not be taxed by the Bashaw so much. He now pays two hundred dollars per annum, assessed taxes. He assured me that all the money is leaving the country, and Ghadames will soon be without a para, like the rest of Tripoli. He told me frankly that he had the idea of making me a partner in his firm, to get my protection, but on hearing I was opposed to slave-dealing, it could not be done, as he and all the merchants were obliged to deal in slaves. Indeed, the obstacle of English merchants joining the Tripoline is at present insuperable, on account of the slave traffic; if they could unite in one firm, it would be equally advantageous for both parties.

2nd.—Not so many patients this morning. A respectable Ghadamsee came to me to beg medicine to assist in conjugal pleasures. I told him to eat, drink, and take a journey from home for two months.

Although, according to the Italian almanack, the new

moon is on the 1st, yet as the people have not seen it, there is no Ramadan, (properly *Ramtham*.) The Rais says, after the first ten days' keeping the fast it is not difficult, but, during this period, the adult Mussulmans suffer exceedingly. Afraid I shall find them all ill-natured during the fast. Besides, they can't stomach seeing Infidels eat, whilst they the Faithful fast.

Supped with the Rais. His fowl flew away, and left him without meat for supper. "*Maktoub*," he said, laughing. The Mussulmans are extravagantly fond of rice, but they never prepare it in that nice delicious way in which we do, with milk, or in rice pudding. It is always covered with fat, and soon surfeits one. His Excellency and his servants played practical jokes on the black dervish. First, they bastinadoed the dervish, and then he bastinadoed the Rais's servants. But the dervish did it in reality, and so effectually, that after two or three strokes, they jumped up, for he laid it on under all the force of his witless revenge. When in a passion, or excited, he speaks his native lingo of Soudan, but when cool he speaks Arabic and Ghadamsee. He became mad, *en route*, by grief in being ravished from his country. These practical jokes were played off under the sanction of his Excellency, before all the people in the streets.

The prevalent diseases at this season, are diarrhœa and ophthalmia, with occasional cases of fever. The diarrhœa arises from the people's eating unripe or bad fruit, particularly melons, the ophthalmia from frequent exposure to the sun during the past hot months. The camel-drivers also bring it into the city, and it is so propagated by infection. One of my patients is dead, a little boy, afflicted with diarrhœa for three months. His father, in relating his death to

me, spoke with a resignation which might be imitated, but could not be surpassed by a Christian. It is amazing how the thought of all-powerful and resistless destiny calms the mind, and tones it down to a speechless patience! My stock of drugs is fast going. It consisted originally of worm-powders, emetics (of which the Arabs and Moors are very fond), fever powders, purgative pills, Epsom salts, compound opium pills, Goulard powders, eye powders, sulphate of quinine pills, and solution of nitrate of silver. They were made up by Dr. Dickson, of Tripoli. I was surprised to find nothing for pectoral complaints. Many persons here are troubled with chronic diseases of this sort. Although administering medicines these eight days to some fifty persons or more, not one of them has offered me anything in turn. There are no guinea or five-guinea fees here. On the contrary, some have asked me for sugar and money before they could be persuaded to take the medicine. Such is the consolation of doing good. Verily the philosopher had it when he said, "Virtue must be loved for its own sake." Here I may mention that the Commandant Omer of our caravan got into a great passion because I would not buy him a pair of shoes, and left for The Mountains, without coming to bid me good bye. He had had coffee and tea, and provisions always with me, *en route*, and I thought this enough. Unless the last favour or request is granted, all former favours are counted nothing.

3rd.—The morning opens cool and pleasant, and the heat begins gradually to leave us. People expect rain in ten days.

Another Touarick has come forward to offer to conduct me to Timbuctoo. He says now is the time to

go, when it is hot the banditti do not infest the routes, for they find no water to drink. He offers to take me for five hundred dollars, which is to be deposited in the hands of the Sheikh Makouran, and is not to be paid until our safe return. He will allow me to stop a month or six weeks in the city of Timbuctoo. The distances of routes which he gives me, are the same as those on M. Carette's map, attached to his brochure on the commerce of The Desert. Of all the French writers who have recently written on Africa, M. Carette is most correct. Wrote down a vocabulary of Ghadamsee words from my turjeman's dictation. Whilst I was lamenting the little gratitude, or rather none, which the people showed for my medicines, an old man, to whose mother-in-law (he having married a woman forty years younger than himself, frequently the case here,) I gave some pills, brought me a melon, and said he should bring also some dates. I was conversing with a group at the time, and I took the opportunity of observing that doctors were paid amongst us. An upstart man angrily replied:—"Yes, but we are the chosen people of God! you Infidels are bound to serve us in every way, and ought to be thankful that you are so honoured as to be the servants and slaves of The Moumeneen. You think you are clever, but your talents are not your own; your knowledge comes from God." These affronting words contain a common fanatic sentiment of Barbary. I made no reply.

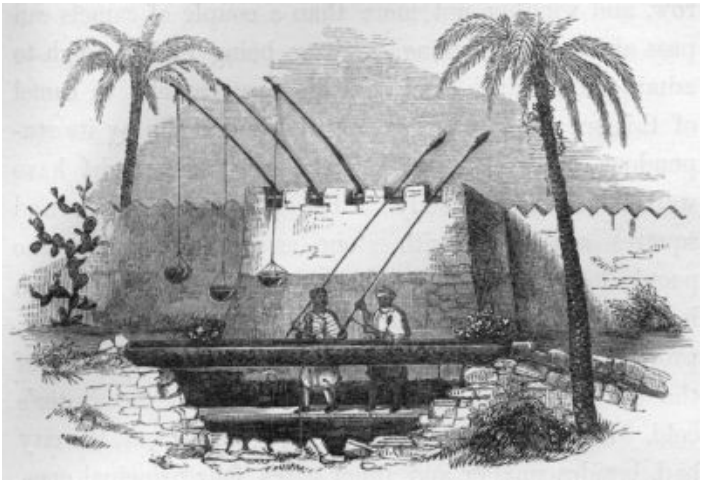
Went at noon to visit the Arab suburb, and was a great curiosity amongst the women and children. Some of the little girls were frightened out of their wits, but the boys took up stones to pelt me. The suburb contains about five hundred souls; the houses are all miserable, and the people poor. A genuine

Ghadamsee would not live here without being degraded: it is the St. Giles of the city. Went into a house, the walls of which were completely concealed beneath the covers for dishes and meats, bowls and calabashes, the greater part brought from Soudan. The people were dealers in them. Talking with the Rais about Soudan, he displayed the usual ignorance of Mussulmans, even in The Desert, of this country. It would take a person five years to travel through that vast country, many parts of which were populated by cannibals. We read of the Lemlems, Lamlams, and the Yemyems, as cannibals, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Zegzeg and Yakobah; but after conversing with several of the merchants who have scoured Soudan and Bornou, I have not found one who has seen these terrible cannibals. They have all *heard* of them. It appears to me to be an ancient tale of wonder to adorn the narratives of travellers.

This evening being that previous to the Ramadan, a great outcry was made to see the moon. According to my Italian almanack it should be three days' old, the geographical position of the two countries may make a difference as to a sight of it. There is a little display of firing off pistols, chiefly by boys. A vast number of persons question me, as to whether I shall fast (*soum*) to-morrow; and a Touarick goes bolt up to the Governor, and says, to his Excellency, pointing to where I am sitting,—"Does this (man) fast?" His Excellency shakes his head and laughs gravely. To questions put direct to me, I answer, "a little." A boy says to me, "Why, how now, every body fasts, and you don't fast!" It is, however, prudent to avoid all these questions. I told some more liberal:—"The English eat and drink at all seasons that which is good; but some Christian nations occasionally fast." According to the Moslemite rite here observed, all

under *thirteen* may eat during the Ramadan; but, other authorities tell me, all under *eight*. Those who travel are excused for the time being. The fast endures thirty days. Another patient brought me a few dates. In time I may alter my opinion of Ghadamsee gratitude. Some new patients, nearly all ophthalmia and diarrhœa.

Visited to-day the two wells, which serve a portion of the population, in addition to the great spring. It is surprising what an interest I take in water. It is to me like precious gold, and the most fine gold. One of these wells has better water than the central running spring. They are large wells, but do not run like the great spring: they are also only a little warm. In the winter they rise higher, showing some connexion with the rainy season in the *rainy* region. Two men were employed in drawing water in a curious manner. The other buckets were not being worked. One end of the shaft is made very heavy, so as to assist in bringing up the water by over-balancing on a swivel; the other end, to which the cord and bucket is attached, is correspondingly light.



The houses of Ghadamsee are one, two, three, four, and even five stories high; the greater part three or four stories. The architecture is ordinarily Moorish, with some Saharan fantastic peculiarities. The public buildings offer nothing remarkable; even the mosques, in a place so devoted to religion, have no pretty minarets. There are four large mosques, viz.: Jemâ Kebir,—Tinghaseen,—Yerasen,—Eloweenah; and many smaller mosques and sanctuaries. The streets are all covered in and dark, (a peculiarity prevailing in many Saharan cities,) with here and there open spaces or little squares, of which there are several to let in the light of heaven. They are small and narrow, and winding, not more than a couple of camels can pass abreast, the ceiling however being high enough to admit the entrance of the tall Maharee camel. A camel of this species entered to-day: it amazed me by its stupendous height; a person of average size might have walked under its belly. The principal streets and squares are lined with stone-benches, on which the people loungingly recline or stretch themselves. Both houses and streets

are admirably adapted for the climate, protecting the inhabitants alike from the fiery glare of the summer's sun, and the keen blasts of the winter's cold. Before the Rais Mustapha's appointment, the city had, besides smaller and inner gates, four principal ones, viz., Bab-el-Manderah, Bab-esh-Shydah, Bab-el-Mishrah, and Bab-el-Bur ("gate of the country"), all of which, except the last on the south-west, are now closed, with respect to the entrance of goods and camels. The city is situate on the south-east side of the plantations of palms and gardens, not in the central part of the oasis. I asked the talebs the meaning of some of the names of the gates, but they could not tell. Many proper names of places and persons, amongst them as with us, have now no assignable meaning or derivation.

Footnotes:

[20] Here we find The Sahara called *fertile* land; and, in fact, many parts of The Desert could be cultivated.

[21] See Surat Liii., entitled "The Star."

[22] This complaint is not well founded, for afterwards I saw the Rais often receive presents of fruit, tobacco, sugar, and even wearing apparel.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAST OF THE RAMADAN.

Deathly stillness of the City on first morning of the Ramadan.—Rais weighing Gold.—The Gold Country.—Use of different Arabic terms in different Countries.—Insecurity of Merchants in The Desert.—Jews on the borders of The Sahara.—Sin not to Marry.—Wood in The Sahara.—Rais, a Marabout.—Sheikh of Slaves.—Complaints of the People to me.—Mr. Frederick Warrington.—M. Carette's *brochure* on Saharan Commerce.—Trait of Tolerance.—Growing reputation of Said.—Preach anti-Slavery Doctrines in the Street of Slaves.—Ignorance of the People on Geography.—Talismans in Africa.—The Queen of England's Physic.—Rais's Desert Politics.—Increase of Patients.—Gradual

method of obtaining Information.—Visit from a Touarick.—Tripoline Merchants have the Money of those in Ghadames.—Indifference of Mussulmans in reading The Bible.

4th.—WALKED out this morning and found no one in the streets; every body was still in bed, or shut up in their houses, being the first day of the Ramadan. A paralysis of death seemed to have stricken the city. Had no morning patients for the same reason. Afterwards, the servants of the Rais came to visit me and found me taking coffee; they gaped with full (empty?) open mouths, as if wondering I was not choked. I asked them if the Rais would take his tea. "It's unlawful," they screamed, and ran away as if Old Nick were after them. Usually make tea for the Governor every morning, which I send him in a glass, and sometimes also for the Sheikh Makouran. I could not help thanking God that I was born a Protestant, and professed a religion not in violence to the physical requirements of human nature, nor in contradiction to the plain sense of mankind. Man has evils enough to contend with, and to war against, without inflicting new and additional evils upon himself, like this most health-trying and health-destroying Ramadan. My turjeman confessed every body was mad in Ramadan. Whatever becomes of me in the deserts of Africa, I hope I shall have force of mind enough to maintain my religion intact.

I amused myself with thinking how the Desert-travelling might be considerably shortened. This could be effected by joining camels with horses through the routes. Horses could come easily from

Tripoli to The Mountains in two days. The camels could undertake the journey from The Mountains to Seenawan in three or four days. Horses then could again accomplish the rest in two days. In all, *seven* days. Were Europeans in possession of this country, horses and mules would soon take the place of camels, for all quick travelling. Putting aside horses, by the use of the *maharee*, or fleet-camel, the journey for post could be reduced nearly half. All the Moors and Arabs dissuade me against going to Timbuctoo, assuring me that the Touaricks will cut my throat; but I begin to feel my opinion changing as to the Touaricks. I am sure, if a friend can be made of a brave man of this nation, there is no danger. Am glad, however, people manifest some sympathy with my travelling projects; what I want to do is, to effect some real discovery, or do something great in Africa. Ghadames is not enough, nor even Bornou; it is, must be, Timbuctoo. Yet a man must not put his head into the fire and then call upon God to quench the flames. Met Sheikh Makouran in the street, and brought him home to my house in order that he might give me a more detailed account of the finances of Ghadames. Notwithstanding that the Turks overturn and ruin commerce by restrictions, they poorly protect the merchants. The Sheikh complained to me of several losses. During the last two years four ghafalahs had been plundered on different routes, by which he lost considerable sums. Other merchants lost property in proportion. He considered Ghadames, from various causes, fast approaching its ruin. Our conversation then turned to the New World, America. He was quite astonished at my description of it, and asked if any Mohammedans were there. We then came to the traffic in slaves. He did not see why men should not

be sold like camels and asses, if such was the law of God. "All," he observed, "depended upon the will of the Creator of all beings."

The Rais is a very religious man, and I'm cautious what I say. At noon, paid him a visit, and said, "Why, all the people are dead to day." He replied, "It's only for one day." I never saw a poor devil look so comfortless. He is an inveterate, eternal smoker, like all who boast to be of the same nation as the Imperial Osmanlis, the pipe is never out of his mouth; he therefore suffers more than any person in Ghadames. He was still busy, or affected to be, to kill time, weighing gold with his servants. I said, "Is there much gold in the country?" "Less and less every year," was the reply. Many caravans go by way of Mourzuk, not coming this way. The servant held up the little bags, showing that the gold, not more than two or three ounces, belonged to *four* persons. When gold is brought over The Desert, it is tied up in little dirty filthy bits of rags, first twisted round where it opens, and then tied. These are carried on the person, in the bosom or the turban.

When a caravan is attacked and the people rifled, all these little bags of rags, whether containing gold, or salt, pepper, essences, or what not, are scrupulously cut open by the brigands. The gold brought to Ghadames consists chiefly of women's ear-rings, hoop and drop ear-rings. Some of the drops are hollow and contain little matters which rattle, and perfumed with small quantities of atar, or of zebed, (civet). The workmanship is rude and clumsy, but the gold is of the finest quality, though small and unpolished, something as the Malta gold is worked. The Rais collects the gold from those who cannot pay in the current coin. The gold country of the

merchants is not very distinctly understood by them. Some say it is *fouk*, "above," Timbuctoo, others beyond Jinnee and Bambara, about three months from Timbuctoo, in a south-west direction. The country is called Mellee, which includes many large districts and provinces, but the particular district is *Furra*. This is a flat and sandy place, "not a stone," say the merchants, "is to be seen." The mines of Furra, if such they may be called, are sold by auction, and the lot of land is a lot of fortune, some plots producing nothing, others gold in abundance. When the gold arrives at Timbuctoo, it is converted into women's ornaments, mostly ear-rings. I have seen very few bags of gold-dust or bars. There are no camel-caravans from Timbuctoo to Mellee and Furra; people go in small parties on horses and asses; some go alone on foot. Foot-travelling is very common in Central Africa; and these pedestrian merchants or pedlars will make journeys of three and four months. A merchant is obliged to remain some time before he can buy up any quantity of gold; it is brought in such small quantities, and the trade in gold is declining, and has been so for twenty years past. It is probable the merchants take more of it now to the western coast and its European factories. Certainly that route is safer than bringing it north, over several months' journey of Desert.

The Rais is a most diligent servant of Government. One cannot help observing, however, that the whole scope and end of governing with the Osmanlis is—*money*. Of the people, their protection and improvement, they rarely ever think. As the Rais is now busy in making every body book up, some people asked me if there was much money in Tripoli? I told them I did not think there was any money left. "The Pasha has plenty," cried one. I took

the trouble of explaining the new system, that each functionary had a salary, granted by the Sultan, from the highest to the lowest, and the Deftadar, after paying each his salary, sent the rest of the money to Constantinople, where (as the Rais himself said) it was "poured away as water." Perhaps this was speaking too freely, but the Moslemites at times speak uncommonly free and bold for despotic governments. The Bey of Tunis has often been menaced with hell-fire by the Arabs, when they pleaded before him in the hall of judgment, swearing, that if he did not deal to them justice, God would deal to him vengeance.

The use of different terms is very curious in travelling through North Africa, and each country has its peculiar Arabic word, the words being all more or less classical. Perhaps no word is so much used in Ghadames and The Mountains as the epithet *batel*—باطل—"vain, useless," &c., and really answers in its use to something like our tremendous "Humbug." It especially denotes everything bad, false, and wrong, in any matter and in any body. On the contrary, for the opposite epithet, various terms are used, "*maleah*," "tayeb," and "*zain*," which latter term always means pretty, as well as good. The polite Ghadamseeah are very fond of *zain*; but it should properly apply to pretty women. The people use the term شهر "month," for moon, instead of قمر. The ق is not distinguished in pronunciation from غ, and I have not attempted it in writing. Indeed, I shall avoid as much as possible distinctions which the generality of readers cannot understand.

Only one of my patients came to-day, the little blind boy. The Rais sent me in the evening a fine dish and soup, on occasion of the night of the first day's

fasting. The people kept to-night as an *âyed* or feast. A Touarick took Said, my servant, aside, and whispered mysteriously in his ear,—"Has the Christian fasted to-day?" Speaking to a liberal Moor, I told him the fast was *bătāl*, inasmuch as the Mussulmans ate all night and slept the greater portion of the day, making things equal; that to fast really, as some Christians did, was to eat nothing, night or day. At the time I added, "I am not such a fool as to increase the miseries of this life by fasting when I can get anything to eat." The fellow, laughing, observed, "You English are right." I see the fast is nearly universal, old and young, rich and poor, high and low, all fast. They mix with it strong religious feelings, and I dare say fanaticism, a quality rarely apart from the purest religious sentiment. Still continue our conversations on Timbuctoo. Most of the old respectable merchants have been to Timbuctoo. One of them, Haj Mansour, resided there fourteen years, carrying on a prosperous trade. But so perverse and unstable are human affairs, that, on returning home after so long an exile, with thirty camels laden with the riches of the interior, and with much fine gold, and whilst within a few days of Touat, the banditti of The Desert fell upon him and carried off everything, not leaving a water-skin to quench his thirst! Had he not been near Touat, he would have perished in The Desert. The Haj is quite black, though his features are not Negro. He is now an old gentleman of upwards of seventy, and yet very active. His family is immense; what with women, and girls, and sons, and grandsons, it musters some thirty souls. He told me with bitterness, as if it had been the case with himself, the merchants were often their own enemies, they were so parsimonious that they would not hire a sufficient

escort of Touaricks, and so left defenceless in The Desert many were plundered and ruined irretrievably. The greatest misfortune in travelling through the country of the Touaricks is, their chiefs have not sufficient power to control the people, and for whose actions they will not always be responsible. One day you may meet with the best of men amongst the Touaricks, the next day with a band of robbers; such is the uncertainty and insecurity of The Desert.

5th.—It would be a good project at least, and might be attended with incalculable benefit, in promoting Christianity and civilization in Africa, were portions of The Scriptures translated into Touarick, with the native Touarick characters. Their vanity would be so exceedingly excited that it would be almost impossible for them to refuse reading a book written in their own dear characters. All can read their own characters, but very few the Arabic. It is not a little surprising, if I am to believe what I hear, that the Touaricks, with all their savage boldness—whose home is The Desert—will not venture on a journey to Tripoli. Many, many times have they been persuaded and pressed by the coast merchants, but they have always set their faces against the journey. Perhaps they think (as some, indeed, hinted to me) the Pasha would keep them prisoners, and not let them return until they had delivered up some of their districts to his authority. Whatever the motive, it is strange that men, who wander through all parts of Central Africa, cannot be prevailed upon to visit Tripoli. I have heard but of one exception.

It is pleasant to witness the least sign of improvement in a people who are commonly condemned by their own habits, their religion, and

the opinions of Europeans, to a retrograde or eternally stationary existence. I was much pleased to observe in one of the small squares of the city a tree recently planted, (the *tout*[23], a species of small white mulberry,) which promises to afford not only a grateful shade to repose under in summer's burning heat, but is in itself a pretty ornament. The great fault of the Africans is want of forethought, or impatience of the future. Their maxim is, to enjoy the present, to take no thought for the morrow, but let the morrow provide for itself. Like all rude and unlettered people, the precepts of religion are interpreted in their strictest literality. To-day, I find more people in the streets, and the Ramadan is not so visible in their faces as I expected it would be. The fact is, the generality of the Saharan inhabitants, and especially the poor Arabs eat but once, or make but one meal a day, and this in the evening; so, in reality, as far as eating is concerned, the Ramadan is no Ramadan with them. Saw the Rais, he is better than yesterday. His Excellency called me a simpleton for talking with the Touaricks about going to Timbuctoo; nevertheless, I feel as if I should like to go the whole-hog—Timbuctoo, or nothing. The future will tell! His Excellency, however, observed, that the Touaricks of Touat had nearly destroyed all the banditti on the route of Timbuctoo. It is the interest of the Touaricks to keep the routes free that they may have the advantage of the visits and escorting of caravans.

One of the peculiarities of Ghadames is that there is no Jew resident in the city. It is strange that a people of such a commercial genius as the Israelites should never have had courage to undertake an enterprize over The Great Desert, whilst they have crept all around it. In Tunis they are scattered throughout the

Jereed; in Algeria they are established at the oases of Souf and Mezab; in Morocco we find them at Sous and Wadnoun; and in Tripoli they are located in nearly every town of the coast, whilst a few visit The Mountains. But, to the credit of the Jews and their mercantile genius, it is not their fault. The fanaticism of the Ghadamsee people would be strongly opposed to their residence here, more so than against Christians; it is enough to support the overbearing Christian *kafer*, without the pollution of the weak miserable Jew in their holy city, for the *force* principle makes the Mohammedans respect the Christians. The weak are despised, the strong respected. I might, however, have made the experiment of bringing a Jewish servant here: one sadly wanted to come with me. Still a traveller should not unnecessarily increase his difficulties, and excite the prejudices of the people amongst whom he resides, mostly by sufferance. It is probable also the mercantile jealousy of the people would be excited against the Jews. Afterwards I learnt that two *Barbary* Jews went either to Bornou or Soudan, in the year 1844, and returned safe. Unfortunately this species of Jew can add nothing to our stock of geographical knowledge beyond what we may get from the Arabs and Moors themselves; his ideas of nature and science are all the same, with the exception of a few religious dogmas, and a strong national bias. The visit of these two Jews to Bornou excited no attention in Tripoli. Along the line of The Desert the Jews help commerce. They are great ostrich-feather merchants in Southern Morocco. Some have said they go to Timbuctoo, but this report is not authenticated. In Souf they greatly assist the Arabs in the exchange of their products. About twenty families are established amongst the Souāfah,

in the greatest security of life and property. The Jews here dress like the Arabs, and are not easily distinguishable from them. In most of the interior districts they have the privilege of dressing like the rest of the people.

The Rais is an old bachelor, like myself. He seems to live very wretchedly without a wife. The good Mussulmans, who think it a sin to live unmarried, excuse him because his residence in different parts of the regency is uncertain, and he tells them he cannot lead about a wife. The only object of affection of this bachelor is a parrot, which speaks pure Housa lingo, and is very angry at the gruff tones of the Touraghee language, always scolding the Touaricks when they speak.

My Marabout camel-driver once had an interesting conversation with me about a plurality of wives:—

"It is not right to have more wives than one, because men and women are nearly equally in numbers, and if one man has two wives another man must go without even one."

The Marabout.—"Oh, if a man has money, he may have two, or three, or four?"

"That is not a good religion which gives four wives to one man because he has money, and leaves another man without any because he has no money, or not so much money as his neighbour."

The Marabout.—"So it is," (as if convinced of the reasonableness of the thing).

"Why has such an old man as Sheikh Makouran two young wives? This is against nature."

The Marabout.—"He plays; his time of work is past."

I believe this unequal distribution of the women is a great check on population. It prevails to a greater extent amongst the Negro tribes. I am not of opinion that Central Africa is populous. I saw nowhere any populous districts myself.

The wood used in the construction of buildings is that of the date-tree, which, apparently, grows stronger and tougher with age. Of this all the doors of the houses and the lighter works are made. Wood for fireing is brought in from The Sahara, but from a great distance. It is sold for three Tunisian piastres the camel-load. It is the common brush-wood, underwood, or scrub of The Desert, and is excessively dry, for withered and dead trees or shrubs are gathered. In seasons of rain The Sahara creates this wood quickly, it then perishes for want of rain. Sometimes wood for building is brought from Tripoli, *i. e.*, deal-boards. Our caravan brought some doors for a mosque, made of deal.

This evening was a grand celebration of divine worship in the house of the Rais, and a Marabout chanted verses from the Koran. His Excellency certainly gains the respect, if not the affections, of the pious. He is often said by the people to be a man who "fears God." I sat near the door listening. A fellow said to me, "You must sit farther off whilst the people are praying, it is unlawful to sit where you are." I took no notice of his impertinence. The Rais sent me yesterday, as the evening before, a very good supper. Being Ramadan, I stopped up till midnight talking politics with him. He is a native of a province, near Circassia, fallen under the iron rule of Muskou (the Russians). Having been in the Syrian

campaign he was enabled to see the *feeding* of the English soldiers and sailors, which quite astonished him. He observed, "The Emperor of Russia will never have good troops, he scarcely gives them anything to eat. It is not surprising they desert to the Circassians." The Rais has a great dread of the Russians absorbing the Ottoman empire: it is not an unreasonable dread.

6th.—My turjeman complains that neither he nor the people can pay their excessive taxes; they must all be soon ruined. Yet a couple of thousand pounds per annum is nothing for a commercial city like this. He says, "If we were to cultivate our gardens, we should have more; but then the Turks would demand more, so our spirits are broken, and we are eaten up. We have no heart to work for our oppressors." Continue to read the Arabic New Testament, which aids me in colloquial disquisitions with the people. The Ghadamsee people persist in not taking medicines during the fast. One told me, "Even if a man dies, and medicine could save him, he must not take it." I have therefore fewer patients during the inexorable Ramadan. But I *save* my tea and coffee—"An ill wind blows, &c." The Rais, however, gets his tea in the evening. It is remarkable with what willingness, and without any sort of prejudice, several of the people offer me information. Even when refused, I always find it arises from indolence to narrate it. They are not afraid that I am collecting information to supply the English Government with the means of invading their country, like some Moors in Barbary. They look upon the thing just as it is,—that I am writing a book about their country to amuse Christians.

The Sheikh of the slaves came in, with several Ghadamsee youths:—

"The Governor says, you are not the Sheikh; *he* is the Sheikh."

"So, does he say?"

(*The Youths.*—"But the Sheikh *is* the Sheikh.")

"I am," says the Sheikh, "from Timbuctoo; all the people are Mohammedans, and fast. Do you fast?"

I.—"I eat and drink what is good at all times, even wild-boar."

The Sheikh and Youths.—"Oh, wonderful!"

They.—"You write Arabic?"

I wrote that God was *one*.

They.—"And write Mahomet was the Prophet of God?"

I wrote Mahomet was the Prophet of the Arabs and the Touaricks?

The Sheikh.—"Ah, ah, I see, I see, you're very cunning."

The Youths.—"Who is your Prophet?"

I.—"Aysa (Jesus)."

The Youths.—"Have you any books of your Prophet?"

I.—"Yes, here is one:" (Giving them the New Testament.)

They.—"Oh, see, let us read it, let us take it home."

I.—"No; if you were men, yes. But if I allow you to read it, or read it to you, your Bey and the people will be offended with me, and send me out of the

city. When you go to Tripoli, you can see and read the Christian books."

I was surprised that a well-informed man like the Sheikh Makouran should ask me whether the Emperor of Morocco was also Emperor of Fez, and whether Morocco was a large country. "Ghat," says the Rais, "like all the Touarick countries, is a republic. All the people govern." Walked out this evening for the first time to-day. The people are vehement in their complaints against the oppressions of the Turks: "All the wealth of the country is dried up, and the merchants are all running away. We are ruined unless the English save us."

It has been very hot and sultry to-day. Not a breath of air. The sky overcast—a profound, deathlike tranquillity sleeping over the environs! The Rais sent supper as usual. After visiting him, he had a fit of writing, and wrote for the courier all night. Thank God, there are no gnats in Ghadames. I have not seen nor felt any. It is probably owing to the absence of nono water, stagnating here, all being absorbed in the dry earth of the gardens.

7th.—Read eight chapters of the Arabic Testament. Some of the phrases very strangely rendered into Arabic. The Moors cannot understand them. My Testament wants some verses: it is the ordinary Arabic Bible circulated by The Bible Society. There is no good translation of The Scriptures into Arabic, from what I have been able to learn. Continue to think all day long and dream of Timbuctoo. Had a conversation with the Touaricks about a journey there. The difficulty is, the strongest Touarick escort practicable cannot always pass through the Touarick districts, there being such a great variety of tribes. It

is the quarrels of the Touaricks themselves, and not our not being able to trust them individually, which renders the route so dangerous.

Slave-dealing is so completely engendered in the minds of the Ghadamsee merchants, that they cannot conceive how it can be wrong. A young man wrote me down the objects (very few) of exportation from Soudan, and in the following order, viz., "Cottons, elephants' teeth, *bekhour* (perfume), wax, slaves, bullocks' skins, red skins, feathers, (of the ostrich)." Human beings are just summed up with the rest as an article of commerce, as a matter of course, in the most mercantile style.

It will be next to impossible to propagate anti-slavery notions in Central Africa, supported as slavery is by commerce and religion. We can only say, "With God nothing is impossible."

All the people bring their griefs and malcontentments to me. It's not so pleasant to be bored by them, let alone the policy of my listening to all they have to say. But the ill humour of these poor fleeced people must have a vent, or *sfogo*, as the Italians term it, and what can I do? An intelligent merchant came to me. "Yâkob, *bisslamah*, (how do you fare?) The Rais is always collecting money, don't you see? That's the business of the Turks. This city is 4000 years of age. It flourished before Pharaoh, in the time of Nimrod. Now the Turks come to destroy it; their business is to destroy; such is the will of God." I might elaborate the idea. The genius of the Turks is to destroy. The hand of the Turk blasts as mildew everything it touches; it has destroyed the fairest portions of the earth. Happily, however, it so destroys itself, for it is not desirable for truth and

civilization that the sway of the Osmanlis should be restored to its pristine strength.

Among the most friendly people to me in Ghadames are the Arab soldiers. Now, whilst I write, not less than twenty of these poor fellows are lying around my door, and in the *skeefah* (entrance-passage or room) of my house. They tell me always, my house is their house, and their mountains my mountains. They all speak in the highest terms of Mr. Frederick Warrington, son of Colonel Warrington, whom they call *Fredreek*. They consider him as one of themselves, and so he is as to habits, manners, and language, and frequently dress. When they quarrel in Tripoli, the ultima ratio, or dernier ressort, is not to go to the Pasha, but *Nimshee lel Fredreek*, "Let us go to Frederick!" This is "the settler." It has often been said amongst the Consular corps of Tripoli, that, in case Great Britain thought it expedient to assume the Protectorate of Tripoli, Frederick Warrington would be their man, the instrument of revolution. There is not a single Arab in the Regency but what would flock to his standard. He has been all his lifetime in Tripoli.

M. Carette, in his brochure of the *Commerce of Central Africa*, says, "Timbaktou, Kânou, et Noufi sont les trois marchés principaux du pays des Noirs. Les voyageurs du Nord ne parlent pas du Niger; c'est une limite qu'ils ne franchissent pas; ils paraissent n'avoir aucunes relations avec les populations Mandingues de la rive droite:" (p. 26). This is inexact. The merchants do speak of the Niger frequently to me, calling it the *Wady Neel*, thinking, and which is a very ancient opinion, that it is a continuation of the Nile of Egypt. They also visit the opposite shores or banks of the Mandingoes. Some of them go to Noufi,

as M. Carette admits; on my leaving for Ghat, a merchant going to Noufi was my fellow traveller, and promised to accompany me there. Here Mr. Becroft has recently, from the south-east, ascending the Niger, shaken hands with the merchants of the north. An old slave, a native of *Sansandee* (or *Sinsindee* سنسندي) says of the Niger, "The river is like the sea of Tripoli and all sweet" (water.)

The Sheikh Makouran does not approve of my Timbuctoo ideas. Says the city is always in an uproar with the Touaricks, who are robbers and not like the Touaricks of Touat. Walked through the town at noon, and met Essnousee, had not seen him for some time, and wondered what had become of him. He was very friendly, and wanted to bring me lemonade in the street. But as there was a large concourse of people present, all fasting, poor devils, at this time of the day; I thought common decency required me to go with him to his house. I waited in a dark corner close by his door, and here I quaffed the forbidden draught in the high-noon of the Fast. He smiled at me when I finished, and said, "Well done, Yâkob." He gave me also a fine melon to bring home with me. I considered this feat of drinking lemonade, under the circumstance related, a remarkable trait of tolerance. People usually put into their lemonade pieces of rag steeped in lemon-juice and dried; in this way the juice is preserved from evaporation. Essnousee had just lost his wife. "Have you any other wives?" I said. "Oh yes," he replied, "one here and one in Ghat." Many of the merchants, like the roving tar who has a sweetheart at every port, have a wife at every city of The Desert and Soudan where they trade. Several of the children now in Ghadames were born either in Timbuctoo or Soudan.

8th.—Few patients on account of the Ramadan. Weather extremely sultry. People bear the fast remarkably well, and with good humour enough. The Rais persists in sending me supper though I would rather he did not. After mass and chanting prayers in the evening, his Excellency holds a court. He abused the Sultan of Constantinople and called him an ass for spending his money like a fool, and this license before all the people! Smoking, drinking coffee, talking, and writing for the courier, all together, so his Excellency passes his Ramadan evenings. Said, my negro servant, is becoming as great a man as his master in Ghadames. He receives visits from all the slaves of the city, as well as the free negroes. Being slaves, I am very indulgent, and sometimes they stop all day with him. The slaves of the Touaricks also come. Said manages to talk with them all in all languages. I see there is a sort of free-masonry amongst negroes, and they all (which is greatly to their credit) stick close to one another, and take one another's part. Said is impatient about his *âtka*, or freedom ticket. He said to me to-day—

"Oh, Sidi, where's my âtka? The people will steal me and sell me again."

"No, Said," I replied, "have patience, if they steal you, they must steal me also."

Visited with Said to-day "the Street of Slaves." This is a little dark street appropriated for the rendezvous of the slaves in my part of the city, where they enjoy the cool of the evening and chat together. I squatted down to chat amongst them, which awakened their curiosity.

"Who's that naked boy there?"

They.—"The Touaricks brought him from Bornou."

"What are they going to do with him?"

They.—"The Touaricks will send him to Tripoli, and sell him; will you buy him?"

"No, no; if I buy him, my sultan will put me in prison."

(*They*, one to the other.—"Do you believe him?")

"The English had many slaves, but gave them all the *âtka*; and soon, please God, they will destroy slavery in all the world."

They.—"Ah, ah," (laughing), "that's right; we wish to have the *âtka*."

I found some were from Soudan, others from Timbuctoo, the greater part from Bornou. About a score of them were present; their greatest delight was in exchanging their various lingos. When they heard I was going to Kanou, one jumped up like a fury, saying, "Oh, I must send something to my mother." This was a poor grey-headed wrinkled-faced old man! His poor mother, alas! may have been long ago whipped to death upon the cotton plantations of South Carolina, where the blood of the slave is poured out to fertilize the fields of pampered republicans, and give tongue to the braggadocio of the free sons of the Model-Republic!

To-day, saw three swallows in a garden for the first time at Ghadames. They darted over the heads and through the foliage of the graceful palms, performing sweet eccentric circles. To me, they were winged messengers from the fair bowers and silvery brooks of Paradise.

To give an idea of the general ignorance of the Ghadamsee people on European geography, I have only to record a part of a conversation with them.

They.—"Where's your country; is it near Rome?"

"No; further to the west and north."

They.—"Did not the English spring from the Arabs?"

"No; the English are from the north, a colder country; the Arabs are from a hot country."

They.—"Are the Greeks like the English? and is their country near yours?"

"No; they are farther from us than Rome itself."

They.—"Do the English fast?"

"Sometimes; but when they fast they don't eat in the night time, like you; they fast day and night."

They.—"That's not good; that's not right. Do you fast?"

"Never, thank God."

The people bother my life out about fasting. Two young Touarick women came to me—

"Thou Christian! dost thou fast?" (they having never seen a person before who did not fast).

"No; the Christians don't fast."

The girls.—"Don't the Christians know God?"

"Yes, they know God."

The girls.—"No, they don't, for they don't say Mahomet is the prophet of God."

The sum of religion amongst many of the wild tribes, is the formula of Mahomet being the prophet of God —fasting and circumcision. Many of the Touaricks, however, will not fast, or fast with difficulty, it involving the cessation of smoking, of which they are passionately fond. A Touarick, who was accustomed to visit Mr. Gagliuffi at Mourzuk, ridiculed the Ramadan, and called those who fasted, fools. He would squat down in Mr. Gagliuffi's house, and take out his pipe at midday, and say, "Come, Consul, let's have a *drink* of the pipe. These people who fast all day are asses." Other Touaricks, more scrupulous, always set out on a journey during Ramadan, in order to have the relaxation permitted by the law.

The Rais is deeply engaged in petty finance, some quite mites, to make up the accounts for Tripoli. Whilst seated near his Excellency, a big lout of a fellow was brought up, charged with beating a little urchin, who was present to substantiate the charge. The Rais, after gravely hearing the case, had the big clown turned round with his hands tied behind him, and then told the little rogue aggrieved to lay it into him as hard as he could with his fists clenched. The little imp, who looked as wicked as imp could be, instantly gave the broad back of the great fellow half a dozen strokes. Hereupon all the bystanders, and the officers of his Excellency, burst into a fit of tremendous laughter, and the big coward was allowed to escape, sneaking off like a dog with his tail between his legs. The Rais came up to me smiling with great self-complacency, and said —"Well, isn't that the way to administer justice?" I then astonished the hangers-on of his Excellency's Court, by relating to them some account of the expeditions to the North Pole. They asked me whether any Mussulmans were there, and how they

could fast when the sun did not set? Several said I merely invented the account to amuse them. In this case, and also in that of the precepts of the Mosaic Institute, we see the inconvenience of making the precepts of religion depend on local and physical circumstances.

I have seen little urchins in Italy, before the flaming wax-light altars, drink in with their mother's milk the virus of Popery, but I never witnessed a stronger case of infantile prejudice than to-day. A child of less than three years old came running out of a by-street (apparently no person being near it), and called after me, *Kafer, kafer*, "Infidel, infidel"! and spat at me in the bargain like a little toad.

Noon.—I met with a fellow, a sort of swaggering cheap-jack penny-a-liner, who swore that there was no man so learned as himself in all Ghadames, and that he would teach me the history of Ghadames, and all the world, *for money*. He then followed me home, asked me for my journal, and wrote in it five lines of Arabic poetry. Meanwhile I poured him out a cup of tea, putting a large lump of sugar in it. When he had finished his five lines, which he did without being asked, he impudently demanded a dollar for his trouble. I told some Arabs who were present to turn him out of the house. He decamped, but not before giving us his blessing—"The curse of God be upon you Arab dogs, and the Christian dog."

Awfully hot to-day. The hottest day since my residence in Ghadames. Yet, strange to say, when shut up in my room, I feel very little of it. My house is only one story high; there is only a single roof between me and this sun of fire—a strong proof of how little is necessary to protect you from the heats

of The Sahara. Late at night, when sitting with the Rais, he amused me with pulling off his greegrees or talismans. As he pulled off each he kissed it devoutly, and laid it by gently on his papers. He wears one round his arm in the shape of an armlet, and three round his neck, two suspended with separate ribbons, and one with a silver chain. As he kissed each, he put it to his eyes, rubbing it over the eyelid. I am sadly afraid his charms obtain all the credit of my solution of nitrate of silver. Be it so; it is hard to cure men of this sort of folly, at best a most unwished, unrequited labour[24]. I always tell the Ghadamsee people the medicine I distribute neither belongs to me, nor to the English Consul at Tripoli, but to the Queen of England, and which, I have observed, heightens its value in their eyes. *Douwa min, ând Sultana Ingleeza*, ("physic from the English Sultana",) is a sort of royal talisman which helps the medicine down as a bit of sugar taken with a child's draught.

10th.—The women brought several little children, all ailing, but could do very little for them. Occupied writing most of the day. Spent the evening with the Rais. His Excellency is very fond of politics: "The Touaricks number more than two hundred thousand souls. They are dispersed over all The Desert. The Sahara is not so difficult to occupy as some think; it can be more easily conquered than the mountainous districts. The country is more open. The only difficulty is the wells. But in winter, the time when military expeditions are undertaken, there is water on the line of most of the grand routes, and camels can supply a large body of compact troops, where there are no wells. At the different wells small forts could be built, like that I am building at *Emjezzem*, which forts the Touaricks would never dare

approach. The wells once in possession of the invading force, it would be impossible for any considerable body of Arabs or Touaricks to follow up or after their steps. Twenty thousand men could occupy, in detachments, the greater part of The Sahara. The French will go to Touat one day, not yet!" But the Rais never spoke much against the French. He often said, "I wish the French would exterminate the *Shânbah* banditti, the Sultan would applaud them for it. I pray God the French will destroy these robbers."

Continue to agitate the question of a tour farther into the interior. Have almost determined to pursue the route of Ghat, and accompany the ghafalah of the Ghadamsee merchants. This route has two advantages for me—I shall be safe with my old friends the merchants, and the route has never before been trodden by an European traveller. The routes of Bornou and Timbuctoo have been travelled by Europeans, though some of the parties have never returned. One thing is certain—unless I go to the first-hand traffickers in human flesh—to the heart of Africa itself, I can never get the information which I require. Am told I can defray the expense of the whole journey from here to Kanou and back, (exclusive of presents), for about fifty pounds sterling, but it must be with economy. Afterwards saw several merchants again on the question, felt discouraged, and my faith shook in the Ghat route. They think the best route for me Bornou, thence I may proceed to Kanou, and perhaps even to Timbuctoo. It is astonishing how everybody's opinion varies; the majority, nevertheless, are in favour of the Bornou route for me. Probably they are afraid of the responsibility of escorting me through the Touarick districts. Determined a day or two after to

go to Kanou *viâ* Ghat and Aheer. Cannot see any danger if I stick close to the Ghadamsee merchants. A young merchant said to me, "Yâcob, we are not jealous of you, for you are not a merchant. You can draw your money, and get it ready. The ghafalah will be cheap for you, for no escort will be required. You can go without your Consul, or the Pasha, or the Rais."

The wind continues hot to-day; the *ghiblee* is getting more suffocating and intense. Everything is drooping and the poor emaciated fasters are dying with thirst. The air is as the small still breath of the furnace when its heat is at the greatest intensity, without flame or smoke.

11th.—Every day, in spite of the Ramadan, brings an increase of patients. In time there will not be a single inhabitant of Ghadames who has not been physicked by my quackery. I notice my negro servant Said is gradually expanding into a full-blown reputation, of which he is very proud. The Mussulmans pay him almost more deference than myself, and I ought to be jealous. It is the plan in these countries to influence the masters through the servants; so whenever anything is to be obtained, the masters are not spoken to, but the servants, which latter are feed and bribed until the object is obtained. Preached anti-slavery and anti-Ramadan doctrines to Berka, the liberated slave of Sheikh Makouran. The poor fellow confessed it was better to eat and drink in the Ramadan, and not steal men and sell them as slaves, than to fast in the Ramadan, and steal men and sell them. The old lad has great influence amongst the slaves of Ghadames, being their senior, and the liberated slave of one of the most respectable men of the country. He went and preached in turn to the

slaves my anti-slavery and anti-fast principles.

It may be observed here, that information can only be obtained bit by bit, here a little and there a little; and it is absolutely necessary to note everything down immediately if you would not forget it, at least if you would be correct. The Moors and Arabs have no patience, beyond a few minutes, in giving information, unless it be something where their own interests are deeply concerned. My scattered notes must then be compared one with another to arrive at a proper idea of the objects respecting which they treat. Some notes will necessarily correct others.

A Touarick came in whilst I was eating my dinner this evening, about half an hour before sun-set. I was sitting in the patio, or open court of my house. The Touarick, standing erect before me, with a long spear in his right hand, and extending his left towards the sky, looked up, and then, with an air of imposing solemnity, uttered these words in a measured, solemn tone: "And—thou—Christian—thou fastest—thus! Thy father—knoweth—not—God! Thou art a *Kafer*—he is a Kafer—and the fire[25] at last will eat you both up!" Turning round, and looking up to this prophet-like denunciator, I said, smiling: "Why, how now? you Mussulmans fast, and think you are righteous; but whether is it better to eat and drink on the Ramadan, for which God cares nothing, or fast in the Ramadan, and go afterwards and steal or buy men and women and little children, like your little son there, and take them to Tripoli, and sell them like donkeys and camels? This is forbidden to us English—this is our religion, not to steal and sell men, but to eat and drink in the Ramadan is not forbidden to us." After this answer, which I had some difficulty in making him comprehend, the fellow

stood speechless, completely staggered. I continued to eat my dinner with a good appetite, notwithstanding his threatening position and silence. God knows what was passing through his mind. After a long pause he receded back a few steps, and then quietly squatted down. He then got up again, and said, "Have you any medicines for my mother in Ghat?" I told him to come to-morrow, and I would give him some.

Rais occupied as usual this morning with collecting money. He avows with exasperation that the people have deposited all their money in the hands of a few merchants of Tripoli, who are under the protection of the Consuls. He was writing teskeras to obtain money from those Tripoli merchants. "The Pasha," he added, "gets no benefit from these deposits, nor the people. The Tripoli merchants are lying, bloodsucking Jews." Did not go out again till the evening; occupied in copying a long letter for *The Times*. My sugar and tea go very fast. Do not know what I should have done unless the Ramadan had interposed to save these luxuries of The Desert. It is surprising how rigid the fast is kept. Not a soul in the city of the proper age who does not fast.

12th.—Weather continues very sultry. The wind has scarcely changed for a month, always south. To-day I ate camel's flesh for the first time, but did not like it much; it depends, however, upon the part you eat, as also upon the camel itself, whether young or old, or in a good condition. The camel is usually killed when past work, and very lean and poor. The people call camels' flesh their beef; it does serve as a substitute for bullocks' flesh, no bullocks being killed here. The whole carcase was immediately sold as soon as exposed in the Souk.

13th.—Wrote this evening to the Governor of Ghat, to tell him I wished to come to Ghat, and begged for his protection; and that I should be obliged if he could send some trusty person to fetch me, whose expenses I would pay. Wrote also letters to go by courier to Tripoli.

14th.—Weather continues hot. My taleb calls the season *khareef*, "autumn;" and says the fruits of heaven which are always ripe have nevertheless a peculiar ripeness at this period. Staring at him, he continued, "Yes, there is a greater correspondence between earth and heaven than people think." I was recommended this taleb by the Rais. He writes my Arabic letters for The Desert; he calls himself Mohammed Ben Mousa Bel Kasem. The reader will hear now a great deal about him, and his learning and character. He takes up my Arabic Bible now and then, and reads a verse or two; but it is astonishing how little effect, even in the way of curiosity, it produces on the mind of these Mussulmans. One would think at least they would like to know something of its contents. Notwithstanding, The Book, which contains the religion of the civilized world, hardly excites curiosity enough in them to take it up and read a single verse! I have often offered it to them to read, but they have refused to open the book. A great disadvantage is the crabbed, miserable language into which it is translated. After the bold, impudent, and sublime language of the Koran, they cannot relish the tame and stunted language of the Arabic New Testament. As for the simple and grand truths of the New Testament, these they cannot or will not comprehend. Force, or the Sword—as the Might of the Almighty—is the thing alone which strikes the minds of Mussulmans, in spite of all their moral maxims and philosophy. But I

must confess I never expected that a religion like that of the Koran, which contains so few fundamental truths, and so few mysteries, would have produced such a race of superstitious pharisees. To-day a fellow, whose eyes are dreadfully inflamed with ophthalmia, refuses to have them *doctored*, because the solution administered to the eye may enter the stomach, by which he would violate the sanctity of the Ramadan. I can only beg him to come at night. Another jackanapes, who suffers equally, refuses to have my solution at all applied. He said to me, "I suffer, and I may be blind, but it will be the will of God." I wonder the whole population is not blind. Another sufferer craved a talisman to drink with water at night[26].

Footnotes:

[23] *Tut*, "Morus alba," L. It is pleasant and sweet, but a little insipid eating.

[24] Whether the Rais brought his superstitious reverence for amulets from Turkey or not I cannot tell, or acquired the notion here. But the superstition seems merely to have changed place with the Fetisch amongst the Negro Mohammedan converts. Haj Ibrahim, a merchant of Tripoli, was the only Mussulman I found who despised the use of charms. He observed:—"The *grigri* is only fit for slaves, or ignorant Mussulmans."

[25] Hell is ordinarily denominated *fire* by people in The Desert.

[26] Caillié gives an affecting account of this superstition amongst the Mandingoes:—

"On the 8th, I found myself very ill in consequence of the food, and I had an attack

of fever. I took a few doses of sulphate of quinine, which had the effect of abating the fever for a few days. My host seemed much concerned at my indisposition. He searched through some old books which contained verses of the Koran, and brought me a scrap of paper well fumigated on which was written a charm in Arabic characters, assuring me that it was an excellent remedy for the disorder under which I was suffering. He directed me to copy it on a little piece of wood which he brought me; then, to wash off the writing with some water which I was to drink: he observed that this would to a certainty relieve me. To please him I copied the writing as he directed, and when he was gone washed the bit of board; but instead of drinking the water I threw it away, which had quite as good an effect, for next day I found myself tolerably well. My host, of course, attributed my amendment to the efficacy of his remedy."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAST OF THE RAMADAN.

The Sahara, and derivation of the Name.—Astonishment of the People at the Sovereign of England being a Woman.—Decision of the Kady on a diseased Camel.—The old Mendicant Bandit.—Phrenological examination of the Servants of the Rais.—The Scorpion and the Chamelion.—Starving state of the Arab Troops.—Contradictions in the Moorish Character.—Difficulty of

acquiring notions of Quantities and Distances from the People.—The Princes to whom Presents are made in the Soudan Route.—How Butchers cut up their Meat.—Connexion between North Africa, The Sahara, and the East.—The Prophecy of The Dajal and Gog and Magog.—Origin of the Turks, Touaricks, and Russians.—How the Fast is broken in the Evening.—Phenomenon of Desert Sound.—The Great Spring of Ghadames.—The Malta Times.—The People their own Enslavers.—Quotation from Scripture.

A TALEB tells me that *The Sahara* is so called from its consisting mostly of rocky stony ground, and its name is a cognate term with *Sakharah*, صخرة, *i. e.* "rock." This derivation we can scarcely admit, although as we advance into The Sahara we shall find at least a third of its entire surface to consist of rocks and stones, and mountains. *The Sahara*—الصحرا—being the theatre of my adventures and researches, deserves a little consideration as to the derivation of this appellation, for so vast a proportion of the African Continent. A late French writer, M. Le Lieutenant-Colonel Daumas, defines The Sahara as "une contrée plate et très-vaste, où il n'y a que peu d'habitants, et dont la plus grande partie est improductive et sablonneuse." This definition presents no proper idea of The Sahara. We have already seen it intersected with long low ridges of mountains, but we shall soon meet with groups of high mountains, as well as find it bristled over and bounded by interminable chains. We shall find also that but a certain portion of its actual mass consists of sand. Unproductive the greater part undoubtedly

is, or rather uncultivated; and its population, compared with its vast sterile surface, is extremely small, perhaps not one inhabitant to many thousand square miles. The Mahometan talebs give the following curious etymology of the term Sahara. "We call *Sehaur*," they say, "that point scarcely distinguishable which precedes the point of day, (*fidger*), and during which, in the time of Ramadan, we can eat, drink, and smoke. The most rigorous abstinence ought to commence from the time of morning, or when we can distinguish a white thread from a black thread. The *Sehaur* is then a shade between night and the point of day, which is important for us to seize upon and to determine, and which ought to occupy the attention of our Marabouts. One of them, Ben-ej-Jiramy, starting on the principle, that the *Sehaur* is more easily and sooner distinguished by the inhabitants of the plains, where nothing bounds the horizon, than by the mountaineers, who are enveloped in masses of earth, concludes that, from the name of the phenomenon there formed, viz., on the plains, where it is more particularly distinguished or observed, we have named the country *Sahara*, or the country of the *Sehaur*." In this whimsical and ingenious derivation there is a change of the س into ص, but which is sufficiently frequent in the Shemitic languages. The grand fallacy of the above etymology is, that it assumes the Sahara to be a perfectly flat country, or country of plains, which is not the fact. The talebs also give various names to different portions of The Sahara, according to the geological character of the country. *Feeafee* is The Oasis, where life is retired, and one spends one's happy days amidst eternal springs of living water, reclining under palms and fruit trees, securely sheltered from the burning

simoon (*shoub*). *Keefar*, is the sandy arid plain, which, occasionally watered by the winter's revivifying refreshing and fructifying rains, produces spring herbage, where the Nomade tribes pasture their flocks in the neighbourhood of the oases. *Falat*, is the region of sands in the immensity of steril wastes. But all these distinctions are arbitrary, and can be predicated of tracts of country lying on the North Coast of Africa, as well as the boundless Sahara. On the coast of Tripoli we have the oasis, the arid plain, and the groups of sand-hills of eternal sterility. Captain Lyon enumerates in the same way as the talebs, the various names which the Arabs apply to different regions of The Desert. *Sahara* is sand alone, forming a plane surface, which agrees with the hypothesis of Ben-ej-Jiramy. *Ghoud* is groups of sand-hills of indefinite height, situate on the borders of stony plains, where the wind has formed and collected them. *Sereer*, is generally plains, whence the sand-hills have been swept, and where alone sand-hills are found. *Wâr*, is a rough plain, covered with large detached stones, lying in confusion, and very *difficult* to pass over, which is the meaning of the appellation. It is applied to all difficult traverse. *Hateea*, is a spot possessing the power of fertility; indeed, those patches of land which are the germs of the oases, now producing small stinted shrubs scattered at intervals, from which camels browse a scanty meal, or travellers make their Desert fire. *Wishek*, is productive sand-hills and plains, where the wild palm and lethel-tree grow. *Ghabah*, distinguishes cultivated Sahara, sometimes a portion of the oases, but mostly where there are no inhabitants. So near Touat, there is a cultivated place called Ghabah, and without inhabitants. But the people of Ghadames call also

their gardens Ghabah. Sibhah, is the usual name for all salt plains, sometimes called *Shot* in Algeria, being mostly sandy salt marshes. Like the Sibhah of Emjessen, and "The Lake of Marks," in Tunis, the saline particles are often combined with earths or sand so closely as to form a substance resembling stone, and equally hard to break or cut through. With this *salt* stone houses are built. *Wady*, is the designation of all long deep depressions of the surface, and is used indifferently for a valley, a bed of a river, or torrent, or ravine. These wadys are almost always dry, except one or two months in the winter. *Gibel*, is applied to all hills and mountains. It is quite evident, from the above enumeration, that these various terms can be equally applied to the coast and other regions of land, not comprehended within the assigned limits of The Sahara, and are therefore not peculiar to The Great Desert of Sahara.

All the people are astonished when I tell them the British Sovereign is a lady. They have enough to believe it; indeed, some of them do not, and think I am trifling with their credulity. It goes against the grain, and their grain especially, to be ruled over by a woman, (though many of them, from my own personal knowledge, are entirely under the influence of their wives *in private*, as all or most men are,) and is contrary to all their notions of government and womankind. I was surrounded with a group when the information was given, and I shall just mention the questions which were put to me in rapid succession. "Does that woman *govern well*?" "Has she a husband? What does her husband?" "Has she any children?" "Is she a big woman?" "Is she beautiful?" "How much does she pay you for coming to our country?" "Who has more power, she or the Sultan (of Constantinople)?" "What's her name?" "Have the

Christians any other women who govern?" And so forth. I explained to them that Spain and Portugal were ruled by two other Queens, but that, in France, a Queen never reigns. At the mention of this latter fact, there was general murmur of approbation, "El-Francees ândhom *âkel* (the French have wisdom)." To soften the matter down a little, and abate their prejudices, I told them the father of the Queen of England had no sons, and in all such cases, if there were daughters, these were allowed to govern the people. "Batel (stupid)," said one fellow, and the conversation dropped.

Begin to like the place, as I find I can pick up information respecting the interior. The merchants seem now more disposed to assume the responsibility of taking me with them. Went through the market-place, and witnessed a sitting of judgment upon a sick camel. This was an affair of the Kady, a little, fat, chubby, cherub-looking fellow, but proud and silent. The people said he was *sagheer*, "young," and excused his uncanonical conduct. He sat, high placed on a stone-bench, amidst a semicircle of people, squatting on the ground. He looked very grave, now exchanging a word or half syllable with one, now with another, but continually moving his lips as if in prayer. I met him afterwards in the street, and always found him moving the lips, with his rosary of black Mecca beads in his hands. He holds a separate and independent jurisdiction from the Rais, and is the Archbishop or Pope of Ghadames. His decision cannot be annulled by the authorities in Tripoli, but must be referred to the Ulemas at Constantinople. He therefore thinks not a little of himself, and with reason. Four questions were now before the Kady, embracing physic, law, and divinity.

1st. To whom did the camel belong (for the Arabs disputed this)?

2nd. Could it recover from its sickness, or was it incurable?

3rd. Whether it should be killed, if it could not be cured?

4th. Whether it should be eaten after it was killed?

The diseased, emaciated camel lay groaning just without the semicircle. There was a large abscess over the shoulders, produced by the loads it had carried, besides other sores. A million of flies was then settled on the abscess, which was a running sore. It was a most disgusting sight. But not to the people who eyed the poor animal as connoisseurs. I learnt afterwards the Kady's decision was: "The camel is incurable, but may be killed and eaten." I asked the people whether they were not afraid to eat an animal which was so much diseased. They replied, "No, it is the judgment of the Kady. To-morrow we shall kill and eat it. To-day there's camels' flesh enough." I was astonished at the Kady's decision, and told the people diseased animals were not allowed to be killed for eating in our country, for there was danger in their making people ill. Some approved of this; but the population is much poorer than I, at first, thought, and the indigent are glad to catch anything. The few rich bury their money in foreign speculations, or hoard it up in their houses. After the decision, the miserable camel was left alone in the Souk, a prey to the flies, which were voraciously feeding on its running sores, till the next day. Semi-civilized people cannot comprehend the mercy or duty of alleviating the sufferings of the inferior creation.

To-day a new case of severe ophthalmia. This was that of a woman, who also had a fever. To my agreeable surprise, a number of her friends decided that she should take a fever-powder, in spite of the Ramadan. I administered it myself, and she drank it greedily. I was glad of such a marked exception to the rigid fasting. Her relatives said she was permitted to drink it, first, because she was *a woman*, and, secondly, because she was sick. This was the law of the Kady. Met a remarkable Touarick in the streets. This is an old worn-out man, with one eye, and that much damaged. In his day he has been a famous bandit, has plundered many a caravan and murdered the hapless merchants. He is now, in his dreadful old age, sheltered in the very city whose wayfaring merchants he so often plundered and murdered. The judgment of heaven seems pressing hard upon him; for he is poor and miserable, a beggar in the streets —all his ill-gotten wealth is gone! He leads about a little lad, whom he calls his son, and who seems to afford the wretched old villain his only repose of mind, if repose he can have from so horrible a conscience. I gave the child a small coin. The inhabitants feed the bandit, and tolerate him with an admirable spirit of merciful forgiveness. And if *they* do, who cries for vengeance?

Wrote to-day a letter to the Pasha of Tripoli, thanking His Highness for the kind attentions I had received from the Governor of Ghadames. I never did anything with such good will. It was, besides, an absolute duty.

This afternoon examined phrenologically, *bump*ologically, the heads of many children. There was a considerable variety in the *bumps*, as well as the configuration, of the cranium. Some of the heads

were well flattened on either side, others rounded, and mostly low, depressed foreheads, with "self-esteem" and "love of approbation" ascending appallingly far up at the back of the head. Very few men or children have the frontal regions well developed. Examined a man esteemed a great dervish, who is always reading and writing the Koran. It's strange that the saint had the organ of veneration well developed. The Rais hearing of my cunning in this occult science, which some of the people called a new *deen*, ("religion,") wished to see me perform; so, on visiting him in the evening, he ordered forth all his understrappers and hangers-on, and made them submit to the fearful ordeal of head *pummelling*, first begging me to speak out everything, and then calling for fire to light his pipe, that he might muse over the exhibition *à la Turque*. The first officer examined was collector of the revenue, a native of Derge, a regular task-master in his way, and very malicious; I was frightened what to say. All was attention, the Rais particularly wishing to know if he was a thief, and had secreted Government money in his house. This his Excellency told me afterwards, when we were alone. The collector happened, by good luck, to have a large "acquisitiveness," and "benevolence" at the same time. This I explained to the Rais, and said the one balanced or neutralized the other. Tayeb, ("good"), said his Excellency, much chagrined, his Excellency evidently wishing to have had the fellow made out a thief. I must not continue through all the examinations. Suffice it to say, by this display of my new craft, I was raised very much in the estimation of everybody. But the most surprising thing was, a Touarick affirmed to the Rais, with great vehemence, that one of his neighbours was a phrenologist, and acquired his knowledge from the

jenoun ("demons"). The major-domo of his Excellency, (who had had a good character given to him in the examination,) was very angry at this attempt to lower my credit of being the first to teach phrenology in the The Desert, and pushed the Touarick out of the Rais's house, and we only just escaped a disturbance, or losing all our fun, the Touarick drawing his sword to defend himself. In general I was disappointed, and did not observe the African and Moorish forms of cranium so much marked as I expected. They were all, thank goodness, pretty cleanly shaved. It is well known Mussulmans generally shave their heads, and leave their beards unshaven. This is, then, a splendid field for accurate phrenological observation. I observed that the negroes have all of them "self-esteem" most surprisingly developed. From this, (if the science were true, which I very much question[27],) we could easily deduce their habitual gaiety, for a man who has always a good opinion of himself is rarely miserable.

Just after the examination finished, whilst we were all very gay, smoking, drinking coffee, talking, and laughing, one of the Moors started up suddenly, and in an instant, taking his shoe, lying beside him, struck something down with a great smack on the floor; it turned out to be an immense scorpion! I felt a chill start through all my blood. The smashed reptile looked hideous in the dim light of the Ramadan lamp. This is the third scorpion within a fortnight the Rais has killed in his own house; one of enormous size he killed a few days ago. The Rais called for more coffee, and said coolly and laconically, "It's all *maktoub* between you and the scorpions; if they are to bite you, they will." His Excellency thought the sting often deadly. My taleb

joins the rest in their notions of fatality. In coming home with me afterwards, I said to him, "I am alarmed at these scorpions, as there's no security from them; for you say they get upon the beds, on the tops of the houses, and in every hole and corner." The taleb—"I am not afraid; I am always killing them in my house, and yet I fear them not, for it's all from God. If they are destined by *Rubbee* to sting me to death, they will, so I do not disturb myself. You Christians are foolish." It does not appear that this reptile strikes a person unless it be attacked, or trodden upon. The people say they feed on *trāb*, "dust" or "dirt." Yesterday the chameleon was seen in the gardens: there is a few in Ghadames, and in most parts of North Africa. The one I saw was a most unsightly creature. The construction of the eyes is remarkable; they turn on a swivel, or seem to do so, and are directed every way in a moment of time. It is a trite observation, that the lower brute animal has many advantages over the more perfect and rational animal. I often, *en route*, admired the beautiful facility with which the camel turned its head and neck completely round, and looked upon objects in every direction, without even moving its body, or if in motion, without stopping. I watched the chameleon a long time, to see it "change its colour;" it did so continually, but scarcely any of the colours were agreeable or beautiful; they were mostly dunnish red and yellow, and sometimes black brown; often-times it was covered with spots, now with stripes, now with neither one nor the other. Once it was an ugly black, and then of a light pale-green yellow. The fewness of animals in this oasis occasions me to record its appearance. The people mention two or three varieties of the species. They are fond of the chameleons, at least, give them the

full liberty of the gardens, without attempting to destroy them.

The Sebâah, a freebooting tribe of Tunisian Arabs on the frontier, who some two months ago plundered a Ghadames caravan near Gharian, have been made to render up an account of the spoil. The Pasha of Tripoli wrote to the Bey of Tunis, and the Bey has undertaken to make them surrender their booty. The value is only about 1000 dollars, and forty camels. People are very inquisitive about my personal affairs. They ask me repeatedly, why I don't marry, or where are my wife and children? and add, "for you are getting old, and have plenty of money." I usually reply, "I can't carry a wife about with me all over the world." In the Desert and all over North Africa, it is looked upon as a species of disgrace for a man not to be married. It perhaps ought to be so everywhere; but our social system of Europe is become now so bad, that nearly half of the people cannot afford to marry. And so degraded in their feelings have become the lower classes of the British Isles, that many of those who do marry, marry with the clear understood determination of throwing their offspring upon the public bounty. The Puseyite and Church alms-giving clergy, to their shame, encourage our miserable population in these most despicable sentiments, and tell the people it is their right as granted to them by the founder and apostles of the Christian Church. Tyrants must have slaves, and priestly tyrants as well as other sorts of tyrants; it is therefore necessary there should be propagated a race of slaves.

This morning the poor old blind man demands the strong medicine for his eye. He says, "I feel less pain in my eyes though I see no better." O Dio! what a

precious gift is sight—how persevering is this old man to see again those sights of desert, palm, and oasis, which he saw in his youthful days! Perhaps there is a tenth of the population of Ghadames nearly blind, or quite blind. The Sheikh Makouran has calculated the expense from Ghadames to Kanou, and back, for me, at two hundred dollars. The Moors are essentially children in some things. Young men, full grown, carry about with them in their pockets a little bit of white sugar to suck, stowed away in needlecases. To-day, a ghafalah of Touaricks, twenty persons, left for Ghat. They took my letter for the Governor. The Touaricks are getting used to the sight of a Christian. My opinion is also undergoing a favourable change towards them. Certainly, the best informed of the Ghadamsee people give them a good character.

15th.—The Rais killed two more scorpions after I left him last night. A child was bitten a few days ago by a scorpion, and died to-day. His Excellency hopes they will disappear after the Ramadan. The scorpion, like many other venemous and deadly animals, is a creature of *heat*, and in the winter is never seen. The scorpion usually comes out of his hiding-places, or the crevices of the walls, during night time, and is rarely seen in the day. Various remedies for its bite or sting, or stroke, are in vogue here. People usually employ garlic: they both eat it and rub it into the bitten or stricken part. Others cut round the stung part, and then rub over the whole with snuff. People persist that the scorpion eats dust, but that he is very fond of *striking Ben-Adam* ("the human race.") Two nights after the scorpion affair with the Rais, to our dread and horror, Said killed a large one close by our beds. We always sleep upon the ground-floor on matting. He was dozing in the night, after his

Ramadan midnight meal, when the monster scrambled past by his head like an enormous crab. In the morning he showed me his sting as a trophy of victory. We then examined all the walls in our sleeping apartment, and stopped up cracks and crevices. After a short time the scorpions were forgotten, or we got used to them; and the next one that Said had a chase after, excited in me little attention. So I found, like the Moors, myself a fatalist, or at least became reconciled to the presence of these death-stinging reptiles. I found eventually, in fact, the people killed them with as much unconcern as we do spiders. The scorpion is the only creature armed with the fatal power of destroying life, which, for the present I hear of in the oases of The Sahara. The Arabs, in their hatred of the Touaricks, say, "The scorpion and the Touarick are the only enemies you meet with in The Sahara."

16th.—The old worn-out bandit met me, and asked me to cure his rheumatic pains. "Show me your tongue," I said. He flatly refused, as several persons were present. Then when I went away he came running after me, and tried to put out his tongue, but did not succeed. I told him to drink plenty of hot broth, and go to bed. He seemed satisfied. An Arab soldier afflicted with diarrhœa, came for medicine. He waited till the last rays of the sun were seen to depart from the minaret's top, before he would take his pills. Meanwhile, he gave me a catalogue of grievances, the sum and substance of which was, "he had nothing to eat." I questioned him over and over again, and then, coming to the same stern conclusion, I gave him some supper. Some weeks ago the Rais gave each soldier 3 Tunisian piastres, about 1*s.* 10*d.* Since then they had had nothing. Substantially, I believe, he spoke the truth, for these

poor fellows are kept just above the starvation-to-death point. It is not surprising they wish to return to their homes, or Tripoli, and that they pilfer about the town. Asking him why the Rais did not give them a few karoobs, he replied naively, "The Rais has none for us, but plenty to buy gold for his horse's saddle." To-day, nor yesterday, could I buy any eatable meat. I mean mutton, for this is the ordinary meat of the place, and upon which I live, with now and then a fowl. But in the Souk another camel was killed, and a great display was made of its meat. The camel was ill before killed, but not so bad as the one already mentioned. Some fifty persons were enjoying the sight of the camel being cut up, for the Moorish butchers always cut up their meat into very small portions, sometimes not bigger than a couple of mouthsful. Before killed, the camel sold for one hundred and eight Tunisian piastres; the one on which the Kady gave judgment, only produced thirty-three. (Tunisian piastres vary from 7*d.* to 9*d.*)

Yesterday the weather sultry, and a few drops of rain fell on the parched oasis—drops of ambrosia from the gods. To-day it is cloudy and cool, for the first time since my residence here; a cool elastic sensation braces up my poor drooping frame.

The Moor picks up every bit, or little dirty scrap of paper he finds in the streets, and places it in a hole of the wall, or upon a ledge, lest there should be written on it, "the name of God," and the sacred name be trodden upon and profaned. It is probable they derived the superstition from the Jews, who have many mysterious notions about certain letters which form the name of The Almighty. I have often seen שדי affixed on the door-posts of Jewish houses in Barbary. But no people in the world use the name

of God more vainly than Mussulmans, nor swear more than they, the greater part of the words used being different epithets of the Divine Nature. This inconsistency runs through all the actions of these semi-civilized people. No people pretend to more delicacy in the mode of dress, more respect for women, not even mentioning the names or existence of their wives. My late Marabout camel-driver, when speaking of his wife and family, merely said *saghar* ("little children"). And, notwithstanding all this, no people are more sensual and impure, and esteem women less, than the Moors of towns. In swearing and oaths, the epithets "With God!" "By God!" "God!" "The Lord!" or "My Lord (*Rubbee*)!" "God, the Most High!" and, "The Most Sacred Majesty of God (*Subkhanah Allah*)!" are the common forms of using the Divine Name. A Tibboo stranger went into a house to buy a pair of pistols, and the seller was not at home. My taleb, who was a neighbour, and was anxious his friend should sell his pistols, run about exclaiming, *Subkhanah Allah!* I confess I was greatly shocked on hearing these most awful words used in such a way. I taxed the taleb afterwards with it, and compared his conduct with what I had seen in his picking up bits of paper in my house, for fear the names of The Deity should be upon them. He merely answered pettishly, "What do you wish? all people say so." A less serious note may be added here, that of the loose and curious way in which the Arabs express their ideas of quantities and distances. "Great" and "small" means with them any quantities, as "near" and "afar," any distances. I asked an Arab of Tunis when he expected his caravan? He replied, *Ghareeb* ("near"). "What do you mean, a week, a fortnight, or how long?" "*Twenty days!*" was the reply. In endeavouring to obtain information from these

people on distances and quantities, the only way is to make them compare the thing unknown with what you know. They will tell you at such a place is an exceedingly high mountain. If there is a hill or a mountain near you at the time, you must ask them if it as large or larger than that? In this way you will frequently find their great mountain to be no bigger than a hillock.

The merchants say it is necessary to give presents to the following princes of authority, in the route of Soudan:—

Touaricks.

- Governor of the town of Ghat;
- The Sultan of the Touaricks of Ghat, and the surrounding districts;
- The Sultan of Aheer; and
- The Sultan of Aghadez:

and these princes demand presents as a matter of right.

Fullannee and Negroes.

- The Governor of Damerghou;
- The Sultan of Tesouwah;
- The Deputy-Sultan of Kashna; and
- The Deputy-Sultan of Kanou:

but these latter princes do not demand presents as a matter of right, leaving it to the good pleasure of the stranger. There are also a few other smaller places where a trifling present will help a merchant on his way. The presents are collected according to the means and wealth of each individual merchant, each

subscribing his share, one giving a burnouse, others a piece of cloth, or silk, or beads, and what not. The whole is then collected together, and a deputation of two or three merchants is formed out of the caravan, who convey their presents to the prince, and the prince, when he finds the merchants have treated him liberally, sometimes returns a present of a slave or two, but generally a quantity of fresh provisions.

A small ghafalah of Touaricks having left to-day for Touat, Sheik Makouran, whose merchandise they were escorting on its way to Timbuctoo, begged me to write a letter to the Sheikh of Ain-Salah, one of the oases, which is in direct commercial relations with Ghadames. The plain English of the letter was, that Sheikh Haj Mohammed Welled Abajoudah, of Ain-Salah, would receive me friendly if I came to him, would protect all Englishmen travelling through his country, and would not let them be attacked and murdered as Major Laing was. When I gave my friend Makouran the letter, he asked me what I had written. I related the substance. "Allah, Allah!" exclaimed old Makouran; "Why, the Sheikh of Ain-Salah is my friend, he'll treat you as kindly as I do; he's one of us." Then he added, "Never mind, the letter may go." This evening the Rais was very unwell. Gave his Excellency some purgative pills. Afraid he will be obliged to return to Tripoli for his health; poor fellow, he suffers greatly.

17th.—The weather has opened this morning, dull, cloudy, and cool, threatening rain. A dingy veil is drawn over the face of things.

Have not yet seen any pretty plays amongst the children. All is dullest monotony. The youth, however, ultimately recover their wits by travelling.

My turjeman says, "The natives of Ghadames are the greatest travellers in the world, and are to be found in every country." The *Souk* offers nothing for sale but olive-oil, liquid butter, a little bread, camels' flesh, and now and then a few vegetables. All the Touarick traders have now left, some for Ghat and others for Touat. My Ghadamsee friends cease talking of the dangers of my Soudan trip, and it is a settled thing that I go. Some of them wish me to try a fasting day; "one day, to see how I like it," they tell me.

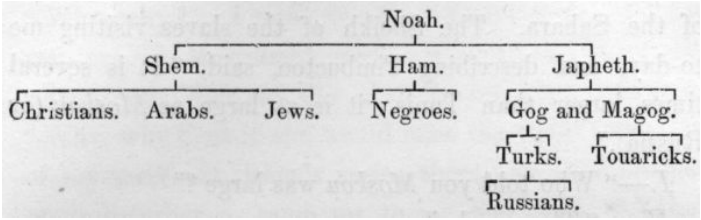
It is very amusing to see butchers in this place cut up their meat. Four, eight, or twelve persons, join to buy a sheep. The sheep is killed, and the butcher has to divide it into as many equal parts as joint-purchasers. He begins by dividing it into four equal parts, but not in the way we should imagine, by cutting the carcase into four. No, quite different. He first divides the intestines into four portions, cutting the heart, liver, and lights into four equal portions, and so of the rest. Sometimes the heart is made a present to some favoured individual. Of two sheep cut up to-day, the heart of one was given to a young friend of mine, and that of the other to the Governor. The intestines divided, the butcher proceeds to divide the legs and shoulders into four equal portions, dividing one leg and one shoulder into two, and so of the other. The ribs and rest of the meat is then also equally divided. When the carcase is thus far divided, a few persons only take one whole quarter, the rest the butcher proceeds leisurely and scientifically to divide, several persons taking a whole quarter divided and subdivided amongst them, not being able to purchase a large quantity. The quarter is divided into half-quarters, the half-quarters into quarter-quarters, and the quarter-quarter is often again divided and

subdivided before it gets into the pot. In this division, you would imagine the Desert dissector would cut the meat all away;—no such thing; and so great is the precision with which he divides and subdivides, that he has no need of scales and weights, equally dividing every bit of muscle, cartilage, fat, and bone; indeed, every person goes away perfectly satisfied with the justice of the division. I never saw scales and weights used on these occasions. Should, perchance, a difficulty or dispute arise as to the comparative size of the portions or equal divisions, a child is then sent for, and each party having chosen his token—a piece of wood, a straw, or what not, the whole are put into the hands of the child, who is requested to place the sticks or straws upon the portions of meat it chooses, or to which its caprice may guide. This decision of the umpire Chance is without or beyond all appeal. Mussulmans of The Sahara have no idea of *separate joints* or choice parts, the heart, perhaps, excepted, which is highly prized; or, if you will, they like a bit of every part of the carcase, and cut it up into these infinitesimal divisions in order that they may obtain this aggregate of delicate minutiæ. But as this is all cooked together, there can never be that separate taste of separate parts which distinguishes the meat as killed and cooked by Europeans. All Mussulmans are instinctively butchers, and are familiar with the knife, and expert at killing animals; it is a sort of religious rite with them. What I have observed particularly is, there is none of that shrinking back and chilled-blood shudder at seeing a poor animal killed, which characterizes Europeans, and especially the children of Europeans. Here children may be seen holding the animal whilst its throat is most barbarously cut! and not flinching a step, or blinking

the eye. Apropos of killing and eating meat, I had a long polemical discussion with my taleb upon the respective rites and ceremonies of Christians and Mussulmans. I told him what distinguished the religion of the New Testament was, that it prescribed no rules for eating and drinking, or dress; that the whole Christian religion was based upon two great commandments: "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." This, however, only drew from him the observation, "Before the time of Sidi Mahomet, this was the religion of the world." I rejoined, "This was the religion—still is the religion —of all the English, who eat and drink everything that is good, and dress any way they please; and such is the will of God." The taleb observed, "You wear braces, which is unlawful." I could not find out the why and the wherefore, unless it were that it tightened men-folks up too much for modesty. I told him the Rais and all Turks had braces to their pantaloons. He simply replied, "Braces are not permitted by our marabouts."

North Africa, or this region of The Sahara, more particularly, is essentially the East, (the Syrian, Arabian East,) and the religion of Mahomet has indissolubly bound in ideas, manners, and customs, the inhabitants of these countries with those of the East. It is, therefore, very satisfactory to read the *Arabic* New Testament in these countries; for, besides presenting all the ideas and metaphorical adornments, such reading often gives you the very words and idiomatical expressions of the people. This correspondence is certainly a strong proof, both that the latter Biblical writers were natives of the East, and that the inhabitants of North Africa and The Sahara were originally emigrants, or colonies from Syria and Arabia. This is the opinion of my taleb, and

all the literati of the oasis. My taleb also treated me to-day with writing the famous Mohammedan prophecy, respecting the destinies of the East, and the world in general, and everybody in particular. It runneth according to this mighty import: "*The Dajal*, (الدجال,) whose name is the Messiah, and who is the son of Said, and who is a monstrous fellow, with one eye, shall come upon the earth, or rather, go abroad upon the earth, and all the Jews shall flock around him, and enrol themselves under his standard, for he is their expected Messiah; and then, armed with their prowess and gold, he shall slay all Christians and Mohammedans, and shall reign upon the earth, after their destruction, forty years. This time outran, there shall then appear Jesus, the son of Mary, (the Messiah of the New Testament,) in the clouds, who shall descend upon the earth with flaming vengeance, and destroy *The Dajal*. This done, then shall come the end of the world." My taleb assures me, upon his *parole d'honneur*, that *The Dajal* will come in forty years from the present time, or in the year 1885! Khoristan, the country where he is now bound in chains, is, besides, the country of Gog and Magog (جوج و مجوج). One of these gentlemen is very small, indeed a dwarf, about the size of General Tom Thumb, perhaps one and a half inches shorter; and the other is tall enough to reach the moon when it is high over your head. It is strange the Mussulmans of Ghadames make also the Turks (*Truk*, as they call them,) to come from the country of Gog and Magog. See the following table of the genealogy of all the people of the earth, especially the Turks, the Touaricks, and the Russians:—



Such is the leaf of holy tradition in The Desert. It is astonishing how all nations love to indulge their gloomy musings with monsters. The extraction of the Russians from Gog and Magog is a curiosity; but the Russians, (*Moskou*, such is their name here,) are looked upon as a species of monster, whose jaw is capacious enough to swallow up all the Turks, and the Sultan of the East. The Rais has the greatest dread of them, whose native soil they have already gorged, "These Russians," he said to me one day, "are always, always, always advancing, advancing, advancing upon the Sultan." Who will say the patriotic Turk's apprehensions are groundless? With regard to the extraction of the Touaricks, I asked one of these people where his countrymen sprang from. He answered me, that formerly they were demons, (جنون) and came from a country near Kanou, on the banks of The Great River. Another told me, in true Hellenic style, "The Touaricks sprang out from the ground." An opinion has been advanced by some acquainted with ancient Eastern and African geography, that the Touaricks are from Palestine, and are a portion of the tribes of the Philistines expelled by Joshua; that the first rendezvous of the wanderers was the oasis of *Oujlah*, which is a few days' journey from *Siwah*, the site of the celebrated *Ammonium*; and thence they proceeded, wandering at will, to the west and south, peopling all the arid regions of the Sahara. The Sheikh of the slaves

visiting me to-day, and describing Timbuctoo, said, "It is several times larger than Tunis; it is as large as *Moskou* (or Russia)."

I.—"Who told you *Moskou* was large?"

He.—"The people."

So the Emperor of all the Russians may rejoice in the consciousness, that he and his people constitute as large a kingdom as Timbuctoo, and are celebrated in the gossip of Saharan cities.

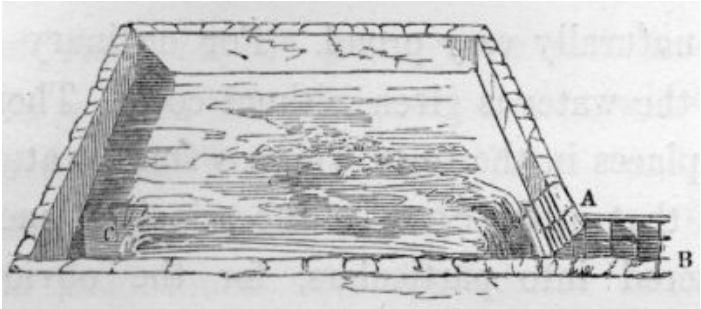
The first thing with which people break their fast in the evening is *dates*. My taleb, when visiting me, takes a few dates in his hands, and goes to a corner of the court-yard, or upon the house-top, about the softening, musing time, when the last solar rays are lingering playfully—and to the emaciated faster, teasingly, on this Saharan world, and there he listens in silence for the first accents of the shrill voice of the *Muethan*, calling to prayers, from the minaret of a neighbouring mosque. This heard, he commences putting the dates, one by one, slowly into his parched mouth, repeating a short prayer with each as he swallows it with a sort of choking difficulty. After he has eaten a dozen or so, he drinks, and then goes off to mosque prayers. Sometimes he prays in my house, and then comes down to dine with me. Many people, of course, in Ghadames, never saw a Christian before me; but they are quite as much astonished to see a Christian eat and drink in the Ramadan, as to see the Christian himself. This afternoon I was very thirsty, and went to drink a little water from one of the water-skins suspended in a square. A woman, of half-caste, going by at the time, cried out, "Why, why?" I went up to her and said, "Because you are a Mussulman and I'm a

Christian." Her astonishment was no way abated; she kept exclaiming, "Why, why?" as if she would raise the whole city. One of my merchant friends seeing there was some prospect of a disturbance, came up to me and said, "Yâkob, that woman is mad; make haste, go home." However, I rarely ever eat and drink before the people, avoiding as much as I can shocking their prejudices; and if asked about fasting, usually evade the question, or say I fast or wait for my dinner till Said can eat his dinner also.

18th.—Weather has now set in cool. This morning a little cold and raw. Now's the time for catching coughs and cold;—people are coughing already. Just before day-break, a thunderbolt was said to be discharged over the city, accompanied with a long, low growling muttering sound, which reverberated from the Saharan hills. The circumstance remarkable, in the falling of this dread bolt of heaven's artillery, at the time the sky was perfectly clear and bright, and there was nothing in the shape of storm. These discharges of sound are rare in the Saharan regions. People asked me to explain to them what it was, and what it prognosticated? I told them, thunderbolts were frequent in Christian countries during storms, and nothing of consequence follow from them. I have reason to believe since, after conversing with several French officers in Algeria on the subject, that this phenomenon of a tremendous discharge of sound was a discharge of electricity *from the earth*, which sometimes occurs in North Africa.

Went to examine the Great Spring of Ghadames this morning, which is situate on the west side of the city, but conveniently between the two grand divisions of the population, the Ben Wezeet and the Ben Weleed. It was to me a *delicium*. What a revolution has my

opinions undergone respecting water since I have travelled in The Thirsty Desert! Never was such an enthusiastic conversion! But were all conversions so harmless, how happy for mankind! Some thirty swallows are skimming its gaseous-bubble surface, playing off their wing-darting delights. The Spring or Well is perennial, as old as the foundation of the city, and may have ran for ages before the palms were planted around it by the hand of man, or sprung up from a few date-stones left by some chance fugitives who had stopped to taste its waters, and then held their way on in The Desert. Without the Spring the city could have no existence. It runs into a basin made and banked up for it, an oblong square of some twenty yards by fifteen. In its deepest part it is not more than six feet. The water is hot, averaging a temperature of 120 degrees, and upwards, it being too hot to bathe in near the orifices, whence the water gushes with gaseous globules, which continually rise from the bottom. But the orifices are not visible, and hence an air of mystery is thrown over this spring of "Living Water." The people say it was created by God on the same day when the sea near Tripoli was made. The gaseous particles are larger and more numerous in the centre, where is the great force of the Spring. The water is tolerably good, but a little purgative. It is usually allowed twelve, but some give it twenty-four hours to cool before drunk. The form of the basin may be thus rudely represented:—



A. Small bathing-places.

B. Steps where the women descend to fill their jugs with water.

C. Corners where the water runs away to the fountains in the squares and streets, and to the gardens, in and without the city. Around are the ruins and backs of houses, walls, and gardens, the palms alone being visible, looking very fresh and gracefully picturesque, near this source of life. After this went to see the *Water-Watch*[28], which is placed in one corner of the Souk. This is constructed upon the same principle as the hour-glass, but it is small, and requires to be emptied twenty-four times to complete the hour. In fact, it is only a small earthen pot or jar with a hole in the bottom of certain dimensions, and when filled with water, and the water has emptied itself, running out twenty-four times, the hour is completed. Some gardens require the stream, which the *Water-Watch* measures the time of the running of, an hour, others only half an hour, and others two or more hours, according to their size and distance from the source. The inhabitants pay Government so much per hour for the running of the stream into their gardens; but some have an hereditary possession in a certain quantity of the time of the stream's running. Of this

they are naturally very proud. For ordinary household purposes the water is given without cost. There are two or three places in the town where a small water-watch is kept, but that in the Souk is the principal one. I have thus entered into particulars, for the obvious reason that, "water is the liquid gold in these thirsty regions." In Southern Algeria, the oasis of El-Agouat, each landed proprietor has the prescriptive right of an hour or two hours of the running of the water, according to the title deeds of the estate. The time is measured with an hour-glass (of sand) held by the officer who distributes the water, and who opens and shuts the conduit of irrigation at the time fixed. Many other oases have the same system.

Some Touaricks remained, who called on me to-day. One, who had shown himself very friendly, began to enlarge on the dangers of the Soudan route. I immediately observed, "God is greater than all the Touaricks." This stopped his gab, and was applauded by the rest. A Ghadamsee bawled out, "Oh! it requires a great deal—much, much, much money to go to Soudan." "How much?" I asked,—"Oh! much, much, much!" was rejoined. "What is *much*?" "Five hundred dollars!" was shouted out by half a dozen. I coolly observed, "It is not much for an Englishman." Another of the Touaricks said, about twenty years ago he saw some Englishmen come to his country from Fezzan. What struck the Touarick was, the English tourists gave a dollar for a fowl, for a drink of milk, and even, he added with an oath, for an *Es-Slamah âleikom*? ("How do you do?") This story was told to impress me with the necessity of taking plenty of money with me, and I was to keep up the liberal character of my predecessors in Saharan travel. So we see these English tourists, who

undoubtedly were Messrs. Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, have spoiled the roads of travelling between Ghat and Fezzan, as Englishmen have spoiled the routes of the Continent of Europe. This is the propensity of John Bull, to buy up everything and everybody abroad[29]. The Touarick added, "A deal of money is required, because there are many banditti." He meant not exactly robbers, but beggars, who, whilst begging, give you to understand that their appeal to your eleemosynary feelings must not be in vain. All who beg *impudently* on the routes, or who levy black-mail, are called *Sbandout* ("banditti.") But I'm more convinced than ever, that the greatest shield of safety for the Desert traveller is his poverty.

Saw an aged Moorish lady, who greatly interested me. She told me she was an hundred years old, fasted all day long, and expected soon to go to Paradise. It is undoubtedly a vulgar error to say the Mahometan doctrine teaches that women have no souls. During her hundred years, she had never seen a Christian before. Her faculties were too weak for sectarian spite, and she looked upon me as if I had been a simple Mussulman stranger.

Sunset, this evening, a man proclaimed from the housetops the arrival of the ghafalah, long expected from Tripoli: only a courier arrived. By him I received the first letter from Tripoli, and the first newspaper, the *Malta Times*! That mark of admiration means, gentle reader, my poor old paper, the paper I established at so much cost and waste of time, money, health, and labour, for the good pleasure and caprice of The Island of Malta and its dependencies. It's yet pleasing to see the old paper following me; it will, perhaps, follow at my heels to Central Africa. Ramadan began a day earlier in Tripoli. The courier,

also, brings the news, banditti are prowling about the The Mountains attacking isolated travellers and small caravans. I am sorry to see, by my papers, the people advocates of their own slavery, and that the Texans have carried through their Congress "the Annexation with the United States," the republican patrons and upholders of slavery and the slave-trade! In this case, at any rate, 'it is not kings and despots enslaving mankind,' but the people wilfully forging their own chains. There is also a humble case before my eyes. Here sits by my side, the slave of Haj Abd-Errahman, who is sent every year by his master to buy and sell goods, as if a regular free merchant. It is wonderful fidelity on the part of this slave that he does not run away. Unquestionably the negro has some fine qualities. This slave, however, in palliation of the wrong, tells me he brings few slaves, and mostly goods. I don't fail to tell him, slaves are *haram*, ("prohibited,") to the English. My taleb comes in, and after asking me the news, takes up the Arabic Bible, and reads the following beautiful prophetic sentiment:

ولكثرة الاثم تبرد المحبة من كثير

and then asks what it means? "*And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold*," I reply, "may be illustrated in this way: Suppose the Rais buys up or bribes the people, so that nearly all the people applaud whatever he does, whether right or wrong, then the love of your country, amongst you few faithful remaining, will wax cold?"

Ben Mousa.—"Yes, I understand, *Seedna Aysa*, ('our Lord Jesus,') was a prophet."

Footnotes:

[27] I always thought phrenology too good to be true. Such a study, however, may be of some service in classifying mental phenomena, and induce a taste for metaphysical research.

[28] *Mungalah* or *Saah-el-ma*. Watches are very uncommon: only the Governor, and a few of the richest people, have a watch.

[29] Once passing through Lyons, I heard of an English tourist who hired a steam-boat to himself to pass down the Rhone in, hired an hotel to himself, and one evening took the upper part of a theatre to himself, including the boxes, and all to enjoy himself *tranquillement*, said my French informant.

CHAPTER VII.

FAST OF THE RAMADAN.

The Women in possession of the Streets.—The Grand Factions of Ghadames, the *Ben Weleed* and the *Ben Wezeet*.—Interest of the People in Algerian Affairs.—Names, from Bodily Deformities.—Starving Slaves makes them Thieves.—Disease of the *Arak-el-Abeed*.—Finances of Ghadames.—The Prophet Jonah, still living.—Bad system of collecting Taxes by common Soldiers.—Essnousee leaves for Ghat, alone.—The *Thob*.—Stroke of the Moon.—Mission of Impostors always that of pretended Mercy to Men.—How the Turk governs the Arabs.—Saharan *Lady*-Gentlemen.—Classic and Vulgar Names of

Things.—The *Wadan*, or *Oudad*.—Nimrod, the Hercules of the Saharan Moors.—Enoch, a Tailor.—Noah, a Carpenter.—Serpents and Monsters in The Desert.—Teach Geography to the People.—Indolence of the Inhabitants of Africa.

19th.—MORNING spent in spelling the Malta Times. Saw a Ben-Wezeetee, who protested that all the money of the country was in the hands of the Ben-Weleed. I asked if he ever went to the Ben-Weleed. "For what," he replied angrily, "should I go to see those devils?" In the afternoon found all the streets deserted by the men-folks, and in possession of the women, girls, and little children, who were playing all sorts of pranks, and dancing and singing like so many people let loose from Bedlam. As soon as they saw me there was a simultaneous rush at me, all crying out, "Oh, Christian! Christian! where's your mother? where's your sister? where's your wife?—don't you want a wife?" Then they began to pelt me with date-stones. I got out of the way as quickly as possible. Wondered what in the world had become of the men. At last found them and the boys all congregated round a mosque, this being some important ceremony of religion.

I had to-day some talk about the two great political factions, the *Ben-Wezeet* and the *Ben-Weleed*, the Whigs and Tories of Ghadames, but pushed to such extremities of party spirit, as almost to be without the limits of humanity. Notwithstanding the assumed sanctity of this holy and *Marabout* City of Ghadames, and its actually leaving its walls to crumble away, and its gates open to every robber of the highways of

The Desert—trusting to its prayers for its defence and to its God for vengeance—it has nourished for centuries upon centuries the most unnatural and fratricidal feuds within its own bosom, dividing itself into two powerful rival factions, and which factions, to this day, have not any *bonâ fide* social intercourse with one another. Occasionally one or two of the rival factions privately visit each other, but these are exceptions, and the Rais has the chiefs of the two parties together in Divan on important business being brought before him. In the market-place there is likewise ground of a common and neutral rendezvous. Abroad they also travel together, and unite against the common enemy and the foreigner. The native Governor, or *Nāther*, and the *Kady*, are besides chosen from one or other party, and have authority over all the inhabitants of Ghadames. But here closes their mutual transactions. It is a long settled time-out-of-mind, nay, sacred rule, with them, as a whole, "Not to intermarry, and not to visit each other's quarters, if it can possibly be avoided." The Rais and myself, reside without the boundaries of their respective quarters, so that we can be visited by both parties, who often meet together accidentally in our houses. The Arab suburb is also neutral ground. Most of the poor strangers take up their residence here. The *Ben-Wezeet* have four streets and the *Ben-Weleed* three. These streets have likewise their subdivisions and chiefs, but live amicably with one another, so far as I could judge. The people generally are very shy of conversing with strangers about their ancient immemorial feuds. I could only learn from the young men that in times past the two factions fought together with arms, and "some dreadful deeds were done." My taleb only wrote the following when I asked him to give some historical information

respecting these factions:—"The Ben Weleed and the Ben Wezeet are people of Ghadames, who have quarrelled from time immemorial: it was the will of God they should be divided, and who shall resist his will? Yâkob, be content to know this!"

But the Rais boasts of having done something to mitigate the mutual antipathies of the factions. "The *Shamātah*, between them," he says, "has had its neck broken." And really, if it be the case, there is in this some compensation for the wrongs and miseries which the Turks are inflicting upon an impoverished and over burthened people. In other parts of Northern Sahara similar factions exist, often arising from chance divisions of towns. There is a similar division of the town of Ghabs in Tunis, but not carried to such extreme lengths as these factions of Ghadames. It would seem that society could not exist without party and divisions no more than a British Parliament. Even Scripture intimates there must be strifes and divisions.

Many came to me to hear the news from Tripoli and Algeria. I found them all interested in the fate and fortunes of the latter country. Some vague rumours had reached them of serious and bloody skirmishes. I calmed them, telling them "all people were on an equal footing in Algeria, Christians as Mussulmans, even as Mussulmans were in our British India." Some doubted my information. Late in the evening, when the visitors of the Rais had retired, I had a tête-à-tête with his Excellency. Speaking of the Ghadamseeah, his Excellency said, "They are ignorant and know not the *tareek* (*i. e.*, system) of the Sultan; they magnify every trifle of news they hear, and are now alive to every change, and in feverish expectation of some new event." This is always the case with the

oppressed; they must love change, if but for the worse. His Excellency then continued: "Since the forced contribution of fifty thousand dollars, no money is to be found. The money due for the past four months is still uncollected." Speaking of the bandits, his Excellency said, "The Pasha has written to me that he cannot allow me, or the Commandant of The Mountains, to march out against the *Sebâah* or *Shânbah*, without an order from the Sultan, but with such an order we could soon exterminate them." Our Rais does not entirely neglect the intellectual edification of his Desert subjects. This evening, early, he amused them with talking about steamboats, or "boats of fire." I put in a word about railroads, telling them with a railway we could come from Tripoli to Ghadames in two days. "The Christians know all things but God," said a Marabout.

20th.—Weather is now cool, and I can walk about the gardens at mid-day without inconvenience. I enjoy this much, amusing myself with throwing stones at the ripe dates, which fall in luscious clusters into one's mouth. Eating fruit in the gardens or from the trees is also a peculiar delight enjoyed by people of all countries and climates. Several of the people are so ignorant of printing that they call my newspapers letters, and this is natural enough, as there are no other but manuscript books amongst them.—سمعان الابرص, "Simon *the Leper*" (Matt. xxvi.). It is usual here to distinguish people in this way: as "Mohammed, *the one-eyed*," "Ahmed, *the lame-with-one-leg*," and "Mustapha, *the red-beard*." So the famous pirate of the Mediterranean was called "*Barbarossa*." The people are not at all ashamed of being called by their natural deformities, as we are in Europe. قمقم is one of the numerous words in Arabic where the sound corresponds with the sense. *Ghemghem* is, "to

murmur," and the English word itself is not a bad example of the kind. The Mussulmans have very grotesque notions of the Christian doctrine of Trinity. A person said: "Do not the Christians say God has a Son?" "Yes," I replied. The rejoinder was, "That is making God like a bullock (بقر)!" My friend the Touatee, a native of Touat, tells me the Touaricks were originally from Timbuctoo, and so say all Touat Touaricks. The ghafalah just arrived from Tripoli has brought eighty camel-loads of barley. Observed the head of the little son of the Touarick bandit. Fancied it was really the infantile cast of such a parent's head. This is the danger of the science, prejudicing you in such matters.

Apparently, what little thieving there is going on here is committed by the Arabs and slaves. There are three or four of these latter most determined date stealers. One of these slaves was brought up yesterday and received two hundred bastinadoes; but it had not much effect upon him. When these offenders become incurable, the Rais packs them off to Tripoli. A very good plan, which keeps the country free of offences of petty larceny. However, many of these slaves steal because they have not enough to eat: thus we come to the old circle again, that poverty is the mother of crime. So is it with the Arabs and slaves of Ghadames. The slaves are mostly devout, if not fanatic Mussulmans. They have a right to be fanatical, for their religion is a great protection to them. Their masters, not like the *Christian* slave-masters of the Southern States of America, who close the Bible against the slave, are also proud of the fanaticism of their slaves, and teach them verses of the Koran. The slave's conception of the dogmas of his religion is slow and confused. My Negro Said is a good Mussulman, and keeps his fast well, but I never

yet caught him at his prayers, nor does he go much to the mosque. Yesterday I came suddenly upon two youngsters, the Rais's slaves, who at mid-day were devouring roasted locusts and drinking water, in the style of sumptuous feasting. I called out, "Holloa! how now? are you feasting or fasting?" They began laughing and then handed me some roast locusts, to bribe me not to blab. My taleb caught a slave in my house eating also roasted locusts, and asked him if he should like to be roasted in hell-fire?

21st.—The old blind man is the most regular patient. The novelty of being doctored or quacked by a Christian is wearing away. Wrote to-day to Mr. Gagliuffi, British Vice-Consul of Mourzuk. Said, in visiting his friends, for he has now *his circle*, brought me a present of *Danzagou*, in Arabic *Kashkash*. This is a seed of the size of a large hip, and of a beautiful scarlet colour; it is used sometimes as medicine, mostly for necklace beads, and is native of Soudan, where it abounds. He also brought some *Morrashee*, in Arabic *Jidglan*. This is a species of millet, a product of Soudan. The Blacks, Moors, and Arabs all eat it with *gusto*. There are several varieties of edible seed brought over The Desert from Soudan, chiefly as Saharan luxuries. Had a long conversation with the people of the *Ben-Weleed*, and found them extremely sociable. One of them had been to Leghorn, and described the houses as seven stories high, and the port *free*. These were his strongest impressions. It is worth observing here the universal freemasonry of the mercantile spirit. As a merchant, he could understand and recollect a free-port in any part of the world. The honour of this anecdote have the Leaguers.

A man showed me a sore place on his arm, which he

called *Arak*[30]*-El-Abeed* (عرك العبيد). This was a large raised pimple, in the centre of which was an opening, and from which aperture there issued from time to time a very fine worm, like the finest silk-thread, and sometimes not much thicker than a spider's web, in small detached lengths. This worm is often of the enormous length of twenty yards, gradually oozing out piecemeal. It is a common disease of Soudan where the merchants catch the infection, and bring it over The Desert. It is said to be acquired principally by drinking the waters of that country.

By the wars before the occupation of the Turks, Tripoli had become exhausted of its wealth, and its trade and agriculture were at the lowest ebb. The country was divided into two armed factions of the ancient family, money was borrowed at the most extravagant, and sometimes 500 per cent. interest, and the jewels of the ancient family were bartered away for arms and provisions, to carry on the war. A large collection of splendid diamonds were sold for something like an old song. Most of these got into the hands of Europeans. I saw some in the hands of an European gentleman, who assured me that he had been fortunate enough to get them for a fourth, and some of them for a seventh, of their value. When the Turks usurped the Government, such was the condition of the country. But they had also to put down a formidable rebellion of the Arabs, which occupied several years of exterminating war. This gave the *coup de grâce* to the unfortunate Regency of Tripoli, and plunged it into complete ruin. There was, however, one city, far in The Desert, which appeared unaffected by these sanguinary and wasting revolutions—the holy-merchant-marabout city of Ghadames! the pacific character of whose

inhabitants seemed to place it without the pale of such dire turmoils. But the Turks (the war with the Arabs ended, and at leisure) began to look about, and thought they saw an Eldorado looming beautifully in the *mirage* of The Desert, which would speedily replenish their exhausted treasures, and put the Government of Tripoli in easy pecuniary circumstances. A pretext was soon found to excavate in this newly discovered Desert mine. "The people of Ghadames," said the Pashas of Tripoli, "are rebels—they sympathized with the Arabs—they did not come forward to help us to exterminate the Arabs—they must now pay for their disaffection." A forced contribution was therefore immediately levied upon them of 50,000 mahboubs and upwards, and the women and children were stripped of their gold and silver ornaments, and houses ransacked, to make up the amount at once. Ten thousand mahboubs were also demanded annually. This new demand threw the city into consternation, and the men brought out the women and the children into the streets, who fell upon their faces before the officers of the Pasha, and implored them not to deprive their wives and children of bread. It was at last settled they should pay 6,250 mahboubs, as an annual contribution. Under the Caramanly dynasty they paid only some 850 mahboubs per annum, besides being left to the uncontrolled management of their own affairs. Now, whilst the people are complaining of the large amount of taxation imposed upon them, and pleading their impossibility to pay up arrears—in this irritable state of things—an order comes from Ahmed Effendi in The Mountains, to collect an additional contribution of 3,225 mahboubs, under the pretext of its being wanted to maintain troops in Fezzan, and keep open the communications of

commerce. This intelligence has so completely astounded the few remaining merchants who have any money, that they nearly lost their senses, yesterday and to-day, being very ill, and unable to attend to their ordinary business. The money for the last four months is not yet collected, and the people say they cannot pay up. Our Rais has three times represented to the Pasha the inability of the people, but the answer always is, "*money must be had*." I expect to witness some cruel scenes of extortion practised before I leave this place, like what I saw in The Mountains. I observe now the Rais can't keep a respectable collector. *No native of Ghadames will collect for him.* Sometimes he sends the Arab soldiers, who abuse the defaulters. Once an Arab soldier got hold of a poor man in the street, an acquaintance of mine, to drag him off before the Rais. I told him to stop a moment, and then having ascertained how much it was—about one shilling and eight-pence—paid the money and got the poor fellow clear this time. Sheikh Makouran is a true patriot. Whenever he sees anybody dragged off in this way through the streets, in spite of the Governor, and his being a member of the Divan, he takes upon himself to impede the course of justice (*extortion?*), abuses with all his might the officer, and if he can't rescue the defaulter, pays the money himself: so strives for public liberty this Hampden of The Desert!

To-day, had a proof of the rancorous enmity of the ancient factions. A merchant of the Ben Welleed, who wished to visit me, said, "I must come round the city, for *I don't know* the streets of the Ben Wezeet. Thank God! I never went through them in my life." This he said with vehemence, intimating that he never would enter the streets of the Ben Wezeet as long as he lived. A ghafalah has arrived from the

oases of Fezzan, bringing corn and dates, productions abundant in those countries.

22nd.—Weather continues cool. Few more patients. Present of dates from one of them. Very little meat now killed in Ghadames, less and less every day. What will become of this once flourishing city it is hard to tell. The prejudices of the people against the residence of an European in this city have apparently disappeared; people are increasingly civil; many would willingly look upon me as their protector, were I made Consul, but unfortunately for them, I am not ambitious of, nor have any inclination for, the honour.

This morning heard a curious opinion about Younas, or Jonas (Jonah), for the Arabs, like the Greeks[31], sometimes change the last letter of the Hebrew ה into a Σ. Probably they got their traditions through the Greeks or the Greek language. I was talking with a taleb about longevity, when he observed, "There is but one person who is always alive." "Who is that?" I inquired very anxiously. "It is our lord Jonas, who is living in *distant* and *unknown* parts of the world," he said. "Is he alone?" I further inquired. "No," he added, "he has with him a hundred thousand people, who live to a great age, but who at last die, whilst he is always living. Then as to Jesus, the son of Mary, he also never died, and went up to heaven alive. The Jews (the curse of God upon them!) only killed his *likeness*." I have always observed these mysterious events to transpire in some *unknown* and *distant* part of the world, and took the liberty of telling this taleb that the "smoke-ships" (steamers) could soon make every place in the world near and known, and then we might find out the residence of Jonah as well as the captivity of the ten tribes. The story of the ten

tribes is pretty well known. A Maroquine rabbi told me they are somewhere about the regions of Gog and Magog, in Central Asia, situate in a country where there is a river running perpetually six days out of seven, very rapid and full of stones, so that they cannot pass it and return to the Holy Land. On the seventh it stops, when it might be passed, but on the Sabbath day the law does not permit them to travel. This is the Barbary version. Central Asia is still the land of mysteries for both Jews and Mohammedans. The Russians have done little to dispel these mysteries, if they have not tried to envelop these lands in profounder obscurity, for political purposes; but had we been established in Affghanistan, we might have discovered *Jibel Kaf*, the retreat of Gog and Magog, the strange stony river, the ten tribes, and all the other objects of Jewish and Mohammedan superstition. But as with the famous gardens of the Hesperides, the abode of perfectly happy mortals, which were shifted farther and farther from actual observation by the progress of ancient discovery, so the mysterious retreat of the ten tribes and the ever-living Jonas will be transferred to other unknown lands when modern discovery shall have exhausted Central Asia.

Met Sheikh Makouran: asked him what was to be done to meet the extraordinary contribution. He said he couldn't tell, people had no money: Rais had so written to Tripoli, but was reprimanded by the Pasha. Advised him to send a deputation to the Pasha, or the British Consul-General. Had another example of the bad system of collecting monies, as often in Mahometan States, by means of common soldiers. These fellows do all the dirty jobs, everything necessary in the way of extortion; the more respectable officials shun these disagreeable

transactions, especially if they be natives of the place where the taxes are collected. A great disturbance was in the streets, the people almost fighting with these extortioner ruffians. Going farther on, something absolutely ludicrous happened. The soldiers could not read, no person would read their papers for them, and they could not find out the person on whom they were to make their demands, although the parties were actually present. They then came to me to read their papers. I asked them, "Whether they thought it showed any of the friendship which they professed towards me to embroil me with the people of the country, whose hospitality I was receiving?" They were so convinced of the justice of my appeal, that they went off without replying. A Ghadamsee peasant called to me, "Yâcob, you must be our Consul!"

Afternoon, Essnousee left for Ghat. Being extremely attached to this merchant, I went to see him off. About thirty of the Ben Weleed (for he is of this faction) accompanied him, the most respectable of this division of the the city; I was glad to see a person, in whom hereafter I might have to place implicit confidence, so much esteemed. His friends set to and loaded his camel before starting, as many as could find any thing, each taking an article of harness or equipment. This I observed often afterwards. It is reckoned friendly. By such conduct they show they are willing to render all the assistance in their power to their friend. I continued on the route of Ghat with Essnousee half an hour or more, bade him farewell and returned. His brothers and a slave left him with me. The merchant then proceeded on his desert journey of some fifteen or twenty days *absolutely alone*, for he had only a Touarick camel-driver. This demonstrates the

security of the route. I said to the people afterwards, "Is he not afraid to go alone?" "No," was the answer, "they will only meet Touaricks, and these are our friends. You have only to pay a small trifle of toll in different parts of the route and you are quite safe. Sometimes you don't pay this." Essnousee will reach Ghat in twelve, whilst a quick caravan requires from eighteen to twenty days. With first-rate camels the journey could be performed in *eight* or ten days. Strange infatuation! I felt an almost irrepressible desire to accompany Essnousee *as I was*, and to plunge anew into all the hardships and dangers of The Desert. But such is man, a creature of daring or absurd impulses! and the more he moves, and roams, and rambles, the more (in modern phrase) *locomotive* he is—the less he likes repose, and seeks unceasingly such perilous stimulants. Observed, on returning, amongst the loose stones scattered upon the surface of The Desert, a great quantity of rubbish, like brick-bats thrown out from a brick-kiln, giving the face of the ground a burnt and volcanic appearance. Picked some up and could hardly believe but what they were burnt bricks. The Ben Weleed, who accompanied Essnousee, instead of the short and direct road through the streets of the Ben Wezeet, took a circuitous route round the inner walls of the city to arrive at the gate of departure, showing me how great was still the force of these factions. Essnousee himself told me he never went through the streets of the Ben Wezeet, nor did he expect he ever should in this world.

24th.—Yesterday and to-day employed in writing for the *Shantah* (Turkish, for mail). Rais in a good humour this evening. Two camels came in from The Sahara, one day's journey, laden with wood for the Rais. His Excellency offered some to me. The fact is, I

purchased a camel-load a few days ago, and his Excellency's servants had nearly begged it all away. People generally burn dried and dead branches of the palm, which, in this season, is abundant. It is not good fire-wood; there is plenty of flame and smoke, but little heat. Said, on my return from the Rais, assures me he has heard from his visitors, the Touarick slaves, that now the Touaricks do not beat their slaves, but esteem all men *souwa, souwa*, ("equal"); it was not so in former times. Free and enlightened America may have yet to learn lessons of freedom and humanity from the savages of The Sahara!

Purchased a *Thob*[32], a species of large lizard. It is common in The Sahara. The Touaricks eat them, and say they are *medicine* for a pain or weakness in the back. This may have been surmised from the ideal resemblance between the strength of their backs, which is scaly and bony, and strongly bound together, and the strength it is likely to communicate unto persons having a weak or crippled spine. They are pretty good eating, and taste something like the kid of the goat; the tail is esteemed the greatest delicacy. I tasted of this which I bought, and liked it. There is no lizard of this species in Soudan. A Touarick told me that, having found one in The Desert, he carried it to Soudan, where a Negro prince fell in love with it, and gave him for it the present of a young female slave. The Arabs tame the Thob, and he grows very fond. Some of them are very large. This I purchased is only twenty inches in length, and about ten round the thickest part of the body. The head is large and tortoise-shaped, with a small mouth. It is covered with scales, or "scaly mail," and its tail is about four inches long, composed of a series of broad thick and sharp bones. It has four feet, or

rather *hands*, for, as the Arabs say, "It has hands like *Ben-Adam* (mankind)." All the body, back and flanks, are covered by shining scales, of the colour of a darked-spotted grey, with spots white and light under the belly. It runs very awkwardly on account of its bulky tail, and to look at is a miniature aligator or crocodile. It is almost harmless, fighting a little now and then; its appearance, however, is rather forbidding. It hides in the dry sandy holes of The Sahara. A drop of water, say the Arabs, would hurt it. The traditions of the Mohammedans mention that Mahomet did not himself eat the Thob, at the same time he did not prohibit it to his followers. The Saharan merchants, in traversing The Desert, frequently make a good meal of the Thob. Whilst talking of the Thob, the people said the flesh of parrots was *poison* for Ben-Adam.

25th.—Another of my patients dead, of a raging fever caught, it is said, "by sleeping on the top of the house in the open air." The moon struck him, they say. According to the Psalms, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor *the moon by night*."

They let him remain seven days without sending for me, when it was too late to administer my fever powders. I fetched an old gentleman who could bleed to have him bled, but they refused, saying it was now late. The old blood-letter vexed at their refusal, said, "Well, if I mustn't bleed him, let me pray for him;" and, immediately offered up a short prayer, in which they all joined willingly. On telling a Ghadamsee I ate some Thob, he said, "Ah, that's forbidden; the Thob was formerly a human being, before it had its present shape. Don't you see its hands are still *human*?" The notion of the transmigration of souls lingers in these parts, but it is

a doctrine not generally received. I observed this man afterwards fattening his sheep with date-stones, broken into small pieces. Almost every family, however small, have their sheep to fatten. Pounded date-stones are also given to camels for fattening. Writing for amusement with my taleb, I recollected a verse in the Koran, which I wrote:—

ارسلناك الّا رحمة للعلمين

This filled him with surprise and horror, and he immediately scratched it out, as too pure and holy a thing to be in the possession of an Infidel. The translation is:—"We (God) have sent thee (Mahomet) only for mercy to mankind;" or, "Thy mission to man, O Mahomet! is only mercy." Such credit all impostors and pretenders to revelation claim for themselves, and such an object they declare to be the end of their mission, although at the same time, and in the same breath, they don't forget to doom all those who reject their authority to perdition. This, it would seem, is a necessary evil in propagating new religions and new sects. But enough of this—may the world grow more kindly—let us hope it will. This morning arrived a single Arab from Fezzan. It would appear extreme hardihood when we reflect, that for nine days, there is not a house, and scarcely a resting-place. The Arab was mounted on a camel. This arrival, as Essnousee's departure, shows the security of the routes in some directions. The Arab told me he made his journey in nine days, and stopped occasionally on the road to sleep and refresh himself. In the night he tied his camel's leg to his own leg, so that if it attempted to stray, it would awake him.

Nothing new with Rais. Speaking of the Arabs, he says, "You know Arabs to be very devils. There are

two ways to consider Arabs, but whichever way they are robbers and assassins. When they are famished, they plunder in order to eat; when their bellies are full, they plunder because they kick and are insolent. Now, we (Turks) keep them upon low diet in The Mountains; they have little, and always a little food. This is the Sultan's *tareek* (government) to manage them. Their spirits are kept down and broken, and they are submissive." He then told me he had held a Divan to obtain the extra contribution of 3,200 mahboubs, for the Pasha; but the people protested they could not pay such an amount. I wrote a letter to Colonel Warrington, stating this circumstance, and asked him if he could assist the people in any way. I thought it a bare possibility that the hand of foreign diplomacy might be stretched out to save this city, which had flourished in the pursuits of its own peaceful commerce for more than a thousand years. . . . To mitigate the apparent harshness of his demand, the Rais observed, that before the Sultan occupied Ghadames, the country between this and Tripoli was full of banditti. "The Arabs of The Mountains," he added, "were all banditti, those amongst whom you resided eight days. The Touaricks were not so bad, they generally protected Ghadamsee merchants. Now since the Sultan, there are only the Shânbah and the Sebâah, therefore the Ghadamseeah must pay." So, *Audi alteram partem*.

26th.—To-day, resident thirty days in Ghadames which time I have certainly not lost. Written a good deal of MS., such as it is, and several letters; besides, applied myself to reading and writing Arabic. Likewise distributed medicines to a considerable number of invalids. Wish to pass the next month as profitably as the month gone. My expenses of living, including a guard to sleep in the house at night, and

Said, are only at the rate of eighteen-pence per day; this, however, excludes tea, coffee, and sugar. Besides, Sheikh Makouran refuses to take anything for house-rent, saying, "It would be against the will of God to receive money from you, who are our sure friend, and our guest of hospitality." Few patients, in comparison with the past. As the winter approaches, the cases of ophthalmia are less. In the precipitation of leaving Tripoli, brought little ink with me, and most of that I gave away; so am obliged to go about the town to beg a little. The custom is, when one person wants ink, he begs it of another. Went to Ben Weleed, who procured me a supply.

My intercourse has been mostly with Ben Wezeet, but to day I visited *Ben Weleed* at the *Bab-Es-Sagheer*, ("the little gate,") or the *Bab-Es-Saneeah*, ("the gate of the garden,") where there were about forty of the most respectable of this faction assembled in a sort of gossiping divan amongst themselves. They told me they met here every morning, and chatted over the news of the previous day. Usually they meet just after sunrise, and certainly in this way they pass a cool and fragrant hour, full of the odoriferous breathings of the gardens as the day is awakening. I asked one, who were the richer, the Weleed or the Wezeet? He replied, with an honourable frankness, "The *Wezeet*." Observed many of the men had their eyelids blackened, like the women, with *Kohel*[33], and also their finger-nails and toe-nails dyed dark-red with henna[34]. I confessed I was surprised at this monstrous effeminacy. One of these *lady*-gentlemen was the son of the powerful Ettanee family; he was brought up to the Church, and of great promise, bidding fair to be future Kady or Archbishop. He put a curious question to me, "How much is the expense of a journey from Malta to Constantinople?" When I

satisfied him, he said, "I shall go and buy some slaves at Ghat, and then convey them to Constantinople. Don't you think I shall make money by it?" I told him he would not find anybody at Malta to convey slaves to Constantinople; and if he took them there, they would be set at liberty, for a slave once touching British territory became free. To this he replied only, "I know—I knew before." I was extremely glad he did know it. It is strange to see a young man of this description so avariciously turn himself into a slave-dealer, but Mohammedan priests frequently trade.

Marabouts in The Mountains are mostly camel-drivers; and the greater part of priests, marabouts, and kadys perform sacred duties gratis. An order of priesthood exists, though it is not kept up very distinctly from laymen, but it is an honour to them, "to work in the service of God for nothing," and is worthy of the imitation of Christians. My new clerical friend gave me a dissertation upon things having two names, a classical one and a vulgar one. The Kohel is also called *Athmed*, اثمد, which is its classical name. Senna is called *hasheeshah*, حشيشه, literally "herbs," its vulgar name, and سنا حرم, "senna of *Mecca*," (literally, of the inviolable,) which is its classical name. A little senna is found casually in the gardens of Ghadames; but the country of Senna, in The Sahara, is Aheer, where it is cultivated by the Touaricks. He pointed out to me the *Tout*, (توت,) the small white mulberry, which is planted in little squares of the city. Speaking of the Touaricks, he said: "These people are getting dissatisfied with us. Formerly we paid them better; but being robbed of our money by the Turks, we can't give them much. They smell also a disagreeable odour now. Formerly they came in and went out our city as a garden." "What odour is that?" I asked. "*It's that Rais*," he

whispered in my ear. The fact is, the Touaricks felt themselves more at home before the Turks came here, which everybody can imagine.



This afternoon, whilst talking with the people about their antiquities, one of them said, "There are some figures remaining." I immediately asked him to show them to me. The youngster volunteered; and, to my great joy, I was taken off to a garden, where I saw the *bas-relief* drawn above. I then thought about getting it in a quiet way to my house; so I went up to the owner of the garden in which it lay, and said to him in a very careless, indifferent manner, "What's the good of the stone to you—you may give it me; perhaps it will be of some use." The man replied at once, "Aye, Christian, take it." The youngster, who was a stout fellow, brought it off forthwith upon his head. I followed him in secret triumph, thinking myself very fortunate; for if any noise had been made, I should have had to pay several dollars for it, whatever might have been its real value, and, perhaps, not have got it at all. Indeed, some of the

people were very jealous; and when I returned, they called out *flous! flous!* ("money! money!") They thought I had got a rich prize, and I hope I have. I told them, if anybody had any *flous*, it would be the owner of the garden, who gave me the slab. The sketch represents, apparently, a soldier holding or feeding a horse, but of what age and country I shall not pretend to say, leaving that to antiquarians. It is broken off half, and otherwise pecked and mutilated by the people. It is a pious act of religion to deface stones representing figures of any sort, to decapitate heads of statues, and destroy every shape and symbol of the human likeness, not excepting likenesses of animals. An old Ghadamsee doctor, very fond of me, was, however, extremely glad when he saw me in possession of the slab. He kept saying, "Ah, Yâkob, that's your grandfathers (ancestors). See! isn't it wonderful? Ah, that's your grandfathers of the time of *Sidi Nimrod*. Take it home with you. Ah, that's your grandfathers!"

This evening, heard that the heads of the people of Ghadames had adopted my suggestion of sending a deputation to Tripoli, to state their inability to meet the new and extraordinary demand of 3,200 mahboubs, the Governor consenting to their determination.

27th.—Weather still cool and pleasant, but the flies are in great numbers, and very disagreeable. Am obliged always to have my room darkened when I write, to keep them from tormenting me. They increase as the dates ripen, and soon after the dates are gathered in, they disappear, and not one is to be found during the winter. Haj Mansour gave me to-day a *meneshsha* (منشّا) or fly-flap, made of the long flowing beard of the Wadan. It is a most effective

whipper-away of the flies. It instantly disperses them, the fine strong hair of the Wadan's beard hitting them like pins and needles. This species of fly-flap is greatly valued in Soudan, where it sells at a high price. The hairs which are of a dull grey or red brown, are usually dyed with henna when made up into fly-flaps. I expressed myself extremely obliged to the Haj. *Wadan* (Ar. ودان), *Oudad* (Berber اوداد), and English *Mouflon*, is the name of a species of animals between the goat and the bullock[35]. It is common in the Southern Atlas of Morocco, and is hunted in the neighbouring sands of Ghadames during winter by the Souf Arabs, and brought in and sold for butcher's meat. Wadan is said to be *medicine* by the people, and tastes like high flavoured coarse venison. Three or four only have been sent to England[36]. Dr. Russell, in his *Barbary States*, makes it to resemble a calf, but it rather resembles a large goat or a horned sheep. Besides the *Wadan* and the *Thob*, Saharan people eat many animals which hungry Europeans might eat, amongst the rest rats and mice, when in good condition. But the mouse is the large mouse of The Sahara. The Rais had a live Wadan which died just before my arrival. He regretted much as he would have given it to me. His Excellency promises to get me one.

Nimrod is always in the mouths of the Ghadamseeah as the founder of their city. They are especially fond of calling him a *Christian*. He is often called my grandfather, although I have not yet been able to trace my descent in a direct line from so august a progenitor. The European reader recollects where he is mentioned in the Jewish early records,—

הוּא הָיָה נִבֹּר־צַיִד לִפְנֵי־יְהוָה

"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Gen. x. 9. In the Arabic translation the word employed for "mighty" is the same as that of the Hebrew, *i. e.* جبّار the ج representing the ג, omitting any word to correspond with ציד; but the Moors understand generally by the term جبّار, "a tyrant" and "a conqueror." So Hammoudah Bashaw, the great Bey of Tunis, is called by a faithful Tunisian historian of that country, a جبّار. But, perhaps, in those remote times, the hunter and the tyrant, as in the Roman Commodus, were joined in one and the same person. Certainly this is the natural sense of the combination of the terms גבר־ציד. To this might easily be added man-hunter and slave-maker, a worthy attribute of Nimrod. The gentlemen of the turf, of the Bentinck school, ought, however to protest against this supposition. Properly Nimrod is the Hercules of the Moors of North Africa. According to them he emerged from the East, overran and founded several cities in The Sahara, conquered all before him, put his feet upon the neck of all nations, and then passed the Straits of the Roman and Grecian Hercules, and built the far-famed Andalous (Spain), as also Paris and London, and no doubt planted the germ of the future courses of Epsom and Ascot, of which he is in our day made the mighty patron and the ruling god[37].

After Nimrod the people are very fond of talking about *Enoch*, who is called in the Koran *Edrees* (ادريس). My taleb says that he did not undergo the penalty of nature, but was translated, as, indeed, it is recorded of him in our sacred books. My taleb adds, "Enoch was a tailor, and one day the devil came to him and offered to sell him some eggs, declaring that in the eggs the whole world was included. Enoch

rejoined, '*Also in the eye of my needle is the whole world comprehended*.' Immediately the eggs began to expand, and although really empty, swelled out as wide as the arms when outstretched. Enoch seeing this was all imposition, to punish the impostor, sewed up one of the devil's eyes, who went off in a great rage. The needle of Enoch was nevertheless all powerful, and the devil has gone about with *one eye* ever since." My taleb asked me whether I ever heard of Noah. I opened the Arabic Bible and read some passages about the Flood. "Yes," he said, "Seedna (*our lord*) Noah was a carpenter (نجّار) because he built the ship (الفلك). I am also a carpenter. I will show you my collection of tools. But I don't work now at this trade, except for my amusement." The people know many of the common trades which they exercise occasionally as amateurs.

Nothing puzzles the Touaricks and Negroes so much as my *gloves*. Am obliged to put them on and off frequently a dozen times a day, for their especial gratification. My Leghorn hat, on the contrary, here, as in The Mountains, is an object of admiration, on account of the fineness of the platting. It astonishes them how it could be done. The large straw hats, with huge broad brims, worn in The Desert, are all of the coarsest texture.

This morning made inquiries of the Touaricks respecting serpents in The Desert. Could obtain but little information, the notions of the Saharan tribes in general being very confused about serpents. All serpents go under the name of *lefâah* (لفعة). But other names are in use here, as حنش حية &c., which apparently are the generic names. The *boah* mentioned by Dr. Russell I have not heard of. One of the Touaricks, however, described to me a serpent as

being nearly as thick round as a man's body, but not more than three feet in its greatest length. This serpent has also large horns. It is not at all dangerous. There is a much longer serpent or snake, but not more than four inches round in thickness, which is dangerous. If we are to believe Mr. Jackson, the southern part of Morocco abounds with monstrous serpents, but in all my route through The Sahara, I met with none, nor heard of any. It is a very old trick of the poets and retailers of the marvellous to people The Desert with dragons, and serpents, and monsters of every kind. We know that on the banks of the *Majerdah* an enormous serpent stopped the progress of the army of Regulus. Batouta, also, who flourished in the fourteenth century, pretends that "The Desert is full of serpents." Even Caillié, who saw neither lions nor elephants, or very few animals of any sort, says, when at the wells of *Amoul-Gragim*, "My rest was disturbed by the appearance of a serpent, five feet and a-half long and as thick as the thigh of a boy twelve years old. My travelling companions also experienced similar visits." If this report be correct, it evidently refers to the harmless *lefâah* mentioned by the Touarick. At the ruins of Lebida, on the coast of Tripoli, an unusual number of large snakes were seen this year (1845), mounting upon and twining round the broken shafts of pillars still standing, as if at the command of some invisible *jinn*; but they were all perfectly harmless. The jugglers were catching them, to exhibit their forky tongues and snaky folds, as venomous and deadly, to the marvel-loving crowd. The lion of The Desert is a myth. The king of beasts never leaves his rich domain, the thick forest and pouring cascade, where water and animals of prey abound, for the naked, arid, sandy, and rocky wastes

of The Sahara. The ancients and moderns, however, have persisted in representing Africa, not only as a country full of monsters, but "*always producing some new monster*,—"

Semper aliquid novi Africam afferre[38],

all which is either entirely incorrect or a monstrous exaggeration. It would have been very *nice* to fight one's way through The Desert in the midst of every kind of beast and monster which the gloomy imagination of men may have conjured up from the beginning of the annals of adventure and travel; this would have made these pages undoubtedly very "stirring and exciting." Happily Providence has not filled up those vast spaces which separate Northern and Central Africa with such hideous tenants! Sufficient are the evils of The Desert to the wayfarer who sojourns therein.

In the evening, had a long conversation with a group of people. The subjects, in which they all felt more than ordinary curiosity, were, the new world of America, Australia, the Pacific, and the whales in it, and the gold and silver mines of South America, &c. The number of sheep, also, in Australia, amazed them, in comparison with the few wandering scattered flocks in The Desert. I am become a walking gazette amongst the people, and ought to be dubbed "Geographer of The Desert." They also question me on the relative forces of the Christian Powers, and have a great idea of the military strength of France. The capture of Algiers has produced a vivid and lasting impression of the French power throughout all North Africa. They consider England the great power on the sea, and France on the land. I have, besides, to tell them of the population of all the world, and to answer a thousand other questions. Sometimes their conversation, after being exceedingly animated, falls into unbroken and moody silence, and they recline

for hours, without moving a muscle of the face or uttering a syllable. Indolence is the besetting sin of the Saharan tribes. It is also the same in Tripoli. Col. Warrington, in reporting upon the Tripolines, says:—"Whether the extraordinary indolence of the people proceeds from the climate, or want of occupation, I know not, but they are in an horizontal position twenty hours out of the twenty-four, sleeping in the open air." In this temperate season of the year, the Ghadamsees might find useful and healthful occupation in the gardens, but they are so confoundedly lazy that they won't stir, and what work really is done is performed by slaves. Such people deserve to starve. Caillié says:—"The Mandingoes would rather go without food part of the day than work in the fields; they pretend that labour would take off their attention to the Koran, which is a very specious excuse for laziness." Like most people in Central Africa, all their hard work is done by the poor slaves. The Ghadamsee people have, however, the excuse that, being a city of merchants, their object is repose when they return from long journeys.

Paid a visit to Rais; presented to his Excellency one of my best razors, with which he was highly delighted. Saw plenty of my acquaintances, all pleased with the Ramadan being about to terminate. Few patients.

Footnotes:

[30] The Arabic عرك seems to be used for a pustule or small tumour. The term is applied to the tumour of a camel. There is also the term عرق, "decayed flesh or bone."

[31] يونس, Ἰωνας. *Esaias* is changed in the same way.

[32] الضب, *Thob*—monitor: probably, *monitor pulchra*.

[33] كحل, *Kohel*, "powder of lead," name derived from the epithet "*black*."

[34] حنّا, *Henna*, "Lawsonia alba," Law. The Henna shrub is cultivated in irrigated fields at Ghabs (Tunis), and is a source of wealth.

[35] It is the *Ovis Tragelaphus* of Zoologists.

[36] I was fellow-passenger from Mogador with the male oudad, now at the Royal Zoological Gardens. He is a very fine animal, but has but one eye.

[37] The foundation of Nimrod's reputation was laid in the East, many curious facts of which have been preserved in Armenian tradition. The Armenian Bishop, Dr. Nerses Lazar, says, for the benefit of all England, (See his *Scriptural and Analogical Conversations on the Physical and Moral World with reference to an Universal Commercial Harmony*, published by Bentley, London, 1846):—"In the second age of the world, just on entering the second century, *Nimrod began to be a mighty one in the earth*; he was the first great warrior, conqueror, or most severe governor. *He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord*, by which means he became a mighty monarch. For he inured himself to labour by this toilsome exercise, and got together a great company of young robust men to attend him in this sport; *who were hereby also fitted to pursue men as they had done wild beasts*. (Here the Free Kirk will find the beginning of the system which they are patronizing in Yankee Land.)

Besides, in the age of Nimrod, the exercise of hunting might win him the hearts of men, whom he thus delivered from wild beasts, to which they were much exposed in their rude and unprotected way of living; so that many at last joined him in the great designs he formed of subduing men, and making himself master of the neighbouring people in Babylon, Susiana, and Assyria. The memory of this hunting of his was preserved by the Assyrians, who made Nimrod the same as Orion, for they joined the dog and the hare, the first creature perhaps that he hunted, with his constellation. He first erected Babylon, and Assyria is called the land of Nimrod, &c., &c. He began to exalt himself, and he is called *Bel* from his dominions, and *Nimrod* from his rebellion (against God)." The worthy prelate goes on giving a very long affair about the father of huntsmen and jockies. Nimrod has come up again in this our year of 1847. The French and English antiquarians and excavators have dug him up, and all his splendid posterity from the banks of the Euphrates at the *Bir-el-Nimroud*. The *Royal Asiatic Society* no doubt will soon find his mark, or cross, His Turfy Highness not being expected to be a *letterato*, in Cuneiform, wedge-shaped or arrow-headed characters upon the unbaked or sun-dried bricks thrown out of the famous Nineveh mound, so that at last Nimroud will have full justice done him by a grateful posterity.

[38] Pliny. This vulgar error of antiquity is cited from the Greek of Aristotle. Λεγεται δε τις παροιμα ὁτι αει τι Λιβυη καινον.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAST OF THE RAMADAN.

The Shâanbah and Banditti of The Desert.—Native Plays and Dances of Ghadamsee Slaves.—Aâween, or Square of Springs.—The Women of Ghadames, their Habits and Education.—The Ghadamsee and Berber, or Numidian Languages.—Varieties of People and Population of Ghadames.—Charge of corrupting the Scriptures.—Ben Mousa Ettanee.—The Bishop of Gibraltar.—Continue teaching Geography.—Ruin of the Country.—Approaching end of the World.—Seeing the New Moon.—My Taleb disputes about Religion.—Movements of Banditti.—The small Force by which the Turks hold Tripoli.

28th.—HEARD the *Shâanbah*—شعانبة—and Touaricks are about to have a set-to. Last year they had a skirmish, and the Touaricks killed about eighty of the Shâanbah. These latter are going to avenge their defeat; they will attack the open districts, and then proceed to Ghat. The Shâanbah inhabit a desert of sand in the neighbourhood of Warklah—وارقلة—about fifteen days from Ghadames, and four from Souf. They are independent tribes, but small in number, not more than from five to six hundred. Nominally, however, they are located in French Algerian territory. They have been celebrated from time immemorial as the robbers and assassins of The Desert—*to be a brigand* is, with them, an hereditary

honour—and they are equally the dread of the people of Warklah, whose neighbours they are, as of stranger merchants and caravans. They have a well of water scooped out in the sandy regions where their tents are pitched, and here they live in a horrid security, defying all law and authority, human and divine, and all the neighbouring Powers. Around them is an immensity of sandy wastes, and none dare pursue them to their abhorred dens. Horses, indeed, would be useless; and camels might wander for months without water, and perish before coming upon their hiding places in these dreadful regions. "Two hundred men would require four hundred camels, eight hundred water-skins, and provisions for two months," says the Rais, "and therefore we must leave them to be exterminated by time." Unfortunately, they are recruited from the bad characters of the Souafah, a kindred tribe of Arabs, and other outlaws. The Shâanbah are the great professional bandits of the North, but there are some other fragmentary tribes, located on the confines of The Sahara, and the valleys of the Atlas. Particularly I may mention the horde of brigands of Wady-es-Sour, which infest the routes between Touat and Tafilelt. But this horde is more placable, and mostly, after levying black-mail, will allow a caravan to pass uninterruptedly on its way. The expedition of the Shâanbah will take place after Ramadan, for, like the story of the Spanish assassins, who, being too early to enter the house of an unfortunate victim, went in the meanwhile to the matins which were being celebrated in a neighbouring church, so these pious assassins of The Desert highways will not proceed to their work of blood and slaughter until the fast of Ramadan is concluded. The Shâanbah and Touaricks are, besides, national enemies as to blood, the former

being pure Arab, and the latter of the Berber, or aboriginal stock of North Africa. The Shâanbah have for arms common matchlocks, and a few horses in addition to their camels. The Touaricks have the spear, dagger, the straight broad sword, and a few matchlocks and pistols, it is said, and all are mounted on camels, so the contest is somewhat differently balanced with regard to the mode of equipment. People speculate as to the success of the parties, but their sympathies are entirely with the Touaricks.

Said comes in blubbering, sympathizing with his countrymen, saying, Rais has been bastinadoing his household slaves, natives of Bornou like himself. Rais certainly ought not to do this, for he does not bastinade his Moors or Arab servants. In the evening I went with Said to see the slaves of Ghadames indulge in their native dances and other plays. These are called لعب العبيل "*playing of the slaves*." The festival of the evening was "*the night of power*" (ليلة القدر), on which the Koran[39] descended from heaven, and the slaves were allowed a holiday in consideration of this solemnity. The slaves danced in a circle around a leader of the dance in the centre. At first, it is a simple walking round, face to back, the legs raised, and a little swinging, and the steps keeping time to the iron castanets fastened on the hands of each. Meanwhile, they sing, and the chorus comes at intervals between the noise of castanets, or finger-clappers. They now turn round and face their leader, some prostrating before him, and others twirling themselves round, but always moving in their circular motion and singing. The tones of their voice are melodious and deep, not the plaintive wearying monotony of the Arabs. Now the sounds increase, the chorus rises higher and higher, the steps fall heavy,

like the tread of military, on the ground; and now, sounds, steps, and every noise and movement quickens, until it becomes a frantic rush around their terrified leader, who is at last, as the finish of the dance, overthrown in the wild tumult. . . . . Besides the castanets, they have a rude drum, consisting of a piece of skin stretched over the mouth of a large calabash, brought from Soudan, which makes a low hollow sound: to these is added occasionally a rude squeaking hautboy. This circular dance was performed by about thirty male slaves, gaily dressed in their best clothes, and evidently all very happy, in truth, the free blood of their native homes danced through their veins. Aye, the poor slave danced and sung! happier far than his proud and wealthy master, who looked on in moody silence. So God has ordained it to alleviate and balance human miseries. This dance of freedom lasted a full hour, and was very laborious. There were several Negresses near, who answered in shrill voices to the deep choruses of the Negroes, but did not themselves dance. After the circular dance, came off reels of couples. These were danced with great spirit, nay, violence: there was no dancing of a person singly. None of the dancing was indecent, like the Moorish; the lower part of the body and legs now and then assumed steps and positions like the well known Spanish *fandango* with castanets.

29th.—Weather is now tolerably cool all day long in the city, but not cool enough for agreeable travelling. Sketched to-day the *Aâween*, اعوين, or square of "fountains," which belongs to the faction of the Ben Weleed. A group of fifty persons surrounded me, all clamoring to see what I was doing, and making the funniest observations. They call drawing, *writing* a thing. One said, "Ah, it is well written, the Christians

know everything but God." Another, "Yâkob, shall you give that writing to your Sultan?" From the fountains in this square, which merely run into stone troughs, the camels drink.



The white women, or the respectable women of Ghadames, white or coloured, never descend to the streets, nor even go into the gardens around their houses. Their flat-roofed house is their eternal promenade, and their whole world is comprehended within two or three miserable rooms. The date-palms they see, and a few glimpses of The Desert beyond—and this is all. Truly it is necessary to establish an Anti-Slavery Society for the women of this oasis. I have visited a few of them in their private apartments with their husbands, in my capacity of quack-doctor. None of them were fair or beautiful, but some pleasing in their manners, and of elegant shape; they are brunettes, one and all, with occasionally large rolling, if not fiery, black eyes. They are gentle in their manners, and were very friendly to The Christian. Many of them, in spite of their seclusion, shewed extreme intelligence; they are

also very industrious. My taleb assured me the little money he got from keeping the register of the distribution of water, and other minor matters, could not keep his family, and his chief support was from the industry of his wife in weaving, whom he highly praised, adding, "God has given me the best wife in Ghadames." Most of the women weave woollens enough for the consumption of their family, and some for sale abroad. The education of women consists in learning by heart certain prayers, portions of the Koran, and legendary traditions of the famous *Sunnat*. The women are proud of their learning, and the men pride themselves in saying, "Only in this country are women so well instructed!" Besides this, they have the privilege of going to the mosques very early in the morning, and late in the evening, where they say their prayers like men, at least, so I understood from my taleb; but a Christian must not ask questions about women in these countries. The same authority assured me, the women, mostly negresses and half-castes, seen in the streets in the day-time, are slaves, or esteemed as such, the Touarick women excepted. I have no doubt the manners of the women of this city are generally very correct, and as chaste as any women in North Africa. But the Touarick women, especially of the elder sort, are not always exceedingly refined. One morning, going out from my house, I found some seven or eight Touarick women sitting on the stone-bench at the door. They began to laugh and joke with me; at last one of the elder present said, "Now, Christian, give me some money, and then I'll come into your house." At this delicate sally, all expressed their approbation in loud laughter: the half-caste women are much the same. A Moor said something to me, which I did not understand, and then laughed and

said, "It is a Negro word," and, lest I should want an interpreter, an half-caste lady present, putting her hand deliberately to something, said, "That's the meaning," repeating the action two or three times. On the whole, however, I have not seen so many cases of indelicacy in this part of the world, as are to be seen almost every day in Paris and London. No, the morals of The Desert are mostly pure and continent as compared to those of our great European cities.

My taleb to-day made a vocabulary of the Touarghee, Ghadamsee, and Arabic languages. He finished also the translation of the third chapter of Matthew into the Ghadamsee language, which I sent afterwards to the British and Foreign Bible Society. I did not expect that he would have done it so easily, thinking his religious scruples would have interfered. He would have done all the Gospels had I paid him. According to Ben Mousa, the Ghadamsee language contains a few Arabic words, and is a most ancient dialect. It is spoken only at Siwah and Ougelah, two Tripoline oases near the coast, ten days apart, on the route to Egypt, and there is a dialect something like it in one of the Tunisian mountains. Many of the Touarghee words, he says also, are very much like, if not the same, as those of Ghadamsee. I showed him the Gospel of St. Luke, translated into the Berber language of Algeria, through Mr. Hodgson, and published by the Bible Society. He was only able to recognize a few Ghadamsee words in this translation. The Berber dialects, which comprehend the Ghadamsee, the Touarghee, the Kabylee, the Shouweeah (of Dr. Shaw), and the Shelouk of Morocco, although more or less intimately related, are very dissimilar in many words and expressions. But they are sister branches of one original mother,

which require to be reduced to consistency and harmony by some mastermind, and then a very copious and powerful language might be formed. Such is said to have been the state of the German language when Luther made his translation of the Scriptures, by which he laid the foundation of the present mighty language of the Germans. Their common enemy is the Arabic, which is daily making inroads upon them; and the probability is, instead of being moulded into one mighty whole, they will in the course of a few centuries be destroyed by the language of their religion, for which the Berber tribes have a superstitious reverence. There is a singularity about the language of Ghadames: it has differences as spoken by the two factions of the Weleed and the Wezeet, the provincialisms of the country. It is highly probable that the various Berber dialects are the fragments of the language of those formidable, but doubtful, auxiliaries, which so often balanced and changed the fortune of Roman and Carthaginian arms. Of all these Numidian dialects, only one people has amongst them a native alphabet, the rest using Arabic characters: this people are the Touaricks. It is besides worthy of remark, that amongst all the African tribes of Central Africa, nay, every part of Africa, excepting the Coptic and Abyssinian Christians, only one alphabet has been found, none of the other tribes having any characters wherewith to write. Specimens of the Touarghee and Ghadamsee language, as well as this alphabet, have been recently published, under the auspices of the Foreign Office.

The language of Ghadames is spoken by an extremely mixed and various population. Some are from Arabs of the plains, others from Arabs of the mountains, others from Berber tribes, others from

Moors of the Coast, and not a few from Negress mothers, of every description of Negro race found in the interior. Sometimes the men make a boast of being descended from ancestors of pure Arab blood, from immigrants of the princes of Mecca and countries thereabouts in Arabia, but in practice they contemn the principle of uncontaminated blood, cohabiting with their favourite female slaves, and from these rearing up a large family of mixed blood and colour. In the Arab suburb a considerable number of free Negroes, the offspring of liberated slaves, are settled. This class of population has been mistaken for emigration from the interior, by some writers; but Negroes never emigrate from the south to the north over The Desert, however, some may wander, like the Mandingoes, in the countries of Western Africa, as itinerant traders, tinkers, and pedlars. The city of Ghadames presents therefore a most mixed and coloured population, there being but very few of pure Arab blood, and fewer still of fair complexions. I have seen, nevertheless, some families of sandy hair and fair skins; but, certainly, the *barbarossa* ("red beard,") or flaxen locks, are not esteemed. These children of the sun prefer the raven-black beard, the tanned skin, and the gazelle eye. The united population amounts to about 3,000, but there are many Ghadamsee families established in Soudan and Timbuctoo. I may add, six languages are spoken daily in Ghadames, viz., Ghadamsee, Arabic, Touarghee, Housa, Bornouse, and Timbuctoo. The Rais has not a Turkish soldier or servant with him, or Turkish would make seven. Mourzuk being a garrison town, there Turkish, Greek, Italian, and Tibbo may be added to these six languages. The Negro languages are spoken by the slaves and free Negroes, and the merchants in conversing with them.

As a specimen of flying reports, I heard yesterday Bona was not in the hands of the French, but the Mussulmans. With respect to *shamatah* ("fighting"), the reports added, the French had lost 100,000 men in battle! The eyes of all genuine Moslems are turned anxiously westwards, and force and conquest, is everything with them.

30th.—The mornings are now very cool and delicious. Walked on my terrace, and enjoyed the fresh air of this autumnal spring. The palms are beautiful to look upon, and the Desert city has the aspect of an Hesperides. Are these the "fortunate isles" of the ancients? A few birds twittering and chirping about, pecking the ripe dates.

My taleb, backed with two or three Mussulman doctors, charged me in the public streets with corrupting and falsifying the text of the word of God. "This," he said, "I have found by looking over your الانجيل Elengeel (Gospel)." It is precisely the charge which we make against the Mohammedans. But our charge is not so much corrupting one particular revelation as falsifying the entire books of the Jews and the Christians, of giving them new forms, and adding to them a great number of old Arabian fables. A taleb opened the Testament at the Gospel of St. Mark, and read, *that Jesus was the Son of God*. Confounded and vexed at this, he said, "*God neither begets nor is begotten*," (a verse of the Koran). An Arab from the Tripoline mountains turned upon me and said, "What! do you know God?" I answered sharply, "Yes; do you think the knowledge of God is confined to you alone?" The bystanders applauded the answer.

In general, the ignorant of the population of this part of North Africa, as well as Southern Morocco and

Wadnoun, think the Christians are not acquainted with God, something in the same way as I heard when at Madrid, that Spaniards occasionally asked, if there were Christians and churches in England: "Hay los Cristianios, hay las iglesias in Inglaterra?" But in other parts of Barbary, I have found, on the contrary, an opinion very prevalent, that the religion of the English is very much like the religion of the Moors, arising, I have no doubt, from the absence of images and pictures in Protestant churches.

This evening, when visiting the Ben Weleed, conversation turned upon the Bas-Relief. The people showed some jealousy at my possessing it, and would have prefered that it remained in the oasis, and were not sent to Tripoli. They added:—"Because it proves that God has given us the land of the Christians." This is the grand argument in proof of the Mussulman's religion, that God has given him the countries of the Infidels. Indeed, the sooner the Bas-Relief is off the better. On my observing that the slab belonged to a date prior to the Christians, they were astonished, and asked, "*Who were before the Christians?*" They have no idea of people before the Christians. The conversation was suddenly stopped by the appearance of a remarkable personage, the *quasi*-Sultan of the Ben Weleed. This was the famous rich and powerful Haj Ben Mousa Ettanee. He is a man of a great age, and nearly blind, and the chief of the most numerous and influential family of Ghadames. He always exhibits a most difficult and obstinate temper in public affairs, and, I understand, from the first, has shown an hostility to my residence in Ghadames, unlike the Sheikh Makouran, who is the recognized Chief of the Ben Wezeet, and who has shown himself as favourable as the other Chief hostile. There may be a little of the spirit of faction

in this; for we see often a person unsupported by the one party, because he is supported by the other party. But the whole family of Ettanee is considered *wâr* ("difficult"). The Rais speaking to me of this family, said: "Wâr, wâr—I can do nothing with the Ettanee." Ettanee was attended by two or three servants, one carrying a skin, and another a cushion to recline on (*mokhaddah*). These arranged, the old gentleman mounted upon the stone-bench and took his seat, everybody making way for him with the greatest alacrity. Having heard I was present, after a short silence, he addressed me: "Christian, do you know Scinde[40]?" I replied, "I know it." "Are not the English there?" he continued. "Yes," I said. He then turned and said something to the people in the Ghadamsee language[41]. My conversation with them was always in Arabic. He abruptly turned to me, "Why do the English go there, and eat up all the Mussulmans? Afterwards you will come here." I replied, "The Ameers were foolish, and engaged in a conspiracy against the English of India; but the Mussulmans in Scinde enjoyed the same rights and privileges as the English themselves." "That's what you say," he rejoined, and then continued: "Why do you go so far from home, to take other people's countries from them?" I replied, "The Turks do the same; they came here in The Desert." "Ah! you wish to be such oppressors as the Turks," he continued very bitterly, and then told me not to talk any more. No one present dared to put in a word. This painful silence continued for some time. I was anxious to get off, feeling very disagreeable; and beginning to move, he said to somebody, "*Who's* that?" for he couldn't see much, being nearly blind. They told him it was the Christian going. He cried out, "Stop!" and then added, "You have books with you, but you

English are not Christians. You deceive us. Nor are the Danish, or the Swedes, or the Russians Christians. *They have no books.*" He meant *religious* books. The same opinion, I found afterwards, was entertained by Haj Ibrahim, a very respectable and intelligent Moorish merchant of Tripoli. Haj Ibrahim said to me, "How is it that you have books on religion, when the English have none?" Formerly Ettanee resided at Tripoli; and I have not the least doubt both these Moors derived this false information from the intolerant and Protestant-hating Romanist priests resident in Tripoli, backed as the falsehoods were by the absence of any English church or worship, although the English Consul very regularly celebrated worship in his family every Sunday,—a circumstance which ought to have been known amongst the town population of all religions. I am sorry the intentions of the British Government have been so feebly carried out by the Bishop of Gibraltar. Her Majesty's Government was anxious that Dr. Tomlinson should visit all the coasts of the Mediterranean, both to strengthen the few Protestants scattered on these inhospitable shores, and to show the various authorities and people of this famed inland sea, that the English had a religion, and cared for its prosperity. Up to the time I left the Barbary coast, Dr. Tomlinson had neither visited Tunis nor Tripoli, though he had been resident at Malta some three years. This is too bad; and it is quite clear the Bishop does not understand the object of his mission in the Mediterranean. He ought to have shown himself at once in all Barbary; he then might have annihilated this monstrous error, propagated by Romish priests, that the English had no religious books, and were not Christians. It is but justice to add, the Bishop went to Tangiers. Mr. Hay

expected a very unctuous episcopal visit, and was shocked to hear the good Bishop talk so much about fortifications and "horrid war." There is consistency in everything; and common sense dictated that the Bishop should have, on such a visit, assumed his character of "Overseer of the scattered Protestant flock." Unfortunately, when he went first to Malta, Dr. Tomlinson acted more like an episcopalian tight-rope dancer, always balancing himself between Puseyism and Evangelicalism, and so distracted the few Protestants at Malta. He is eminently a man of no decision of character; and whenever he does manage to get up his reluctant will to a decision, it is invariably on the wrong side of the question. Here in The Desert I found myself pestered with both political and religious questions; and to have shirked either, would have been to offend the people. There was no alternative but to preach to them that all the English and all Protestants had the same Bible as the Romanists, and were equally Christians with them. I may add, of the Bishop of Gibraltar: Since my return, I have heard that his Lordship found all his efforts useless to conciliate the Malta papistical authorities; that he was much shocked at their treachery; and that he was determined, on his return again to Malta, *to become once more a good Protestant*. The truth is, he had nothing to do with the Roman Catholics. He was to mind and care for the Protestants in Malta, and on the shores of the Mediterranean. I believe, however, he did do something in the way of unpleasant interference with Colonel Warrington. It is well known the Colonel was high-priest of Protestantism through his long Consular service of thirty-three years, as well as Her Britannic Majesty's Consul. The Colonel baptized, married, and buried, whenever applied to. He baptized, married, and buried the

members of his own family, and was surprised Sir Thomas Reade had not the courage to do the same. Of this the Colonel was very proud, citing the authority of some peer in the British Parliament, who said, "If the King's subjects wished to *procreate* in a foreign land, where there was no parson, why should not the British Consul help them?" This the Bishop demurred at; but the Colonel supported himself on the authority of Dr. Lushington. The Colonel was undoubtedly right. Still, politically and ecclesiastically, it would be much better if English clergymen of some denomination or other were established along the line of the whole coast of North Africa, which would show the native Mussulmans we had a religion, and that we could afford to support and protect our co-religionists. The French reap a good harvest by *their protection of Christians*, which, characteristically enough, they use as a political engine of aggrandizement.

On returning home, my Moorish friends pestered me still with more questions, as to what people were *before* the Christians. I endeavoured to impress upon them, that the Christian era was comparatively *new*, and that *before* Christ, there were many nations, and great events occurred. I found them grossly ignorant. But I had the good fortune to procure an Arabic map in the possession of one of the merchants, who had laid it up for many years amongst dusty papers. This had been published by the printers and agents of the Church Missionary Society of Malta, very much to their credit. By the aid of this, I made more progress in teaching geography to the people. Seeing several dots on the map where *Sahara* is written, the people asked me what it meant. I told them sand. However, I must protest against this device. We shall see that the greater part of The Desert is stone and hard

earth. The term "*sandy border*" of The Desert is equally incorrect. Such a distinction does not exist in the Tripoline provinces. The Desert comes up to the gates of Tripoli, it then gives way to cultivation and The Mountains; it beyond them appears again here and there and everywhere, within and without the regions of rain. There is nothing like a border of The Desert. The "Grand Desert" and "Petite Desert" of the French, are equally incorrect and absurd. All is Sahara, or waste, uncultivated lands, and oases scattered thick within them, as spots on the back of the leopard[42].

Saw the Rais late, who had heard all about my conversation with Ettanee, and jokingly said, "*Wâr, wâr*, that old fellow, aye?" His Excellency turned, to other matters: "The Shânbah are not going to attack the Touaricks, they are coming hereabouts to plunder our caravans." Asked him, if the city was secure enough to prevent them entering and pillaging it? His Excellency replied, "Yes," but adding, "*koul sheyan maktoub* (all is predestinated)." This doctrine is not only a comfort in every misfortune, but also an apology for every fault, crime, or mismanagement a person may be guilty of. Nay, if a man be starved to death, because he will not work, which is sometimes the case in this part of the world, as well as Ireland, it is destiny and the will of God! . . . . . So of all other things. If Ghadames should be stormed and plundered by the Shânbah in its present defenceless condition, it will be, as a matter of course, the will of God. But I must add, which unhappily cannot be said of Ireland, the security of human life is very great in Ghadames and the neighbouring desert. I have heard of no murder since I have been here, and a murder is the last thing thought of. This does not arise from any preventitive

police, but from the simple dispositions of the people —their horror and unwillingness to shed human blood! If a messenger from a distant planet were to come to prove the divinity of a religion, from the absence of the crime of murder, and were to take these Saharan oases, and our Ireland, and put them in the balances of Eternal Justice, we should soon see Ireland and its popular religion kick the the beam, as —

"The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft."

The "signs of the times" in this country are, when I first came here bread was found in the Souk occasionally, as a luxury for the poor who could not buy wheat and make bread; now, and it is only a little more than a month, no bread is to be found. To-day not a single sheep was killed anywhere, and I am obliged to go without meat. So the country progresses in poverty and misery, so rapidly is its money being filched from the people! Or, is it because every body has conspired together against the Rais, and determined to wear an air of abject poverty? And thus to evade the new contributions? This cannot be. To-morrow is the last day of Ramadan; provided the new moon can be seen. I hope they'll see it, for I am heartily sick of the Ramadan: the most amiable and kind-hearted get out of humour in Ramadan; as to the Rais, I never go to see him, except in the evening, unless to get a little money from him, his Excellency being my banker. A Turk, who smokes all day long for eleven months out of twelve, must suffer greatly in these thirty days. Should like to have tried a day's fasting, as I have been so strongly recommended by the people, but I expect to have enough of fasting in The Desert, and it

is of no use adding to our miseries for the sake of curiosity or vanity. From recent conversations, it appears there is no great danger in attempting Timbuctoo, but I have resolved on the route of Kanou, because my object is not so much a journey of discovery, as to collect a statistical account of the slave-trade, and see whether there are any practicable legitimate means for extinguishing the odious traffic. For this latter object, the Kanou route is decidedly more advantageous. A wild adventure to Timbuctoo, ever so successful, can never serve me in such stead in the end, when I have to read my own heart and its motives, as a humane mission on the behalf of unhappy weak Africans, doomed, by men calling themselves Christians, to the curse of slavery.

1st October.—Sheikh Makouran paid me a visit this morning. Our conversation turned chiefly on the discoveries of lands and countries since the times of Christ and Mahomet. The Sheikh was a little surprised when I told him: "We ought to consider the world as just beginning, for the ancients knew but little, and the greater part of the now inhabited world was unknown to them." Moors, like some Christians, think the time is near when Deity shall appear to destroy all unbelievers in their respective religions. For myself, I cannot but believe that the world has only *yet* begun. It is impossible that the Creator should destroy the world in its present imperfect state. No—the world will go on yet thousands of years on years in the path of improvement unto (*shall I say?*) perfection. At any rate, I belong to those whose aspirations are for the future and not for the past. I am not enamoured with Hebrew patriarchal innocence, or Grecian classic polish and freedom, or Christian mediæval chivalry of the past. I am of the *New* Englanders, but not for

the resurrection of the past. Rather than subscribe to divinely-anointed kings and pious monks, church charities and May-day holidays and May-poles for the people, I would sooner affix my signature to railways, electric telegraphs, and the wild, bold, and raving aspirations of a Shelley—in fact, to plunge anywhere head *foremost*, than back again into the past.

A Moor to-day, in wishing to give a grand idea of the Touaricks (some of whom were present), said, "Muley Abd Errahman (Emperor of Morocco) and the Sultan of Stamboul, pay tribute to the Touaricks; but they pay tribute to no one." This is ingeniously made out by the merchants of Tripoli and Morocco, the subjects of the two Sultans, being obliged to pay black-mail in passing through the Saharan districts of the Touaricks. Some of the ill-natured are continually magnifying the dangers of the route of Kanou, and one present said, "You can't go, there are thousands of Touaricks to block up your way." Annoyed with this man and others, I replied, "Do Touaricks eat the flesh of Christians after they have killed them?" This made him very angry, and he began to apologize for the Touaricks, one class of Mohammedans being always anxious to defend another from unwonted or odious suspicions. They have, nevertheless, not the least difficulty in confessing that the Touaricks will kill Christians, as such, thus tacitly acknowledging it to be right to kill Christians. The more respectable Ghadamseeah argue that in no case, if I pay the Touaricks a certain sum as tribute, or what not, have the Touaricks a right by the law of the Prophet to do me the least harm. Heard all the Arab soldiers have run away from Emjessen, being without anything to eat. These wise Turkish commanders gave the poor fellows a bag of barley and a little oil, and left it, like

the widow's cruse in Holy Writ, to replenish itself. The Shânbah may now go and drink the water of the well, and plunder the caravans as they please. The wonder is that more open-desert robberies are not committed.

The Rais told me this evening that *one* person saw the moon, but it is necessary *two* should have seen the dim, pale, half-invisible crescent streak. Then the *âyed* after the fast would have been to-morrow. At sun-set, all the people were on the *qui-vive*, the Marabouts mounting the minaret tops, but none saw it but this solitary moongazer, who, said the Rais, "might have *imagined* he saw the moon." The telescope was not lawful, he added, "The people must see it with the naked, unassisted eye."

2nd.—No patients; only a little girl with severe ophthalmia, and the old blind man, who fancies his eyes are better with the application of the caustic. Generally the Moors think there is a different sort of medicine for women. Yesterday I was asked for a medicine for women. I gave a man a fever powder for his wife. This morning being the last before the Ramadan, the Rais sent me a *backsheesh* of meat (not cooked) and a quantity of rice, enough to make a sumptuous festa. Certainly the Rais is very gracious, and continues, if not increases, in his friendly feelings towards me. People are killing and preparing for the festival. There's a report, the merchants in Tripoli are afraid to leave for this city on account of rumoured depredations of the Sebâah and Shânbah. To-morrow, my taleb says he marries his two daughters. He prepares the wedding-feast, and gives his daughters a stock of *semen* (liquid butter), and barley and wheat, to begin the world with. The sons-in-law make presents to their brides of clothes,

besides a little money; and this is all the matter. My taleb seems very glad to get rid of his daughters so easily; they are extremely young—thirteen and fifteen. Besides these daughters he has a pet son. People usually choose a religious festival, for the day of the celebration of their nuptials, as in some parts of England. The taleb then, who is excessively fond of religious discussion, began, "The essence of all religion is,—

وهو لا يولد ولا مولد
He (God) *neither begets nor is begotten*: and

وما عند الله شركاً
God has no associate":—

both referring to the unity of God. Speaking of the duration of the world, I said:—"The world must now begin, for, up to this time, men have been generally very ignorant; and until lately the whole of the earth has not been discovered." Very angry at this, he replied:—"Now the world will finish; God is coming to destroy all you Christians, and all the black *kafers* (infidels), as well as the white." He then gave me an account of the creation. "The world," he said, "was created seven times," &c., &c., adding many curious things.

I.—"What is to become of the world; are nearly all its inhabitants, from its beginning until now, to be d ——d?"

He.—"Yes."

I.—"Is this the decree of God?"

He.—"Yes, all is *maktoub*."

I.—"But you say, God, is الرحمان الرحيم, (*Most merciful.*)"

He.—"Yes; but men won't obey his religion and Mahomet."

I.—"What is to become of those who never saw, nor never could see or read the Koran?"

The Taleb.—"I don't know; God is great; God must have mercy upon them."

I.—"Undoubtedly God created the world; but according to you, the world is now all corrupt (*fesad*), and nearly all men must soon be destroyed. Is this honourable to God?"

The Taleb.—"All is decreed."

I.—"But many of the unbelieving Infidels are better than the Touaricks and Arabs. Is not the British Consul in Tripoli better than a Shânbah bandit?—better than an assassin who cuts the throats of the Faithful? Do not all the people speak well of our Consul?"

The Taleb.—"I know it; he's very good."

I.—"But you can't change the religion of some people though you kill them. When the Mohammedans conquered India, they got tired of putting Hindoos to death for not changing their religion, and becoming Mussulmans."

The Taleb.—"God knows all, but you don't know," (a frequent phrase in the Koran).

I.—"Now, I don't think it's of much use to talk about religion, for you won't change yours nor I mine. Here's the end of the matter. We must all die, that's a

thing no one disputes; but as to who is saved, or who perishes, we cannot tell."

The Taleb.—"The truth, by G—d! If God please, we shall see all soon."

A small caravan of Arabs, bringing sheep for the *Ayed*, arrived this morning from Tunis. The route is *viâ* Jibel Douerat, and only seven days. If the roads were safe, travelling indeed about North Africa could soon be rendered expeditious. The Arabs report:—"That great military preparations are making at Jerbah, where the Bey of Tunis is expected after the *Ayed*, and whence he will invade Tripoli, all his Arabs being ready to march with him." After this, a caravan of forty slaves arrived from the south, under the conduct of Touaricks. The *ghafalah* is originally from Bornou, but half left for Fezzan on arriving at Ghat. Was much surprised when Rais told me this evening, after five or six days, he would send a soldier to sleep as a guard in my house. He explained he had received authentic intelligence from Souf, of the Shânbah banditti being on the march, five hundred strong, proceeding in the direction of Ghat and Ghadames, and he expected them near this in the course of ten days. Their intention is to avenge themselves on the Touaricks for the defeat last year. They are the immemorial enemies of the Touaricks, who have a stake in the commerce of the Desert, but they as professional robbers have none. Besides this, we hear the Sebâah continue their depredations, and have carried off 2,000 sheep from The Mountains: they also threaten an attack on Derge. The whole country, indeed, will soon be full of banditti, unless some energetic measures are adopted, and we shall have no communication between this and Tripoli. All the routes are now considered unsafe. Rais assured

me, he has applied to the Pasha for a few Turkish troops, but His Highness refused, on the plea of expense. The whole force of the Rais is not a hundred Arabs, and poor miserable fellows they are, with two or three horses placed at their disposal. With such inconsiderable means the Pacha presumes to hold in the heart of The Desert this important commercial city, and its dependencies of Seenawan and Derge! The French manage matters very differently in Algeira. Indeed, the united force occupying all Tripoli, with its wide-spread provinces of many hundred miles apart, does not exceed *five* thousand men of all arms! Compare this to the hundred and thirty thousand men (including native troops) in Algeira, and be astonished at the different effects of the French and Turkish systems. . . . . To add to the Rais's embarrassments, the people are in ill-humour, whilst some hear the news with pleasure, and fancy they see in our present troubles the beginning of the end of Turkish rule in Ghadames.

Footnotes:

[39] This book is said to be eternal as God himself, even UNCREATED. This is argued metaphysically from all the thoughts and volitions of Deity being eternal and immutable, and therefore the laws of the Koran have no relation to time or creation.

[40] Most of the people here have heard of Scinde; but their knowledge of it is very imperfect.

[41] I afterwards learnt it was—"You see these Christians are eating up all the Mussulman countries."

[42] Strabo mentions the oasis:—"To the south

of Atlas lies a vast desert of sand and stones, which, like the spotted skin of a panther, is here and there diversified by oases, or fertile grounds, like isles in the midst of the ocean."

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN GHADAMES.

The Ayed (little Festival of Moslems).—Ghadames a City of Marabouts.—Every Accident of Life ascribed to Deity.—Second Day's Feast, Swinging and Amusements of the People.—Death of the Sultan of Timbuctoo.—Various Terms employed for denoting Garden.—French Woman in The Desert.—Price of Slaves.—Time required to go round the World.—Stature of the Touaricks.—Oases of Derge.—Reconquest of the World by the Mahometans.—Tibboo Slave-dealer.—Touatee Silversmith and Blacksmith.—Assassination of Major Laing.—Tibboos compared to Bornouese.—The Touarick Bandit again.—First Encounter with the Giant Touarick.—Water of Ghadames unhealthy.—Manacles for Slaves.—Second Meeting with the Giant.—The Souafah, and Tuggurt.—Visit from the Giant.—Chapter in the Domestic History of Ghadames.—Serpents and Scorpions, the Banditti of The Desert.—Toys Prohibited.—The Wahabites.—How Moslems despise Jews.

3rd.—THE Ayed عيد, succeeding Ramadan, is ushered in with a cold morning, the first cold morning I have felt in The Desert. Might venture to put on my cloth pantaloons. Happy to feel this invigorating cold. This is the little âyed; the âyed kebir, or âyed Seedna Ibrahim, takes place two months hence, when every family, in imitation of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, kills or sacrifices a lamb. The caravan from Bornou reports the road to be good. It is added, rain has fallen in Ghat as well as in The Sahara, near Tunis and Tripoli, so that the oasis of Ghadames is the only dry spot, for no rain has yet fallen.

Had several visits from persons all dressed out in festival finery, amongst the rest the black dervish. He looked like a dusky Nigritian Sultan. Twenty paras he condescended to take from me, which added to his holiday happiness; sometimes he won't accept of money. Now comes Ben Mousa, my taleb, to pay his respects. Not, as amongst the great unwashed of London, do they shave for a penny and give a glass of —— (I shall not say what), in the bargain, here in Ghadames they shave for nothing. "How is this," I said to my turjeman who had now come in. "This is the custom of the country," he replied, "we always shave one another for friendship." There are several other little things done *gratuitously* in Ghadames, but shaving the head is the principal one[43]. He who has the sharpest razor is expected to do the most work. They cut and hack one another about most barbarously, some using no soap, only rubbing a little water over their heads. I have seen a score in a row, all sitting on the ground, waiting patiently their turn. Some shave the head every month, others allow several months to elapse. By way of diverting conversation, my taleb had the extreme kindness to tell me that the Touaricks of Aheer and Aghadez (not

those of Ghat) killed Christians and Jews on the principle of religion, and would refuse to compound matters, even if I gave them a thousand dollars. He, however, condescended to add, "They are *mahboul* (foolish)." He then went on to boast of the sanctity of this city, and said, "Our people are not afraid of the Sebâah and Shânbah, because they are a city of marabouts." The taleb had just come from a full divan of the people, where the Rais, on this festival morning, had been haranguing them and flattering their prejudices. "Be assured," said the Governor, "if the Bashaw knew that you were a holy city, *a city of dervishes*, a zaweea (or sanctuary), he would write to the Sultan at Constantinople, and the Sultan, hearing of this, would immediately give orders that no 6,000 mahboubs were to be exacted from you, but that, on the contrary, money from the Sultan would be sent to you, holy people." I wondered that a man of the Rais's sense could so commit himself. What would he have done if after the âyed, the people had brought a petition to him, addressed to the Sultan, setting forth that they were "*a city of marabouts*," and praying to have their tribute remitted? But the poor people are incapable of taking such an advantage. They were excited by their religious feelings, and believed all the Rais told them. It was certainly a fine compliment for the feast, to men in the situation of the people of Ghadames. And my informant added: "Ahmed Effendi in The Mountains is the rascal and the infidel, and does not tell the Pasha we are a nation of dervishes." Said told me a slave was brought up to day to be bastinadoed, but reprieved till to-morrow on account of the feast. Said's sympathy is always excited on these occasions, he remembers ancient days. On asking what he had done, he said, "The slave stole some dates because he

had nothing to eat." My taleb, occasionally rather free in tongue, took upon himself to call all Negroes *thieves*. I admonished him: "The poor slaves got little from this city of dervishes, now and then a little barley-meal, or lived almost altogether on a few dates. It was not surprising they stole to satisfy the cravings of hunger." Berka the liberated slave of Makouran, and Said's intimate friend, now came in, dressed up in his holiday clothes. He asked for Said. "He is gone to The Desert, run away, for he has broken our cooking-pot; see here are the pieces, here's the meat spoilt; what am I to do for dinner?" I added, "He ought to have a good beating." The poor old negro stared and looked really grieved. At last he muttered, "Why, Christian, that *breaking* comes from God, and not Said." "The truth," said the taleb laughing. Said now came in, having borrowed another pot, and Berka was comforted at the return of his friend. In The Desert, every accident of life is ascribed to an ever-present and all-superintending Divinity!

All people enjoy their festival or carnival, to-day. They follow the reckoning of Tripoli, but as the people saw the moon a day sooner there, a day of fasting is here saved. It is so fortunate not to see the moon too soon. The appointed Ramadan is twenty-nine or thirty days; ours is twenty-nine. However, rigid Moslems did not begin to eat to-day till noon, after the morning prayers, so delicately scrupulous are they. My taleb agrees with me, that the Arabs, who usually only eat in the evening, and don't smoke, experience but little inconvenience from the fast. Nothing particular took place to-day's âyed, except every one being dressed in his best clothes, and most of the youth having on something *new*. It is the same with the Jews of Mogador on the feast of

Passover. The Sanctuaries hoist the holy colours of their religion, beautiful vermilion, and yellow, and green; these are their holiest and most-loved colours. The slaves danced and sang all day long. I was present during the closing scene at night, which was curious. After their continuous and laborious dancing, they all suddenly stopped as if struck with paralysis, offered a prayer to Allah, and dispersed. Did not go out till evening, for if I had gone out at all in the day-time I must have dressed up, and I did not wish to appear a Guy Fawkes amongst the people, or excite their curiosity or prejudices on the day of a solemn festival. The Rais asked why I did not come in the morning, for this was a grand receiving-day, when all his particular friends and the heads of the people paid him visits. On telling him, he approved my reason, and said, "You, Yâcob, have *compass yaiser* (plenty of wit)."

4th.—To-day is half a feast, and full-grown men and aged men are amusing themselves with swinging, like so many boys. A dead aoudad was brought in from The Sahara, which the Touaricks had killed. These Touaricks are also bearers of a letter, written at Timbuctoo, which has come the round-about way of Soudan, announcing that the Sultan of Timbuctoo is dead. Sidi Mokhtar, a marabout, is appointed Governor of Timbuctoo by the new Sultan. The Sultan himself, after visiting Timbuctoo and making this appointment, retired to Jinnee, his royal residence. Sheikh El-Mokhtar has a good reputation; he is now occupied reorganizing his government. No other news. Met in the streets one of the Touaricks who came yesterday with fifteen camel-loads of senna. Asked him if Touaricks killed Christians. Surprised at this abrupt question, he asked, "*Why?*" I added, "If you are a good fellow I will go with you to

Ghat." Pleased at this confidence, he came home with me and took some coffee. A camel-load of senna now sells for seventeen mahboubs. He asked me what the Christians did with the senna, and would not believe it was all used for physic. Said Christians were not numerous enough to drink all they bought. There is a wady near Ghat covered with senna, during rain, but the greater portion of senna is brought from Aheer.

An instance of the way in which the Arabic language is used, and which makes some people think there are different dialects in this language, may be given in the terms denoting *Garden*. For garden, the Touaricks and people of Touat use جنّة, a word which frequently occurs in the Koran, conveying the highest and purest idea of garden, and which we usually translate "*paradise*." In Ghadamsee and Touarghee a corruption of this pure Arabic word is used for heaven, اجّن. The Tripoline and Tunisian Moors use the term سانية, and the people here قابة, for garden, but which is, rather, kitchen-garden. Now, all these words are good Arabic, and may be used indifferently, at least the two latter. In the New Testament translation, the Persian بستان is used, which I imagine is the Eastern term for garden generally, in opposition to the western سانية. *The Garden* in North Africa is very different from our ideas of a garden. Corn-fields, overshadowed with the palm, the olive, and a few other fruit-trees, is the species of plantation to which the term is usually applied. Certainly a few flowers are sometimes cultivated in these gardens of Africa, but this is the exception to the usage.

The Rais, who is a grave Turk, nevertheless unbended himself to-day, amusing himself in seeing the boys swing. The Moors sadly wanted me to join

their swinging, but I politely declined. They said, it was "*medicine*," meaning good for the health, everything conducive to health being called "*medicine*" by people in The Desert. Was gratified to see some sports amongst the people, for the men are always gloomy and reclining about the streets, brooding over their ruinous affairs, and the boys are little encouraged to healthful and innocent games. Up to this time, the only persons I have seen happy are the slaves, who dance and sing, and forget everything but the present moment. The swings are tied high up to the tallest date-palms, two or three persons swing together, and the sport is a little dangerous. Saw no other amusements during the âyed, except here and there drafts, played in the primitive way of making small holes in the sand for the squares.

During the expedition of the Duke d'Aumale to the south of Algeria, the Bey of Biskera, Mohammed-es-Sagheer ("little") murdered the small garrison of soldiers left behind, emptied the chest of what francs were in it, and went off to The Desert. He is now living tranquilly in the Jereed. The French made a demand to the Bey of Tunis to have him given up, but it seems His Highness had courage enough to resist it, alleging that he was a political refugee. Mohammed-es-Sagheer had married a French woman, and she ran away, or was taken by force, with him. She had borne him two children. The most extraordinary stories are current of this French woman. Though a low woman of one of the towns, she gives herself out as "the daughter of the Sultan of France!" She rides like a man, dresses like a man, smokes, and follows the Arabs in all their expeditions *against* the French. She has adopted the Mahometan religion, and is become a sort of priestess, or

Maraboutah. She promises the credulous Arabs that she will not only put her husband on the throne of Algeria, but even of France itself, and then all the world will become Mussulmans! The Moors say she can never leave The Desert because she has brought her husband two children.

Saw Rais in the evening, and had a sort of confidential conversation with him, and told him for the *first* time of my intention to proceed further in the interior. Of course, he had heard of it before from his servants. Nevertheless, he affected great surprise and sorrow. But, when I told him I might return in six months hence, he became more calm. He then persuaded me by all means to avoid the routes of the Touaricks, and proceed to Fezzan, thence to Bornou. Speaking of the Ghadamsee merchants and their friends and correspondents, Messrs. Silva, Labe, Shaloum, and Francovich, in Tripoli, he said, "Your merchants exchange products with the Ghadamseeah in the way of barter, and make a great deal of money, whilst the Ghadamseeah have no money left, none at all." He wondered, like the Touaricks, what the Christians do with all the senna. He expected the Shânbah, on the route of Ghat, in a few days' time. I observed, "People are all superbly dressed, and there was not much appearance of poverty." He smiled, and said, "The people are *sheytan* (very cunning), they lay up their new clothes, and only wear them on festivals." Speaking of slaves, his Excellency said, "There is now no profit on slaves. Government takes ten mahboubs duty on each. A good slave fetches 40,000 wadâ (cowries) in Soudan, usual price 30,000, and some as low as 15,000. A good slave sells in Ghadames for forty mahboubs." The Rais told me to take care of the vermin, and abused the filthiness of the people. If I

escape the Touaricks and the fevers as well as I escape the vermin, which abound on the clothes of all the people without exception, I shall consider myself fortunate. The inhabitants of Ghadames make no scruple in attacking the enemy in the public streets, which stick to them closer than their dearest friends. I attribute my escape to my being an infidel, for their orthodox l-i-c-e won't have anything to do with Kafers.

People look worse than during the Ramadan. Poor creatures, they have little to eat; they say they have nothing but barley-meal and dates to eat, for the Turks have taken away all their money. Some, however, as a luxury, which their relations and friends send them from Soudan, masticate *ghour*[44]-nuts, and which I believe is the *kolat*, or colat-nut of Caillié. The Arabs called these nuts the "*Coffee of Soudan*." Konja is a great place for the growth of the ghour, two or three months west of Kanou.

5th.—Weather gets colder every day. I was reflecting on the best situation for a Consul in Northern Sahara. The point would be Touat, the nucleus of many routes, the great highways of commerce in The Desert. From this point a British Consul could keep a sharp look-out on the French, moving southward.

A Mussulman doctor told me with great solemnity this morning, that five hundred years were necessary to go round the world. Two hundred years desert (كلع), or nothing, or containing—

> "(God's) *dark materials to create more worlds*."

Two hundred years of seas. Eighty years of Gog and Magog. Eighteen years of Soudan. And two years of

white people, including Christians and Mohammedans. There were countries full of Mussulmans which had not been visited by the Mussulmans of Turkey or Africa. They had been visited by one man only, Alexander the Great. Certainly the Moors read history *backwards*. On asking where this information was to be obtained, he said, "From the *Tăfseer* (Commentaries) of the Koran."

The Touaricks who have just arrived are men of very large stature, and as "straight as a dart." Several of them are full six feet high. Such men are alone produced in the Sahara! All the weak and the diseased soon die off, leaving behind only the robust. They walk about the streets with an air of consummate pride, with their huge broad swords swung at the back, and their lances in their hands, like "a tall pine."

An Arab, just arrived from Derge, brings intelligence that the Ghadamsee people who were in Tunis are returning home *viâ* Tripoli. These are mostly poor labourers, who go a few months to Tunis to amass a little capital, with which to trade afterwards. The Ghadamsee is constantly going on these journeys of profit and enterprize, either as merchant or labourer. His Desert home is the pulse of all his distant enterprises, whither he retires to end his days, dedicating the last hours of his existence to God. The Arab came from Derge, mounted on a good horse, in the short time of *thirteen hours*,—by camels it occupies two and two-and-a-half days! The Arab told me he killed, a few days ago, six ostriches near Derge. The oases of *Derge* consist of four little oases, or districts, viz., Derge (proper), Terghuddah, Madress, and Fiffelt, containing an Arab population

of 400 souls, a hardy and brave people. Water is plentiful, but there are no hot springs. A native told me, that invariably any stranger drinking this water, was attacked with fever. Generally these little oases are very unhealthy. Some assert that all who visit the oases are taken ill. Probably, like Mourzuk, they lay low, in a wady or hollowed plain. Date-trees are numerous, and bear good fruit. A fair quantity of wheat and ghusub is grown. Besides sheep, and goats, and fowls, there is a few camels. The people are occupied in the gardens, but too numerous for the oases; they are very poor, and obliged to emigrate. Derge is in the more eastern route of Zantan and Rujban; and when that of Seenawan, the western, is not safe, this, the longer route, is taken.

6th.—Slept badly during the night; restless about my journey. Determined now to take the Fezzan route. Weather very soft, with murky clouds.

Relating to my taleb, that, formerly, Mussulmans conquered Christians, but now, all the countries of the Mediterranean were fast falling back again into the hands of the Christians—such being the will of God, he consoled himself by replying: "That, in less than forty years will rise up one Abou Abdullah Mohammed El-Arbee El-Korashee El-Fatamee, (ابو عبد الله محمّد القرشي الفاطمي,) who will kill all the Christians, both of the new[45] and the old world; that this will be the golden age; all people will be Mussulmans, and all will be rich and powerful, enjoying the abundance of this world's good things; and the very dust of the earth, and the sand of the Sahara, will be turned into gold and silver: But, (the awful but!) that this will only last one generation, or *forty* years; for then will arise The Dajal! who, mounting upon an ass, will scour the earth in three

days, and kill and destroy all the Mussulmans, this Dajal being the Messiah of the Jews, who will all flock to his standard; and that then will appear Jesus, *the Son of Mary*[46], from the top of the mountains of the moon, after Dajal has reigned forty years, and slay this monster Messiah of the Jews. Now there will appear Gog and Magog, let loose from Jibel Kaf, in Khoristan, and the country of the Turks and Russians. And last of all will come the end, when the Wahabites will carry all the Jews into hell-fire on their backs." Such are the secret consolations of a good and orthodox Mussulman of The Sahara. A part of this monstrous fable has been related before, with some variations. The gist of the prophecy is, *the destruction of the Christians by another Arab Conqueror*. Here the now humbled follower of the Prophet finds his sweet revenge. The same revenge the more ignorant and fanatic of the Jews seek and cherish in the advent of their long-expected Messiah, who is to enable them to put their feet upon the necks of all people—all the nations of the earth. But the better class of Israelites are willing to believe that the Gentile nations may enjoy a portion of the blessings of Messiah's reign, and will not be effaced from the earth. Some pious Christians, who, failing to convert men to their peculiar views of revelation, anticipate the appearance quickly of a sort of *Buonaparte* Messiah, armed with similar attributes, who is to involve all infidel nations in seas of blood, and make the world a heap of Saharan desolation. Such views of Christianity have always been abhorrent to my feelings; and I have kept close to the fair and pacific pictures of Messiah's reign, so beautifully set forth by Pope:—

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds

shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand
extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from Heaven
descend.

The dumb shall sing—the lame his crutch
forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall
hear,
From every face He wipes off every tear.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare
end.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise,
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to
hear,
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's
feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take,
The crested basilisk and speckled snake.

Afternoon, went to see the slaves lately brought from Bornou. They were as much like merchandize as they could be, or human beings could be made to resemble it. They were entirely naked, with the exception of a strip of tanned skin tied round the

loins. All were nearly alike, as so many goods packed up of the same quality. They were very thin, and almost skeletons, about the age of from ten to fifteen years, with the round Bornouse features strongly marked upon their countenances. These slaves are the property of a Tibboo. I invited the Tibboo home to my house, to glean some information from him. The Tibboo bought the slaves on speculation in Bornou; he could now sell them at from forty to fifty dollars each. He had only six; the Touaricks had thirty-four. He came from Bornou to Ghat, thence to Ghadames. He had also some elephants' teeth. The Tibboo pressed me to buy his slaves; he had not yet found purchasers, though he had been here some days. The merchants have no money, or none to buy slaves. The Tibboo drank some tea with me, which he observed was better than *bouzah*, fermented grain liquor. The Tibboo was a young black, tall and slender, and of mild and not disagreeable features. There was nothing in him to denote that he was a common trafficker in human flesh and blood. He was not so much stamped with the negro features as his slaves; he was, indeed, as much of a gentleman as a Presbyterian slave-holder of the United States, patronized by Doctors Cunningham and Candlish, and admitted to the fellowship of Free Kirk Saints. The Tibboo was excessively curious about me, the Christian. He handled and turned over everything I had. Seeing my naked (white) arm, he exclaimed, "Whiter than the moon!" Said did not approve of my new acquaintance, and declared all the Tibboos rascals; and thinks he recollects that he was made a slave by the Tibboos. Said was very angry with me for giving the Tibboo tea—wouldn't make any more for him—I might make it myself. The Tibboo showed his sense of my attention, by giving me some trona,

which he says abounds in Bornou, and is called *konwa*. He champs it in its hard crystalline state, like children champing sugar-candy. He mixes it with his tobacco, and says it is pulverized and drank in solution for medicine at Bornou, like Epsom salts, producing the same effects.

Two people left to-day for Ghat, and two for Timbuctoo. The latter were the headmen of the large mercantile firm of Ettanee. It is the custom of Saharan merchants to send their headmen, and even slaves, to these distant countries, when circumstances prevent them going themselves.

My friend the Touatee, who unites in himself a blacksmith and a silversmith, was this evening employed in making ladies' ornaments for arms and legs. He was in the course of finishing a pair of anclets, weighing together about thirty-eight ounces. Each anclet would cost 20 dollars. They are for an Arab lady; but, of course, the husband invests his money in this way until he can find profitable employment for it, or becomes distressed. "Meanwhile," says the Touatee, "he has the kisses of his wife for the investment, and is happier than if he obtained a hundred per cent. for his outlay of silver." The old Touatee distinctly recollects Major Laing passing through Ghadames to Timbuctoo. The account he gives of him is:—"When in Ghadames the Rais (or Major) purchased something of every thing he could find in our city, as well as specimens of Soudan manufacture. He had with him *thirty-six bottles of wine*! which I counted. He was attacked by the Touaricks near Touat, and wounded in twenty places; but he cured his wounds, and then proceeded on and arrived safe at Timbuctoo, where he stopped some time. Afterwards he went to Sansandy, where

he was murdered." The unfortunate Major had no money in his possession when murdered, which greatly surprised the assassins, who murdered him merely for his money. People add, he wrote every thing in Timbuctoo, but did not stop long there. He was enticed to go away with a stranger, against the advice of the parties who conducted him to Timbuctoo. The stranger was a Saharan Arab. One of them is still living, Haj Kader, and left lately for Touat, who has the reputation of being a quiet and upright man. I did not hear of him until he was gone, otherwise I should have had some conversation with him about the Major. The other party died at Timbuctoo; he was called the *Marabout*, and seems to have been another Mohammed (my marabout.) In a letter of the Major, read to me by Colonel Warrington, his father-in-law, the Major charges his Marabout with having stolen his double-barrelled gun, and sent it on to Timbuctoo for sale before they arrived there. For this theft, and other bad conduct, old Yousef Bashaw made a formal complaint against the people of Ghadames, and mulcted them several thousand mahboubs. Mr. Gagliuffi heard a strange story about the Major; according to which, he was murdered near Touat, on his return, by the same Touarick who stopped him, and wounded him in twenty-six places, on his way thither, the Touarick alleging, that the Major was not a man but a devil, so he (the Touarick) was obliged to kill him. No authentic account now will ever be collected of Major Laing's death. That he was stopped a couple of days beyond Aghobly, in the oases of Touat, and there wounded, is certain; we have the Major's own account for it. He seems also to have remained a month at Timbuctoo, and wrote a full account of that mysterious city. He then, not being able to ascend or

trace the Niger *viâ* Jinnee, on account of the objections of the people, made a *détour* through The Desert, wishing to go to Senegambia, when, after four days' journey, he was stopped by a party of Arabs, and murdered. Some persist in saying, that Caillié found Major Laing's papers, and gave them as his *own* account of Timbuctoo. I should be sorry to attempt either to prove or contradict the charge. All the documents are in possession of the family of the late Colonel Warrington. We must suspend our opinion until they are published, which I trust will not be long.

Afterwards visited the Rais, who is, like myself, very fond of the Touatee. His Excellency had a bad headache, and his *major-domo* was hard at work rubbing his head with his hands. I laughed, but said nothing. The people are fond of manipulation, and shampooning (*Temras*). Whenever any one hurts himself by bruises or falls, the limb affected is rubbed and stretched, and stretched and rubbed, until the poor sufferer's limb is nearly severed from his body. Manipulation ought to have made the fourth mode of cure laid down by my marabout, after burning, blood-letting, and talismanic writing. However, I believe manipulation, aided by the bath, frequently effects important cures. Some Moors indeed, consider this the sovereign remedy for every hurt and disease. Found the Touatee again with the Rais. He amused us both by giving his opinion about the *inexhaustible* supply of slaves furnished by Nigritia. "All other countries," said he, "die and become depopulated. It is now ten thousand years we go to buy slaves in Soudan. The oftener we go there the more we find. In that country the men are all night long begetting children, and the women all the morning bringing them forth. This is the reason

the supply of slaves never becomes exhausted."

7th.—Said has just come in and told me I must not eat many of the dates of this country, for they have killed some of the soldiers, and will kill me. Dates may, indeed, injure the poor soldiers, who have nothing else to eat. One died yesterday. I asked his comrades what he died of, who replied, "*Hunger*." It is a disgrace to the Government of Tripoli to keep these wretched Arabs without any thing to eat. Why not let them go to their native mountain homes; for there, though they may pine away and die in the caverns of the Atlas, they will nevertheless give up the ghost in the arms of friends and relations—joining misery to misery, where the miserable may comfort the miserable. But, here, amidst the rude buffs of strangers, it is cruel to let them die like dogs.

The Tibboo called this morning. Merchants have offered him only 35 mahboubs each for his slaves; he asks from 40 to 50. He says, the Americans, or people nearly as white as I am, ascend the Niger as far as Noufee, for the purchase of slaves. Bornou and the surrounding countries are now in peace, and make no slaves by war. The Tibboo bought his slaves of persons who kidnapped them during the night. To observe, that although the Tibboos, if this merchant be a fair representation of them, have not such extended nostrils as the Bornouse, and such thick projecting lips, yet they are much darker than the Bornouse. Indeed, the Bornouse are of a lighter, *fairer* complexion than any of the Negroes I have yet seen, those of Soudan and Timbuctoo being of a much darker shade, and some quite black. The Bornouse has a round, chubby, smiling face; the Tibboo, a long, grave, intellectual face. The old Touarick bandit called to-day, with other Touaricks,

and asked how much I would give for a *live aoudad*. Told him from 6 to 8 mahboubs. He said they're going to hunt them next month. This retired cut-throat gave himself a good character, and the Touaricks generally. "Trust us, don't be afraid of the Touaricks, upon our heads (*raising his sword to his head*,) we'll protect you!" Then stepped in an old friend and lover of the mysteries of geography. These are some of his questions:—"Where is the sea by which the Christians go to Soudan? Where is Mount Kaf, that girdles the earth with brass and iron? Where are Gog and Magog, which is Muskou (*Russia*), the monster which eats up the *Moumeneen* (*faithful Mohammedans*)?" &c. Went out and saw for the first time the Giant Touarick. The huge fellow must be 6 feet 9 inches. His limbs were like the trunks of the palm, and he walked with a step as firm as a rock; whilst his voice was a gruff growl like distant thunder. Compare this noble, though monstrous, specimen of a man, the product of the wild uncongenial Sahara, to the little ricketty, squeaking, vivacious wretch of the kindly clime of Italy, "the garden of Europe," and be amazed at the ways in which works Providence! As soon as the giant saw me, he bellowed out, "Salam aleikom!" which far resounded through the dark winding streets. He now strode by without stopping to speak or to look at me, his head and turban nearly reaching the roof of the streets, and his big sword, swinging from his back, extended crosswise, scraping the mortar from both sides of the walls. His iron spear, as large as an ordinary iron gas-light post, was carried in his firm fist horizontally, to prevent its catching the roof of the covered streets. The giant is one of the chiefs of a powerful tribe of Ghat Touaricks, of whom the aged Berka is the reigning

Sheikh. The giant is quite at home here and possesses some forty or fifty camels, with which he conveys the goods of the merchants between this city and that of Ghat.

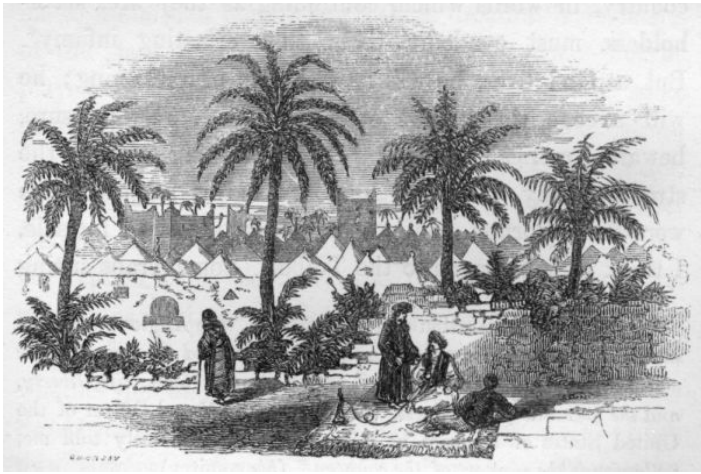
After several trials of changing food, find I am greatly relaxed, and am convinced it must be the water. This, however, is the opinion of every stranger who visits Ghadames. Last evening the Rais said, "The water here is bad. Look at the people of Ghadames, they have no colour in their cheeks. What a miserable wretch am I! When I first came, I had the colour of the rose; now I am become like these yellow men: as for my poor horse, he eats quantities of barley every day, and is still very thin. It's the bad water. We have a proverb in Turkey, 'Good water makes good horses, and bad water bad horses.'" I observed, the dates and water together made the soldiers ill. He replied, "I have written several times to the Pasha to return, it is impossible for me to enjoy good health here. His Highness still refuses to allow me, saying, he can get no one to fill my post so well, but I hope to return in a few months." I am inclined to think now that Ghadames is not salubrious, although, thank God, I enjoy pretty good health. Strangers, however, require to be acclimated. A great controversy is now being carried on amongst the medical men of Algeria, respecting *acclimating*; some alleging that a man can bear the climate of a country when he is quite new or fresh in it, much better than after a long residence. According to the anti-acclimaters, the longer residence in a country only weakens the force necessary to support a person against the fever and bad influences of a foreign climate.

Accosted one of my merchant acquaintances, playing

with some iron manacles and fetters for the legs. It did not strike me at first what they were: at last, he says to me, "These are for slaves, each has a pair of them, to prevent them from escaping when travelling through The Desert." A painful shuddering came over me to see a man playing with these dreadful instruments of the slavery and torture of his fellow men. Yet he played with them as his rosary of beads, or some simple toy! . . . . . Another merchant came up to him, and observed, "The irons for the neck are better, as these may break." After a pause, I asked my acquaintance where these irons for the legs were made? He replied, "In Soudan; the people there have iron mountains, and they make these irons for slaves in that country." I asked him then how much they cost, and whether he would sell them. They were not for sale. So Africa enslaves herself! forges the very chains of her own slavery. Cruel, heartless Europe! Thou that knowest better, encouragest the wretched African to create his own misery; to dig from his dark purple mountains the very iron fetters of his own slavery! Take care that slavery does not surprise thee in an hour when thou thinkest not, though thou art never so wise, never so free! Another Corsican tyrant may come and bind thee down anew in the chains of slavery. . . . . Making inquiries of the Moors about these fetters, they said, (wishing to smooth down the matter, seeing it was disagreeable to me), "Only those who seek to escape are chained." This, indeed, afterwards I found was the case. "Some," they added, "have irons on their necks, and others irons on their legs." Alas! poor people, what have they done to be thus ironed? or what right have others to iron them? Has God said "*Thou shalt iron thy brother and make him a slave*?" "Yes!" say the free republicans of America, who, for being taxed for half

an ounce of tea, proclaimed their *freedom* and independence of the *tyranny* of the parent country, in words which, continuing as they are, slave-holders, must condemn them to everlasting infamy[47]. But, as God lives, he will have a day of reckoning; he will avenge the wrongs of Africa! . . . . . Be sure, beware America! . . . . . Whilst walking through the streets to-day, in a bad humour on this subject, there were three Bornou youths, nearly naked, offered for sale, I think they belonged to the Tibboo. Some Arabs sitting near, asked me to buy. I replied, indignantly, "If I buy, my Sultan will hang me up, and you too." They stared at one another, and muttered something like a curse upon me.

I here find several reasons in the journal for my not proceeding by the route of Fezzan and Bornou, but it is unnecessary to give them. It is easy to write out a long list of *pro* and *con* reasons. Whilst writing these, the Tibboo comes in and brings a sick slave. He complains the merchants will not buy his slaves. Give the dropsical slave medicine. Ask him whether he ironed his slaves *en route* over The Desert. He answers, "No." I am bound to believe him, for though a slave-dealer, he appears an honest man.



8th.—O God of the morning! what a fine sight are these lofty umbrageous palms, with the soft serene morning sky, and the sun just rising above the clear illumined horizon, colouring and setting off the heavens around. How still, how voiceless is The Desert! The early morn now begins to be pleasant as the autumnal morn of old England. It is indeed, the —

"Sweet hour of prime."

After breakfast visited the quarter of Ben Weleed. Saw the giant Touarick stretching his unwieldy length upon a stone-bench. At sight of me, he aroused himself, and raising his head upon his huge arm, growled out to the people near him, to show them his zeal for their common religion, "Tell the Christian to say, '*There is only one God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God.*'" No one took any notice of the stern command. After a moment, the conversation was continued on other subjects, and the giant fell back again to sleep. I asked an acquaintance of mine, how long he would sleep? He told me that whenever

the Sheikh comes here, he usually sleeps three days before he goes round to see his friends, or begins to transact business, during which time he occasionally opens his eyes,—and his mouth, for his slaves to feed him.

Heard some Souafah, Arabs of Souf, had purchased the slaves lately come from Bornou, to sell them in Algeria, there being no market in Tunis on account of the abolition of slavery. Rais sent for me and asked me if I had any money left. I thought his Excellency wanted to lend me some, by putting the question. His Excellency then said he was in want of money. I lent him a hundred Tunisian piastres—all the money I had in the world, with the exception of seventeen in my pocket. Afterwards I dined with the Rais, and he persuaded me to return to The Mountains, *en route* for Fezzan. It is reported, the Touaricks have gone out to meet the Shânbah. I tell the Governor, as well as the people, whenever they begin to exaggerate or declaim upon the dangers of travelling in The Desert "*Rubbee, mout wahad* (God! death is but once)." This has usually the effect of stopping their mouths. Were I not to adopt this Moslemite style of address and reply, I should be worried out of my life with the exaggerations of the dangers of The Desert.

A small caravan has arrived from Souf, bringing the news of the departure of the Shânbah from Warklah for Ghat. The Souafah also bring news of interest from their own country. They are threatened with an invasion of the people of Tugurt. Twelve hundred men of Souf have returned from Tunis to their own country, in expectation of a combined attack of the Tugurt people and the French, for the Tugurt people have given out that the French, their new allies, will

help them. They boast that they must now go and destroy all the Souafah. The object is to revenge an old grudge, for formerly the people of Souf and Tugurt fought a pitch battle, and the latter were worsted. There is no French governor in Tugurt, but the tribute is regularly paid to the authorities of Constantina. One of the Souafah came to me much excited. I told him that it was not likely the French would encourage this war of revenge, and I understood the principle of the French to be, "to occupy only the countries which before paid tribute to the Dey of Algiers." He observed he understood that to be the rule. But if the Souafah attack Tugurt, the French will probably defend it as a part of their territory.

9th.—The morning is cool and cloudy; a few drops of rain fell soon after sunrise, still it holds up. Amused in finding the Ghadamsee word for *father* was the same as *dad* or *dady*, which is written دادا *dada*. This morning the giant Touarick honoured me with a visit; he had enough to do to get through the doors of my house with his pine-tree spear. He behaved extremely well. I gave him sixty paras to buy tobacco. He begged for a whole piastre, but thinking he would be a customer of this sort again, I thought it prudent to begin with a little. His giantship swore by all the powers terrestrial and celestial, that he would escort me from Ghadames to Kanou in perfect safety. I evaded the question by observing, (what the Rais had often told me) "The Rais says the Touaricks will cut my throat." The giant roared, "*Kitheb*, kitheb, kitheb, (a lie! a lie! a lie!)"—and went off furiously threatening wrath against the Turks. Afterwards I heard of a complaint which the giant made against me, saying I had given him this morning a karoob short of the half piastre. I was greatly amused at the

giant's keen observance of this defalcation of my generosity.

The Ghadamseeah literally carry out the injunction, "Take no thought for the morrow," which will be illustrated in the following conversation.

"What do you do for the poor in your country?"

"In England, the poor are not allowed to beg in the streets, but are provided with food and clothing in a house built on purpose for them when they can no longer work."

"We have no houses for the poor in Ghadames."

"How then do the poor live?"

"By begging."

"And if the people give them nothing?"

"It is destined *they must die*."

However, in one part of the oasis there are some large gardens which belong to the poor, who are allowed to eat the dates and cultivate patches of the gardens. I think also the Sanctuaries sometimes give alms in the way of the ancient monasteries. These are miserable and precarious resources. Nevertheless, before the Turks so fleeced the inhabitants, I question if there were any poor person ever likely to die of starvation, for the rich members of families provide for the poor, and rich friends for poor friends, and each faction for the poor of the faction, although no poor-rates are levied. Indeed, like the Society of Friends, all took care of their own poor relations and connections.

I shall now give the reader a chapter of the domestic

history of Ghadames, referring to one of the principal families. Most of the rich merchants of this city have two and some of them three wives. My venerable friend, the Sheikh Makouran, came in possession of one of his present young wives in the following romantic way. (His wives by whom he had his children are long ago dead.) A friend of the Sheikh's died and left a young and beautiful widow, whose wit and grace was the theme of all the city, for such things are esteemed also here. The eldest son of the Sheikh immediately set his heart upon the possession of this beauty, but unfortunately he did not communicate his intentions to the disconsolate lady, who remained in ignorance of his attachment. Meanwhile, El-Besheer, as a party in the firm of his father, purchased the house over the widow's head and made everything ready for the future wedding, and then took a journey of business to Touat, intending on his return to send some old lady, which is mostly the practice, with his message of love and marriage to the widowed solitary. Perhaps he thought the widow could not fail to discover his intentions in what he had already done, mostly preliminary to marriage. But we often imagine others are thinking about us when we are never in their thoughts. So he left for twenty days' journey through The Desert, with all these hopes and fears crowding about him. On his return, to his consternation, he found his old father, of some seventy years of age, had got possession of the young blooming widow, the object he had so fondly cherished on his weary way over the solitudes of The Sahara! But like the doomed Pasha, who receives the imperial order of his decapitation from the hand of the executioner, and kisses it and then bows his head to the stroke, so the young merchant, full of filial veneration for his

aged sire, submitted silently and without a murmur to this cruel decree of heaven. It is said of the lady that she pines and mourns out her life for the son. She was kept in profound ignorance of his love until she found herself in the withered, cold, and shrunken arms of the father. She accepted the father to keep a house over her head. Alas! poor woman, whether sold at Paris or London in a marriage of *convenance*, or in The Desert, she is always the victim of man's galling tyranny.

The Ghadamseeah are a strictly religious people. One of my best friends would not allow me to touch a religious book of his, concerning the future world, alleging it was *haram* ("prohibited"). A young rogue of a Touarick now came in and asked me impudently, whether I knew God and prayed? He added, "Say Mahomet is the prophet of God." As several aged men were present I made no answer. These people believe that there can be no more question of believing in Mahomet than in the sun when shining in its full strength, and are astonished that I who read and write Arabic don't know better. One said, "You are afraid of scorpions, believe in Mahomet and they will do you no harm." I could not help thinking of the parallel, for all Oriental phraseology is so much alike:—

هاهوذا اعطيتكم سلطا نا لتدوسا الحيات والعقارب
Luke x. 21.

"Serpents and scorpions" have a peculiar application to The Desert. There are still more dangerous animals in The Desert, and I have heard the epithet of "a race of vipers," applied to the Shânbah banditti. This morning the people showed me a wooden figure of a fiddler, placed on a box, in which was inserted a

handle, turning round and making a squeaking noise. None of them could understand what it was. A boy was playing with it as a toy. They told me, as news, "This came from the country of the Christians; it ought not to have been made, it is *haram*." All toys of men and animals are considered by these rigid Moslems as so many violations of the commandment "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image."

According to my turjeman there are many *Wahabites* in this neighbourhood. Besides Jerbah and its mountains, many Wahabites are found in the Tripoline districts of Nalout, Kabou, Fessatou, Temzeen and Keklah. The Ghadamsee people detest them and say; "The Wahabites will be the carriers of the Jews to hell-fire in the next world." The Wahabites assert, there are five orthodox sects, of which they form the fifth, and hate cordially the other four. Wahabites have great difficulty in eating with other Mussulmans, and some refuse absolutely to eat with other than their own sect. Wahabites are very numerous in the oasis of Mezab, belonging to Algeria, which is confirmed by the Morocco marabout *El Aïachi*, who made his pilgrimage to Mecca in 1661. The Wahabites of Jerbah are subdivided in the *Abadeeah*, or *The Whites*, who wear a *white* scull-cap, in contradistinction from those who wear *red* caps, like most Mussulmans of the coast. Generally the Wahabites differ from other Mohammedans as to the observance of the *five* daily prayers. They also require that, in the observance of the Ramadan, a person should purify and wash himself at the hour of the day in which the fast may begin. The sub-sect of Abadites will neither eat nor drink from the same vessel with any other sects. Wahabites in general will not weigh or touch

weights, for fear of doing wrong. Other persons do weighing for them, they looking on, like the Jews who will not touch the candle on their Sabbath, and get Mussulman or Christian servants to snuff a candle or trim a lamp for them. It seems what is a sin in them, may or may not be a sin in others.

My turjeman is surprised we Christians receive the books of the Jews as sacred and inspired, and so are many other people. They are quite astonished when I tell them that Christians esteem the Scriptures of the Jews equally divine with their own. They have a confused notion that the whole of the Jewish Scriptures consist of the five books of Moses, which they call the *Torat*, and the Psalms of David. Some of them say Abraham was not a Jew. I explain to them, that the Christians give a different interpretation to the Jewish Scriptures from the Jews themselves, and believe "the Son of Mary" to be the Messiah of the Jews and all the world. They hardly believe me; and say, "The Jews are corrupt and their books corrupt." When I told them one day before the Rais that we had had Jews in India, they flatly replied it was a lie, for said they, "It is impossible for such a miserable being as a Jew to be a soldier."

Footnotes:

[43] Shaving off the hair from different parts of the body is a species of religious rite. The barber in North Africa is highly esteemed. One of the antiquities in Kairwan (Tunis) is the tomb of Mahomet's barber. This city is also the *third* holy city of the Moslemite world, on account of this important personage being buried there.

[44] Ghour, قور, *Sterculia acuminata*, Pal. de

Beauv.

[45] He did not know there was a *new* world before I told him.

[46] The Moors always add to عيسي, (Jesus,) *the son of Mary*, to distinguish The Saviour from others of the same name, one of whom is Jesus, a marabout, the founder of the Brotherhood of Snakecharmers.

[47] In their "Declaration of Independence," the Anglo-Americans say—"*All men are created equal*," and "*endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights*;" and "*amongst these, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*." I once met a Naval Officer of the United States of America at Gibraltar, who graciously told me, "*Slavery is the support of the country*," (*his* country).

CHAPTER X.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN GHADAMES.

Celebration of Marriage.—Native Feast of the Slaves.—Study of the Negro Languages.—Visit to the Ancient Watch-Tower.—Arrival of an Algerian Spy.—Visit to Sidi Mâbed.—Continued Oppression of the Ghadamsee People by the Turks.—The Ancient Sheikh Ali.—Finances of Algeria.—Bastinading a truant School-Boy.—Ceuta sold by the Mahommedans to the Spaniards for a Loaf of Bread.—The *Parakleit* of the New Testament the promised Prophet Mahomet.—Tricks of

the Algerian Dervish-Spy.—Learn to crack Jokes in Arabic.—The sustaining force of Camels' Milk as Food.—Depreciation of Women by the Moors.

10th.—A BEAUTIFUL morning, and cool. I saw with some surprise a very fine red butterfly, also a small flight of good-sized birds passing over the gardens.

This morning there was a grand gormandizing of bazeen[48], in celebration of the nuptials of the two daughters of my taleb. The feast was given by the fathers of the young men. Nearly the whole of the male population of the *Ben Wezeet*, besides strangers and the Arab soldiers, went to dig, and dip, and dive into the huge bowl of bazeen, some three or four hundred adults, besides boys. The house was small, and parties entering together were limited to twenty. However, as the object is merely to compliment the new married people and their parents, after they had swallowed half a dozen mouthsful, they immediately retired and left the coast clear for the rest, and thus the ceremony was soon got through. There was an exception in the case of the soldiers, whose hungry stomachs found the bazeen so good that they stuck fast to the bowl, and were obliged to receive the Irish hint of being pulled away by main force before they would relinquish their tenacious grasp. My taleb, as a matter of course, called upon me to go to the festa. I found the festive hall to be a smallish oblong room, the walls of which were garnished with a number of little looking-glasses, polished brass basons, and various other small matters, including little baskets made of palm-branches. The floor was covered with matting and a few showy carpets, and one or two

ottomans were arranged for seats. In the centre of the room was placed an enormous wooden dish, full of bazeen, or thick boiled pudding, made of barley-meal, with olive-oil, and sauce of pounded dates poured upon it. Every person ate with his hands, rolling the pudding into balls, and dipping the balls into oil and date-sauce. A great piece of carpetting was laid round the bowl, to be used as a napkin to wipe the hands and mouth. The wooden dish or bowl might have been three feet in diameter, and was replenished as fast as emptied with masses of boiled dough, oil, and date-sauce. There was suspended over it, two or three feet above, a wicker roof, to prevent the dirt from falling into it when the people stood up all around and wiped their hands. The visitors squatted down together, encircling the bowl, in numbers of about eight or ten. An Arab, who had a lump given him in a corner, like a dog, found fault with it and returned it, saying, "It is not enough." This, of course, was delicate, but another lump was given him, for which also he growled dissatisfaction. This *feeding* of bazeen was the fullest extent of the good things of the feast. Some of the more respectable merchants went in and out without tasting the bazeen, merely paying the compliment to their friends. I asked an acquaintance how much he thought a feast of this sort cost. He replied, "About twenty dollars, but it is not the value of the materials of the feast, but the custom, which is esteemed." Not one of the Ben Weleed were present, but all the Wezeet deemed it their duty to attend the feast. The marriage feast is some eight days after the marriage. Last night there was a little firing of matchlocks. After marriage, the bridegroom cannot mix with his acquaintances for two or three weeks. It is a sort of decamping after marriage, as if the parties had done

something of which they were ashamed, like in travelling honey-moons amongst ourselves. But at certain hours of the day the bridegroom may be seen gliding about like a spectre in the dark streets, alone and with noiseless tread. He usually is dressed in gayest colours of blue and scarlet, with a fine long stave of brass, or a bright iron spear in his hand. When he is met by any one he instantly vanishes: he does not utter a syllable, and no person attempts to speak to him.

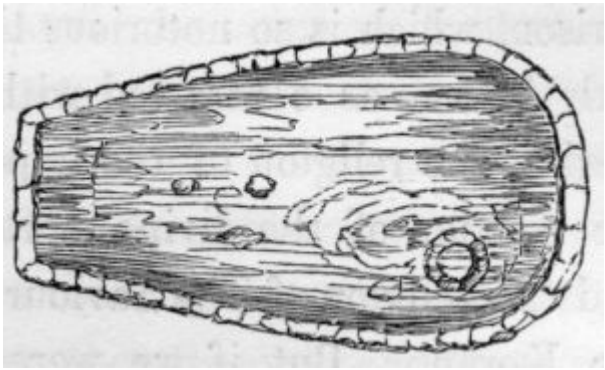
This afternoon and evening was also a *native* feast of the slaves. They first danced and sung in the market-place. Afterwards they visited the *tombs*, and prayed to their dead relatives, propitiating their manes, and "to be restored to them and liberty at their death." The women carried chafing-dishes in their hands, on which burnt fragrantly the incense of *bekhour*. The pride of men perpetuate their distinctions beyond life to the land of the dead, where one would think the ashes of the human body should be allowed freely to return to the essential elements of our common mother, Earth. So slaves have their place of burial, and must not commingle their bones with those of freemen. From the grave-yard and its sadness, the slaves proceeded to a garden, alotted to them, where they danced, and sung, and forgot their slavery. Besides dancing and singing, the slaves occasionally fired off matchlocks, which they had borrowed from their masters or friends, and of which they are most immoderately fond. The high military chivalry of Europe, and France, who calls herself *mère de l'épée*, are well matched by the savage tribes and slaves of enslaved Africa, who all delight in the slash and cut of the sword, and the banging noise of the gun. The negresses sat apart, as usual, occasionally raising their shrill *loo-looings*, which they have well learnt

from their Moorish mistresses. They were very gaily attired, some with their arms covered with bracelets and armlets, six or seven pairs of very broad tin or silver hoops being fitted on or encircling one single arm; so that the arms of some of these sable beauties were an entire mass of metal. The party mustered about a hundred, and the Tibboo stranger was here, attracted by the colour of skin and native associations. Several people went from the city to see the slaves' festival—I amongst the rest. It would be great injustice if I were not to add, that the Moorish inhabitants of Ghadames ordinarily treat their slaves well; they have a good deal of leisure, if not liberty; and their lot, as compared with the slaves of the cotton and sugar plantations of Christians, *is liberty itself*,—so differently do religions affect, or not affect at all, the morality of the people who profess them. To judge from this obvious case of comparison, which is so notorious through all The East and North Africa, as contrasted with the Christian States of America, the religion of the impostor of Mecca should be the religion of the divine morals of the New Testament, and the religion of The Saviour be the corrupt morals of the Koran. But if we were to judge of a religion and its morals from those who profess it, our ideas would soon get into confusion, and we should fall into the most deplorable errors.

Began to-day to acquire a few words of the Nigritian languages. People are such geese, that when I learnt half-a-dozen words of what some call the "*black*" language, they thought me a prodigy. The Housa is the best and most frequently spoken language here of the Nigritian tongues. A New Testament, translated into this language, would or could be read by a third of the tribes of Central Africa. Asking my negro master what *I* was, he replied, "*Kerdee*," which means

kafer ("infidel") in Bornou, the negro mistaking my individual self for the pronoun *I*, which is *oomah*. I laughed heartily at the fellow's impudence.

This afternoon, visited the ancient tower, about half a mile distant, westwards, from the walls of Ghadames. My turjeman, who was *cicerone*, informed me that the tower was built by the Christians, and was a watch-tower to give alarm to the city in case of an attack from banditti or other enemies. There is another like it in the mountains to the north-west, where are also scattered some old masonry of other buildings. We mounted the top of the tower, and found a hollowed space at the top, of this shape—



twenty feet long, eight broad, and about five deep. It was evidently a cistern or tank for the troops, for we saw a hole at the broad end, from which the water ran out. The tower itself was about forty feet in diameter. How high it had been, we could not now tell; but the cistern is placed nearly at the top of what remains of the tower. Probably the water ran down into the lower rooms. From the tops of the ruins there was a commanding view of the oasis, and the surrounding Desert. On our way we passed a very deep, dry well, and the wall-remains of several

ancient gardens. The turjeman says the water of Ghadames diminishes, and was formerly much more abundant.

11th.—This morning cooler than any yet. My eyes are now nearly restored from the attack of ophthalmia which I had in Tripoli; they open always with a little pain in the morning. It is frightful to observe how many people here have their eyes injured. A poor camel-driver said to me, "Alas! since I went that road to Ghat, I have been nearly blind. The sand and rock were too bright for them."

An Algerine Arab arrived with those of Souf, a species of vagrant marabout, bringing with him all the lax liberal ideas of French Mussulmans. I thought at first he had been sent as a spy, to see what I myself was doing at Ghadames. The pious Ghadamseeah were confounded at his discourses, as he held forth in the streets. He was very clever and facetious, now and then affecting the saint—now the reformer. When he was gone, I asked the people what they thought of him. They replied, "He's spoilt —he's a *French* Mussulman—he'll soon be an infidel." Others said, "He's mad." This stranger brings the news that all is peace in Algeria. One of the people asked him, "Whether it was really true that the French had got so far into the interior as Constantine?" The Algerine says also, Abdel-Kader is escaped to The Desert. The Emir had been at war with the French during the summer. My taleb, speaking of the French, observed, "Buonaparte had no father." I endeavoured in vain to persuade him to the contrary; and pressing him to tell me under whose influence he was begotten, he at last said, "You think I'm a fool, but his father was one of the Jenoun ("demons")." This is rather a good ancestry,

for the Jenoun are, on the whole, a harmless, pleasant sort of people, a disposition which the war-loving tyrant Corsican rarely showed.

12th.—Rose earlier than usual, before sunrise, in order to go to the marabet[49] of Sidi-Mâbed—سيدي مَعّبد. My turjeman had married his wife from this place, and therefore accompanied me. He said, "I married one of the daughters of the Saint, and his blood runs in the veins of my children." In all The Desert we find this aristocracy of the gentle blood of the Saints. Sidi-Mâbed is two miles and a half from Ghadames due west. It is situate upon the slope of a small valley, which might formerly have been the bed of a river. To look at this speck of an oasis, its appearance is not unlike that of Seenawan. Around, and near the little village, which may consist of some fifteen very lowly dwellings, is a cluster of palms, and further on are two or three single ones, scattered over the sloping valley. At the furthest distance are some patches of cultivation, the water running gurgling down to them. The gardens are of the same character as those of Ghadames. The inhabitants consist of some seventy souls, all the descendants of one man, the famous saint who has given his name to the village. But according to the account of his sons, his offspring has not increased very fast, for it is several hundred years,—even 900 say they—since His Maraboutship flourished. Some place him as far back as the Flood. It is said that Nimroud did not place his iron hoof on this sacred spot. The daughters of the Saint marry away, only the sons remain in the oasis, and some of these emigrate, which accounts for the smallness of the Saint's offspring.

The children of this Saint, like many a saint himself, are very ignorant, and only one of them pretends to

read and write, and to-day he was unfortunately not in the oasis. Those with whom I conversed were simple rude peasants, but polite in their manners, with countenances speaking a serenity of soul and happiness of disposition, not common to the inhabitants of the Saharan regions. They told me their village was *Zaweea* ("a sanctuary"), and was recorded in the sacred archives of Constantinople as one of the most renowned places in the countries of the Prophet. It is, at any rate, one of the most venerated sanctuaries in the Sahara, and receives pious offerings from all. Amidst wars and tumults, and the depredations of banditti without and around, it remains secure and inviolate and inviolable. This has been its happy destiny through ages, and the villagers, poor and ignorant as they are, may be proud of their sacred unpolluted home. We have here a remarkable instance of the triumph of religious principle over brute force. The people of Ghadames make continual pilgrimages to the shrine of the Saint. The villagers brought our party dates, and all the women and children came out to look at me; the same jealous feelings do not exist amongst these unsuspecting untutored people as in Ghadames and other Desert cities. A happy thought occurred to me before I came away in the morning, of bringing them some wedding-cakes and sweets which had been sent to me: these I brought, with several loaves of bread. They received them very gratefully, dividing them among the whole population of seventy people, a morsel for each. They have no wheaten bread here; they live not on the "fat of the land," as the Christian poverty-vowing monks of our own and past times. These Desert saints are content with a scanty supply of barley-meal, a little olive-oil, and a few dates. I had been told they did not approve of holding *Ben-*

Adam as slaves, and was greatly disappointed to hear a reply from one of them, "If we had money we would have slaves; we have no slaves, because we have no money." By the way, the poverty of North Africa and The Sahara is one of the principal causes of the few domestic slaves now kept, in comparison with former times.

When we had been in the village a few minutes, an Arab soldier came hastily after us. He was sent by the Rais, who was frightened out of his wits, his Excellency giving out, that I should be attacked by banditti. His Excellency said, on my return, "*Why, why?* (apparently displeased, many people being with him,) whenever you go out, come to me, and I will give you an armed Arab soldier." He added; "You and I will go and see the Zaweea on horseback." The fact is, some of the people were jealous of a Christian going to their sacred village, and considered it a pollution, and the Rais was obliged to make a show of opposition and displeasure. The children of the Saint manifested none of these exclusive jealous feelings, and were happy to see me. In the course of an hour, though my turjeman and myself came off early and secretly, it was known all over the city the Christian had gone to the sanctuary, and the more bigoted were not a little excited. In the village, although everything has the appearance of the most abject poverty, all is bright and clean. The tomb of the Saint remains, but is concealed from the world, enveloped in profound mystery, suitable to the exciting of superstitious feelings. In the gardens were many pretty butterflies. I noticed a single cotton-tree, and gathered two or three ripe pods; the tree looked unhealthy and was very dwarfish. The Sahara is not the place for cotton growing; formerly, however, cotton was grown at Carthage, the Jereed, and other

parts of North Africa. Sir Thomas Reade has lately tried cotton-growing on the lands of Carthage, but not succeeded very well. We went to see the date-trees, and seeing one a mere bush, without a trunk, I said; "How long has that been so, will it ever bear dates?" A son of the Saint said; "That tree has been there as long as I can remember. It was always so. Date-trees are like mankind, some are tall, some are dwarfish, some fat, some lean, some bear fruit and others are barren. The root descends into the earth as low as the length of a man. God created this place and gave us this garden. We and our children shall keep it until the Judgment-day! From this garden we shall ascend to that of paradise, where we shall have dates always ripe and ready for eating, for every tree is large and fruitful there. And no man dare touch these trees without our permission, not even the Rais or the Bashaw. We pay nothing to any man; all cast before us their offerings. But we have little because we want little. Such is the will of God." Here then is the abode of inviolate sanctity! here sits the protecting genius of Ghadames, like a pelican in the wilderness! I observed again to-day the burnt volcanic stones scattered over The Desert. They were of all colours, yellow, black, brown, and red, like so many brick-bats. These stones scattered for miles around, together with the hot-spring of the city, and many of the low dull Saharan hills, like so many heaps of scoriæ and lava, give apparently a volcanic origin to all these regions, or render such a supposition probable.

In full Divan it was decided this morning to clear out a little the hot-spring and its ducts running to the gardens, in order to give the flow of water more room. Some old people say their fathers cleaned it out, and the water ran more abundantly; the deeper

their fathers dug the well, the more the water gushed out. Others are opposed to the innovation, opposed to all change, being the good old Tories of the Saharan city. All the people are to go in a few days and set to work at this cleaning, that means their slaves. Went to see this evening a sick Touarick, out of town in his tent, and gave him some medicine; but shall be obliged to leave off distributing soon, for the most useful medicines are nearly all finished.

13th.—Weather becomes daily cooler. Get tired of writing, and wish to be off in The Desert. A courier from The Mountains has arrived, bringing a note from Ahmed Effendi, who says, "The people of Ghadames have no occasion to send a deputation to Tripoli. They must pay the extraordinary demand of 3,000 mahboubs at once, without farther dispute or delay." People are in consternation; they all say they've no more money. My taleb assures me he was obliged to sell two of his shirts to make up the last amount of the regular tax. What is to be done for extraordinary demands? The fortifications of *Emjessem* are to be immediately rebuilt. The mud and salt walls are to be destroyed, and new ones of stone and lime are to replace them. Rais showed me the plan of the fonduk, which was nearly executed. This looks like perseverance on the part of the Turks, and shows their determination to keep open the communication between this and Tripoli. The fonduk, or caravanseria, will be eighty feet long and thirty wide. It is to be built by the people of Ghadames, who, whilst working, will be protected by sixty Arab troops. The expense to be also paid by Ghadames. Rais is going to see the works begin. Besides the new fonduk, Rais has taken the precaution of stopping up a well, a day's journey north-east from the city, by rolling into it a huge

stone. This is for the same object, to prevent brigands coming near the city and lying in wait for small caravans and isolated travellers. Fifty sheep were brought into Souk to-day; they were immediately sold. People fatten them for the *Ayd-Kebir*, each family endeavouring to procure one as a religious obligation.

14th.—Went early this morning to *Ben Weleed* to find my aged friend, Sheikh Ali. He has the largest species of dates, and invited me to go to his garden to see the palms.

Sheikh Ali is a man of ancient days, and ancient honour and resources, and fallen into a very low estate. He has not only outlived his age and reputation, but outlived his wealth and riches and has become "poor indeed." A long flowing white beard now covers his receding breast, and the wrinkles of ninety years furrow his pale brow and sunken cheeks. Nevertheless, dignity, though ruined, is stamped on his countenance, and an almost youthful activity and hale health keep up the great burden of his years. On arriving at the old man's garden, he told me to follow him, and coming to a very fine lofty palm, with over-hanging wide-spreading boughs, he sat down under its ample shade, and bade me sit by his side. "Christian," he said, "I have sat under the shade of this palm all the days of my life, and shall recline here till God summons me hence."

"How old are the longest-lived palms?" I returned.

"More than the ages of three old men's lives," observed the Sheikh.

An old slave, as ancient-looking as his master, now

brought a basket of dates, they were every one of them larger than our largest walnuts. I am vexed I have forgotten the name of this splendid variety of the date. "Eat," said Sheikh Ali, and reclined back in silence for at least half an hour. Now and then he opened his eyes to look on the autumnal beams of the rising sun, then breathed a sigh and a prayer, but did not address me a word. His ancient slave sat at a distance with his eyes fixed on his beloved master, watching the movement of his lips, as he breathed his morning prayer. At length, seeing the old man's lips cease to move, I said gently:—

"Sheikh Ali, they say you have broken down very much, but I am glad to see you confide your sorrows in the bosom of God."

Sheikh Ali.—(Awakening up suddenly, and looking at me anxiously) "Ah, Christian, have they told you so? The detractors, the wretches!"

"I trust I have not offended you."

Sheikh Ali.—"No, stranger, no. But I hate them. I hate the world. I curse the world."

"The unfortunate and disappointed are always bitter upon the world. But you, Sheikh Ali, I know are above spite and malignity: you would not stoop even to hate the miserable follies of the world."

Sheikh Ali.—"Christian, thou talkest well, and in my way. I tell thee I hate no one, I have lived and I shall soon be done with the world. May those who come after me fare better."

"What is this hatred of the Ben Weleed and the Ben Wezeet?"

Sheikh Ali.—(Smiling faintly.) "Christian, thou wilt know everything. My father told me when I came out of the belly of my mother, that I was a *Ben Wezeelee*, and I have remained so to this day. But why or wherefore, I know not? Dost thou not see that people do this and that, and know not why they do it? Well, Christian, we do not hate the Ben Wezeet; but we will not associate with them, because we are proud, and because our fathers did not associate with them. It is pride, not hatred, which divides this our nation into two."

"Why so proud? It says in the Koran the Devil would not admire Adam for pride[50], and God cursed him for his pride."

Sheikh Ali.—"Ah, Christian, how knowest thou the Koran? Canst thou read the Great and Mighty Koran?"

"In England we read the Koran in order to obtain a correct knowledge of classic Arabic. Others read it to understand the religion of Moslems."

Sheikh Ali.—"Right, right. The Christians are a wise people. Oh, these religions!"

I thought I heard a regret of scepticism, or a kindly view of heretics and infidels, in the latter exclamation, "*Oh, these religions!*" So I observed to the Sheikh, "A pity it is we are not all of one religion, as we are all the children of one Creator."

Sheikh Ali.—"By G——! Christian, thou art right. I have always prayed God to lead me in the right way, and to have mercy upon others. But do you know, Christian, I think there were amongst those prophets of ancient times many impostors. What do you

think?"

"I am sure of it. It is also the opinion of all our wise men in England."

Sheikh Ali.—"Christian, I hate Marabouts. In the long years of my life I have seen all their tricks, lies, and impositions. I am sorry for the poor people, on whom they practise their impostures, and also for the women. I have one daughter; I never permitted her to consult a marabout. I told her what the wretches were. Have you marabouts in England?"

"Yes, of all descriptions. We have also many who get the women to confess the secrets of families, and create an odious war in the bosom of society."

Sheikh Ali.—"Ah, ah (chuckling), all the world's alike. God curse those marabouts. Do you give them money?"

"Money! In our country, nothing is done without money."

Sheikh Ali.—(Becoming fresh excited.) "What! are the English like us? is a man esteemed for his money?"

"You have heard of London?"

Sheikh Ali.—"*Londra?*"

"Yes, that's it. Well, in Londra, nor virtue, nor honour, nor wisdom, is worth anything without money."

Sheikh Ali.—"The Devil take the world, it's all alike. So here, so there. When I was rich, everybody bowed down to me; now that I am poor, they pass me by without saying *bis-slamah* (saluting). Why did God make money? How wretched is the world." So this

philosopher of The Desert continued. Returning, I bade the ancient Sheikh an affectionate adieu.

In the streets, people appeared to be fasting, as in the most rigid Ramadan. I never saw such gloomy, emaciated faces. Really people look as if they were all going to give up the ghost. What is to become of these poor devils of dervishes! Government is grinding them down to the dust! Returned home heart-sick at the sight. I am growing daily more impatient of remaining so long in Ghadames. Impatience comes on like attacks of fever. Have determined again to pursue the Kanou route.

The forty slaves brought by the Touaricks and the Tibboo have been all sold to the Souafah. The Tibboo sold his for twenty dollars per head. The ten dollars per head tax on them put the Rais in possession of a little ready money, and his Excellency paid me back the hundred Tunisian piastres. The Arabs of Souf always bring money here, and, besides dollars, a quantity of five-franc pieces, since the French have occupied Algeria. The millions spent or wasted by the French in Algeria are variously disposed of:—

1st.—The Arabs get a *fifth*, who bury their money, or send it into the neighbouring deserts of Tunis and Morocco.

2nd. The Maltese ship off a *ninth* of the money to Malta. The Spaniards and other foreigners also get a share.

3rd. A great quantity, a fifth, perhaps, is embezzled by the *employés* of the civil administration, and their creatures, the contractors.

4th. A tenth is spent on the public works.

5th. The rest is paid to the military. A *fraction* only is spent on the culture of the soil, and for the purposes of emigration, or the real colonization of the country.

15th.—This morning is really cold, and the coldest morning we have had yet. Rais assures me I shall with difficulty be able to bear the cold, so intense is it in Ghadames during the winter, or January and February. Greatly agitated about my journey in the past night, and could not sleep. There will soon be an end of this uncertainty. I pray God to give me patience and wisdom. Observe people are beginning to feel the effects of the cold, and cover up their mouths like the Italians and Spaniards. But all are living up to the starvation-point.

At noon was held a full Divan, to decide upon the "extraordinary demand." The chiefs of the people said:—"We have no money, and cannot pay." The Rais replied:—"Such discourse will not do; you have money, and must pay." Then the Divan broke up without farther palavering. The alleged object of the money to be raised, is for the expenses of the troops who went in pursuit of the Arabs of the son of Abd-el-Geleel in the past summer.

The old bandit calls and says:—"Your friend, the *long* man, has finished to-day all his tobacco." The long man is the Giant Touarick. I took no notice of this polite hint to furnish a new supply. I might furnish with tobacco all the Touaricks who came here, if I were to attend to these Irish hints. The old bandit, who is cramped up like a wizened apple, is said by people still to carry on his nefarious trade. The proof of this they give to be, his always *going alone* when he travels. The old villain then catches what he can. Myself, I hardly believe he continues his brigandage.

He appears wholly worn out. I gave his little son 20 paras to buy camel's flesh. The old freebooter grinned a ghastly smile. Walking in *Ben Weleed* quarters, I heard a great to-do, and went to see what it was, when I saw the old chief, Haj Ben Mousa Ettanee, standing over his young truant son, whilst with a thick stick the servant of the schoolmaster was belabouring the feet of the child. Never was a more complete bastinadoing. The urchin cried to his father for mercy. It was perfectly in character with the old man, and the austere manners of his family. I do not wonder that all the people read and write in Ghadames, when such severity is practised by the very aristocrats of the city. Whilst standing by, another Moor went up to the old man, and said, "Stop, stop, here's the Christian looking on." They stopped, but it appeared a mere pretence for leaving off, for already they had unmercifully belaboured the truant.

No mutton to be had to-day, and was obliged to buy camel's flesh for dinner: found it pretty good. My turjeman and taleb both joined me. After dinner, the taleb began in his usual controversial spirit. He insisted, that "Any person who should make himself well acquainted with the Koran must become a Mussulman." "If the French teach their children to read the Koran, in order to learn the Arabic," said he, "they must conquer the Russians and the English." Not "εν τουτω νιχα[51]," but in or with *This Book*, say the Mussulmans, the world must be conquered. The Russians and the French, having recently made conquests in Mohammedan countries near them, (for the wars in Circassia are heard of here,) impress these people with fear, and fear is their ruling principle of government. Asking my taleb why the Mussulmans who had possession of *This Book* did not

conquer the world, he answered sharply, "The Mussulmans conquered the world once with the Koran, but now they have lost their faith, and are weak, and such is the will of God." The taleb then related a curious story about Ceuta. A certain marabout, who had seen the *Elouh Elmahfouth* (الوح المحفوظ,) or "Book of Fate," which was let down to him to look at and read in, from heaven, went into the city, and offered Ceuta for sale at the low price of "*a loaf of bread*." The people said:—"Oh, the man is mad, let him go." But he continued the more to cry out, "Who will give me a loaf of bread for Ceuta?" At last he met a Christian, a Spaniard, who gave the Marabout a loaf of bread, and took possession of the city. This seems really an excuse for the loss of that strong fortress. But it is added:—"The Marabout having seen and read the future destiny of Ceuta in the *Book of Fate*, was determined to hasten the crisis, and placed it at once in the hands of the Christians." My taleb assures me that Mahomet was foretold and promised in our gospels, under the name of *Parakleit*, (*i. e.* ὁ Παράκλητος,), "The Comforter." He cited also the Koran, but would not write the passage; I had no Koran with me. But this is an advantage, for if I had had a Koran in my possession, I should only have excited the prejudices of the people against me, and should not have been able to have kept it from them. A traveller might take a translation advantageously, one without Arabic notes, or *Arabic* words explained, which would soon excite their curiosity to know what it was. Speaking of the "*Ben Welleed*" and "*Wezeet*," my turjeman said:—"These are the French and the English; we are always at war with one another."

It is the opinion of people here, that the French and English are always at war, and they are continually

on the *qui-vive* for a war breaking out between France and England, for they think then the English will drive out the French from Algeria, unmindful of what miseries such a war would entail upon themselves, crushed as they would be between the two great hostile Powers.

The Algerine dervish is playing off some fine tricks. This afternoon he got together a dozen low fellows of the Ben Weleed, and went to say the *fatah* before the Governor. This saying *fatah* was chiefly forming a circle with his troop, himself in the middle, and then at the top of his voice singing out, whilst his troop cried out, "*hhahh*," jumping up, and bending forward their heads and bodies towards him. This they continued for an hour or more, until they sank upon the floor with exhaustion. Afterwards they played off some other genteel tricks. His Excellency the Rais is as great a dervish as any mad fellow here, and though suffering greatly from headache and bad eyes, he endured this tomfoolery for nearly a couple of hours. My taleb, a shrewd man, said to me, "Don't you see, I told you this Algerian was an impostor?" I believe really he is a French spy on the movements of the Turks, and perhaps myself. The Tibboo calls. He is preparing to depart, and presses me to go with him. Speaking to a Touarick, he said, "See the money of the Christians (taking hold of my black buttons)." Many people have half a mind to believe my black buttons are money. The Tibboo says, there are no watches in Soudan. People are content to measure time by the sun's rising and setting. Some merchants, lately come from Tunis, have heard of the projected aërial machine. They have no difficulty in believing that Christians travel in the air. They think the Devil, being very clever, teaches Christians all these things. The *Touatee* calls, and says, "You must write

something." "What?" I answer. "Oh," he replies, "My wife has a head full of fantazia (or nonsense); this you must write." It appears the Touatee has got a scolding wife. Told the Rais about this funny incident, who said, "Tell the *Touatee* to go home and pretend he's going to take another wife, and then she'll soon leave off pouting."

16th and *17th.*—Continues cold. People say I improve in Arabic. I ought, for I have enough of it. What is odd, I begin to joke with the people. It will be seen I have represented the Saharan people as mostly gloomy, and suffering from the oppression of their Government. Still there are times when they can force a smile, or crack a joke. They carry the joke so far that they have sometimes joked me about my fasting in Ramadan, a very sacred subject for a Mussulman. Every time I go into the streets, I meet with one or other with whom I try to get up a joke, for it grieves me to see the people suffer so much from bad government. After we come to satire, and with the help of the word *batel*, "good-for-nothing," we manage to hit off somebody. An Arab Sheikh came to us, one day, when we were joking. I said, "Oh! here's the lion-heart, who ran away from Emjessem for fear of the *Shânbah-Bātel*." The Arab, astounded, "Ya rajel (Oh man), I had nothing to eat!" "Nor have we here," replied a merchant, "you better go and hunt with the greyhounds of the Touaricks. The Rais has taken away all our victuals." The poor Arab went his way very queer and crestfallen.

Speaking to a Moor of The Sahara, I said, "The Sahara is always healthy: look at these Touaricks, they are the children of The Desert." He replied, "The Sahara is the sea *on land*, and, like sea, is always more healthy than cultivated spots of the earth.

These Touaricks are chiefly strong and powerful from drinking camels' milk[52]. They drink it for months together, often for four or five months, not eating or drinking anything else. After they have drank it some time, they have no evacuations for four or five days, and these are as white as my bornouse. It is the camels' milk which makes the Touaricks like lions. A boy shoots up to manhood in few years; and there's nothing in the world so nourishing as camel's milk." Caillié mentions that the chief of the Braknas lived for several months on nothing but milk; but it was cow's milk. Many of the Saharan tribes are supported for six months out of twelve on milk.

The Moors seem to have a secret dislike for women, as well as a most obstinate desire to tyrannize over them. There is a lurking desire of this sort in the men-sex of all countries. Are we not the Lords of Creation? I actually get afraid of avowing to them that the supreme ruler of England is *a woman*, they are so confoundedly annoyed at the circumstance. The first questions of their surprise are, "How? Why?" &c. My taleb is very fond of supporting the doctrine of a woman having only a *fifth* of her father's property. I annoy him by telling him it's a bad law, and that the daughter should have an equal share with the son. Lady Morgan is sadly wanted here; she would find ample additional materials for a second edition of "Woman and her Master."

Footnotes:

[48] *Bazeen*, بزين, called also *Aseedah*, عصيدة.

[49] Some have endeavoured to distinguish in English the mausoleum in which a dead saint is laid by the term Mara*bet*, though in Arabic both the dead and living saint, and the cupola house in which the dead saint is laid, are all called Mara*bout*. When a village or town, is built round the mausoleum of a saint, it is also called after the saint, as in the instance now related.

[50] "We (God) created you, and afterwards formed you (mankind); and then said unto the angels, *Worship* Adam; and they worshipped him, except Eblis (The Devil), who was not one of those who worshipped. God said unto him, What hindered thee from worshipping Adam, since I had commanded thee? He answered, I am more excellent than he: thou hast created me of fire, and has created him of clay. God said, Get thee down therefore from Paradise; for it is not fit that thou behave thyself *proudly* therein: get thee hence; thou shalt be one of the contemptible."—*Surat* vii. *Intitled Al-Araf*.

[51] The words in the *Cross*, which Constantine is reported to have seen in the heavens.

[52] When the milk is fresh it is called by the Arabs حليب, when sour, لبن.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN GHADAMES.

Gaiety of the Black Dervish.—Walking Dance of the Slaves.—The Fullans or Fellatahs.—*Shoushoua*, or scarifying the face of Negroes.—Terms used in connexion with Slaves.—The *Razzia*.—A Souafee Politician.—Parallel Customs between The East and The Sahara.—The mercenary Blood-letter.—Indifference to the sufferings of the Arab Troops.—Colour of the people in Paradise.—Excellent Government of the Fullanee Nations.—Moors do not fondle their Children.—Administering Physic to Camels.—Simplicity of Touarick manners.—Knocked down by a Pinch of Snuff.—Departure of the Tibboo alone to Ghat.—Blood in White Sugar, and Anecdote of Colonel Warrington and Yousef Bashaw about collecting old Bones.—Colonel Warrington compared to the late Mr. Hay.—Said, a subject of Anti-Slavery discussion.—Specimen of Desert Arab freedom.

18th.—WITH the full moon the cold has regularly set in. Good-bye flies and good-bye scorpions. Can now write with my door open, without being covered with flies. Can also sleep without waking up at midnight to kill scorpions running over the mattresses. The mad black dervish is always in motion, and full of gaiety. People are so fond of him that they think he is inspired. When all the Moors are in solemn vacant thought, or brooding over their

griefs, or dreaming in broad day of their being marabouts or sultans, the poor witless thing runs in amongst them, shaking hands with the first he meets with, and bursts out a-laughing. He usually succeeds in infusing a little of his cheerfulness into these equally *mad* people, but more sober in their method of madness. Yesterday the slaves had another feast *for the dead*. The Moors allow their slaves the liberty of blending the two religions, as Rome has allowed the blending of Christianity and paganism. And when questioned about it they say; "Oh, the slaves know only a little of Allah, and are not much better than donkeys in their understandings." The slaves assembled to the number of some fifty in the Souk. Here they performed a species of walking dance, in two right lines, very slow and very stiff and measured, having attached to it some mysterious meaning. They were gaily dressed, attended with a drum and iron castanets, making melodious noises. Each had a matchlock slung at his back. The women carried a chafing-dish of incense, as if about to raise some spirit or ghost. A crowd was around them; but they performed nothing but this slow-marching dance, and then retired to the tombs. The dervish, poor fellow, mingled in the gay throng, shouldering a stick for a gun.

Received many little presents from people lately. Sheikh Makouran brought me himself a small basket of very fine dates. My taleb afterwards brought me some *gharghoush*, or small cakes, made of flour, honey, sugar, and milk. They are extremely pleasant eating and a little *acid*, which adds greatly to their flavour. There are but few things acid in this country; of sour things there is an abundance.

Heard a great deal about the Foullans, Foulahs, and

Fellatahs, the predominant race in Soudan. *Foullan* (فلّان فلّانين فلّاني) is the Soudanic term, *Fellatah* the Bornouese, and *Foulah* what is used to denominate them among the Mandingoes. According to information here, they were once the most miserable race of *Arab* wanderers in The Desert. But at last they settled down as neighbours to the Negroes, some 700 years since. They continued to increase in numbers and importance, abandoning tents and building villages and towns, and intermixing with the Negroes, till about forty-five (and others thirty-five) years ago, when they expanded their ideas to conquest and renown. About this time they made the conquest of Kanou, Succatou, and the other large cities of Housa. Never a people rose to greater fame and power. They were assisted, like the Saracens before them, by religious fanaticism, and so far corresponded with them, in extending the boundaries of Islamism. They went on conquering and to conquer till within the present year, when their power received some check by the daring exploits of the Tibboo prince of Zinder, a vassal of Bornou. This prince has taken from them a few towns. The complexion of the ordinary Fullanee is a deep olive, with pleasing features, not much Negro, and long hair.



Negroes in Nigritia are known by the *Shoushoua* (شوشوا), or scarifying. Generally in Negro countries, which profess the Mohammedan religion, the *Shoushoua* is abandoned as *haram* or prohibited. It is mostly the sign of paganism. The operation is performed by a sharp cutting instrument, and is never *effaced* from the face during life. The annexed drawing presents the *Shoushoua* of the Negroes of Tombo, near Jinnee, who are pagans. Whenever the slaves see these marks they know the country of the other slaves who bear them. Formerly it could be ascertained whether a slave was born on the coast, or brought from the interior, by the presence or absence of the *Shoushoua*. Now it cannot, because the practice is discontinued in countries subject to Moslem rule, whence slaves are sometimes brought. In Ghadames a freed slave is called *mâtouk* (معتوق) or *horr* (حرّ). The terms *waseef* (وسيف) and sometimes *mamlouk* (مملوك) are employed for a single slave, and *âbeed* (عبيد) for many. The Arabic terms قايد الوصفان "the chief of slaves," are used to denote the person who is responsible for the conduct of slaves, or the "Sheikh of the slaves." The word RAZZIA, which the French are said to have invented, and which has acquired such a *triste* celebrity by their butcheries of the Arabs in Algeria, is derived from the same word as designates a Slave-hunt (*ghazah*)[53] amongst our Saharan people. The verb is غَزَا *ghaza*, "petivit," which in the second conjugation means, "expeditione bellica petivit hostem," and the noun in use is غَزَاة *ghazah*, "expeditione bellica." The Bornouese word to denote a slave-hunt, as carried on by the Touaricks, is DIN, applied to private kidnapping expeditions, and means, I think, simply "theft," showing that not by war, as captives, but by "theft," "stealing," the "man-stealing" of the Apostle Paul, are slaves

generally procured in Central Africa. It is only just that *razzia* and *ghazah*, the same words, should be so closely allied in application to their different actions. The French, to do the thing properly, and in their usual style, should erect a monument upon the "Place" of the city of Algiers, to the new invention RAZZIA, with its derivations from *ghazah*, "a slave-hunt." A prize essay might also be proposed to the Oriental Chair of Paris, and its various students, now looking for distinction as interpreters in the land of RAZZIAS or "butcheries," for the best derivation and historical progress of the term RAZZIA, as used by Christian and civilized nations, in relation to infidel and Mohammedan barbarians. At the bottom of the monument erected by the French to the DEMON RAZZIA, may be appended the following veracious words, copied from the late proclamation of the Duc d'Aumale, on his assumption of the high post of Governor-General of Algeria (*Moniteur Algérien*, October 20, 1847):—"You have learned by experience, O Mussulmans! how just and clement is the Government of France." The Duke unpardonably forgets to cite one of the last proofs of this just and clement Government, the roasting of a tribe of Arabs, men, women and children in the caverns of the Atlas! . . . . Will not the Lying Bulletin (native of France) be proclaimed till doomsday?

This morning the merchants asked me why the English did not drive out the French from Algeria. They had often badgered me with this subject. I thought it better to speak plainly at once, and for all. I began by asking, why should the English drive out the French? and continued, "France and England are now at peace. They don't wish to make war at all, and England does not consider Algeria of such importance as to go to war about it. England did not

derive much benefit from Algeria when Mussulmans ruled there; besides the Algerines were always sea-robbers. The English were obliged to go and chastise them several times before the French captured their country. And do not think, that if war did take place between England and France, and the English should drive the French out of Algeria, the country would therefore be given up to the Sultan and the Mussulmans. The English might wish to rule there themselves. Upon no account wish for war in Algeria, for the miseries of the war would chiefly fall upon you, Mussulmans." This completely settled them, and exasperated them, as well it might; they said no more. The Mussulmans always have in their memories the conduct of the English when they drove out the French from Egypt, and discussing this kind of politics, it is quite natural.

Afterwards I heard a Souafee holding forth to another group. His theme was, the Shânbah, Warklah, Touaricks, Tugurt, Souf, and Ghadames, and it was evident to him that besides the people now enumerated there were no others in the world. A respectable Moor observed at the time, "That Souafee is a rascal. He's as great a robber as a Shânbah bandit. Mussulmans are not like Christians. The Christians have but one word, and are brothers. The Mussulmans have a thousand and ten thousand words, they don't speak the truth, and they are enemies to one another." The ingenuous Moor knew little of the history of Europe and America. I did not disabuse him of his good opinion of us. He was a Ben Wezeet, and complained that now the *Nāther* (ناظر), or native overseer of the city, and the Kady or judge, and some of the richest merchants belonged to the Ben Weleed, and added mournfully, with a sigh, "It was not so in my father's time. But the world has

changed, and this is the new world."

In reading the Arabic Testament, I have noticed several parallel customs or habits between The East and North Africa. Take this:

"But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote upon the ground." (John viii. 6.)

People of Ghadames are writing daily with their fingers on the ground. They are also wont, with fancy ornamental sticks, which they usually carry, to illustrate their ideas on the sand or dust of the streets, by drawing figures. In speaking with them on geography, they sketch shapes of countries. They cast up all their ordinary accounts by writing figures on the sand. They have also certain games which they play by the use of sand. Sand is their paper, their ledger, their boards of account, their pavement, and their auxiliary in a thousand things. It is said in the Gospels, that The Saviour escaped to the mountains[54], either from the pressure of the people, or from the persecutions of his enemies. Persons are accustomed to escape to the mountains in Barbary, more particularly in Morocco and Algeria; but also in this country. Our Saviour, besides, gives the same advice to his disciples: "Let them which are in Judea *flee to the mountains*." (Luke xxi. 21.) It has always been difficult to apprehend fugitives in the mountains, especially in ancient times, when a good police did not exist. The conqueror has always had great difficulty, and exposed his conquests to imminent risk, by pursuing the conquered in mountainous districts. Such are the instincts and habits of men in all ages. The Desert has, besides, afforded an asylum to the fugitive and unfortunate, as well as the persecuted. Our Saviour

was wont to retire to desert places. In this country, the discomfited defenders of their country's liberties have invariably escaped to The Sahara. How many times has Abd-el-Kader escaped to the mountains of Rif, or the solitudes of The Sahara? But it is unnecessary to pursue this obvious idea farther, otherwise it also will escape to The Mountains or The Desert.

The "five *barley* loaves," (John vi. 9,) reminds me of the *barley* bread of these countries, more frequent than any other sort of bread. Wheaten bread is rarely eaten by the lower classes.

It is needless to cite all the passages of Scripture where the people in the towns and villages are represented as bringing out their sick of every kind and description. (Matt. xiv. 14, 35, 36.) So it is in North Africa. Whenever an European visits these countries with any pretensions to medical skill, all the sick of the place are brought out to him. When I see the sick daily brought to me—as also when I was in The Mountains—I cannot help thinking of those affecting pictures of disease and misery which were providentially exhibited to demonstrate the divine skill of the Great Physician of mind and body.

Salt is procured in a few hours' journey beyond *Sidi Mâbed*, and is considered superior to that procured at the *Salinæ* of the coast. This Saharan salt is only obtained after there has been some rain, the earth being impregnated with it, and the water washing away the earthy particles. It is gathered in the dry season.

19th.—Amuse myself with Arabic reading and philological studies. The mornings continue cool. Administer now little medicine, for I have but little

left. Ordered an Arab to be bled by the old Moor, who possesses a good lancet. The big hulking Arab proved a greater coward than a child. How sickness unnerves a man, the hardiest and strongest of men! I once took a passage from Algeria to Marseilles in a French transport of convalescents. There I saw the brave and brilliant French troops cry and whine like children under the influence of fever. When the old Moor had bled the soldier, he said to me, "Where's the money?" This shows that, though they rarely think of remunerating the services of the Christian Tabeeb, they have a perfectly clear conception of what is due to the labour and skill of a doctor when the case refers to themselves. Some time after, I went to the old Moor again, and asked him to bleed another soldier attacked with fever. He refused to bleed him, alleging that he must be paid. "He will die," I said. "Let him die," returned the unfeeling old blood-letter; "why do they bring soldiers here, we don't want them?" This afternoon I visited the barrack, where several Arab soldiers were laid up with the fever, which they had caught at Emjessem. One was very bad. The Arabs said to me, "You must give him money to buy some bread, and a little meat to make some broth." I told them they must go the Rais; it was his business to look after his troops. It is distressing to witness the condition of these wretched Arabs. At different times I have given them a little meat, and bread, and oil; but now my stock of provisions is getting down, and the communication between Tripoli and Ghadames is very precarious. In the evening I saw the *Nāther*, and said to him—expecting he would mention it to the Rais, "See that soldier lying on the stone-bench; he is sick, and has nothing to eat."

The Nāther.—"Yes, he is ill."

I.—"But he has nothing to eat; can't you get him something to eat?"

The Nāther,—"Pooh, he must die."

The other Moors present laughed at my simplicity in begging something to eat for a fever-worn, emaciated wretch of a soldier. The matter of fact is, these poor fellows are detested by the inhabitants, and starved to death by the Government. The soldier had caught the fever of Derge, whilst sent there on business, which is a bad tertian fever, prevalent in some oases of The Sahara.

Lately, as my turjeman and Said, with several negroes, were chatting, and saying people would have husbands and wives in the next world, I asked, in the manner of the Sadducees, "If a woman had three husbands in this world, whose wife would she be in the next?" They all answered, "*The wife of the last.*" As some of the group of these theologians and diviners of the future state were negroes, I asked, "What *colour* will people be in the next world?" They replied, "*All white*, and alike; and not only will their skins be white, but all their clothing will be *white*." White, indeed, is the favourite colour of Mussulmans; and a sooty-black Mohammedan negro will set off his face with a white turban, as our Christian niggers do their *japan* with a lily-white neckcloth. But *white* is the colour of purity, of religion in North Africa and The East, as in *Biblical* times.—περιβεβλημένους ἐν ἱματίοις λευχοῖς. (Rev. iv. 4.)

20th.—Weather continues fine and cool. Less meat to be had; nothing decided about the new levy of money, except that the people will not or cannot pay. The Sheikh Makouran tells me he is greatly in debt to Messrs. Silva and Laby, and so are all

Ghadamsee merchants. The money now employed in commerce is chiefly that of European and other merchants of Tripoli and Tunis. "We have no money," says Makouran, "we cannot pay any new levies. If Rais persists, he must collect our money at the edge of the sword; and this can't last, for we shall all soon die of hunger." These continual complaints make me melancholy, and added to my impatience "to be up and doing," make me very peevish. O Dio! but such is the lot of man, to suffer always, either in mind or body. Much annoyed at my taleb for eating Said's dinner, even before my face. These Moors, at least some of them, have neither honour nor conscience. I suppose the taleb is pinching his belly to pay his portion of the new contribution. To punish the taleb, I give Said coffee before him, without asking him to take any. I may observe, the Moors don't like to see me treat the poor blacks and slaves as their equals. I frequently give the negroes tea and coffee before I serve them, to show I despise such distinctions, although, perhaps, against propriety.

The taleb began boasting about Soudan, and he has much reason to boast of it, if we compare what Mohammedans have there done with what Christians have done on the Western Coast of Africa. He said, "There's no *gomerick* (Custom-house), no oppression, for the people are Mussulmans." Such were the reasons for their not being oppressive. It is a great question how far a country may be civilized, and in how short a time, without actual conquest? Civilization has progressed in Central Africa with the spread of Islamism. When it reaches the point of Mahometan civilization it will stop. The question with us is, "Whether we shall civilize the Mohammedans, and so work on Central Africa, or reconquer their conquests?" There appears very little

chance of civilizing Africa without arms and conquest. Bornou, Soudan, and its numerous cities, Timbuctoo and Jinnee, formerly all governed by the *Kohlan*—كحلان, or "blacks," are now governed by strangers, either Arabs (pure) or Touaricks or Fullans. These are the present most important kingdoms of the ancient Nigritia, and include a population of some millions. I continue to pursue my inquiries respecting the Fullans. All agree in representing them as originally *Arab*, but now greatly mixed, of very dark colour, some being nearly black, others, and most of them, a dark brown and yellow red, and some nearly white. The fortunes of the Fullans, emerging filthily from the dregs and offscouring of The Sahara, have become as great as the old Romans formerly in Europe, but they will always have powerful and vindictive rivals in the Touarghee and pure Arab and Berber races. The Revd. Mr. Schön has given a too unfavourable report of the Fullans, in his Notes and Journal of the Niger Expedition, biassed against them in his Missionary zeal, simply because they are Mahometans. It is true that the Fullans are great slave-dealers, but so are nearly all the princes of Africa. The mild and equitable administration of the kingdoms of Kanou, Succatou, Kashna, and other immense centres of population, as carried on by the Fullans, is notorious throughout The Great Desert. No people of Nigritian Africa has so profoundly excited my best sympathies as the Fullanee races[55].

The Moors do not fondle and dandle their children on their knees, as parents are accustomed in Europe; and when grown up, the children appear as distant from their parents as strangers. This arises from the absolute authority assumed by parents over children during their minority. I have often been angry to see

some of the lower people here teaching the children to call me *Kafer* ("infidel") as a sort of religious duty, lest, I imagine, the children should see at last that there is no very great difference between a *Kafer* and a Moslemite.

Was much amused this afternoon in seeing physic administered to camels. The camel is made to lie down, and its knee joints are tied round so that it cannot get up. One person then seizes hold of the skin and cartilage of the nose, and that of the under jaw, and wrests with all his force the mouth wide open, whilst another seizes hold of the tongue and pulls it over one side of the mouth; this done, another pours the medicine down the throat of the animal, and, when the mouth is too full, they shut the jaws and rub and work the medicine down its throat. The disease was the falling off of the hair; and the medicine consisted of the stones of dates split into pieces and mixed with dried herbs, simple hay or grass herbs, powdered as small as snuff, the mixture being made with water. People told me it would fatten the camel as well as restore its hair. Camels frequently have the mange, and then they are tarred over. For unknown incomprehensible diseases, the Moors burn the camel on the head with hot irons, and call this physic. Men are treated in the same way, and the Moors are very fond of these analogies between men and brutes. What is good for a camel is good for a man, and what is good for man is good for a camel. Whilst the camel was being drugged, a Touarick came up and said, "*Salām âleikom*" to me. They always use this primitive mode of salutation. When they swear oaths they also say, "*Allah Akbar*," (God is Greatest!) the famous war-cry of the Saracennic conquerors of olden times. They are

primitive in all their ideas and words; their manners are equally stiff, and slow or courtly, "stately and dignified;" they fully understand the doctrine that, "Great bodies move slow."

A man is said sometimes not to be worth "a pinch of snuff;" and yet a pinch of snuff will knock a man down, as it knocked me down this evening. My value then does not quite reach to a pinch of snuff standard. To come to explanation: a merchant offered me a pinch of snuff, and to please him, I took a large pinch, pushing a portion of it up my nostrils. Immediately I fell dizzy and sick, and in a short time, vomited violently. The people stared at me with astonishment, and were terrified out of their wits, and thought I was about to give up the ghost. They never saw snuff before produce such terrible effects. After some time, I got a little better and returned home. This snuff was that from Souf, and what people call *wâr* ("difficult"). I had been warned of it, and therefore richly paid for my folly. Moreover, it was a violation of my usual abstinence from this not very elegant habit. The Souf snuff is extremely powerful; it is constantly imported here, and for the satisfaction of snuff-takers and snuff-taking tourists, I am bound to inform them that they will find snuff much cheaper in Ghadames than in Tripoli. People call snuff hot and cold, according to its stimulating, irritating, and tickling power. It is prohibited to drink wine and spirits amongst Moslemites, but, nevertheless, many of them do not fail to intoxicate themselves with everything besides which comes in their way: they snuff most horribly all the live-long day. In the season the Arabs drink their *leghma*, and the Mahometan Negroes their *bouza*, the Soudanic merchants chew their *ghour*, nuts, and *kouda*, as our jolly tars their tobacco, and others munch the *trona*.

My taleb came to me to see if I were dead. He had heard such a horrible report in the town. I embraced the opportunity of lecturing him upon the absurdity of the prohibition from drinking wine, when he and others intoxicated themselves with snuff. But man will have *his* stimulant, and the tee-totaller, who protests against all stimulants, seeks his in his tea and coffee. There is no harm in this, and the question only remains to seek as harmless a stimulant, as consistent with health as possible. In justice to the Marabout city of Ghadames, I must mention that some of the more strict Mohammedans consider snuffing, as well as smoking, prohibited by their religion, and opium (ععيون), and *keef*, an intoxicating herb, sometimes called *takrounee*, تكروني, are not smoked in this place. In general, few of the Moors of this place smoke at all.

21st.—Weather fine, no rain. The merchants begin to bake biscuits for their journey to Ghat, which looks like preparation. My friend Abu Beker called and gave me two letters written to him from Timbuctoo by his brother, who is established there. Since my return, I have given one of these letters to the Royal Asiatic Society, and the other to the British Museum, considering them a great curiosity, so long as this city shall remain separated from us Europeans by such impassable barriers.

The following is the translation of the letter presented to the Royal Asiatic Society:—

Letter from a Brother in Timbuctoo to a Brother in Ghadames.

"From the poor servant of his Lord, Muhammad ben Ali ben Talib, to our respected brethren, Abu Bekr and Muhammad, and Abdallah, and Fatimah, and

Ayshah, and our Aunt Aminah; God prosper their conditions, Amen!

"After a thousand salutations and respects to you, and the mercy of God, and his blessings on you, should you indeed inquire concerning us, we are well, and you, please God, are so likewise; and we desire no further favour from God than the sight of your precious countenance; may God unite us with you before long, for He is the Hearer (of petitions)! As to this country there is in it neither buying nor selling. By G—d, O my brother! this day we are six months in Timbuctoo, and truly in the whole time I have received but 15 mithcals. There is not a single farthing (or kirat) in this town, nor commerce at all, except in salt, &c., (*some other commodities, whose names I cannot discover*.) And our minds are in continual fear here from the scarcity of the times. I am desirous of going to Arawan, if we can find something to sell there, when the people of Kiblah (*the South*) come; but they are not yet arrived, up to the present moment, and we do not think they will come. And thou, O my brother, beware of sending us any thing! as in this country there is no commerce, (neither buying nor selling); and whatever has been sent us, we have received for it neither far nor near. And truly, from the day in which we entered Timbuctoo, we have given 600 louats (some measure) to the Touaricks and the Fullans. But do you pray with us that we may be delivered from this land; and we have no more news after the letter which we have written to you. Convey our salutation to our aunt and to our brothers, many thousand salutations; and to Muhammad ben al Tayil, and his brother and his sons, many thousand salutations; and to Muhammad Ibn Ibrahim Taraki, many thousand salutations. Salute also the Hajj al Beshir, and his

brother the Hajj Yusuff, if he is arrived; and salute also Hajj Abdallah. The people (caravan) of Touat have not yet come to us. Our salutation to Al Mustafa and his brother Abdal Cadir, and tell the Hajj al Behir, for God's sake not to send us any thing. Of a truth, we sincerely hope to fulfil your commissions, but in this land there is neither buying nor selling. By G—d, neither in Arawan nor in Timbuctoo, have we seen any one who will buy of you for a mithcal, nor for a kirat. Tell the Hajj al Beshir, the Sheikh has not yet arrived. And of all the (——?) I brought to Timbuctoo, I have not sold a single thing, and I sent them back to Arawan. Know, that there is no dealing here except by cowries, and the cowrie is 3,500 to a mithcal. Convey my salutation to the Hajj Abdal Kerim Ben Aun Allah, and his brother Abdarrahman, and to their sons; many thousand salutations, and say to them, For God's sake take care how you send us any thing, for this land is a vexation to us. May God not visit you with vexation, and may he open to us a way of deliverance! And our salutation to the Hajj Muhammad Sahh, if he is arrived, and tell him not to forget us in the Fátihah (1st. chap. of the Koran, used in prayer,) and in the prayer called Salihah (the Beneficial.) And also to his son and to his mother, many thousand salutations. And our salutation to the Hajj Muhammad ben Ali, and his brother, and their father, many thousand salutations. And salutation to our cousin (the daughter of our uncle) Miriam, many thousand salutations, and to our aunt Sultánah, and to her brothers, and to (some other female name) and her sons, many thousand salutations. And our salutation to our cousins (the children of our uncle) and say to them, For God's sake do not forget us in the Fátihah and the prayer Salihah, that God may deliver us from this land; and

the people ("or caravan") of Touat are not yet come to us. O my brethren! we anxiously and most earnestly do desire news of you; the Lord give us news of your welfare before long. And do thou, O my brother! send us some cinnamon and some black pepper, and some grains of جلاو. And when thou writest, give us all the news, and take care not to leave your letter unclosed, for the people here read it, and be sure to seal it. Salute the inhabitants of our street, all of them, without exception, each one by name.

"And so farewell: at the date of Rajab the 25th, in the year 1246; and again farewell, from this poor (servant of God,) and many thousand salutations, as also from Ibrahim and from the Hajj al Mansur and the Hajj al Mansur's son, who is still with him. Farewell.

"(Postscript below.)—Convey our salutation to Hajj Hamad, and tell him Muhammad ben Canab is doing well, and he is in Arawan; and in like manner salute from us his brother Ali.

"(2nd Postscript at the side.)—Salutation also to our uncle, and say to him, that among the people of the Sheikh (اهل الشيخ) we obtain nothing, except what the Lord has brought us (a proverbial expression of the Moors, signifying nothing at all.) So farewell!

ADDRESS.

"To the hand of our esteemed brethren Abu Bekr, and Muhammad and Abdullah ben Ali Ibn Talib; may God amend their condition, amen!

"(With Solomon's seal, and a rude commencement of another; the name of Ben Talib, and the mystical

words طه and بسم the first of which is prefixed to the xxth chapter of the Koran, and the other probably intended for طسم, heading the xxvith, and xxviiith; or for يس xxxvi.)"

Obs.—This letter is written within and without, and on every fold of it. The advice to seal the letter to prevent it from being "Grahamized" is curious. I have seen a hundred letters in The Desert *un*sealed, and it is only in case of suspicion, that the Saharan merchants seal their letters. Such is their confidence in each other's honour and good faith, that it is an insult to seal a letter when put into the hands of a friend. It would appear, from this letter, that some twenty years ago the commerce of Timbuctoo was in the most languishing deplorable state; but as far as I can judge, from the present operations of the merchants in Ghadames, the trade of Timbuctoo has in a measure revived. The letter itself is a most admirable specimen of the epistolary style of the Saharan Moors, and in this respect alone is of considerable value.

When walking out this morning, an impudent young dog came running after me and shouted, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God;" whilst another cried out, "You Kafer!" Judging it necessary to put a stop to this, I gave each little imp for his pains a hard rap of the head with my fly-flapper, which greatly surprised them, and sent them off yelping. Some of the boys, however, are very friendly, and come running after me and take hold of my hand. A day or two afterwards these young rascals came running after me again in the same way; but they were chased by an adult Moor, who gave them a good thrashing.

22nd.—Weather fine. Nothing new. Bought Said a new pair of Morocco shoes, and made him happy for a day or two. He begins to sulk about going amongst the Touaricks. To my great joy, the *Shantah* from Tripoli has arrived, bringing letters from Colonel Warrington, and Mr. Francovich, which latter has remitted to me 125 mahboubs. Two Touaricks have also arrived from Touat. The road is open. Rain has fallen in many places of The Desert in copious showers, which has buoyed up the hopes of the camel-graziers. Rumours of fighting between the Shânbah and Touaricks are prevalent.

The Tibboo left during the night for Ghat—ALONE! riding on a single camel. His conduct has astonished everybody. Some say "he's mad," and some say "he's a bandit." He had with him a small quantity of light goods, and about 300 dollars in cash. I asked the Rais about him. He observed, "That Tibboo has no wit. Many people die on the routes, the camels running away whilst they sleep. What can he do alone!" I asked the people, all of whom replied, "The Tibboo is a wonderful fellow!" One said, "Ah, that's a man, Yâkob. No Christian like the Tibboo." But another said, "Without doubt he's a cut-throat, that is the reason he goes alone. Even the Touaricks are afraid of him; and when they brought him here he quarrelled with them several times. Besides, a few days ago he was going to knock down the toll-taker at the gate." After this display of personal daring, I shall never have a contemptible idea of a Negro. The free, independent, and enlightened gentleman slave-driver of Yankee Land, armed with that symbol of order and good government, the bowie-knife! would find his match in this his brother Tibboo slave-driver. The Tibboo has done what no man of this city would have dared to do, in undertaking a journey of some

twenty days over The Desert alone. What is very extraordinary, he never travelled the route but once before, that is, when he came here. They say he will arrive at Ghat in twelve days. He took the precaution of purchasing a good pair of horse-pistols before he left. I may add, he arrived safe and sound at Ghat.

23rd.—This morning exceedingly cold. In going out, a man said to me, "Where are you going this cold morning?" People were all shivering, or wrapped up in their burnouses. Said is attacked with ophthalmia. Received a visit from an old Arab doctor. He says cattle are attacked with the plague, as well as men. He wrote me a receipt for the cure of *night*-blindness, which would cure it in one night. He says, in the neighbouring desert, towards the west, there is a small oasis of Arabs, who are called *El-Hawamad* —الحومد—who are always afflicted by night-blindness, which singular affection is called by them *Juhur* (جُهُر). Mr. Jackson, in his Morocco, calls this strange disease *butelleese*. The Arabs of *El-Hawamad* see perfectly well in the day-time. But I must mention, that I received an application for medicine from a person who is affected with the same strange kind of malady. The European physicians call this disease *Nyctalopia* (Νυκταλωπια). I recently myself met with a case in London. But what is equally extraordinary, Captain Lyon (I think) mentions a case which he met with in The Desert, of a person who could see in the night-time but not in the day-time—a human owl. We conversed about other diseases in Ghadames. The principal, as before-mentioned, are ophthalmia and diarrhœa. There are two lepers; a few dropsical people; and, occasionally, small-pox and syphilitic diseases. There are, besides, various cutaneous affections. Dogs are known to go mad amongst the Arabs, but not very often. When

mad, they are called *makloub*. The remedy is, when they bite people, the hair of the mad dog himself, rubbing it over the part bitten. Mussulmans are fond of this antagonistic idea, of the bane and the antidote being one and the same thing, for they preserve the dead scorpions to be applied to the sting of the living ones, and they aver it to be a certain cure. Quackery is the native growth of the ingenious as well as the whimsical and hypochondriacal ideas of men. In dropsy the native doctors cut the body to let out the water, as we do.

Wrote letters to Mr. Alsager, Colonel Warrington, and others. People grumbling about their letters being too high charged. Formerly letters went free to Tripoli. The Turkish post-office and policy never fail to make things worse. Treating some Moors with coffee and loaf-sugar, one asked me if there were blood in sugar, for so he had heard from some Europeans in Tripoli. I told him in loaf sugar. "What, the blood of pigs?" one cried. "How do I know?" I rejoined; "if the refiner has no bullock's blood, why not use that of pigs?" This frightened them all out of their senses. They will not eat loaf-sugar again in a hurry. A most ludicrous anecdote of the old Bashaw of Tripoli here occurs to me. Old Yousef one day sent for Colonel Warrington, with a message that the Consul's presence was very particularly required. The Consul, putting on his best Consular uniform, and taking with him his Vice-Consul, his Chancellor, and his Dragoman, immediately waited upon His Highness. The Consul found His Highness sitting in full Divan, surrounded with all his high functionaries. Approaching the Bashaw, the Consul was begged to take a seat. His Highness then opened business, and, drawing a very long and solemn face,

requested to know, "If the Christians were carrying away all the bones from the country?" assuring the Consul that such he heard was the case from his people, adding, that even the graveyards were ransacked for bones. The Consul, nothing blinking, or disquieted, congratulated His Highness upon bringing such an important subject before his notice, and observed, "It is very improper for the Christians to be ransacking the tombs for old bones to ship off for Europe." "Improper!" exclaimed the Bashaw, "why the man who does so ought to be beheaded!" "Yes, yes," replied the Consul, coaxingly, "he ought, your Highness; I quite agree with you." The Bashaw then got a little more calm, and begged of the Consul, as a favour, to tell him what the Christians did with all these old bones. The Consul, now assuming a magnificent air, deigned to reply, "Now, your Highness, you must be cool. You drink coffee?" "Yes." "You put sugar in it?" "Yes" (impatiently). "You use white sugar?" "Yes, yes," said the Bashaw, half amazed, half trembling, wondering what would come next. "Then," cried the Consul triumphantly, "I beg most submissively to inform your Highness, hoping that your Highness will not be angry, but thank me for the information, that the old bones are used to make white sugar with." Hereupon was an awful explosion of *Allahs!*—beginning with His Highness the Bashaw, and going round the whole assembled Divan, in such serious and perplexed conclave now met. Then followed *harams!*—in the midst of which Colonel Warrington graciously and elegantly backed himself out of the Divan, smiling and bowing, bowing and smiling, to the utter horror of all present. Next day His Highness made a proclamation forbidding any of his subjects from exporting old bones on pain of death. On his part, the Consul

issued a notice calling upon all British subjects not to be such barbarians as to violate the tombs of pious Mussulmans, at the same time threatening them with the full weight of the Consular displeasure. I am assured that Yousef Bashaw never ate white sugar afterwards.

The liberties which Colonel Warrington was wont to take with old Yousef Bashaw, of the Caramanly dynasty, could not now be, in these days of Ottoman politeness, at all tolerated. For a long series of years, and especially during the French war, the Colonel was the virtual Bashaw of Tripoli. I shall only give another of a thousand incidents in which the British Consul showed himself the master, and the Bashaw the slave, instead of the Sovereign of his own country. One day the Bashaw had done something to offend the Consul. Colonel Warrington, hearing of it whilst riding out, immediately rides off to the Castle, and rushes, whip in hand, into the presence of the Bashaw, producing consternation through the whole Court. An Italian, having at the time an audience with His Highness, demanded, "*Che cosa vuole Signore Consule?*" seeing the Consul frustrated in his rage for want of an interpreter. "*Tell him* (the Bashaw) *he's a rascal!*" roared the Consul, almost shaking his whip over the head of His Highness. But the Italian was just as far off, not knowing English, and fortunately could not interpret this elegant compliment. The very next day, the Consul and the Bashaw dined together at the British Garden, the Colonel slapping the old gentleman over his shoulder, and drinking wine with him, like two jolly chums. In this way, Colonel Warrington managed to be, what he was called in Malta, "*Bashaw of Tripoli*." Now that Colonel Warrington, during the time these pages have been

going through the press, has left us for another and a better world, we may for a moment compare his Consular system with that which was pursued by the late Mr. Hay, Consul-General of Morocco. The difference is striking, if not remarkable. Colonel Warrington boasted of being able to do anything and everything in Tripoli; Mr. Hay boasted of being able to do nothing in Morocco. The former had the Bashaw under his thumb, or hooked by the nose; the latter stood at an awful distance from the Shereefian Presence. Colonel Warrington underrated the difficulties and dangers of travelling in Tripoli and Central Africa, making the route from Tripoli to Bornou as safe as the road from London to Paris; Mr. Hay, exaggerating every obstacle, represented it as unsafe to walk in the environs of Tangier, under its very walls, and even boasted of himself being shot at in the interior of Morocco, on a Government mission, and whilst attended by an escort of the Emperor's troops. With Colonel Warrington, a mission of science or philanthropy had a real chance of success; with Mr. Hay, no mission could possibly succeed—failure was certain. And so I might continue the opposite parallels. But in justice to these late functionaries and their friends, I must observe, that both were zealous servants of Government and their country. They exerted themselves diligently and conscientiously to protect and advance the interests of their countrymen, who had relations with Tripoli or Morocco, according to their peculiar temperaments and circumstances. No doubt they gave Government at home an immense deal of unnecessary trouble, and sometimes even annoyance; but so long as each public functionary abroad thinks the affairs of his own particular post of more importance than those of anybody else, this

inconvenience will always happen, in a lesser or greater degree.

Said furnishes me with a continual anti-slavery text against the slave-trade. Everybody asks me if Said is a slave. I reply, "Slavery is a great sin amongst the English. We cannot have slaves, or make slaves of our fellow-creatures." Then follow discussions, in which I damnify the traffick in human beings as much as possible.

Today witnessed a good specimen of Arab Desert freedom. I was conversing quietly with the Governor, seated beside him on his ottoman, a privilege granted only to me, the Nather (*native* governor) and the Kady, when rushed into the apartment a Souafee Arab, exclaiming to the Rais, "How are you?" and seizing hold of his hands, knocked his fly-flap down on the floor. His Excellency was shocked at this rudeness, and I myself was a little startled. The conversation which followed, if such it may be called, is characteristic of the bold Arab, and the haughty Turk.

The Souafee.—"The Shânbah are coming to Ghadames."

The Governor.—"I don't know; God knows."

The Souafee.—"My brothers write to me and tell me so."

The Governor.—"I don't know."

The Souafee.—"Give me money, and I'll go and look after them."

The Governor.—"I have no money."

The Souafee.—"Make haste, give me money."

The Governor.—"Have none."

The Souafee.—"Where's the money?"

The Governor.—"Go to the Ghadamseeah."

The Souafee.—"They tell me you have all their money."

The Governor.—"Go to them."

The Souafee.—"I'm going, *Bislamah* (good bye.)"

The Governor.—"Bislamah."

As the Souafee left the threshold of the apartment, his Excellency turned to me, and raising his right hand underneath his chin, drew its back jerkingly forwards, making the sign of the well-known expression of contempt in North Africa. He then said to me:—"See what a life I lead, what insults I am obliged to put up with! what beasts are these Arabs!" The Souafah are, indeed, the type of the genuine Desert Arab. They have no foreign master, and manage all their affairs by their own Sheikhs and Kadys. The immense waste of sand lying between Ghadames and Southern Tunis and Algeria, is their absolute domain, in the arid and thirsty bosom of which are planted, as marvels of nature, their oases of palms. The Shânbah bandits, who plunder every body, and brave heaven and earth, nevertheless dare not lay a finger on them. I cannot better represent the feelings of the Souf Arab, nor the "wild and burning range" of his country, than by quoting the lines of Eliza Cook:

"Through the desert, through the desert,
where the Arab takes his course,
With none to bear him company, except

his gallant horse;
Where none can question will or right,
where landmarks ne'er impede,
But all is wide and limitless to rider and to
steed.

No purling streamlet murmurs there, no
chequer'd shadows fall;
'Tis torrid, waste and desolate, but free to
each and all.
Through the desert, through the desert!
Oh, the Arab would no change,
For purple robes or olive-trees, his wild
and burning range."

Footnotes:

[53] It is now the fashion in French writers to represent the Arabic غ by the Roman R, as *R*'dames for *Gh*adames.

[54] هرب الي الجبل

[55] *Fullans.*—Mungo Park says: "The Foulahs are chiefly of a tawny complexion, with silky hair, and pleasing features."—M. D'Avezac says: "In the midst of the Negro races, there stands out a *métive* (*mezzo-termino*?) population, of tawny or copper colour, prominent nose, small mouth, and oval face, which ranks itself amongst the white races, and asserts itself to be descended from Arab fathers, and Tawrode(?) mothers. Their crisped hair, and even woolly though long, justifies their classification among the *oulotric* (woolly-haired) populations; but neither the traits of their features, nor the colour of their skin, allow them to be confounded with Negroes, however great the fusion of the two types may

be." Major Rennell calls them the "Leucœthiopes of Ptolemy and Pliny." Mr. D'Eichthal thinks them to be of *Malay* origin, on account of their language; but Dr. Pritchard considers them to be a genuine African race.

CHAPTER XII.

PREPARATIONS FOR GOING TO SOUDAN.

His Excellency the Rais questions me on my rumoured Journey to Soudan.—The Devil has in safe keeping all who are not Mahometans.—I am wearing to a Skeleton.—A Caravan of Women.—Predestination.—The Shânbah begin their Foray.—The Gardens and their Products.—Varieties of the Date-Palm.—Locusts.—Brigands spare the Property of the Marabout Merchants of Ghadames.—Agricultural Implements in The Desert.—Violent capture of a Souf Caravan by the Governor.—Uses of the Date-Palm.—The Touarghee Bandit's opinion as to Killing Christians.—Combat between an Ant and a Fly.—Loose Phraseology in The Mediterranean.—Harsh Hospitality of the Souafah, and Usurpation over their Oases by the French.—Money disappearing from Ghadames.—The Affair of Messrs. Silva and Levi, and their connexion with Ghadamsee Slave-Dealers.—Visit, with his Excellency the Governor, the Ruins of *Kesar-el-Ensara* "the Castle of the Christians."—Antiquity of

Ghadames, and Account of it by Leo Africanus.

THE 23rd, 24th, and 25th, employed in writing letters. On one of these days the Rais called me to him and asked, "Whether I really intended to go to Soudan, as the people had reported to him?" I told him Yes, and that I was already making preparations. His Excellency affected great amazement, and looked exceedingly mysterious, but did not know what to reply. At last he observed, "I must write to Ahmed Effendi of The Mountains, and if he says you may go, all well, if not, you must not go." I then asked the Rais, what I was to do in Ghadames? His Excellency said anxiously, "Stay with me to keep me company. I am surrounded with barbarians. I am weary of my life here." As the Rais spoke what I knew to be the truth, I pitied him and said nothing, although I could not understand this asking of permission from Ahmed Effendi, whom I knew to be a queer customer to deal with. However, I interpreted the sense of Colonel Warrington's letter to Rais, viz., "If I had friends I might venture further into the interior, if not, stay where I was until I made friends." I believe the sympathy of the Rais *sincere*, which is a great deal for a Turk, or even any body else in this insincere and lying world. He is a timid man, and is afraid the Touaricks will make an end of me. What the Rais says is reasonable enough: "Bring me a Ghadamsee, or a respectable Arab merchant whom I know, and who will take you with him, and be answerable for your head (safety), and will protect you equally with himself, then I have no fears for your safety." I took my friend Zaleâ to the Rais, who is a native of Seenawan, and much respected by all.

The camels of the giant left to-day for Ghat, his giantship himself waits to be conducteur of our caravan.

In replying to an observation about another increase of taxes of which the people bitterly complained, I said, "The Mahometan princes are now the greatest oppressors of the people, whilst the Christian kings are more tolerant, and people enjoyed more security under our Governments." My taleb replied, "Yes, it is the truth, Yâkob, and this is the reason. The Devil knows that all the Christians, and Jews, and black *kafers*, belong to him. So he troubles them not, they are his safe property and sure possession. But he is always stirring up amongst us Mussulmans evil passions, and leading our sovereigns to oppress the people, and one Mussulman to oppress another." Such is the reasoning of a bigoted Moslemite, and with him and others it has considerable force. Indeed, a Christian stands a very poor chance with these subtle orthodox doctors.

26th.—The mornings grow colder and colder. I feel the change sensitively, more so than the natives; am exceedingly chilly. I perceive the hot weather has dried up or torn off the flesh from my bones, and my feet are very skinny. Attribute this a good deal to the water. Rais is almost worn to a skeleton. This morning he called his servants to attest, how stout he was when he first came here. But as the heat is gone, I shall not now drink so much water. The more malicious, in revenge for Turkish oppression here, hope and pray the Rais will die of the climate, and every Turk who succeeds him.

To-day the Touarick *women* leave for Ghat. No men go with them, only some of their little sons. About

ten women form this caravan. They have camels to carry their water, and ride on occasionally when they are fatigued. I asked a Ghadamsee whether these women were not afraid to go by themselves, particularly now as banditti are reported to be in the routes. He replied, "These Touarick women are a host of witches and she-devils. No men will dare to touch them." This ghafalah of women is a perfectly new idea to me. Some of the women are quite young and pretty, and delicate, and don't appear as if they could bear twenty days' desert-travelling. One said to me, "If you will go with us women, we will take better care of you than the men can do."

27th.—Occupied in writing. Rais paid me a visit in the afternoon. Gave one of the slaves who came with him a pill-box, which highly delighted the boy. I found when I visited Rais again, that his Excellency himself had become so enamoured with the pill-box, as to purchase it from his slave. Said continues bad with ophthalmia. The disease seems to attack mostly people of this country, and not strangers. At any rate it would seem that we require to be acclimated to catch these diseases, as well as acclimated to resist them. Rais took it into his head to preach to me about the decrees of Heaven. "You and I," said his Excellency, "were great fools to come to this country; I to leave Constantinople, you to leave London. But it was the decree of God that we should come to this horrible country." The decrees of Heaven, or the acknowledgment of such, are the *bonâ fide* religion of Ghadames. "What do the people eat?" I said to a man. He replied, "What is decreed!" Another interposed, "Don't be afraid of the Touaricks; you will not die before the time which is decreed by Heaven for you to die." Such is consolation in man's misery. Are we to believe this? or why not believe it?

28th, *29th*, and *30th.*—Employed in preparing routes of The Desert. This evening the Governor received a letter from his spies in Souf, which reports that the Shânbah had left their country four days before they wrote, which is now fifteen days. It is not known whether the banditti have taken the route to Ghat or Ghadames. His Excellency has taken precautionary measures, and sent soldiers to look out in the routes near our city. He has also sent to bring back a merchant who started yesterday to Touat, and another to Derge. The freebooters are 100 horse, and 400 camels strong. The Giant Touarick taking the alarm, and mounting his strongest and fleetest Maharee, has gone off to protect his family and country. He was one of the expedition last year, and slew a dozen Shânbah with his own hand. In the meanwhile *caravaning* to all quarters is to be stopped.

31st.—Purchased an outfit for Said. Afterwards he would put them on, and walked all over the town, and left me to cook the dinner myself. I said nothing to him, humouring his vanity. No people are so fond of new and fine clothes as Negroes.

1st November.—A strong wind blowing from the south-east, or nearly east. Not very cold, clouds thick and dark, and no sun. The music of the wind in the date-palms is very agreeable, and tunes my soul to a quiet sadness. The Ghadamsee merchant who was overtaken on his road to Tourat, refuses to come back, and says he trusts in God against the Shânbah. Some Souf Arabs have come in to-day, giving out that the French wish to assume the sovereignty over their country. The able-bodied men of the united oases are calculated at 2,000.

Visited the gardens with my taleb as *cicerone*. Was much gratified with the rural ramble, although there is nothing remarkable to be seen. The three principal productions are dates, of which there is a great variety, some thirty or forty different sorts[56]; barley and *ghusub*[57]. The ghusub is grown in the Autumn and the barley in the Spring; in this way two crops of corn are reaped in the year. A little wheat is now and then grown, but does not thrive. The native date is the *madghou* (مدغو) which is also common in Seenawan and Derge. It is small and filbert-shaped, of a black colour, very pleasant when fresh, but when dry very indifferent. I saw no black dates in any other parts of The Sahara. The gardens furnish besides a few vegetables and fruits, such as pomegranates, apricots, peaches, almonds, olives, melons, pumpkins, tomatas, onions, and peppers, a few grape-trees and fig-trees in the choicest gardens, but all in small quantities. There is scarcely a flower or fancy tree but the *tout*. No person of my acquaintance, except my turjeman, showed much fancy for botany. He had brought an aloe from Tripoli, and planted it in his garden. It is the only one. He has another tree or two besides, which nobody else has. The merchants have brought the varieties of the date-palm from the different oases of The Sahara. Nearly every householder has a garden, and some several. Sometimes a date plantation is divided between two or three families, each cultivating and gathering the fruits of his pet choice palm. Herbage is grown in the gardens for fattening the sheep. Pounded date-stones both fatten sheep and camels. In summer the gardens are intolerable, but in winter deliriously pleasant. Sheikh Makouran is the largest landed-proprietor. He has seventeen gardens; "nearly half the country," as a person

observed. So Europe is not the only place in the world where there is such an unequal division of the land. The gardens are small, and the whole number is some two hundred and odd, only the half of which are regularly watered from the Great Spring. As the people can never depend upon rain, the whole culture is conducted on irrigation. The Ghadamsee garden-gate, of all the absurdities of inconvenience is the greatest I ever met with. It is scarcely large enough for a small sheep to enter. Every person entering a garden must not only stoop but crawl through the gate. It is fortunate there are no lusty people here, all being bony and wiry like the Arabs. Not being dependant on rain, the gardens only suffer from the locusts, and now and then a blighting wind. In the Spring of this year these insect marauders passed over the oasis and made a pillage of the date blossoms for thirty days, besides doing much damage to the barley. I encountered a flight of the same horde, which emerged from The Desert and then took to sea, and were scattered over to Malta and Sicily by the wind, when I was travelling from Tunis to the isle of Jerbah late in the Spring. From Ghadames they proceeded *en masse* to Tripoli and Ghabs, inflicting great damage. When they passed near the gardens of Ghabs, the people climbed up the fruit-trees and made a great noise, screaming and shouting, which kept them from settling in masses on the fruit-trees and vegetables. They also kindled a fire and tried to smoke them away. Many of those which did settle were gathered, cooked, and eaten with great *gusto* by the people. I met them myself on the immense plains of Solyman; they were the first flight of locusts I ever saw. I had seen locusts on the hills near Mogador, where they are bred in great numbers. Millions of small green things were just

starting into being. The locust is a somewhat disproportioned insect, the wings are too fine for the bulk and weight of the body, which explains why they are unable to struggle against the wind; as it is said in the Scriptures, "and when it was morning the east wind brought the locusts." (Exod. x. 13.) They do not fly high, and when they settle on the ground they roll over very clumsily. A flight at a distance looks like falling flakes of snow in a snow-storm. They are mostly of a reddish colour, with lead-coloured bodies, and some of a glaring yellow. The yellow ones are said to be the males, and are not so good eating as the others. The locust tastes very much like a dry shrimp when roasted. They are from an inch and a half to two and a half long. The head is large and square, and very formidable. Hence the Scripture allusion: "and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men." (Rev. ix. 7.) But the prophecy gives them a superadded power which they do not possess, "and unto them was given power as the scorpions of the earth have power;" (v. 3.) for when you catch the locust it makes little resistance and does not bite. Few of these were eating, and most of them were either flying or lay motionless basking in the sun, grouped in hundreds round tufts of long coarse grass. My Moorish fellow-travellers didn't like their appearance. They said the locusts are bad things, and came from the hot country to devour their harvest. It was indeed, an unpleasant sight, this horde of insect marauders, and soon lost the charm of novelty. But the world is made up of the elements of destruction and reproduction. Such is the eternal order of Providence, and we must bear the evil and the good. I do not think that they come far south or from the inner Desert, for they could not be bred in regions of

desolation, where there is no green thing. Yet these flights were from the south of Ghadames, and at any rate they are bred in the Saharan districts, from the banks of the Nile to the shores of the Atlantic. The world is full of impostors. One of these went once upon a time to Morocco, and endeavoured to persuade the people he could destroy all the locusts by some chemical process. I believe he was a French adventurer.

2nd.—Occupied in taking notes of routes. The whole day overcast but no rain. Rais alternately laughs and admires the Ghadamsee people. He was endeavouring to prove to me what profound respect the bandits of The Desert entertain for these Marabout people, and said, "If a camel of the Ghadamseeah falls down in The Desert and dies, and no person present has a camel to lend them, they leave the goods or the load of the camel on the high road until they fetch one. Should a bandit pass by in the meanwhile and see the goods, and recognize them to belong to an inhabitant of Ghadames, he does not even touch them, but passes by and calls for the blessing of Heaven upon the Holy City of The Desert." This, one would say, is too good to be true, at the same time, I have no doubt the banditti of The Desert have a species of religious respect for these pacific-minded, unresisting merchants. I took an opportunity of asking Rais about the use and value of his charms. His Excellency replied, "They are to protect me when exposed to robbers like the Shânbah, or to other evils. These charms will then render me great assistance." I I have already said Rais is as big a ninny in these superstitious matters as any of his Maraboutish subjects.

3rd.—Am still in great doubt as to the route I shall

take for the interior. Every route has its separate advantages, and separate dangers. In this perplexity what can I do but wait the turn of events? . . . . . Another overcast morning, as dull and foggy as Old England's November. A perfect Thames-London fog. I was accustomed to think that in the bright sky of an African desert such a mass of cloud and haziness was impossible. Still, though gloomy and drear, there is more boldness and definiteness of outline than in England. After a person has been living long under the bright skies of the Mediterranean, he may mistake a clear winter's day on Blackheath, as I have done, for a moonlight, owing to the want of those sharp angles by which nature draws her landscapes in Southern Europe. To-day the face of the heavens has cast its shadows upon the countenance of the population, for all is dull in business. Every one is awaiting the result of the skirmishes between the Touaricks and the Shânbah.

4th.—A fine morning, and not very cold. No patients, everybody apparently in health. My old friend Berka, the liberated slave, is now occupied in turning or digging, or hoeing up a whole garden of good size, about two days and a half's labour, for which he will receive one Tunisian piastre! (Seven pence English money.) This is free labour. I am sure the slave labour, the principal here, cannot be cheaper. The implements of agriculture are few and simple in The Desert. Friend Berka had but a small hoe, which is well described by Caillié, who saw it used near Jinnee, and indeed it seems to be used throughout Central Africa. This hoe is about a foot long, and eight inches broad; the handle, which is some sixteen inches in length, slants very much. With this hoe they turn up the earth instead of the plough, and prepare and open and shut the squares of irrigated

fields. For reaping they make use of a small sickle without teeth. The caravans usually have a supply of these sickles for cutting up Desert provender for the camels. The use of the hoe requires constant stooping to the ground and is consequently laborious, but the Saharan fields are very limited, and are soon hoed up. The smallness of space is compensated by a redundant fertility, and double and even treble crops in the course of the year. Passing by a group of gossipping slaves to-day, one came running up to me and said, "Buy me, buy me, and I will go with you to Ghat. I shall only cost you 100 mahboubs." This is humiliating enough, but those who offer their services for sale, like hundreds in the metropolis of London, to write up a bad cause and write down a good one, or to—

"Make the worse appear
The better reason—"

"With words cloth'd in reason's garb—"

certainly perform a greater act of degradation than these poor debased bondsmen.

A few evenings ago intelligence arrived that a Souf caravan of eight camels and five persons were seen about a day and a half from this city, proceeding in the route of Ghat. This gave rise to suspicions that the news about the Shânbah and Touaricks was a hoax of the Souafah, in order to frighten the people of Ghadames, and allow them (the Souafah) to get first to the market of Ghat, and buy slaves cheaper. So reason the merchants with the usual jealousy of such people. Rais, on receipt of the above, summoned his Divan, and it was debated, "Whether the Souafah should not be brought in here by force?"

The question was decided in the affirmative, and late at night, fourteen Arab soldiers, two Arabs of Seenawan, intimately acquainted with the routes, and an official of the Rais, went off to seize the caravan. This bold measure may bring us unpleasant consequences. First of all, the Governor has no right to seize a caravan in a district where the Sultan, his master, has no authority, decidedly neutral ground, especially a caravan of strangers. Then the Souafah, in revenge, may attack the caravans of Ghadames. Again, it is a question whether the caravan will come in without fighting, for the Souafah are tough men to deal with. It will be a poor excuse for the Governor to plead before the Pasha, that the caravan was guilty of this hoax, supposing it so, and giving this as the reason for seizing the peaceable caravan of an independent state. Indeed, who shall decide that they gave false intelligence of the Shânbah? And if they did, should this be the punishment for spreading a false report? Many other disagreeable thoughts occur. It is clear there is a violent infraction of international law committed on our neighbour's (the Touarick's) territory.

Talking with a gossip about the character of Moors, and he saying they were "*friends of flous* (money,)" *i. e.* mercenary, and adding that the Touattee was the best fellow amongst them. Said, who was present, said to me, "Yes, it is so, and because he is a black man." Said often repeats to me, "In Soudan it will cost you nothing to live; being a stranger, everybody will feed you in our country." Another free black took upon himself to ridicule the constitution of the white man. "Ah," he cried, "what is a white man! a poor weak creature; he can't bear Soudan heat; he gets the fever, and dies. No, it is the black man that is strong, strong always. He never droops or sinks!

Look at the strength of my limbs." Such are the traits of character of coloured men in this Saharan world. I add another anecdote. Speaking to Berka one day, I said, "I shall have that Tibboo himself sold as a slave; what right has he to bring people here as slaves and sell them?" Berka mistook my meaning, thinking that, because the Tibboo was black, I wished to have him sold and punished, and not for being a slave-dealer, and the old gentleman got into a great passion, sharply reprimanding me in this style: "Yes, Christian! drop that language; when you get to Soudan you will find everybody black. Drop that language; don't fancy, because the Tibboo is black, you can sell him. Drop that language, for all are black there."

7th.—This morning, after a pursuit of three days, our soldiers brought in the Souf Arabs, which has made a great clamour in the town, as it always happens in disputed cases, the people arranging themselves on different sides as partisans, some for the Rais and others for the Souafah. Called upon the Governor and told him I hoped he would not take the *gomerick* ("duties") for the goods of the caravan, as the people were brought here against their will. His Excellency said he would not, but merely reprimand them for spreading false news. It appears there is some slight evidence of a hoax, but nothing to justify such a violent measure. The Governor wants to make it out that they might have been Shânbah, when it was well known before their capture they were Souafah.

Every part of the date-palm is turned to account. The fibrous net-work, which surrounds the ends of the branches where they attach themselves to the trunk, is woven into very strong and tough ropes, with which the legs of camels are tied, and horses

picketed. The very stones are split and pounded, to fatten all animals here. The branches make baskets of every kind; the dried leaves are burned, and the trunk builds the houses, supplying all the beams and rafters. One day, on looking up to some palm wood-work, the old men present said, "How old do you think that wood is, Yâkob?" "I can't tell," I replied. They observed, "That wood is upwards of three hundred years old. Indeed, we can't tell how long it has been there. Our grandfathers found it there, and it looked just the same then as now." It was large beams of the trunk of the tree, with platted thin pieces of the boughs across them, forming a fantastic zig-zag joice of wood ceiling. The fruit of the date-palm supports man, in many oases, nine months out of twelve. In Fezzan, all the domestic animals, including dogs, and horses, and fowls, eat dates. Such are some of the various and important uses to which this noble tree is turned. The Saharan tribes, likewise, are wont to live for several months of the year upon two other products, viz., milk and gum. Milk I have mentioned as supporting the Touaricks exclusively six or more months in the year. Gum, also, in the Western Sahara, furnishes tribes with an exclusive sustenance for many months. Even the prickly-pear, or fruit of the cactus, will support a Barbary village for three months. It is, therefore, not surprising the Irish peasant may live on potatoes and milk the greater part of the year. The bead on the date-stone is the part (vital) whence commences germination, and sprouts the new shoots of the palm. New shoots spring up all over the oases, but particularly in those places where water is abundant, and within and about the ducts of irrigation. These shoots are collected for the new plantations, and the female plants carefully separated from the males,

and these latter destroyed. Only a few male plants are kept for impregnation.

8th.—Warm this morning, the cold weather gone apparently for a short time. No patients. The long-expected ghafalah from Tripoli has arrived by the way of Derge, avoiding the more dangerous route of Seenawan, by which latter I came here. No mail. All the people now in a hurry to be off to Ghat, as their goods have arrived. I begin to feel extremely irritable and irresolute at the prospect of the new unknown Desert journey. The old bandit called, and asked, "Well, are you going?" I answered, "Yes, very soon, but I must first have a letter of permission from the Pasha of Tripoli, so the Rais says, for the Pasha is greatly afraid you Touaricks will cut my throat." "God! God! God!" exclaimed the bandit; "I'll risk my head that you'll go on safe to Ghat and Aheer. But, as for those villains, the Touaricks of Timbuctoo, those, I'll grant you, are cut-throats." As I was about to take leave of the old brigand, I gave him a piastre, and said, "Now tell me fairly, and as an honest man, what is the reason that the Touaricks kill Christians, and why did they kill the English officer who went to Timbuctoo?" "Stop, stop," the brigand replied, very pleased with the piastre, "I'll tell you. There are three reasons. First (scratching with his spear on the ground), the Christians will not say that Mahomet is the prophet of God. Second (again scratching with his spear on the ground), the Christians are the brothers of Pharaoh, and have plenty of money; we are poor, we kill you for your money. Third (again scratching), you wish to take our country. You have nearly all the world; you have robbed us of Algeria, and Andalous. Why don't you stop in the sea, where you are? We shall not come to you. We don't like the sea." Seeing I could make nothing of the old sinner,

so cunning was he, I gave him a piece of sugar for his little son, and he went away. I thought often of the words which I had recently read in the Arabic, "The time will come when those who kill you will think that they render service to God," (John xvi. 2,) when discussing so repeatedly this question of the killing of Christians by the Touaricks with the Rais, with the people of Ghadames, and with the Touaricks themselves. But has this principle alone reference to the wild tribes of The Sahara? Has it not had a pointed application in all the authenticated annals of the world? Take our own era. The Jew thought he did service to God by killing those who confessed Christ. Then the Imperial Roman, he immolated the Christian who worshipped not the image of Cæsar. Then the Roman Christian killed the heretic Donatist, lighting up the flames of persecution in this Africa. Then the Catholic killed the Protestant, and deluged Europe with a sea of blood. Thus in England we enacted our penal laws against Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, some of which, to our shame, still exist on the statute book. What a horrid heritage of murder for conscience' sake has been transmitted to us in this nineteenth century? And is the present fratricidal war in Switzerland unconnected with this principle of blood and persecution! No; and again, no! How, then, can we find fault with the barbarians of the Great Desert? Nay, contrarily, those who follow me through The Desert, will find the Saharan Barbarians infinitely more tolerant than the mild, and the gentle, and the polished, and the educated, and the civilized, and the Christianized professors of religion in our own great Europe!

This afternoon the first portion of the Ghadamsee Soudanic caravan left for Ghat, consisting of about twenty-five camels, and some ten merchants and

traders. This is merely a detachment. The larger portion of the population went to see them off, and several families were dressed in their best clothes, as on festas. It is the usual custom on the departure and return of caravans. Two or three mounted on saddled Maharees accompanied the caravan a day's journey. I have many offers of the people, as in The Mountains, to accompany me to Ghat: a strange infatuation for such rigid Moslems as the Ghadamseeah!

To-day I witnessed in my court-yard or *patio* a tremendous struggle between an ant and a fly: both species of insects are very numerous in Ghadames, and there is a great number of various coloured ants. The ant got hold of the muzzle of the fly, or its neck, and there grasped it with as firm a grasp as it is possible to conceive of one animal grasping another. In vain the fly struggled and flapped its wings; over and over again the combatants rolled as these weak defences beat the air: and yet they must have had great force in them, for they flung over the ant, of a good size, some hundred times. The struggle continued a full half hour. I once or twice took them up on a piece of straw, but the ant never let go its hold on the fly, and paid no attention to me. At last, the fly was exhausted, and ceased to flap its tiny wings. The sanguinary ant strangled the poor silly fly, as some sharper strangles or ruins his poor dupe. After death, the ant seemed busy at sucking its blood. Satiated with this, the ant attempted to convey the fly away, dead as it was, but thinking better of the matter, the carcase was abandoned. I observed that the combat went on in the midst of a thousand flies, but alas! these rendered their fellow, in this his death-struggle, against a common foe, no assistance. Such is the way the tyrants of the earth succeed! They strike down the friends of freedom

one by one, and the people, as silly as the flies, leave their champions to struggle alone against the common oppressor of mankind, only thinking of what they shall eat and drink, in which fashion adorn themselves, and how they shall fill up sufficiently the measure of their idle days of folly.

The whole phraseology of the Mediterranean is very loose in the designation of persons and objects. The Italians call every Mussulman *un Turco*, "a Turk." The French of Algeria call every Mohammedan resident amongst them "*un Arab*." So the Moors and Arabs here call all people who are not Mussulmans *Ensara*, الانصرا, "Christians," whether Pagans, Idolaters, or what not. I was writing some information from the mouth of a Moor, and got into a scrape. He told me there were plenty of *Ensara* in Soudan, and I thought these might be Abyssinian Christians, until I reflected that it was merely the ordinary denomination of those who are not Moslemites.

9th.—Slept very little during the past night; always dreaming of Timbuctoo. The further an object is from you the nearer it is to your thoughts. The morning broke with a violent wind from the south-east, which is exceedingly disagreeable. Rais continues very gracious, and sends me constantly cakes, being a portion of what he receives as presents from the people.

I omit a great deal about Souf politics, not being anxious to worry the reader with French and Tuniseen Saharan diplomacy. But a Souafee's notion of hospitality is rather, I should think, rigid. I said to a Souafee, whose acquaintance I have made, "I shall come to your country, and write all about it."

"If you dare," he replied, "by G—d, the people will

immediately cut your throat."

I.—"I will get an *amer* ('order') from the Bey of Tunis, which will protect me."

"No, no," rejoined the Souafee, "the people will tear the amer to pieces, and set the Bey, the French, and all Christians, at defiance."

No doubt the Souafah, the most interesting Arabs of all this region, are very fierce of their independence, which explains their jealousy of the French, and their determinedly withholding any mark of sovereignty, in the way of tribute, from the Bey of Tunis. It appears, however, two or three of the small districts have really consented to pay a tribute to the French, an act of decided usurpation on the part of France, as the Souf oases "formerly did acknowledge" the sovereignty of Tunis. It is, nevertheless, a pleasing trait in the character of the Souafah, that they have permitted some thirty families of Jews to settle amongst them, a concession not yet made by the Marabouts of Ghadames.

Within my couple of months' residence here, how rapid has been the impoverishment of the country! Everything gets worse and worse. Now, it is almost impossible to get change for a Tunisian piastre. I've been two days trying to get change, and have not yet succeeded. The money in circulation is principally Tunisian piastres; but since the Turks have come, Turkish money also passes. There are, besides, a quantity of Spanish dollars and five-franc pieces. Apparently, all the money has left the country, or is hidden by the people. A good deal, I have no doubt, has been hidden within a few weeks. The Governor himself laments that he changed a dollar yesterday for two karoubs (two pence) less than its current

value in Tripoli. His Excellency is very low-spirited, and very sick. His Excellency prays that the Pasha will allow him to return to Tripoli a few months. Being a good man, the system of extortion which he is obliged to put in practice to meet the demands of the Pasha, makes his heart sick. His Excellency assured me, that if the Souf Arabs had not lately brought some money, with which they purchased slaves for the markets of Algeria, there would have been no money left in the country. The merchants say their affairs must now be transacted in the way of barter, as in Soudan. I am particular in noticing these things, and the cause of the impoverishment of these unhappy people, as showing the curse of the Turkish system on the transactions of commerce.

My taleb wrote in my journal this splendid Arabic proverb:

الرجال سناديق مغلقة ومفاتحها التجريب صدور الرجال سنادق الاسرار

"Men are locked-up boxes—experience opens them; the bosom of man is a box of secrets."

10th.—To-day I ran about town to tire myself, in order to sleep at nights. This morning, one of the two expected ghafalahs of Tripoli, consisting of 117 camels and twenty traders of Ghadames, arrived; the other ghafalah will arrive in a few days. The ghafalah has brought goods only for the interior. The merchants just come report in town, "That Yâkob (myself) has written to the English Consul of Tripoli, informing him how *Aaron* (*Signor Silva*) lends money and goods to the merchants of Ghadames, with which goods and money to go into the interior, and traffick in slaves." This is substantially correct; but it was written in confidence to Colonel Warrington,

and to no other person in Tripoli. I expressly begged Colonel Warrington not to divulge the fact, or my mention of such a matter, until I was out of the lion's mouth of the slave-dealing interests of this part of North Africa. The Consul, however, deemed it his duty to disregard my request, and to divulge or violate this confidence, and posted up a placard on the door of the Tripoline Consulate, stating, "That certain merchants, under British protection, were accused of slave-dealing with the merchants of Ghadames, and calling upon them to clear themselves from such an imputation." Of course, as there was nobody else likely to make such an accusation but myself, being well known as an anti-slavery man in Tripoli, the public attention was at once directed to me as the accuser. The other merchant alluded to is Mr. Laby (Levi), a Barbary Jew, and the head of a house in Tripoli. Mr. Silva is also a Jew, but from Europe. This report, circulating from mouth to mouth, has created a tremendous sensation in Ghadames; and the people fancy they see in it not only a blow aimed at them and the slave-trade, but the final ruin of their commerce, already sufficiently crippled by the oppression of the Turks. I am, therefore, obliged to Colonel Warrington, not so much for facilitating my progress in the interior, as for increasing my difficulties a hundred-fold. I was astonished that a high functionary, of thirty-three years' experience in these countries, should have committed such an act of egregious indiscretion, exposing the life of a fellow countryman to such increased danger, who was already without any kind of guaranteed protection. If I had been murdered in The Desert tract from Ghadames to Ghat, it would have most justly been attributed to the placard placed on the doors of the

Consulate at Tripoli. Justice requires from me, however, that I should state an indiscretion also on my part. I wrote to the Consul that I had communicated the charge against Messrs. Silva and Levi to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and did not add, as I ought perhaps to have done, that I had likewise begged of Mr. Scoble not to make the charge public for the present. Colonel Warrington was afraid the charge would be known in London before he had reported upon it, and in this way his Consulate might suffer in the eyes of Government. Now I shall not trouble the reader with the proof of the charge. It must already have been seen, that as the merchants of Ghadames are drained of all their capital by the Turkish Government, they, the merchants of Ghadames, are obliged to fall back upon the merchants of Tripoli, who will give them credit, some of which latter are under British protection. So Sheikh Makouran complained to me he could not now trade without the credit of Silva, so the people told me the house of Ettanee, the other great mercantile firm of this country, had received several thousand dollars' worth of goods on credit from the Messrs. Laby, and so the Rais frequently has told me, the money of the merchants of Ghadames is in the holding of those of Tripoli, who are mostly under European protection. The question is, whether such a state of things can be brought under the provision of Lord Brougham's Act, for preventing British merchants from trading in slaves, or aiding others to trade in slaves, in foreign countries. It is a very delicate subject, because the modes of evading the Act, by private and secret contracts, are innumerable. British juries are also unwilling to convict parties under this Act, and the case of Zulueta failed not so much from the want of

evidence as from the unwillingness of the jury to come to an impartial decision on the evidence.

Whilst reflecting upon my very critical position, my poor Said came in from the streets very much cast down, and very sulky.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh!" blubbered Said, "the people are all talking about your telling the Consul that the Jews lend them goods to trade in slaves. They hate you now."

"Never mind," I returned, "it will pass away soon."

Said had already become a staunch abolitionist, both from principle and circumstances, and often asked me, "When the English would put down the slave-trade in Tripoli?" Said is by no means so stupid as I first took him to be. I immediately determined not to go out for two or three days until the excitement had somewhat abated. In the evening I had many visitors, who all spoke of my accusation against Levi and Silva. I met the accusations by a deprecatory proposal of this kind: "Would the Ghadamsee merchants consent to abandon the traffic in slaves, on the conditions that some English merchants would furnish them with goods on credit at a lower rate than that which they obtained them from Levi and Silva: if so, I would write about it to the Consul? And, likewise, I would ask the Consul to get their Soudan goods charged only five per cent. importation, which was the sum paid for European goods coming into Tripoli; thereby equalizing the per centage of the imports and exports." My merchant friends received this proposal very favourably, and swore there was no profit in slaves, and declared themselves ready to give up the traffic. Some

proposed that they should try the gold trade of Timbuctoo, and leave the Soudan trade altogether. The traffic to Soudan is two-thirds in slaves or more. I knew, however, that to expect such a thing from the Turks, was all but hopeless,—their grand maxim of Government being to depress and to destroy, not to help and build up,—and I made to them the proposition chiefly with the object of diverting the odium of the accusation from myself. But yet, who does not see that the proposal is well worthy the attention of any Government that wishes to establish in Africa a legitimate commerce, a system of trade which a good man and a good Government may approve of and support?

Sixty Arab soldiers came yesterday from The Mountains to protect the people whilst they are building the caravansary of Emjessem. A merchant made a present to-day of some slave neck-irons and leg-irons to the Rais. His Excellency said to me, "I had none before, it was necessary to have some of these things, in case they should be wanted for the banditti who might be captured." A person justly observed, "Before the *Truk* (Turks) we had no need of these things, except for runaway slaves, and we seldom used them." The Irishman who discovered himself to be in a civilized country from the erection of a gallows, might have equally proved the advance of civilization in The Sahara from this fact.

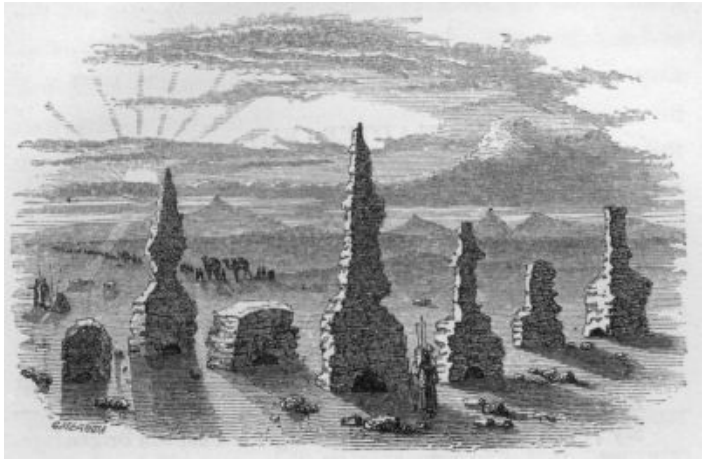
11th.—Feel greatly discomposed on account of the news which has transpired respecting the joint dealings of Silva and Levi with our Ghadamsee merchants. One trouble succeeds another, as the angry waves beating on the rocky shore. First the pain of delay, then sickness, now other matters, then the prospect of a dangerous journey through The

Desert, with a people who may look upon me with dislike, distrust, and every kind of suspicion. . . . . In the past night, blew a gale from the north-west. Slept very little. Also troubled with a large boil. Received a visit from some of my old Arab friends of the Rujban Mountains, who regaled themselves with bread and dates. Called on the Rais, who was as friendly as ever. If his Excellency have heard the report, he has the delicacy to say nothing about it. His Excellency told me he had dispatched ninety-two *shatahs*, or mails, during the fifteen months which he has been in Ghadames. It is reported in town, that Signor Silva is in a great fright, and fears being arrested by the British Consul at the order of the Queen. A notary visited me to-day, laughed at the news of Silva, and was very friendly; he protested the people got nothing by slave-dealing. Begin to feel relieved, but I see clearly some discouraging circumstances. My taleb comes in as usual, but the turjeman is frightened and keeps away. Several of the merchants positively affirm, that now, since the market of Tunis is shut, and the Pasha takes ten dollars duty on each slave, there is no profit in slave-dealing. However, news has arrived from Ghat that a great many slaves are coming with the next caravan from Soudan.

This evening was glad to go with the Rais to see the ruins of *Kesar-El-Ensara*, قصر الانصرا, "The Castle of the Christians," although I had seen them often before. It was a great relief to me. The Rais put his head down to the vaults under the ruins to listen to the conversation of the *Jenoun*, or "Demons." His Excellency said he thought he heard the Demons talking. The ruins are situate about half a mile from the walls of the city S.SW. All the piles have a small vault under them, apparently for water, but it might

have been an excavated tomb. The people pretend that these ruins are four thousand years of age. A son of the late Yousef Bashaw, on a visit to Ghadames, about thirty years ago, to amuse himself and frighten the demons, blew up a large portion of the ruins with gunpowder. Previously the ruins were much more perfect and imposing. I have made a sketch of what remains of these ancient buildings. The style of the buildings can be easily distinguished from the modern by its being composed of a very white cement and small stones, half the size of ordinary paving stones, the cement being in a large proportion. My turjeman once pointed out to me a piece of the ancient walls of the city, still remaining, exactly corresponding to these ruins. I have seen frequent ruins of ancient Roman walls, representing the same kind of building in North Africa. This Kesar-El-Ensara, together with the bas-relief, and the Latin inscription, copied by a Moor from a tomb-stone, beginning with the words "*Diis Manibus*," are more than sufficient evidence to prove that Ghadames was "colonized," as it was called, by the Romans, and probably earlier by the Greeks and Carthaginians. The same Moorish prince who blew up the ruins, carried away also to Tripoli the tomb-stone, from which a Moor copied the inscription, and which transcript I brought with me from Ghadames. The copyist of this inscription says, he affixed the Arabic letters in order that the Mussulman might compare them with the Christian letters and find out their sense, but he himself did not know what were their meaning. On returning from Kesar-El-Ensara, we looked around and were painfully impressed with the appalling barrenness of The Sahara. The Rais said, "Ah, these people, little know they what a garden is my country compared to this!" The Rais

then stumbled over a small solitary herb and exclaimed instinctively, *Hamdullah*, "Praise to God," picking it up. What attracted our attention was the almost infinite number of small serpentine camel-tracks, wriggling endlessly through the wastes of The Sahara. The Rais said, "Those Touaricks are incarnate Genii! they know all these paths:" pointing south towards Ghat.



Ghadames, غدامس, is the ancient *Cydamus*, the name being precisely the same. In the year 19 before our era, it was subjugated by Cornelius Balbus, being at that period in the possession of a people called Garamtes. The Romans are said to have embellished it, and probably built the fortifications whose ruins have been just described. In an ancient itinerary, from Tunis to Ghadames, we find the following names of stations, viz., Berezeos, Ausilincli, Agma, Augemmi, Tabalata, Thebelami and Tillibari. Leo Africanus, gives the subjoined account of Ghadames:

GADEMES, ABITAZIONE.—Gademes è una grande abitazione, dove sono molti castelli e popolosi casali,

discosti dal mare Mediterraneo, verso mezzogiorno, circa a trecento miglia. Gli abitatori sono ricchi di possessioni di datteri, e di danari, perciocchè sogliono mercatantare nel paese de' Negri: e si reggono da lor medesimi, e pagano tributo agli Arabi; ma prima erano sotto il re di Tunis, cioè il luogotenente di Tripoli. E vero che quivi il grano e la carne sono molto cari.—(Part vi., chap. Lii.)

Footnotes:

[56] In the Tunisian Jereed there are more than two hundred different varieties. Some thrive in one kind of soil, and some in another. At first it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish these varieties, but when his eye becomes practised, he can easily do so at a great distance.

[57] *Ghusub*, قسب, a species of millet. *Pennisetum Tyhoideum.* Rich. It is called *drâ* in Tunis and *bishma* in Tripoli.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR GOING TO SOUDAN.

Weariness and Exhaustion in Preparating and Waiting to Depart.—Cold intensely set in.—Excitement of the Messrs. Silva and Levi affair subsiding.—Suffer from Bad Health.—Pet Ostrich.—Longevity in The Desert.—Mahometan Doctrine of Judicial Blindness.—Custom of Dipping and Sopping in Meats.—

Mahometan Propositional Form of Doctrine.—The Wild-Ox, or *Bughar Wahoush*.—Salting and Drying Meat for Preservation.—My Friend, the Arab Doctor.—Ravages of Shânbah Brigandage.—The Immemorial Character of the Arab.—Excess of Transit Duties.—Person and Character of Rais Mustapha.—Character of Sheikh Makouran.—Testimonial of the People of Ghadames in my Favour.—Personal Character of my Taleb and Turjeman.—Quarrel with a Wahabite.—Said gets Saucy and Unruly, and development of his Character.—Purchase my *Nagah* or she-Camel.—Departure from Ghadames, and False Report of the appearance of the Shânbah.

12th.—SLEPT little during the night. Sorry I can't read during the nights on account of my eyes. But somewhat improved in health. Saw several merchants who say nothing of the Levi and Silva business. I'm in hopes this subject will not be agitated during the few days I have to remain in Ghadames. The second ghafalah has arrived but brings me nothing, not even the medicines ordered from Tripoli. Patience! What can be done? The Governor affected this evening to be very indignant against the son of Yousef Bashaw for destroying the ruins of Kesar-El-Ensarah. The Turks are becoming antiquaries, and, perhaps, begin to see the uselessness and folly of destroying ancient buildings for the sake of destroying them, even though they belong to an infidel age. To their credit, the Moors themselves are fond of antiquity in churches, and will patch up a marabet or mosque as long as they

can. The Rais, still frightened, suggests that I should return to Tripoli. But I cannot now, I will not. I ought not, for I have acted over all the pains and perils of the journey to Soudan many days and nights, and exhausted myself with expectations, casualties, probabilities and conceivabilities, &c., &c. I am now, in truth, suffering all sorts of maladies, mental and bodily. Such is the wretched existence we are doomed to sustain! And yet is not this our mortal existence a still greater curse to the man, who lives without an object and without an aim?

13th.—Talk of heat and the burning desert, I had last night an attack of cold, which I shall not forget to the latest day of my life! My limbs all shrunk together, my teeth chattered, and I did not know what pains or disease was about to come upon me. This happened whilst undressing. I immediately dressed myself in all my thickest heaviest clothes, lay down, and in twenty minutes happily recovered from the attack. But scarcely slept all night, got a few winks of sleep this morning. I attribute all this to the nervous agitation of advancing into The Desert without a guide or friend, on whom I can rely, combined with the severity of the season fast setting in. Glad to see the sensation of the Silva business dying away. People begin to laugh at me about it, and call the Consul *Sheytan* for disclosing the purport of a letter written confidentially to him. However, I cannot conceive that Colonel Warrington was influenced by any other feelings than those which resulted from a strict sense of duty. Apparently zealous in the performance of his public avocations, he was determined to discharge them at any cost, even at the sacrifice of the life of a fellow-countryman. This is all I can now say about the matter. Fortunately I was well known here, and the

people could not believe that it was from any ill-will to them that I denounced the parties, which I hope the reader will give me credit for; nor, indeed, could I have any hostile feelings against the Tripoline merchants. What I wish, and I imagine every friend of Africa does the same, is to see a legitimate commerce established in The Desert. It is curious to hear the Touatee. He says he is sure I never wrote the letter at all, although I tell him I did, and believes it an invention of people in Tripoli. He won't believe his friend Yâkob would breathe a syllable against the people of Ghadames.

14th.—Slept very little during the night and cannot. Am really reduced to very low disagreeable feelings. Have an immense boil on my back, and another on my arm, which I attribute to the effect of the climate on my constitution, or to drinking Ghadames water.

News have come of the Shânbah having left their sandy wilds on a free-booting expedition, leaving only the old men, women, and children behind, for these banditti propagate through all time a race of Saharan robbers, the scourge of The Desert. Five weeks ago they took their departure towards Ghat, and it is thought they wish to intercept our caravan now leaving. Also a skirmish has taken place between some Souafah banditti and Arabs of Algeria. These banditti were routed, leaving eighteen dead on the field and many camels.

An ostrich, caught at Seenawan, has been brought in here and presented to the Rais. His Excellency promised to give him to me if I will return from Soudan *viâ* Ghadames. He is a young bird and amuses us much, running about the streets, picking up things in character of scavenger. People are trying

to make him lie down at the word of command. "Kaed, (lie down)," cries one, "Kaed," another; at length the stunned and stupefied bird lies down.

16th.—Occupied 13th, 14th, and 15th in writing letters. Received a letter from Dr. Dickson, of Tripoli, expressing friendly feelings. He has prepared some more medicines, packed them up, and charged them to me. Received a very friendly letter also from Colli, Sardinian Consul at Tripoli. Mr. Colli is a fine classical scholar, and the only consul I have met with in North Africa who pays any attention to classical literature. The late Mr. Hay of Tangier, had the reputation amongst some people of being a classical scholar.

Continue unwell and in low spirits, or as the Negroes say, am possessed by the *Boree* ("blue devils.") Days are short, and nights tedious and painful to me, as I cannot use my eyes by lamp-light, on account of a slight continued ophthalmia. Nothing remarkable to-day. If you want to feel alone in the world, which at times has its advantages, go into The Desert.

17th.—To my great satisfaction the mail arrived this morning, bringing letters and newspapers. The Governor is very friendly and is in better health. Quarrelled with Ben Mousa, my taleb, for eating Said's dinner when I was out of the way; to-day Said got him reconciled to me. Haj Mansour's family consists of thirty-two persons, all living in one house. This is the great *quasi* negro-merchant before mentioned. His father died a Saharan veteran of the age of one hundred and one. He had been more than a hundred times over The Desert trading. Yesterday died a man at the age of ninety-six. There are several women now living more than eighty. How long these

poor creatures survive their feminine charms! A woman in The Desert gets old after thirty. I think, from what I have heard, people live to a great age in this and other oases—if not to a good and happy old age. Some remarkable cases of longevity in The Desert have been narrated by Captain Riley. Said says the people rob us desperately when they make our bread. We usually buy the wheat and have it ground and made into bread at the same time. I tell Said we must expect this sort of pilfering where there are so many hungry people.

My taleb began his interminable discussions on religion. He said he had hoped that I should have recognized Mahomet as the prophet of God, being acquainted as I was with Arabic, the language of truth and unmatched by any language in the world[58]. I replied language was not enough, other things were necessary; besides, indeed, some of the Mussulman doctors had said the Koran could be imitated and even excelled. The taleb replied, "A lie! the doctors were heretics and infidels, it is impossible to imitate the Koran's beautiful language," citing the well-known words of Mahomet:—

"*Answer.*—Bring therefore a chapter like unto it; and call whom you may to your assistance, besides God, if ye speak the truth."—(Surat ii., entitled "Jonas.")

The taleb then turned to my turjeman, who was present, and cited another passage, thinking I did not understand what it was. The passage quoted was the famous anathema of judicial blindness denounced against infidels:—

"As to the unbelievers, it will be equal to them whether thou admonish them, or do not admonish them; they will not believe. God hath sealed up their

hearts and their hearing; a dimness covereth their sight, and they shall suffer a grievous punishment."—(Surat ii., entitled "the Cow.")

This is evidently an imitation[59] of our Scriptural passages, of which there are several:

"Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, saying, Go unto this people and say, Hearing ye shall hear and shall not understand, and seeing ye shall see and not perceive. For the heart of this people has waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them."—(Acts xxviii. 25, 26, 27.) So we have in John x. 26:—"But you believe not because you are not of my sheep."

Besides these imitations, Mahomet has made differences for the sake of differences. So the Sabbath of the Moslemites is on the Friday, because that of the Christians and Jews is on the Saturday and Sunday. I taxed my taleb with his quotation. He did not flinch or blink a hair of the eyelid, but said, "You Christians cannot believe if you would, because God has blinded your eyes and hardened your hearts." "Why do you complain of us?" I remonstrated. "I do not complain," he rejoined, "it is all destined." I then related a story of predestination which I had heard, of one man asking another, "If all things were predestined?" and he replying, "Yes;" the questioner immediately threw him out of the window, saying, "Well, that is also predestined." An old Moor sitting by, very attentively listening, exclaimed immediately, "Well, even that throwing out of the window, Yâkob, was also predestined." Said then

brought in some stewed meat. I gave my theological disputants, reasoning—

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and
fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge
absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes
lost,"

some bread, and they began breaking it and dipping it in the gravy of the meat, the invariable custom here. Spoons they abominate, it is either their fingers, or sopping. The Biblical reader will easily recognize the custom. I took the Testament and read to the taleb this passage:—"And," said Jesus, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it; and he took a sop and gave it to Judas Simon Iscariot."—(John xiii. 26.)

The taleb was greatly delighted, and said, "Yes, so it was in all times before the infidels introduced knives and forks and spoons to eat with." I observed it was much more cleanly to eat with knives and forks than with one's fingers, but it was useless. He only replied, "There's water always to wash your hands." The sop mentioned in the passage cited might consist of a piece of bread dipped into a dish of fat or broth. So all Ghadames people eat, dipping pieces of bread, as they break them from a loaf, into fat or broth, or other dishes of this sort. We shall find, for what cause I cannot tell, the Touaricks using spoons, and spoons which are made in Central Africa, and distributed throughout The Sahara amongst the Touarghee tribes. This little circumstance would seem to be an argument against the Oriental origin of the Touaricks, for, eternally dipping and sopping,

and sopping and dipping with the fingers, is coextensive with the migrations of the Arabs and other tribes from the East. Jews were the first to introduce knives and forks into Mogador, because they have not the same religious scruples on this head as Mohammedans. Barbary Jews do it in imitation of their European brethren. I shall trouble the reader with another display of the sectarian zeal of my taleb.

To make a proposition, or a double proposition, of a form of the orthodox Christian faith, I had constructed the following, in imitation of the double proposition of the Mahometans, (that is—

لا لله الّا الله ومحمّد رسول الله
"There is one God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God,")

لا لله الّا الله ويسوع ابن الله
"There is one God, and Jesus is the son of God."

The first proposition is seen to be the same; whilst the divine nature of the Saviour, which is the distinguishing feature of the Christian religion as looked upon by Mussulmans, is added in the words ابن الله. The number of syllables is precisely the same, the و being merely considered as the connecting link of the two propositions. But the term عيسي would be much preferable to يسوع, being the classic Arabic term. In teaching Christian doctrine to Mussulmans, and, indeed, to all people, it is necessary to adapt our style and language to their style and language and mode of conception. The Catholics, however, carried the adaptation too far when they turned the statues of Jupiter and the Emperors into those of the

Apostles and Saints. For the Jews, the proposition could be made thus:—

لا لله الّا الله ويسوع هو المسيح
"There is one God, and Jesus is the Messiah;"

or as we find the proposition in the first verse of the first chapter of St. Mark,

[لا لله الّا الله] ويسوع المسيح ابن الله
"There is one God, and Jesus, the Messiah, is the Son of God."

This, being more full of doctrine, including both the divinity and Messiahship of The Saviour, would, perhaps, be the preferable form of the latter proposition. I showed the taleb these propositions, and he was greatly exasperated, adding it was blasphemy to connect Christian and Jewish ideas with "the Word of God" (كلام الله). He added, oddly enough, "Such impious things had never been before done in this holy place, this sacred Ghadames."

18th.—The Rais makes a last effort to persuade me to return to The Mountains, and take the route of Fezzan, adding as a reason, which tourists would very properly consider an objection, "that I knew now the route to The Mountains." I rejoined, "From what I have seen of the people of Ghadames, and even the Touaricks, I think I may trust them as well as the people of Tripoli." *The Rais*: "Well, you are your own master; the Pasha says you may go if you like. The Ghadamseeah and Touaricks are one people; make friends with them. But I'm sorry, after you have seen all my kindness to you, my advice is nevertheless rejected." The Rais now saw I was inexorable, and left off advising.

To-day some wild-ox, *bughar wahoush*[60],—بقر وحوش, was brought in from The Desert. This is the hunting time, which lasts three months, and the flesh of this animal supplies a very good substitute for beef. Indeed, the animal is a species of buffalo, but very small, sometimes not much larger than a good-sized English sheep. They are hunted in the sands to the north-west by Souf Arabs, who are excellent hunters, and pursue the chase twenty days together through the sandy regions. People pretend the bughar wahoush does not drink; perhaps they don't drink much. But both the wild ox and the aoudad are occasionally caught near the wells, a sufficient proof they sometimes drink water. I cooked some, and found it of excellent flavour. People call this animal also medicine. I purchased half of one to salt for my journey to Ghat, but spoilt it by too much salting. The salt ate away all the flesh from the bones. I neglected the advice of Said, who assured me people salt meat very little in Soudan. Indeed, they frequently cut the meat into strips and dry it in the sun without salting. In this way caravans are provisioned over The Desert. I ate some, and found it very good. My Arab friend, the old doctor, brought me a small prickly shrub, which he calls *El-Had*, الحد, and says it has powerful purgative qualities, purging even the camels. It abounds in The Sahara.

We, The Desert Quack and English Quack, bandy compliments together.

Desert Quack.—"Whilst you are here, you are the Sublime Doctor (Ettabeeb Elâttheem)." [As much as to say, "When you are not here, I am The Sublime Doctor."]

English Quack.—"How? No, you are always The

Sublime Doctor. I am at your disposal. I am your slave."

Desert Quack.—"Impossible! Haram, it is prohibited. You are the wise doctor, you know all things."

English Quack.—"How many people have you killed by your physic?"

Desert Quack [surprised at this abrupt and impertinent question].—"God forefend that I should kill any one! But sometimes *Rubbee* (God) takes away my patients, and sometimes they get better. But whether they die or live, people always say, 'It is written (predestined).'"

I then related the story of Gil Blas, who bled to death the rich lady, under the precepts of Dr. San Grado, and was challenged in mortal combat by the suitor of the fair dame. On which he observed, "Gil Blas was a dog. I trust the other man killed him. Here we bleed, but we always know when blood enough is left in a man to keep him alive."

"How do you know that?" I replied.

The Taleb.—"1st. I see if he sinks down. 2nd. I ask Rubbee. 3rd. Sometimes the Jenoun (demons) tell me. 4th. If he dies, what matter? Is it not the will of God?"

19th.—Great preparations are now going on for the departure of the ghafalah to Ghat and Soudan. An order has come from the Pasha, that the Rais may take 2,500 instead of 3,250, less 750. This the people must pay. And I hear the poor wretches have at last consented to swallow the bitter pill. Every man, having a small property, or a householder, will pay each five mahboubs; the merchants considerably

more. A little by little, till the vitals of this once flourishing oasis are torn out, and it becomes as dead as The Desert around it.

20th.—This morning a slave ghafalah arrives from Ghat with forty slaves. Two escaped *en route*. What could the poor creatures do in The Desert? They must have perished very soon. The ghafalah brings important news. The Shânbah, 700 strong, had been ravaging the country of the Ghat Touaricks, and had murdered thirty-seven people. The Touaricks were arming, and in pursuit of the Shânbah assassins. Besides this, the Shânbah have captured a Ghadamsee ghafalah, escorted by Touaricks, not respecting a jot the Maraboutish character of this city. It consisted of thirty camels, laden mostly with the property of our merchants. Sheikh Makouran himself lost 2,000 mahboubs. Total loss for the merchants here is about 15,000 dollars. It is the caravan which left these two months ago, and took a letter for me to the Governor of Ain Salah. Both letters have been unlucky; the one sent to Ghat could not be delivered because the Governor was changed; and this one, I imagine, has fallen into the hands of the Shânbah. Two slaves escaped with a water-skin. They then fell in with some Touaricks, who gave them a little bread, and in this dreadful plight they got to Ghat. One died after his arrival. What became of the Touaricks is not yet known. They are probably massacred. I made the acquaintance of these luckless Touaricks, and gave them some medicine to take to Touat. In this foray the Shânbah killed a little child of three years old. When they struck down a man, they ripped open his belly and left him. These Shânbah banditti (who, to my surprise, are lauded in the French works published by the Minister of War, as the most enterprising camel-drivers and merchants

in The Sahara,) are, without doubt, what the people say here, the vilest and most bloodthirsty miscreants in The Desert. How strange it is they are Arabs! It is always the Arab, who is the most thorough-going, hereditary, eternal robber of The Desert! Is it because we read, "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him?" The disposition for brigandage in the soul of the Arab was a proverb of Jewish antiquity. So we have, כַּעֲרָבִי בַּמִּדְבָּר, "As the Arabian in the Wilderness." My Arabic translation, which was done by the Missionaries of the Roman Church, follows some of the ancient versions, and renders it כַּעֲרָבִי בַּמִּדְבָּר "like the thief in the Desert" (See Jeremiah iii. 2.) Still, Mr. D'Israeli thinks there's nothing like Arab blood, if we read aright his "Tancred," and would have us regenerate the old effete race of Europe by this fiery and bloodthirsty Oriental barbarian, as the Arabian stallion improves our dull race of horses. It is reported, in town, "When the Shânbah cut to pieces the thirty-seven Touaricks, one man was left untouched amidst the slaughter, owing his safety to his *Ajab*, عجب (amulets), which he wore in great profusion." This lucky charm-clad fellow saw the whole business from first to last, unmoved amidst the commingled cries of the victims and their slaughterers, and made a full report to the Touarghee chiefs. Talking to Rais about this slaughter, his Excellency observed, in the spirit of true Turkish policy, "So much the better. Let the Touaricks and Shânbah slaughter one another, as long as we are left unharmed. The less of them the better for us." So the Turks have always dealt with the quarrels of the Arab tribes in Barbary, rather blowing up the flames of their discord than pacifying them. The Shânbah drove away a thousand camels, besides sheep and

oxen, from the Touarick districts. The merchants are all frightened enough, and our departure is deferred, notwithstanding that the slave caravan met with no accident. The Shânbah have now got their booty and revenge, and will probably decamp and leave the route clear for us. Common misfortunes often make friends of enemies. I saw Sheikh Makouran and Mohammed Ben Mousa Ettanee, the two principal merchants representing the factions of Weleed and Wezeet, very busy in conversation upon the neutral ground of the market-place, talking over their mutual losses. Both have lost property to a great amount by this Shânbah irruption.

21st.—The departure of the ghafalah is deferred to the 24th. Rais is busy in comparing the papers of the merchants with the goods arrived from Tripoli. These ill-used merchants pay 13 per cent. for exporting their goods from Tripoli to the interior. The same goods have already paid 5 per cent. when imported into Tripoli by the European merchants. There is then the profit of our Ghadamsee merchants, and the profit of native merchants, and the merchants and the manufacturers in Europe. At what price, then, above their intrinsic value, are those goods sold to the merchants of Central Africa? A hideous thing is this system of transit duties!

22nd.—Weather is cold, everybody wraps up. People sit two or three hours together out of doors in the morning before they'll stir. I ask them, "Why don't you move about,—you would be then warm?" They answer, "*Măzāl shemtz*" (no sun yet). Rais is excessively gracious: he gave me a small loaf of white sugar. I had none left, and the gift came in the nick of time when required. I have said so much about Rais Mustapha, that I must now give a

personal description of his Excellency, before I take leave of him and of Ghadames. First of all, Rais is not a military man; he is a civil servant of the Porte, and receives his pay direct from the Sultan. The Turks often employ a civil servant where we should expect to see a military man, as in this distant Saharan post, and find it to their advantage. The Governor for military advice usually writes to the Commandant of The Mountains. His Excellency rarely reads, but writes constantly, and is very expert in accounts, his principal occupation being the collecting of small monies. His Excellency is also fond of collecting coins of different Mussulman States. The reader has seen that he is very attentive to his religious duties, and is quite, if not superior "marabout odour." His Excellency scarcely ever punishes anybody, beats his slaves seldom, but can be very despotic when he pleases. Like most Turks, he has a smack of bad faith in him, and made the Souf Arabs pay the duty on the goods in their possession, though he promised people he would not. We may suppose he is very badly off for money; perhaps his own salary is not very regularly paid. His Excellency always behaved very well when I purchased any corn of him. He is generally esteemed by the people. In person the Rais is exceeding tall, above a convenient height; he is about forty years of age, with strongly-marked Turkish features, and a large aquiline nose. His limbs are heavy and large, but since his residence here he has lost all his flesh. He dresses in the common dress of Ottoman functionaries. I often found him chatty and facetious, but sometimes he was sulky and morose, and would not speak for hours together. He had a fine horse, but rarely could be prevailed upon to go out and ride for his health. Every great man has his shadow, his echo, the expression of himself

more or less in his fellow men. The Rais's shadow is one Abd Errahman, a small merchant. His sons call their father *souwa-souwa* ("like-like") with the Rais. Abd Errahman knew the Rais's most secret thoughts, and he was the only Ghadamsee in whom the Rais could entirely confide. Abd Errahman swore by the Governor's head, and was his most obedient humble servant.

Sheikh Makouran is occupied in purchasing me an outfit of Moorish costume for the The Desert. He is very slow, but he gets them cheaper than if I bought them myself. He purchases one thing one day, and another thing the next day, and all from different persons. This is the way here. Attempted myself to purchase two turbans, one for myself and one for Said, but I found it no easy matter. The owner asked three dollars each, alleging that the turbans had been "blessed at Mecca[61]." I refused to give this price, and it was agreed to wait till the Sheikh came. This was decided by a council of the people, against the wish of the owner, who objected to waiting. At length the Sheikh made his appearance. Nothing was said about the price, for every one knew they must abide by the Sheikh's decision. The Sheikh after examining the turbans, said to the seller, "Let them be sold for one dollar each." The owner began to exclaim against this decision, but the Sheikh stopped his mouth!—"This is our friend (*habeebna*). Do you wish to rob him? Is this your kindness to a stranger, who has lived with us so long, and whom we all love?" These words were uttered with the greatest energy, and silenced every objection. I paid the money, and a quarter of a dollar more for mine. Without exception, the Sheikh was the most just and kindest man I met with in Ghadames, and yet he had the reputation of being close-fisted in money matters.

He refused to receive any rent for his house in which I lived, and when I left he ordered a quantity of cakes to be made for me, which he brought me himself. They were very nice, made of butter, and honey, and dates, and lasted me all the way to Ghat. Makouran pressed the Rais to write for me to the Touarick authorities of Ghat; but his Excellency could not without an order from Tripoli. I am under very great obligations to the Sheikh, who behaved like a father to me in a land of strangers. His brother was kindness itself, but had not the spirit of the Sheikh. His eldest son, Haj Besheer, was also a very kind and upright young man. Haj Besheer has immense influence with the Touaricks, and if he had gone with me to Ghat, nothing would have happened. His principal connexions are in Touat, and I really think that an European, going with letters from him to one of his Touarghee friends, might make the journey to Timbuctoo in safety. Sheikh Makouran took me to-day before the Rais and Kady, and in their presence a long "Testimonial" of the people of Ghadames was drawn out in Arabic, stating that during the time I had resided in Ghadames I had conducted myself well, and given no offence to any one. This was signed by the Kady, on behalf of all the people, in presence of the Rais and the Nather and several other officers. I was requested to countersign it, which I did with these words: "I have remained three months in Ghadames, and now leave it with great personal satisfaction to myself, and in peace with all the inhabitants." A copy of this I made for the Kady to keep in Ghadames. The "Testimonial" itself was sent to Colonel Warrington, through the Pasha, who either did not forward it to the Colonel, or it has been mislaid or lost, for it cannot now be found in the Consulate Archives. The people of

Ghadames were determined to give me this testimonial in order that the Turkish authorities should not hereafter bring any accusation against me. It was dated the 24th, or the day fixed for departure.

The Rais astonished me to-day, by telling me, he had bastinadoed twice my taleb, Ben Mousa, for dishonesty. I absolutely thought the Rais was joking, for the Rais and the taleb seemed always pretty good friends. I knew Ben Mousa was not extremely delicate, and would sometimes sit down with Said and eat his dinner away from him. I inquired of the turjeman about it, who assured me it was no joke, and that Ben Mousa had been twice bastinadoed for borrowing things and not returning them. I was extremely sorry to hear this, for I had been greatly assisted by the taleb in obtaining information, and we had passed many long hours together. The taleb is a man of about fifty, extremely clever, and a pretty good scholar, and had formerly kept a school. Now he did nothing but calculate the water distribution or irrigation of the gardens. He wished to come with me to England, to work at translations and get a little fortune for his family. But whenever I told him that there were very learned Arabic scholars in England and France, he always answered, "They are concealed Moslems;" that is to say, afraid to confess Mahomet before the Christians, or seeking to convert Christians. From time to time I gave the taleb a few presents and a little money, as also the turjeman. This latter was a very different character. He mended skin bags for water, made shoes, white-washed houses, worked in the gardens, and made himself generally useful. He had some property, and his garden, the heritage of his ancestors, was one of the finest in the country. He was honest, but his defect

was want of moral courage. The turjeman had lived a good while in Tunis, with some French, where he learned his Italian, and a few French words. He always said, "When I lived with the Christians, I drank wine like them." Some of the people, in a joke, would call him a Christian. He was a bad scholar, and very bitter against the Wahabites, whom he delighted to picture to himself in the pleasing predicament of carrying the Jews to hellfire on their backs. I myself one day had a quarrel with a Wahabite. The Wahabite called me a kafer. I retorted, "Why, what are you? You are nothing but a Wahabite." He was so angry that he was about to draw his knife at me, when the people seized hold of him, and one of my friends knocked him down.

Rais heard of the affair, and said as he was a foreign Arab he should leave the oasis. He came afterwards to me to beg my pardon, and I gave him some coffee to make him merry. He then told me all about the Wahabites, not forgetting to abuse all the other sects. He said the Arabs of his mountain had no objection to the Turks if they would become Wahabites. He was also of the Abadeeah, "white-caps," and declaimed against the "red"-capped Wahabites. The controversy is as nearly as possible the same as that of our white and black-gowned clergy of the Established Church, introduced by the Puseyites.

Begin now to have some trouble with Said. He gets sulky and saucy, and sometimes says he will stop in Ghadames and eat dates. I am obliged to box his ears. Then he gets very frightened at the Touaricks, and begins to blubber, "I shall be made a slave again, and you yourself will be killed." Then he would complain that the Rais's servants and slaves had better clothes than himself. I always found it was the

better way to let him have a *sfogo*, or "vent," for his temper, and afterwards he was himself again. He never could keep a *para* in his pocket, but would give his money to the first person who would ask him for it. I am obliged to buy him snuff every week, and a stock for the journey. With this he is accustomed to treat everybody, and is therefore very popular. Even the Governor thinks him the best Negro he ever knew. As is natural enough, he is a great favourite amongst the Negresses, and even amongst the Touarick ladies. I found him crying one day, and asked,—

"Said, what's the matter?"

"I now recollect my wife whom I left in Jerba," he sighed out.

Before this, I didn't know he was married; he was about thirty years of age. My turjeman and Said were two great cronies, and they discussed all the town's affairs in general, and everybody's affairs in particular. At first, I had not the remotest idea Said had so much wit, and was pleased to hear his remarks and criticisms. One of these was capital, and had a particular reference to his own case. He stared at me, observing, "We can't put the slave-trade down whilst the Jews in Tripoli lend the merchants here goods to carry it on." He was so fond of the turjeman that, on leaving Ghadames, he gave him all the money he had, and said to me when I scolded him, "We don't want any money in The Desert," adding, "Where are the shops?"

23rd.—Bought a camel this morning, a *nagah*, ناقه, or "she-camel," for 25 dollars. Rais would have the honour of choosing the camel, but it was scarcely worth the money. I hired another camel to carry a

portion of the baggage. Rais told me the Pasha had offered to the Touaricks to equip an expedition, in conjunction with them, against the Shânbah, but the Touaricks would not accept of the aid, being determined to fight their own battles in their own way. They might have thought that after the Pasha had destroyed the Shânbah, he would have turned his arms against them.

24th.—We are all confusion in getting off. It is late in the afternoon. I have loaded the nagah, and disposed of my baggage; I have bid a hundred people farewell, shaking them by the hands. We are surrounded with the whole male population of the city, and half-caste women. Rais is galloping about to see the people off. But a group of people is now seen forming rapidly round a man and a boy, and a camel just come in from The Desert with a load of wood, "What's the matter?" "The Shânbah! the Shânbah!" people shout from detachment to detachment of the ghafalah. The confusion of parting is succeeded by the terror and rushing back of the people. The advanced party abruptly returns upon the party immediately behind it, and all rush back to the gates of the city, one running over the other. Rais appears amongst them to calm the consternation. "What's the matter?" His Excellency is too much agitated to answer the question. I find Sheik Makouran. "What's the matter?" "The man and the boy just come in saw twenty-five Shânbah mounted on camels, and the ghafalah cannot go. Rais is going to send out a scout, a *Senawanee*, to see if it be the Shânbah, and then all the people are to arm and go out against the robbers." A pretty kettle of fish, thought I. The Governor then sent a man down to me, to come and sleep for the night in his house. All the merchants return, but the camels and a few men remain

outside, close by the gate. A number of soldiers are sent round the city, and the *Senawanee* mounted on a maharee, goes off in the direction where the Shânbah had been seen, the Rais accompanying him a short distance. On his return, the Rais bitterly complained of the merchants not furnishing him immediately with camels. It was some time before he could get the scout off. I went up a mound outside of the city to see the scout "out of sight." As the white form of the maharee was disappearing in the glare of the sand, I admired the bravery of the Senawanee, who thus defied single-handed a troop of robbers, bearding them in their very ambush.

We waited with intense anxiety the return of the scout. Many people got upon the walls to look out. At length, at noon the 25th, a single camel was descried on the dull red glare of the Saharan horizon. This was the Senawanee. A number of people ran to him. "Where are the Shânbah?" "Where?" "Shânbah?" The messenger said nothing—he was dumb. A crowd gets round him—he's still dumb. He enters the Rais's hall of conference, and squats down in the presence of his Excellency. He speaks now, and calls for coffee. The Rais gets furiously agitated at the moment of breaking silence. The scout very calmly sips off his coffee, and strokes down his beard, and then deigned to satisfy Governor, Kady, officers, and the men, women, and children, who were now pressing upon him with dreadful agitation. "Oh, Bey! (raising himself from the floor, fixing his eyes now on the Bey, and now on the people, and putting his fore-finger of the right hand on the thumb of the left) —I went to the sand. I got there when the sun was gone down. The camel lay down, and so did I lay down on the sand. We watched all night. I fear no one but God!—(Here was a general hum of

approbation.)—Two hours before the *fidger*, (break of day) I looked up and saw pass by me, at a distance of from here to The Spring, nine *Bughar* (wild-bullocks). They came and went, and went and came, snuffing up the sand and bellowing. The man and the boy, who cut the wood yesterday, saw the *Bughar*. But the wild oxen are not the Shânbah!" As soon as he mentioned the *Bughar*, the people rushing out of the Bey's apartment, ran away, and before I could get my dinner, a portion of the ghafalah was on the move. The Rais said to me, "Get off, make haste—make haste." I then went down to load the nagah again, but found it very difficult; seeing the other camels passing on, she would not stop to be laden. At length my turjeman came and arranged all. Said observed that the obstinacy of the nagah was a bad omen. His Excellency the Governor came to see me off, and gave me an affectionate shake of the hands. I then met his confidential man Abd-Errahman, who said to me, "Rais has given you in charge of all the people of the ghafalah, (about sixty persons"). This was kind of the Governor, and better, perhaps, than being in the charge of one individual. But still I couldn't help thinking, that what is many persons' business is nobody's business. The turjeman accompanied us some distance, chatting with Said. He carried with him a quantity of date-tree fibrous netting, and was twisting bands as he followed us. We soon parted. I then passed my old friend the good-natured Arab doctor. His parting blessing spoke the native goodness of his heart: "Day cool, route wide, route Fezzan, ghafalah large, Shânbah there are none—God bless you, farewell!"

I began to breathe at once the free air of the open Desert. As is my wont, I now committed my spirit to the care of God Almighty, leaving my body to the

care of the wild tribes of these inhospitable wastes. And why not? Why distrust them? Have not the people hitherto treated me with great and unexpected kindness? And is it not the first step to make strangers your enemies, to distrust them?

Footnotes:

[58] They call all other languages in the world *Ajem*—عجم—a distinction like that of Jew and Gentile, only applied to language instead of persons.

[59] Sale says:—"Mahomet here and elsewhere frequently imitates the truly inspired writers, in making God to operate on the minds of reprobates, to prevent their conversion." Impostors in all ages have charged the inefficacy of their novel mysteries upon the will of God. But these passages have had their use and humanity effects in the strife of contending religions. A Mahometan bigot, with sword in one hand and victim in the other, has often spared his life and his conversion by recollecting, "*God had sealed up his heart and his hearing*," so that he could not believe. The pride of the Moslem has also thus been content to leave matters in the hands of a predestinating deity.

[60] "Wild bullock:" The *Bos Brachyceras*, Gray.

[61] Turbans are sent to Mecca to be blest there, and by this blessing of course their value is greatly enhanced amongst the Moumeneen. Shrouds are also blessed at Mecca; and a rich Mahometan endeavours to procure one to wrap up his mortal remains. A considerable trade is carried on in blessed garments.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM GHADAMES TO GHAT.

Character of the People of Ghadames.—Strength of our Caravan.—First features of the new Route.—Well of Maseen.—Rate of Travelling.—Our Ghafalah divides in two on account of the difficulty of obtaining Water for so large a Caravan.—*Es-Sărāb*, or *The Mirage*.—*Gobemouche* Politicians.—Camels, fond of dry Bones.—Geological Features of Plateau.—Desert Tombs and *Tumuli* Directors.—Intense cold of The Desert.—Well of Nather.—Savage Disposition of Camels.—Mr. Fletcher's advice to Desert Tourists.—No scientific instruments with me.—False alarm of Banditti, and meet a Caravan of Slaves.—Sight of the first tree after seven days' Desert.—Wells of Mislah in a region of Sand.—Vulgar error of Sand-storms overwhelming Caravans with billows of Sand.

MOUNTED on my camel, pressing on through The Desert, my thoughts still lag behind, and as I turn often to look back upon The City of Merchants and Marabouts, its palms being only now visible in the dingy red of the setting sun, I endeavour to form a correct opinion of its singular inhabitants. I see in them the mixture of the religious and commercial character, blended in a most extraordinary manner and degree, for here the possession of wealth scarcely interferes with the highest state of ascetic devotion. To a religious scrupulousness, which is

alarmed at a drop of medicine that is prohibited falling upon their clothes, they add the most enterprising and determined spirit of commercial enterprise, plunging into The Desert, often in companies of only two or three, when infested with bandits and cut-throats, their journies the meanwhile extending from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Niger, as low down to the Western Coast as Noufee and Rabbah. But their resignation to the will of heaven is without a parallel. No murmur escapes them under the severest domestic affliction; whilst prayer is their daily bread. Besides five times a day, they never omit the extraordinary occasions. The aspirations of the older and retired men continue all the live-long day; this incense of the soul, rising before the altar of the Eternal, is a fire which is never extinguished in Ghadames! Their commercial habits naturally beget caution, if not fear. In The Desert, though armed, they have no courage to fight. Their arms are their mysterious playthings. Their genius is pacific and to make peace—they are the peacemakers of The Desert—and they always travel under the intrepid escort of their warlike Touarick friends and neighbours. Intelligent, instructed and industrious, they are the greatest friends of civilization in North Africa and the Great Desert. But upon such a people, falls as a blast of lightning, rending and shivering the fairest palm of the oasis, the curse of Turkish rule.

The force of our caravan consists of about eighty people, including strangers, and two hundred laden camels. Nearly all the people are armed, and some single individuals have two or three matchlocks, besides pistols and daggers. The character of the people are petty traders, commission agents, camel-drivers, and slaves. There are several Arabs, natives

of Ghadames, Seenawan, and Derge, and five strangers from Souf. We have with us also three Touaricks. There may be half-a-dozen low women and female slaves distributed amongst the ghafalah. Respectable females scarcely ever travel in The Desert. I have only with me my negro servant Said. My large trunk and tent are conveyed by another camel; the nagah carries me, the provisions, and the rest of the baggage, going extremely well. Said walks with the servants, slaves, and camel-drivers. Two-thirds of the people are on foot. Started in tolerably good health and spirits, and increase my appetite every mile I ride. Feel no fatigue, of course, to-day, and trust I shall soon forget I'm travelling in The Sahara. There are many routes from Ghadames to Ghat, no less than four or five well-travelled desert tracts. Our present one is the more easterly, being skirted by the oasisian districts of Fezzan. None of these routes have been travelled before by an European. Our course to-day is directly east. We are now encamping at sun-set, and we have just lost sight of the palms of Ghadames. Alas! this will, I fear, be an everlasting farewell to the beautiful oasis, and the holy city of merchants.

26th.—Rose before sunrise. Morning cool and refreshing. We are to continue ten days in the route of Fezzan, then turn into that of Ghat, thus describing a sort of semicircle to get out of the forays of the Shânbah.

Course south-east. On the right ranges of low dull hills, with the same on the left, but at a greater distance. The road very good, fit for carriages, through the broad bed of a valley. Two great blocks of rock stand out on the surface which we traverse, one an oblong square, the other sugar-loaf, but

flattened at the top.

Camel-drivers.—"Look at these brothers" (the two rocks.)

Myself.—"How! Are these brothers? They are not much like."

Camel-drivers.—"Yâkob, don't you know that one brother is born like the father, and the other like the mother?"

These huge blocks we had long in view, and approached and passed them just as a ship passes rocks on the sea-coast. So steady is our progress, so level our route. Ground strewn over with small flints and other sharp chips of stone. Saw nothing alive in The Desert but one solitary bird, which seemed lost in the illimitable waste. Passed the grave of one who had died in open desert, a small tumulus of stones marked the sad spot; passed also a few white-bleached camel's bones. Very cold, wind from north-east. Feel it more than the keenest winter's blast of Old England. Feel glad I took the advice of the Governor of Ghadames, and purchased a quantity of warm woollen clothing, heik, bornouse, and jibbah. "That route (Ghat) kills people with the cold," his Excellency observed.

27th.—Arrived at the well of Maseen, at 4 P.M. Much the same scenery as yesterday. The road good, not quite so stony as yesterday, and scattered over with pieces of very fine quartz and shining felspar. No sand in quantity, and a little herbage for camels. Wind as yesterday, but more of it. Maseen is a tolerably deep well, but the water is not very sweet. About it there are three or four stunted date-palms, and several shrubby sprouts, pointing the Saharan

wayfarer to the well's site. One of the trees bore fruit this year, but the palm rarely bears fruit in open desert. No bird or animal of any sort seen to-day. The camels crop herbage *en route* as usual. On the whole, however, we proceed pretty quickly. I imagine about three miles the hour, for a man must walk a sharp pace to keep up well with the camels. Our people eat nothing in the morning; two or three, perhaps, may eat a cake and a few dates. They literally fast all day long and take their *one* meal at about seven in the evening. I can't support this, and take tea in the morning, besides munching dates at intervals through the day. Nay, I feel ravenous, under the influence of the bleak air of The Desert. About an hour before sunrise all the people get up and make large fires, warming their feet and legs, for these are mostly bare and are very sensible to the cold. I'm sorry I've been obliged to scold Said twice, once for running away from my camel after other people's, and once for rough and saucy language. But I must make the best of him; might easily get a worse servant. Glad the eldest son of the Sheikh Makouran has joined the caravan; he came riding after us this evening, attended with a Touarick, both mounted on maharees, well equipped and capable of scouring The Desert.

28th.—Some time before we got off this morning, on account of the difficulty of watering the camels. My nagah started off on the route of Fezzan about a mile and a half, and Said went another way in search of her. I was, therefore, obliged to fetch her myself, which was a considerable run through a hilly region. I found her alone wandering about. The she-camel strays more than the male-camel, and is more restless. As soon as I called to her she stopped, stood stock-still, and looked at me. Before the camels were

all watered, the well of Mazeen was nearly dry and the water muddy. This is the reason large caravans have such difficulty in traversing The Desert, it often requiring several days to water a thousand camels. Here I recollected the justness of Napoleon's observation cited by French writers,—"That if Africa is to be invaded and conquered *viâ* The Great Desert, it must be done by small detached parties." For it is not that the wells do not afford a sufficiency of water for large caravans, but that they do not yield an immediate supply for numerous bodies, so as to enable their people to march in one compact whole. Here we were obliged to leave half the caravan, waiting for the running of the water, thus miserably dividing our strength in case of attack. Noticed one of the camels laden with a bale of goods, on which were European writing, viz., I. A. N. 6. The great merchants usually write the name of their firm under the designation of *Oulad* (اولاد) "sons," for example, *Oulad Makouran*, "Sons of Makouran."

The advanced party, of which I was, unexpectedly left the route of Fezzan to the east, and turned sharp round to the south, through the gorge of a low mountain range, which we had had all along to the right. In this defile we proceeded an hour, but it had no natural opening at the end. We came at last to a very abrupt ascent of some hundred feet high, and mounted an elevated plateau. Once on the plateau, all was plain as far as the eye could see. The defile was tertiary formation, mere dull crumbling limestone; nothing in the shape and consistence of granite. We are now on the highway for Ghat, and it is said we shall arrive in fifteen days from the plateau. Saw on the plateau, for the first time of my life, the celebrated mirage, which our people call *Watta*, but the classic Arabic is *Es-Sarab* (السّرب). At

first sight, I thought it was salt, for it flamed in the sun white, like a salt-pit, or lagoon. There appeared some low hills in the midst of the white lake. As we proceeded, I saw what appeared like white foam running from east to west, as the sea-surf chafing the shore. It then occurred to me that this might be the mirage; and so it turned out, for as we approached the phenomenon, it retired and disappeared. The character of the mirage was evidently affected by the wind, for the foam appeared to run from east to west with the wind. In some of the white flaming lakes, shrubs and reeds stood out, as we find in shallow pools. Some high hills appeared suspended in the air, veritable "castles in the air." The weather was dull, the sun sometimes hidden, and it was noon when the phenomena were most observable. At Mazeen a few small birds were hopping and chirping, and two large crows followed us upon the plateau; also a butterfly and a few flies. These are the living creatures noticed to-day.

The plateau, where I now write, is either covered with very small stones, some quite black, and others calcined or burnt, like brick-bats thrown from a kiln, or is altogether hardened and black earthy soil. The latter assists the mirage, for the phenomenon appears mostly on the earthy tracts of ground. In some parts is herbage for the camels. On the plateau we saw several small mounds of soft brown stone, crumbling to earth, which looked like Arab hovels at a distance. I went up to undeceive myself. These curious mounds have yet to crumble away before the plateau is a perfect plane. Course to-day mostly south, with a leaning to the west. Wind cold S.E. and E. The day as dull and dreary as in England. Our people occasionally mount the maharees, which look very haughty and imposing. A maharee would be a noble

present for the Sultan of the Touaricks to send to the Queen.

Was surprised this morning at a question, as "To whom Tripoli belonged?" to the English or the Sultan (of Constantinople). I find there is a vague notion amongst our ghafalah that Tripoli is either really the property of the English, or under the immediate protection of England. "Just the same," say the people. They prefer the late tyrant Bashaw, Asker Ali, to the present Mehemet, because Asker Ali, they say, did not fleece them so much or so plunder them of their money. 'Tis natural enough. One of the lower fellows had the impudence to say, "The English Consul receives bribes from Mehemet Pasha to let him remain in Tripoli." These people are great gobemouches; they always report the most incredible things. A trader said to me, "When you get to Soudan you must marry two wives; this is our custom." I replied, "I never do anything out of my country, and apart from my countrymen, which I should be ashamed to do at home in their presence." Some of these Desert louts are very familiar and insolent, and require sharp answers to keep them at a distance. I must not forget to mention, the Rais put my passport *en règle* for Soudan. A more monstrous piece of absurdity could not be attempted against the virtue of the free and simple-minded children of The Desert. Such documents are only fit for our elevated Christian civilization, for countries like Naples, France, and Austria, the hot-beds of spies and police. When I showed my passport to the Touaricks, and explained to them what it was for, they very indignantly (and properly so) spat on it.

29th.—Not a living creature was met with to-day. Our camels found the "dry bones" of camels perished

in The Desert; they munched them with gusto, a piece of cannibalism on the part of these melancholy creatures which I was not prepared for. Dr. Oudney remarks, "The latter (camels) are very fond of chewing dried bones." In some parts of the routes, mostly where the water-stations are distant, and where they drop from exhaustion before reaching the wells, camels' bones lie in such heaps as to suggest, the Vision of the Dry Bones of Ezekiel.

We started with the rising sun and continued till four o'clock P.M. A strong S. and S.E. wind blew all day, and very cold, parching my lips and mouth. This wind would have a veritable burning simoon in the summer! We traversed all day the plateau, now become an immeasurable plain. It slightly undulates in parts, but I think we continued to ascend. Some of the surface is wholly naked, having neither herbage or stones scattered about, being of a softish clayey soil, and printed in little diamond squares, like the dry bottom of a small lake on the sea-shore. This, I doubt not, is the action of the rain, which falls at long intervals. Other parts presented the usual black calcined stones, and sometimes pieces of the common limestone and pebbles, but not very round. The track was in some places well-defined, in others the earth so hard as not to admit of the impression of the camel's foot. Passed by several tumuli of stones, said by the people to mark the route, and called *âlam* —علم—directors. Passed also a conspicuous tomb of some distinguished individual, who had died in the open Desert. There was no writing or ornament, only a higher heap of stones, and piled in the shape of an oblong square. As soon as a traveller dies he is buried, if he have companions; the body is never brought to the neighbouring oases. My friend Haj-el-Besheer, to my regret, has disappeared with the

Touarick.

Nothing possibly could be more horrible and dreary, exhibiting the very "palpable obscure," than our course of to-day. As far as the eye can stretch on every side is one vast, solitary, lifeless, treeless expanse of desert earth! It is a—

"Dreary [plain] forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation."

A Derge Arab said to me this evening, "The English will never come to Derge, wherever else they may go. The climate will kill them; in three days you will die of fever." The love of discussion, as well as their complaints against the Turkish Government, follow our people through The Desert. They are trying to make me turn Mohammedan, as far as disputing goes, and I have enough to do to get rid of their importunities. Sometimes I get the conversation turned by telling them, if I turn Mussulman I shall offend my Sultan. They reply, "Oh! you can confess with your lips, that you are a Christian, whilst you remain a Mussulman in your heart." One fellow got saucy, and said, turning up the fire with a stick, "The Jews and Christians will have this (fire) for ever." Threatening to report him to the Rais of Ghadames, he exclaimed, "The dog Rais has no rule in The Sahara." The other people made him hold his tongue. Felt the cold last night but especially this morning. It nips me up severely. Sleep in the clothes I wear during the day, and have additional covering of a thick rug and a cloak. We pitch no tents. Very little water is now drunk. Our people seem to shun it as mad dogs. As to the morning, no one drinks water this time of the day. How different to the summer! when a drink of water is sometimes reckoned a great

favour, an immense boon, a heaven's best gift.

30th.—A fine morning; the dawn almost cloudless. Not so yesterday, volumes of cloud on cloud inflamed with purple stretched over all the east, not unlike an English summer's dawn, but the colours more vivid. But this was succeeded by the dreariest of days. In summer, the Saharan dawn is usually cloudless, and offers no beautiful variety of colours. The cloud of yesterday was surcharged with wind, which we soon felt to our annoyance. In The Desert the wind generally rises in the morning and falls in the evening. We continued our course over the vast plain all the morning, but at midday it broke into wide shallow valleys, and in the evening it was cut across by a large broad valley, or wady, as the Moors called it, stretching east and west. In this wady lies the well of *Năthār* or *Năjār*, some spelling the name with the النزار—ز. Here we encamp. We had come a very long weary day. Begin to feel very sensibly the hardships of Desert travelling. The length of a day's journey depends upon whether water is near or far off, and also upon there being fodder for camels. Our Arabs are obliged to look out lest they encamp upon an arid spot where the poor camel cannot crop a single herb. Mostly in the beds—dry beds of these wadys—there is some herbage and brushwood. The well of Nathar is very deep, and cut through rock as well as earth, but its water is extremely sweet and delicious. We usually find the best water running through rocky soil. *En route*, I observed no living creature, save a grasshopper, which had managed to get into existence amidst these herbless wilds. Think I also saw an ant near the foot of the camel. A few flies still follow our caravan, which we brought from Ghadames. These witless things have wisdom enough not to remain behind and perish in The Desert.

Passed by two dead camels, fast decomposing into bones. Road all small stones sprinkled over an earthy soil, or altogether earth. Mirage again seen, with similar phenomena. Small islets in the midst of lakes, and white foam running on the ground as on the sea-shore. Our course S. and S.E.

1st December.—A fine mild morning, but intensely cold during the past night. Here we took fresh water enough for four days, the time required to arrive at the next well. Started about 11 A.M., and continued only three hours and a half, when we came to another wady, where we stopped in order to let the camels have their fill of the rich fodder with which the wady is covered. The plateau is now apparently disappearing, for it is broken into deep and broad valleys, from the sides of which rise in groups, and at various distances, low ranges of Saharan hills, and on one side, is a range very high, having very wild mountainous features. We have now travelled nearly six days, and have not yet met with fifty yards of sandy route. So much for the sandy Desert! All is either earth, sometimes as hard-baked as stone, or large blocks of stone, but chiefly very small chips of stone covering the entire surface. Our Arabs ask me, "Whether I prefer travelling by land or sea?" They imagine Christians, when they travel, necessarily travel by sea. They are also greatly astonished when I tell them we have no Sahara in England, and cannot credit the idea of a country being full of cultivated fields and gardens. The rest of our ghafalah, consisting of more than a third, is not yet come up, but Haj-el-Besheer and the Touarick Ali have joined us again and report them to be at the well of Nather.

Two or three birds were seen this morning about the

wells. They were excessively familiar, and knew instinctively how to estimate the sight of a caravan for the crumbs and grains it might leave behind. They seemed also quite at home at the well. Still one would think they were birds of passage, like ourselves, for there are no trees or bushes for them to build in, and little to eat. Saw also a single lizard. I believe lizards abound in every part of The Sahara, but the cold now keeps them in their holes.

Three or four of our party have left us, mounted on maharees, for Ghat. They say they shall arrive in six or seven days. They will soon see if banditti are before us, and will return to let us know. Thought I should escape the orthodox *body*-guard. But it seems not. Where every person is obliged to accept of this guard, *bon gré, malgré,* it seems I must submit. However, I shall do without their services if possible. I offended a Moor by telling him that Christians do not require it, and have not this guard: it is only "peculiar to Mussulmans." A necessary part of the occupation of a ghafalah when it reaches a well is collecting and cracking the vermin. The camels are terrible things for straying. If they are surrounded with immense patches of the most choice herbage, even which is their delicium, they still keep on straying the more over it miles and miles. As to our nagah, we are obliged to tie her fore-feet, which prevents the camel from getting at a very great distance from the encampment. The camels are sly, unimpassioned, and deliberately savage, one to another, more especially the males. At times they go steadily, and even slowly, behind one another, and turning the neck and head sideways, deliberately bite one another's haunches most ferociously. The drivers immediately separate them, for the bite is dangerous to their health, and often attended with serious

mischief to the animal bitten. But I have never yet seen a camel kick or attack a man. They invariably grumble and growl, sometimes most piteously, when they are being loaded, as if deprecating the heavy burden about to be placed upon them, and appealing to the mercy of their masters. The merchants pay 13½ Tunisian piastres per cantar for goods now conveyed from Ghadames to Ghat. The Touaricks carry goods cheaper, but they are now gone after the Shânbah. The Arabs asked 25, but the Rais of Ghadames fixed it at 13½. A camel carries from 2 to 3½ cantars[62]. I confess I was sorry to see these apparently so quiet and melancholy creatures ferocious to one another; but I recollected that all animals, even doves, quarrel and fight, and particularly males, where females are concerned.

To-day took out of my trunk Mr. Fletcher's note to me, to read over, which I had received from Malta during the time of my being in The Desert. The advice to travellers which it contains in a very few words, is so good, so excellent, that I shall take the liberty of transcribing it here, for the benefit of all future tourists in The Desert.

1st. "Keep a sharp look out about you, and pick up information."

2nd. "Keep with Sheiks, Religionists, (he means I suppose, Marabouts,) and Chieftains, for these are the only people who can give you protection."

3rd. "Expose yourself to no unnecessary risks and dangers."

4th. "Conciliate!"

Mr. Fletcher adds, "The white man is at the mercy of

every tenant of The Desert, and though we would, one cannot be all things to all men." Nevertheless, I do think, *poverty* is my great protection in travelling in these countries. My fellow-travellers, up to the present time, are civil and assist me. It is necessary to mention here, I have neither compass nor thermometer, nor measure of any kind, nor maps, nor watch, so that I'm afraid my journal will sound ill to scientific ears. This was very bad management. Still we shall see what a man can do without the ordinary and most common scientific instruments of travelling. I have, however, an hour-glass, which embraces four hours in the time of emptying, and which I found useful in Ghadames, but make no use of it *en route*. I consider the objects of my tour *moral*, a random effort to maim, or kill, or cripple the Monster Slavery, a small rough stone picked up casually from the burnt and arid face of The Desert, but with dauntless hand thrown at this Titanian fabric of crime and wickedness. However, as my friend Mr. Fletcher advises, it does not prevent me from "picking up information," any how and everywhere, which I trust the reader will have already perceived. As a person who loses one sense acquires more intensity in others, so I, having no artificial means for procuring information with me, must do all by the ordinary senses of observation, common to the civilized man and the savage.

The mirage was very abundant to-day, producing a variety of splendid phenomena, "*Castelli in Spagna*," running streams, and silvery lakes, and a thousand things of water, and air, and landscape, just types of those pleasures and delights which we seek, and when grasping them, they slip from between our fingers.

Whilst we were encamped, two hours before sun-set, we were suddenly alarmed by the cries of banditti and Shânbah, and all were called upon to arm. At the same time people were sent off to bring up the camels which were grazing and straying at a distance. I was amusing myself with cooking the supper, and started up, not knowing what to make of it; I couldn't however help laughing at the queer predicament in which the supper looked, and thought I had been making it for the Shânbah. Running forward to see the cause of the alarm, I saw in the south, dimly at a distance, a small caravan approaching us. There were three or four camels, and several persons on foot. I then thought I must look about for a weapon of some sort. A man gave me a huge horse-pistol, and with this I sallied forth to take part in the common defence. Seeing an Arab far in advance, and alone, I went after him, who turned out to be one of the Souafah, whose acquaintance I had already made. This Arab certainly showed considerable bravery, and took up a reconnoitring position on a rising ground, looking with a steady and determined eye upon the approaching caravan. He turned to me and said bluffly, "It must be a Touarick ghafalah." Meanwhile, about forty people all armed, assembled *pêle-mêle* on the opposite side of the route, on a hill behind, uttering wild cries, and throwing up their matchlocks into the air. The cries now ceased, and was succeeded by a most anxious silence, all waiting a closer observation. At length, the experienced eye of our people discovered what was considered a troop of bandits on foot, to be a caravan of slaves. And immediately a number of the people ran off violently to meet the slave-caravan, which was escorted by our own Touaricks, the slaves being the property of our people. Our surprise was

the greater when we found Haj-el-Besheer, and his companion the Touarick, returning with the caravan, which had brought letters for all the people. So the bandits turned out to be our friends and neighbours; and so burst this bubble of alarm. I observed two persons with long staffs lagging behind, and imagined them old men labouring along the route. What was my astonishment to find, as they approached, these old men gradually transformed into poor little children—child-slaves—crawling over the ground, scarcely able to move. Oh, what a curse is slavery! how full of hard-heartedness and cruelty! As soon as the poor slaves arrived, they set to work and made a fire. Some of them were laden with wood when they came up. The fire was their only protection from the cold, the raw bitter cold of the night, for they were nearly naked. I require as much as three ordinary great coats, besides the usual clothing of the day, to keep me warm in the night; these poor things, the chilly children of the tropics, have only a rag to cover them, and a bit of fire to warm them. I shall never forget the sparkling eyes of delight of one of the poor little boys, as he sat down and looked into the crackling glaring fire of desert scrub. In the evening I noticed the amount of the food which was given as the one daily meal to these famished creatures, ten in number. Said usually eats more than the whole of it for his supper. The food was barley-meal mixed with water. The slaves were children and youths, all males. They had been already fourteen days *en route* from Ghat, and would be eight more before they could reach Ghadames. By that time, like the last slaves which arrived whilst I was there, they would be simply "living skeletons." The misery is, these slaves are conducted not by their masters, but slave-drivers, at so much per head, and

consequently the conductors feed the slaves on as little as possible, to make the most of their bargain with the owners. The slave-caravan, however, brought us good news.

The Shânbah, after ravaging the Touarick districts, had fled their own country, and taken refuge in the Algerian territory—so escaping the vengeance of the Touaricks. We have, therefore, no enemy *en route*, thank God, except ourselves, and our own quarrels, which occur but seldom. The annual winter Soudan caravan had not yet arrived in Ghat, but was expected every day. It is worth mentioning here, as a remarkable trait of good faith amongst the Moors and Arabs, that they do not often seal their letters, but fold them up as we do notes of trifling import. All the letters brought to-day were unsealed, and did not require *Grahamizing*. Haj-el-Besheer told me it was *haram* ("prohibited,") for strangers to read these unsealed letters. My readers will see that we are again obliged to go to the barbarians of The Desert to learn the ordinary practices of good faith and morality. How exceedingly rejoiced would be the "*Haute Police*" of *civilized* Europe to have all letters sent *un*-sealed through the Post Office! What a pity these Mahometan barbarians are so trusting and simple-minded! What a pity our boasted religion does not teach us Christians the honesty of barbarians! We wrote letters to Ghadames and Tripoli over the fire-light. Afterwards my friend Haj-el-Besheer commenced a sing-song repetition of a Marabout legend, which he continued all the evening, speaking to no one; even whilst he was eating he continued his rigmarole story to himself, the people taking no notice of him. I was greatly amused at this odd singing to one's self.

2nd.—A very fine morning, and, as I anticipated, it turned out very hot. Yet whilst the sun scorched my face on one side, the cold wind from the east blanched my cheek on the other. No living creature seen but a few insects. Our people fell in with the skeleton of a Touarick ass, and amused themselves with setting it up upon its legs, as if in the pillory. I rallied them afterwards as they were in a good humour, on their terror of banditti yesterday. They replied, "It was the number of people on foot which alarmed us, banditti generally go on foot with a few camels to carry provisions and water." We started at sun-rise and encamped an hour before sun-set, to have light enough to collect firewood, and forage for the camels. The ground of our course to-day was broken into broad and long valleys. In the wady where we encamp is herbage for camels. I notice as a thing most extraordinary, after seven days from Ghadames, two small trees! the common Desert acacia. Another phenomenon, I see two or three pretty blue flowers! as I picked one up, I could not help exclaiming, *Elhamdullah*, ("Praise to God!") for Arabic was growing second-born to my tongue, and I began to think in it. An Arab said to me, "Yâkob, if we had a reed and were to make a melodious sound, those flowers, the colour of heaven, would open and shut their mouths (petals)." This fiction is extremely poetical. Felt unwell this morning from eating or munching too many dates; better this evening. All our people well, and no accidents.

3rd.—Rose at sun-rise and pursued our weary way over broken ground, now broad valleys, now low hills. Whilst exclaiming that the sandy desert was all "a report," "a talk," "a fabrication of travellers who wished to increase and vary the catalogue of Saharan hardships," at noon we came upon a range of sand-

hills. These increased on every side, and at length we cut right across a group of them. Having left the plateau the mirage has also disappeared, apparently the only species of desert where it can be fairly developed. With the sand has appeared a new kind of stone, of a light-blue slate colour, some of it of as firm a consistence as granite. Its colour also sometimes varies to a beautiful light green. The Desert itself only increases and varies in hideousness. And yet in some places where sand is sprinkled over the hardened earth, a little coarse herbage springs up. Encamped at night. Cold all day. Felt unwell. To-day and yesterday course mostly south.

4th.—Sand-hills increase in number, and find ourselves in the heart of a region of sand. At noon descended the deepest wady we have yet encountered. On the big blocks of rock below Arabic and Touarghee letters were carved. The barbarians, as their civilized brethren, seek in this way also a bastard immortality for their names. Down in the valley we passed some human bones; the skull was perfect. Who shall write the history of these bones? Are they those of one who was murdered, or who dropped from exhaustion in The Desert? These bones scattered at the camel's feet made the march of to-day still more melancholy. No herbage for camels or wood for fire. Gave our nagah barley and dates. It frequently happens, there is no wood *en route* (I mean underwood or scrub), or at the place where we are obliged to stop. This obliges us to carry it from places where it abounds, as also a little herbage for the camels. Pitched our camp amidst the sandy waste late at night. Our route varied between S.W., S., and S.E., but around some huge groups of sand-hills we were obliged to make a painful circuit. Warmer to-day, and a little wind, always from the east. No

living creature met with! No sound or voice heard! Felt better to-day.

5th.—Rose with the sun, as it enflamed the sand-hills, and made them like burnished heaps of metal. Marched three hours amidst the sand-hills. Very difficult route for the camels, which frequently upset their loads in mounting or descending the groups of hills. The Arabs smooth the abrupt ascents, forming an inclined plane of sand, and then, in the descents, pull back the camels, swinging with all their might on the tails of the animals. No herbage—no stone—no earthy ground—all, everything one wide waste of sand, shining under the fervid sun as bright as the light, dazzling and blinding the eyes. But Milton's poetic eye, turning, or in "a fine frenzy rolling" to the ends of the earth, subjecting all the images and wonders of nature, of all climates and countries, to the supporting of his majestic verse, glanced also at these sands of the Lybian Desert—

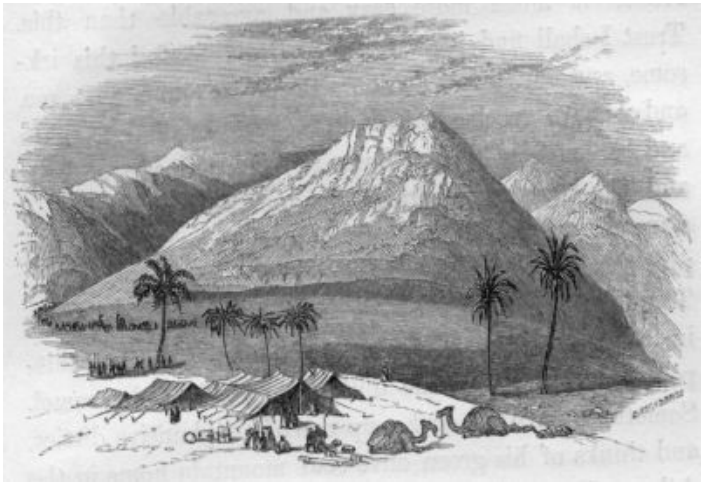
"Unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil."

El-Aïshi, describing the sandy Sahara, says, "There is neither tree, nor bush, nor herb. The eye sees only clouds of sand, raised by continual winds, which by their violence efface the marks of the caravan as fast as men and animals imprint them with their feet. The aspect of this immensity of sand reminds me of the words, 'Bless our Lord Mahomet as much as the sand is extended,' and I understood now their full import."

But here in the centre of this wilderness of sand we had an abundant proof of the goodness of a good God. Whilst mourning over this horrible scene of monotonous desolation, and wondering why such

regions were created in vain, we came upon *The Wells of Mislah*, where we encamped for the day. These are not properly wells, for the sand being removed in various places, about four or five feet below the surface, the water runs out. Indeed, we were obliged to make our own wells. Each party of the ghafalah dug a well for itself. Ghafalahs are divided into so many parties, varying in size from five men and twenty camels, to ten men and forty camels. Three or four wells were dug out in this way. Some of the places had been scooped out before. Water may be found through all the valley of Mislah. A few dwarfish palms are in the valley, but which don't bear fruit. The camels, finding nothing else to eat, attacked voraciously their branches. It is surprising the sand is not more scattered over the wells and trees, for on the south-west is a lofty sand-hill, deserving the name of a mountain, almost overhanging the pits. Here is a sufficient proof, at once, that The Desert has no sandy waves like the Desert Ocean of waters, as poets and credulous or exaggerating writers have been pleased to inform us. Were this the case, the wells of Mislah would have been long ago heaped up and over with pile upon pile of sand-hills, and caravans would have abandoned for ever this line of route. For we can hardly suppose that one sand-storm would cover the pits of Mislah with a mountain pile of sand, and the next sand-storm uncover them and lay them bare to the amazed Saharan traveller. On the contrary, the pits of Mislah and the stunted palms have every appearance of having remained as they now are for centuries. The hills are huge groups, some single ones, glaring in sun above the rest, and others pyramidical. The sand at times is also very firm to the camel's tread. Shall I say a *terra firma* in loose

shifting sands? But for the water of Mislah it is extremely brackish, nay salt. I had observed between the sand-hills small valleys, or bottoms, covered with, a whitish substance which I now find salt. Both men and camels are alike condemned to drink this water. I try it with boiling and tea and find it worse, and cannot drink it, so I'm obliged to beg of our people the remaining sweet water of Nather, left in the skins. Our people confess themselves, in summer when this water gets hot they can scarcely drink it, being veritable brine. An European travelling this route should always provide himself with water enough at the well of Nather to last him from six to eight days. My skin-bags have got out of order, and I did not make inquiries of the people about this well. At one well a traveller should always make inquiry about the water of the next well. This is indispensable if an European tourist would have water fit to drink. The Mislah water is full of saline particles, and is purging every body. The valley of Mislah, over which we are encamped, is not more than twenty minutes' walking in length, and half this in breadth. In many parts the sand is encrusted with a beautiful white salt. One of the Arabs of Souf said to me, "See, Yâkob, this is our country, all Souf is like this." So it appears an oasis may exist in a region of *shifting* (?) sands. Are these the shifting sands which bury whole caravans beneath their sandy billows, when lashed up by the Desert tempest[63]?



This reminds me of what Colonel Warrington told me of some tourist, who describes himself as killing a camel to procure the water from its stomach, when within a couple days from Tripoli, and on a spot where there was a splendid spring of never-failing water. I often asked the Arabs, if they ever killed the camel to get the water from its stomach? They replied, "They had often heard of such things." A merchant of Ghadames made, however, an apposite observation: "This is our sea, here we travel as you in your sea, bringing our provisions and water with us."

These pits are considered the half-way house or station to Ghat. I'm told the route from Ghat to Aheer is much more easy and agreeable than this. Trust I shall find it so if I go. Begin to feel this irksome, and am in low spirits. People try to amuse me, and I have received many little presents of date-cakes and bazeen from them. Begin to relish this sort of food, and The Desert air sharpens the appetite. Yesterday, a slave of the ghafalah amused us with playing his rude bagpipe through these weary wastes. We are

not very merry. There is very little conversation; we move on for hours in the most unbroken silence, nothing being said or whispered, no sound but the dull slow tread of the camel. Sometimes an Arab strikes up one of his plaintive ditties, and thinks of his green olive-clad mountain home in the Atlas. Happily there is little or no quarrelling. I am sure sixty people of all ages and tempers, were they Europeans, travelling in this region of blank monotony, oppressed with sombre reflections and without anything to relieve the senses, would not manage things so smoothly, or without quarrelling, and at times most desperately. For we are a *bonâ fide* moving city, and at each well every body prepares to start afresh. Some mend their torn clothes, others the broken gear of the camels, others take out the raw materials from their bags and work up a new supply of provisions. Others wash and shave. Our Saharan travellers rarely wash themselves except at the wells. Their religion requires of them to wash their hands at their meals, but this they evade by rubbing their hands with a little sand, a privilege, however, Mahomet has only granted them when they can find no water. We followed the tracks of the few of our party who had preceded us. Here also the footstep is rigidly observed as in the American wilderness, and the people pretend to distinguish the foot-print of the bandit on the sand from that of an honest man. But one night of strong wind usually covers up the track, and though the sand does not move in billows, it flies about, first from one side and then the other, and fills up the foot-prints of men and animals. There is no doubt but it requires the most practised eye of the camel-driver to find his way through these regions, and yet, for my life, I could not see that the people experienced any difficulty. They seemed as much at

home in this intricate waste of creation as in their own dark zigzag streets of Ghadames.

As the sun goes down and night comes on, the sand-hills, from shining white, look as dark and drear as earth-hills. But how smooth is all! If they were hills of blown glass they could not be more smooth. In the sketch of Mislah will be seen a date-tree with part of its branches depending, forming with the up-rising a curious shape. The under foliage is dead and dried up, a fit object in the desolate scene. Not a single living creature about the wells. No bird is here. At Maseen and Nather we had seen two or three small birds, hopping about the wells, picking up the crumbs and scattered grain of the passing caravan. Except the little vegetable life, all else here is "a universe of death!"

Footnotes:

[62] A *cantar* is about an English hundred-weight.

[63] Oudney says:—"The presence of nothing but deep sand-valleys and high sand-hills strikes the mind forcibly. There is something of the sublime mixed with the melancholy. Who cannot contemplate without admiration masses of loose sand fully four hundred feet high, ready to be tossed about by every breeze, and not shudder with horror at the idea of the unfortunate traveller being entombed in a moment by one of these fatal blasts, *which sometimes occur*?" I agree with the Doctor about the sublime and melancholy mixed in contemplating these regions of sand. But they are by no means dangerous. No people that I heard of had been entombed under these fatal blasts. I am almost sorry now that I did not

pass through the region of Mislah in a Saharan hurricane, and then I should have known all.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM GHADAMES TO GHAT.

End of the Sandy Region.—No Birds of Prey in The Sahara.—Progress of the French in the Algerian Oases.—Slave Trade of The Desert supported by European Merchants.—Desolations of Sahara.—System of Living of our People.—Various Tours through Central Africa.—The Desert tenanted by harmless and Domesticated Animals.—Horribly dreary Day's March.—A Fall from my Camel.—Well of Nijberten, and its delicious Water.—Moral Character of the People of our Caravan.—Well of Tăbăbothteen.—Camel knocked up and killed.—Mode of Killing Camels.—Pretty Aspect of The Sahara.—Some of the Ghafalah go on before the rest.—The Plain and Well of Tadoghseen.—Encounter and Adventure with the *quasi* Bandit Sheik, Ouweek.—Enter the region of the *Jenoun* or Genii.—Mountain Range of Wareerat.

6th.—ROSE at day-break but did not start until after sun-rise. Continued through the sand. Scenery as yesterday, hills heaped upon heap, group around group, and sometimes a plain of sand, furrowed in pretty tesselated squares like the sands of the sea-

shore. I walked about three hours to ease the nagah. The camels continued to flounder in the sand, throwing over their necks their heavy burdens. The ascents extremely difficult: people employed in scooping an inclined path for the animals. But, in the afternoon, about three, we saw through an opening of the shining heaps, a blue and black waste of contiguous desert. I could not help crying out for joy, like a man at the prow who descries the port, after having been buffeted about many a stormy day by contrary winds and currents. Much fatigued with the walking over the sands, and sick with drinking the brackish water of Mislah. Nothing *en route* to-day except four crows, and a skeleton of a camel. This is the small crow of The Sahara (غراب الصحرا). People pretend it does not drink water. It may live on the flesh of the few camels which drop down and die from exhaustion, and on lizards. There are, however, no vultures and ravenous birds of huge dimensions in this region of Sahara. So that,

حيثما يكون الجسد ايضا تجتمع النسور

"Where the body is, there also collect the eagles," is not applicable to this part of The Desert, although the vulture, pouncing voraciously upon the dead man and dying camel, is an appropriate feature in Saharan landscapes. The large birds of prey do not find, as the lion, water to drink in these regions. When we got fairly upon the firm ground of Stony Sahara, I was refreshed with the sight of seven small acacia trees. This seems to be the only tree which will not surrender to the iron sceptre of Saharan desolation, for it strikes its roots into the sterility itself. A white butterfly also, to my amazement, passed my camel's head! Where does the little fluttering thing get its food in this region of

desolation?

Another of the Souf Arabs said to me this morning, "This sand is the country of the Souafah and the Shânbah." If so, indeed, it would be a troublesome country for a military expedition. "However," said a merchant, "the maharee can pursue the Shânbah to the last heap of their sands." Speaking of the Shânbah last evening when we were in the midst of the sands, the Souafah said:—"When the enemy will come, we shall cover ourselves in the sand, and fire off our matchlocks. They will feel our bullets, and hear our report, and look about and see no person. We shall be covered up in the sand." This, the Souf Arab repeated several times, and the Ghadamsee traders thought it astonishingly clever and courageous. It is reported five hundred Touaricks are soon to pursue the Shânbah into the Algerian territory. It is said also, French Arabs will support the Shânbah bandits against both Touaricks and Souafah. Such is the silly talk of our caravan. Still the French have got far south, and my Souafah companions acknowledge that some of their districts pay tribute to the Algerian authorities. This is something like *progress*, and we ought not to deceive ourselves about their movements southwards. Nothing is worse than self-deception. The Romans struggled long before they made any sensible progress in Africa, nay, several centuries. In fifteen years the French have induced a whole line of Saharan oases, more or less, to acknowledge their authority. And the thing is done cleverly enough; they do not appoint a local governor, or dispatch a single soldier, and yet they manage to get some money from these distant Saharan oases. However, this tribute must be very trifling; and were all this line of Algerian oases to pay their tribute regularly, it

would be as a drop in the bucket compared with the thousands of millions of francs which have been spent, and will be spent in Algeria. Such a colony as Algeria will not only not pay, but will ruin the finances of a score of kingdoms as large as France. The politics of our moving Saharan city are mostly confined to the Pasha of Tripoli and the French in Algeria. "When will the Pasha go, soon or late? Will another come after him? Will he be better? Will he fleece us as this despot, of all our money? Have the French many troops in Algeria? Have they more than Muley Abd-Errahman? Could they conquer Morocco? Why don't the English drive out the French from Algeria? The Mussulmans of Algeria are now corrupted by the money of the Christians. The Bey of Tunis is the friend of the French. The Sultan of Constantinople, Mehemet Ali, and the English are against the Bey of Tunis and the French. Now, the Christians have great power in the world, but they will soon be cut off, when shall appear the new warrior of the faithful. Is the Sultan of Stamboul strong? Has he more soldiers than Moskou (Russia)? Have the French more soldiers than the English? Is Mehemet Ali to have Tripoli given him, and is he to march on to Tunis and against the French?" &c. All these, and a thousand other questions and opinions similar, agitate the sage politicians of our ghafalah: so true it is, that when we change the heavens above, we do not change our thoughts on the things below, which are left behind us.

My friend, Zaleâ, of Seenawan, did not come with us, he having contracted for the building of the caravansary of Emjessem, but his brother, a rough bold Arab, accompanied us, who assured me to-day, —"That all the goods of the ghafalah were the property of Christians and Jews in Tripoli, and the

Ghadamseeah merchants were only their commission agents. These goods were to be exchanged for Soudan merchandise, including slaves, which latter, after being sold in Tripoli, the money of their sale would be given up to the merchants under European protection." This is a strong confirmation of the opinion which I have expressed in my reports, "*That the slave-traffic of Tripoli is supported by the money and goods of Europeans*." My informant wished to know and put the question:—"If I take you (the writer) to Soudan, and bring you back safe, will you get me free from paying taxes to the Pasha?" Another observed on this,—"That's ridiculous, Yâkob; if you say that Mahomet is the prophet of God, you can go safe to Soudan without the protection of any body." I made answer to this impertinence, that such language was not proper, and if they continued to pester me with their religion, I should report them to Rais Mustapha. This at once silenced them.

Felt very sick this evening with drinking the water of Mislah. It is purging all the people like genuine Epsom.

7th.—Started a little before sun-rise, when a clear mist was spread like a mantle of gauze over old Sahara, and lost the sight of the sand-hills in the course of the morning. I joyfully bid them adieu, though it may be very fine and Desert-like to talk and write of regions of sand and sandy billows, furrowing the bosom of Sahara. Winding about, but always making south. Wind now from the west; the sky mostly overcast, but no signs of rain. No living things *en route*, but a solitary crow, and another solitary butterfly. The mirage again visible. Very little herbage for the camels, and no wood for the fire. On our right long ranges of low hills, dull and

drear outlines of The Desert. In some masses, the stone and earth and chalk are thrown together in confusion, as so many materials for creating a new world. Those who traverse these Saharan desolations, cannot but receive the impression, that old mother earth, slung on her balance, and revolving on her axis, has performed eternal cycles of decay and reproduction. Time was, when these heaps of desolation were fruitful fields of waving corn and smiling meadows, and fair branching woods, meandered about with running rills of silvery streams, where cattle pastured lowing, and birds sang on the trees. Now, heap upon heap, and pile upon pile of the ruins of nature deform the dreadful landscape, one feature being more hideous to look upon than the other: and the whole is a mass of blank existence, having no apparent object but to daunt and terrify the hapless wayfarer, who with his faithful camel, slowly and mournfully winds his weary way through the scene of wasteful destruction. . . . . In the sand, the pebbles are as bright and smooth as those washed by the sea-spray, or chafed by a running brook.

I have observed minutely the system of living amongst our people, and really believe they have not enough to eat. When they invite me to supper, and give me a share of *bazeen*, I always require another supper on my return, before going to bed. Besides, I always make a slight repast in the morning, which they do not. Then I eat dates and a piece of cake during the day's riding, for we never stop during the day's march. They also munch a few dates themselves. But, altogether, though I'm a moderate eater, I believe I eat every day twice, and sometimes thrice, as much as they eat. With respect to clothing, I wear double the quantity they do, and,

nevertheless, feel cold at night. I may say with truth, they are poorly fed and badly clothed. It is this miserable system of living which makes them such lanky bare-boned objects. I observe, also, they feel the fatigue very much, as much as I myself, though unwell with drinking the water and serving a hard apprenticeship to Desert-travelling.

I believe Europeans, in this season of the year, would travel these Saharan wilds with less fatigue, and in far superior style. I now walk two hours first thing every morning. Most of the merchants do the same. Zaleâ said to me, "Yâkob, we (pointing to three or four of his people) are the only true men here, and understand affairs; the rest are all good-for-nothing." Indeed, the Seenawanee Arabs are generally very excellent camel-drivers, and know the routes perfectly. We have with us a young Touarick, who never covers his head winter or summer. His hair grows long, unlike other Mohammedans, who shave the head. This Targhee tells me he is never unwell. We're encamped in a valley. As the sun sets, the sky is encharged with clouds. But usually the wind goes down a little after dark, and rises an hour or two after day-break. Fortunately, this is not a month of winds, so say the people.

As the camel moves slowly, but surely[64], on to Ghat, I still revolve in mind the various routes of the interior. I'm still as much at a loss as ever to determine which route I shall take, and have only Providence for my guide. There are various routes before me:—

1st.—To go to Soudan, *viâ* Aheer, and return with the ghafalah of Ghadames, with which I proceed. This is easy and simple, but does not offer much

variety.

2nd.—To proceed to Soudan, *viâ* Aheer, as in the first, and return *viâ* Bornou and Fezzan. This offers both variety and security.

3rd.—To proceed as before to Soudan, then Bornou, then Darfour, Kordofan, Nubia, and Egypt. This is various, new, and attended with danger, but I don't know what extent of danger.

4th.—To proceed to Soudan, Kanou, and Noufee, and then descend the Niger to the Bight of Benin. This would be a fine journey, and perhaps not attended with any very great difficulties.

5th.—To proceed to Soudan, as above, thence along the upper banks of the Niger to Timbuctoo, and return *viâ* Mogador in Morocco. This I believe the most perilous of all the routes.

Any of these routes, however, could not fail to be useful to commerce, geography, and discovery. Those who take the route of descending the Niger to the ocean, will avoid a three or four months' journey over The Desert. Noufee, on the Niger, is only fifteen days from Kanou, and seven to the Atlantic.

To-day passed several tumuli of stones, more than eight feet high, evidently placed to direct the caravans over the trackless portions of Sahara. I wonder what the people of Europe will say when I tell them, that The Desert—pictured in such frightful colours by the ancients, as teeming with monsters and wild beasts, and every unearthly and uncouth thing and being, not forgetting the dragons, salamanders, vampyres, cockatrices, and fiery-flying serpents, and as such believed in these our

enlightened days—is a very harmless place, its menagerie being reduced to a few small crows, and now and then a stray butterfly, and a few common house and cheese-and-bacon and fruit flies! these poor little domestic everyday creatures! Nay, there is not found here the wild ox, or the oudad, or the antelope, or ostrich, or the wild boar, or any other animal which inhabit and mark the Saharan regions near the north coast of Africa. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive of a country so devoid of living creatures as the route which we have traversed these last twelve days. To this must be added, that now is the favourable season for animals, and we should certainly see them if there were any to be seen.

Of the four routes to Ghat, the next to us on the west, is the shortest. People say the route which we are now travelling is only frequented in this season, and mostly by large caravans, or scarcely ever in the summer.

8th.—Rose at day-break and started at sunrise: as usual, the sky overcast and in an hour the wind got up and blew a strong gale awhile from the south-east. To-day Sahara looked unusually dark and drear; night as a dread pall seemed to hang on the day and all visible things—all life and animation was extinct but our lone, solitary, melancholy caravan! We moved on in deep and weary silence, not a noise, a cry, a murmur, the grumbling of the camels was even hushed. Nothing broke the horrid silence of The Desert. We wound round long-long winding valleys—

"Through many a dark and dreary
vale
[We] pass'd, and many a region dolorous

—"

"Where all life dies."

Most of the stone scattered *en route* was black shingle, and all the region had a volcanic look. In one wady through which we passed were found several stones rounded into (shall I call them?) cannon-balls, scattered about, and some were of prodigious size. They were as round as if artificially made. There were also a great many halves, or half balls. Our people to divert their minds from the gloom hanging around them dismounted and amused themselves with these cannon-balls of nature. Some would say that nature furnishes a type of every thing in art. Our Touaricks assured us, "These balls were made by the Jenoun, who on occasion of quarrels, pelted one another with them. A traveller was once killed with some of these balls during the night, although a friend of the Jenoun." In a former period, I imagine the action of water produced these specimens of stony rotundity, for they were embedded in a deep wady. On leaving this valley, I had also something else to relieve me from the gloom of this day's march. On mounting a small ridge of rock, abrupt, and full of sharp stones, I was pitched off in a summerset style from the back of the camel, and if I had not been caught in my fall by a slave of the caravan, I should have fallen once and for ever in this world; as it was, I felt stunned and considerably hurt. This was my first and last fall from the camel. I learnt caution at a great risk. The people all crowded round to assist me, terribly frightened. My thick woollen clothes saved my bones. I could not help remarking the coincidence of being saved by a slave, for the benefit of whom I had chiefly undertaken this perilous journey. In general,

the camel goes extremely steady, it is only in mounting and descending that they become unsteady, unwieldy, and dangerous. At other times, you may sleep, eat and drink, read and write, on the back of a camel. But as our days are short and nights long, we require no sleep, and my eyes are too bad for reading. Our people call camels by the Arabic term *bâeer* (بعير), the male camel is called *jemel* (جمل), and the female *nagah* (ناقه). As the she-camel is most valuable for the sustenance of the tribes, the Touaricks sometimes call the whole race of camels nagah. "We," say they, "have nothing but the *nagah* (she-camel)," thereby meaning, our property alone consists in camels. But the nagah is a great favourite with the Mussulmans of all nations. Mahomet mounted a milk-white nagah, when he ascended to paradise. The camels have all public and private marks, the former for their country, and the latter for their owner, and, strange enough, the public mark of the Ghadames camels is the English broad R. So when a camel is stolen, a man claims his camel by his mark. The marking is done by branding with a hot iron.

I can't help observing the habits of the camels, for our continued marching affords us ample leisure. When these melancholy creatures can find no other occupation *en route*, or when there is nothing *en route*, or after a full belly, they set to work, like men, and bite one another. Often one of the camels falls, or throws its load, in a regular encounter. The Moors and Arabs are bad loaders of the camels, and there is always some camel with its load falling off. In fact, the people do nothing neat and well. Even the little gear required for these animals is continually breaking and getting out of order. People look to the immediate hour before them: not excepting even the

necessary articles of fodder and water, and food for themselves, of which they often neglect to take a sufficient supply. And yet if anything could teach a man to be provident it is The Desert. If this Saharan travelling were placed under the management of Europeans, it would be infinitely more secure. Our camels are nearly all coast-camels, we shall soon have to speak of the maharee. The Touarghee uses quite a different style of address when he coaxes along the camels; it is bolder and quicker in its intonations, suited to the language of the Touaricks. A frequent address of encouragement is, "*Bok, bok bok, bokka bokka*." The Arabs usually command the movement of the camels by "Tzâ;" and when they are to stop, by "Ush;" and, to kneel down, it is a prolonged pronunciation of the guttural خ or Kh-h-h. We may well suppose, however, that the camels which travel this route are expert linguists in the Touarghee and Arabic.

We continued all day till the last dull departing solar ray of the west had left us. A long dark, dismal, dreary day it has been. We encamped amidst two long ranges of Saharan mountains as a shelter from the wind. Our people detest the wind, they prefer burning heat to wind. The mountains only deserve the name from their frightfully gloomy aspect, not from their consistence or magnitude, for in reality they are so much stony and earthy rubbish shovelled up into long ridges. There is nothing in shape or consistence of granite. I picked up several pieces of petrified wood, but none of them pretty or remarkable. So far as I can judge, there are no minerals or rare stones to repay the researches of the geologist in these regions of desolation. Noticed a quantity of soft grey stone, as also of slate stone: observed some lime-stone gradually acquiring the

consistence and colour of fine streaky marble.

9th.—Rose as the day broke, and started with the first rays of the sun. Continued through the same kind of country, with an addition of a little sand here and there, for five hours, until we arrived at the well of Nijberten, to our great joy, for it is a well of deliciously sweet water. Around the well, I was pleased with the sight of several dark bushes scattered upon the small sand-hills. Anything in the shape of a tree now gladdens the heart. I observe again, that vegetation often springs out of the sand in preference to the hard or even softer earth in The Sahara. A little sand, scattered over the hard earth, and oftener solid rock, enables vegetation to spring up, when the mould of Sahara produces nothing. But there is little or no herbage for camels. Give my nagah the barley which I provided for my own use. People ridicule the choice of Rais Mustapha in the purchase of the camel, and say she will never carry me to Soudan.

I'm now writing the journal of yesterday. I can't write every day. Sometimes several days elapse. Often wonder how Denham could write his journal every day, as he asserts. The wind is high and is scattering sand in every direction. Certainly I require no supply of sand when turning over my sheet wet with the ink.

Before we get to the water, we are obliged to scoop out the sand as at Mislah. Many pits in Sahara are in this predicament. But we are infinitely more repaid for our pains, for we find most refreshing nectar-like water, as good as the last was bad. I imagine I drank off a full gallon at once. I was praying night and day for this water, and was obliged to go from tent to

tent, begging a drop of the water which was left of Nather well, until all the skins were empty of that water. Some of the merchants kept a little in a small skin as a luxury. But I must do our people justice, for seeing I could not drink the Mislah water, they gave me often their sweet water and themselves drank the brackish. I must add, I see no striking moral difference between the people of this Desert caravan, and the people who fill an English mail-coach or a French diligence. Mankind are morally much the same everywhere. The last sixteen centuries have added little or nothing to discovery and amendment in morals, however orthodox we may all have become. Our Christendom has been chiefly occupied in resisting the worst features of the Mosaic economy as engrafted by the corruptions of the Church on the Christian system. The commission to Moses, "to extirpate the Canaanitish tribes," has been the universal war-cry of the dominant party in the Church to burn and empale heretics. There are still many divinity professors who think it right to kill heretics and infidels. The society of the nineteenth century is still eaten up by the most rancorous bigotry, and morality is proportionably at a low ebb. Nevertheless, with all our present Desert hardships, we are an easy journeying caravan; the patience of no one is particularly tried, and there is no event to draw out the real passions of the soul. We are now five days from Ghat; to-morrow being the Ayed Kebir, we shall make but a short day. Had a little private conversation with a Souf Arab. There are some fifty families of Jews in Souf, occupied in commerce. Speaking of the eternal quarrel of the Shânbah and Souafah, I found him a strong partisan of the Shânbah. "Fine fellows are the Shânbah, like us the Souafah; one Shânbah would kill five

Touaricks," he exclaimed. Souf is a rich country. This Souf Arab has thirty fine dughla date-trees, one of finest species. Riches are estimated by the number of date-trees. He has two brothers now returning from Soudan, bringing slaves and elephants' teeth for the markets of Algeria.

The notorious Mohammed Sagheer, who slaughtered thirty Frenchmen in cold blood at Biscara, is now at Tozer, in Tunis. This flight of fugitives will continue as long as France is in North Africa. It is inevitable. When a political refugee is quiet his person should be held sacred; and it was very dastardly on the part of the French to demand to have this Arab Sheikh given up. But the French mind is incapable of comprehending what is a political asylum, or even what is constitutional freedom. Local politics still stick close to our ghafalah, and the people have such faith in my power and influence, that they really believe I could, if I would, get Ghadames freed from paying tribute to the Porte. An Arab of Derge said, "If you return from Soudan, and speak to the English Consul and English Sultan, you will then serve us in Derge and Ghadames, but if you don't come back we are all lost." The British Consul of Tripoli might, indeed, do something for these oppressed people, and save the Saharan commerce from impending ruin. I quiet the people by telling them, (and which is the fact,) I have repeatedly written to the English Consul of Tripoli about their affairs, and to obtain some mitigation of the oppression of their Government.

The bushes springing out of the sand are but a couple of feet high, and their dark foliage is covered with crystallized salt. They are a stinted species of acacia. Nijberten is the first Touarghee name *en route*, and

now we are fairly in the Ghat territory. On our right, a day's journey over some ranges of hills, are tents and flocks and inhabited districts. Passed several tumuli of stones raised in the shape of graves. To-day the stone had a better appearance, a good deal of grey and red marble, and some isolated blocks of granite. No birds, insects, or animals. Course south.

10th.—Strong wind all day, and cold. The Ayed Kebir. But our travellers only prayed a little longer in the morning. Travellers are exempt from the ordinary religious ceremonies and festivals. This feast is usually kept up three days. A camel knocked up to-day, and unloaded this morning. After two hours and half, passed on the right the well of *Tăbăbothteen*. People say its water is still sweeter than that of Nijberten. Indeed, we shall find the Ghat water to be usually sweet and delicious. Scenery as usual, broken in valleys, hills, and high ground. Some of the hills, covered partly with sand, looked very pretty at a distance, shrouded as if in a sheet of snow, and dazzling in the sun-beams. Encamped early in the afternoon. The knocked-up camel difficult to be got on. A Divan of camel-drivers was held, and the question discussed, "Whether the camel should be killed?" It was decided that it should be doctored and left to graze until a Targhee was sent from Ghat for it. A most piteous sight it was to look upon the poor camel, prostrate and moaning, as if pleading the excuse of its malady for not moving on. I could not stop to look at the wretched animal. Nevertheless, I returned again, and found the camel tied down, with its mouth pulled open, and its jaws lashed back with cords, to prevent the poor creature from groaning too loud. The hot iron was being applied to the shoulder, where there were some festering or dislocation; meanwhile, the creature

groaned in dreadful but silent agonies. At length, this doctoring finished, it was left to graze; but being actually nearly burnt to death, it could not get up, and was killed during the night, *to prevent it from dying*, in order that our orthodox people might eat the flesh like good Mussulmans.

Rais Mustapha amused me by telling how that the Arabs watched the signs of immediate death, and just stuck the camel in the last agony of dissolution, in order that they might eat the flesh with an orthodox conscience. Camels are killed differently from other animals. Sheep and bullocks and fowls have their throats cut from side to side, with "hideous gash," for they are the most slashing throat-cutters; camels, on the contrary, are stuck in the throat at the bottom of the neck, and the top of the chest-bones. Next morning (*11th*), was held a Divan of the whole ghafalah to decide upon the value of the slaughtered camel, for the owner was in Ghadames. Its worth was estimated at four dollars. I purchased a quarter of a dollar's worth. The camel was young, but the meat not very good. Our people soon devoured the meat.

11th.—Rose early, but did not start till near noon, to give the camels more rest. Old Sahara looks absolutely pretty with the dark shrubs bespotting and besprinkling his white shining sand-hills. The heavens are strewn with soft flaky light clouds; the blue above is clear and profound, and what other colours there are, look fresh and fair. Our people catch the lighter and more exhilarating influence, and are more talkative to-day. Descending to grosser matters, they are joking about how much of the camel's meat they are to swallow for supper. A part of the ghafalah left us, as the main body would not

start early, thinking to arrive a couple of days before us in Ghat. I loaded and wished to go on with them, despising my friend Fletcher's advice. They insisted I should not accompany them, but come on with the larger body of people. I was obliged to return, and it happened for the best. This was a short day's march, but wrote no journal. The advanced party excused themselves for not letting me go with them, by saying, "We are going amongst the Touaricks our friends for a few days, and you will arrive first." I mentioned this to our party, who say, "*They're liars.* Are you so foolish, Yâkob, as to believe every thing a *Mussulman* tells you?"

12th.—Rose and started with the earliest rays of the Saharan sun. Scenery as usual; but the ranges of Saharan hills assuming a more battlemental shape, and darker, blacker colour. Fast approaching the inhabited districts; saw the traces of a route to Fezzan, on which the foot-prints of sheep were visible. Saw some inhabited mountains at a considerable distance, but no peculiar feelings started in the mind, and I grow weary of the journey. A dull drear and long day. Overtook the advanced portion of our ghafalah, and had the laugh at them. We asked them, whether they had seen their good friends the Touaricks? whether they had brought us fresh eggs, milk, and a whole sheep? We, of course, begging our portion of the rich spoil. The people now told me to place my tent within the circle of the encampment, as we were getting near the inhabited districts. I usually encamped at a short distance from the centre of confusion in the ghafalah, and found it more quiet. As to fear, I had none, and slept more soundly in the open Desert than in any part of the world where I had travelled before.

13th.—Rose at day-break, and, after a few hours' riding, came in full view of the Touarick camel-grazing country. We descended into a beautiful plain. After such Desert, how lovely it was! the plain of the Paradise of Sahara! This plain afforded many a taste of freshest herbage for the camels, almost approaching to English grass. They cropped it with rapacious greediness. Every person's eyes sparkled with delight at seeing the famished camels devour the herbage. We stopped half an hour to let them graze. Here were butterflies in quantities fluttering about, in dress of silver white, and gorgeous hues of rubies, and labouring beetles and industrious ants covering the small turf-hills, all which were to us "signs of life," and living in the world. We had already seen, before entering the fair plain, a small flight of larks, and now we feasted our eyes on a few swallows skimming this "flowery mead," for here and there were pretty blue and red and yellow wild flowers. A moment I forgot being in The Desert. The abundance of the herbage arises from there having recently fallen copious showers of rain—quite unusual in this thirsty country. But our route is the worst and most desolate of all the routes from Ghadames to Ghat. The other parallel routes always afford more herbage, besides having some inhabited tracts, with flocks of sheep and herds of camels feeding. Indeed, with the exception of a few people at the well of *Tadoghseen*, which we shall soon mention, we found no inhabitants in this the most easterly route. Whilst passing through the plain I espied a little black something moving about. In getting up to it, to my astonishment it was a little child stark naked! Our people were as much amazed as myself. I thought within myself, if this be the way in which the Touaricks bring up their children,

exposed to cold and heat, rain and wind, in such terrible plight in open desert! no wonder then they can bear all the hardship of The Sahara, as we a spring-day in Europe. It is impossible for an European to contend with a nature like that of the Touarick; we can never expect to adopt their habits of Saharan travelling. The little wretched urchin had been left by some of the shepherds, for camels, goats, and donkeys were feeding about. The child was very merry, but not old enough to speak much. Our people gave the boy a piece of bread, which he put at once to his mouth, and grinned "a thank you." From the plain rises a huge block of rock in the shape of a sugar-loaf, a frequent form of blocks of rock in this desert. As we neared the well, I was greatly rejoiced at the arrival of two slaves, one of which had been dispatched by the Sheikh Jabour from Ghat, to tell me, "I was to come with all confidence to Ghat, to fear nothing; no Touarghee should say an untoward word to me." I augured well of all things on the receipt of such news. Our people were as pleased as myself on the arrival of Jabour's slave. They called out to me to take the handkerchief from off my face, to let the messenger see "the face of a Christian."

After riding further, three or four Touaricks showed themselves. I saluted them. They asked our people what I said, and did not seem very friendly. I began to have suspicions[65]. The advanced portion of the ghafalah had disposed of their camels and baggage before I got up to the well. Said and myself went up amongst the people encamping, but, looking on my left about fifty yards' distant, I saw a group of people and a quarrel going on between our people, four or five Touaricks, and two slaves. Our people were violently pulling a slave one way, and Ouweek, a

Touarghee chief, tearing him as savagely the other way. At length the slave, struggling stoutly, got free, and went further off to a horse. Ouweek thought the slave intended to mount the horse and ride off to Ghat; so the chief followed the slave and again seized hold of him, and unsheathing his sword, began beating him with its sides. The Ghadamsee people and Arabs again interfered and rescued the slave. In the meanwhile Haj Mafoul Zuleâ passed me, and said, "Go up, go up." I replied, "Why? I shall stop here, where I am." He answered something; but, being hard of hearing, I could not catch what he said. I determined not to move. Afterwards, thinking that Zuleâ wished me not to be mixed up with the quarrel, I went further on towards Ghat. I imagined the slave had been overriding his master's horse, and was being beaten for that. After staying some time up the road, I returned to my camel, tired of waiting, and sat down, telling Said to unpack. But it seems Said had heard something which I had not, and said, "Not yet, not yet." I insisted upon his unloading the camel, and took out some dates and biscuits, and lay myself down to eat them. The scuffle and uproar was now going on about a hundred yards from me, and I saw the sword of Ouweek flourishing and flashing about. This was succeeded by a calm, and a whole circle of people squatted down around Ouweek. Meanwhile, the three followers of the Sheikh went a short distance off, spread their heiks upon the ground with great and solemn parade, and performed the afternoon prayer, as if about to sanctify some impending act of their Sheikh. I watched them anxiously. When I had waited half an hour or so, several of our people, with Zuleâ, returned, and not a little surprised me by making to me the following announcement:—"Ouweek, the

Touarghee Sheikh of this district, wants to kill you, because you are a Christian and an infidel. He has just been beating one of the slaves for going to meet you, accompanying the messenger of Ghat. He wished you to come up to him, that he might dispatch you at once." To say the truth, I had such confidence in the Touaricks of Ghat, and had been so confirmed in my confidence by the arrival of the messenger from Ghat, that I could not believe this speech of our people, and was disposed to think it a joke. I was perfectly cool, and myself. But as they most seriously reiterated this story, and let out a hint, or I gave the hint, I'm sure I now forget in the confusion, that perhaps the business could be compromised for money, I said to the spokesman, Zuleâ, "Oh! for God's sake, go, go; yes, yes, make a bargain." I noticed poor Said at the time, who was staring at me full in the face, to see, it would appear, how I was affected by this most unexpected incident. After a great deal of squabbling and bargaining, in a true mercantile style, it was finally arranged. Ouweek first fiercely demanded one thousand dollars! Hereupon all the people cried out that I had no money. The *quasi*-bandit, nothing receding, "Why, the Christian's mattress is full of money," pointing to it still on the camel, for he was very near me, although I could not distinguish his features. The Touaricks who had come to see me before I arrived at the well, observed, "He has money on his coat, it is covered with money," alluding to the buttons. All our people, again, swore solemnly I had no money but paper, which I should change on my arrival at Ghat. The bandit, drawing in his horns, "Well, the Christian has a nagah." "No," said the people, "the camel belongs to us; he hires it." The bandit, giving way, "Well, the Christian has a slave, there he is," pointing

to Said, "I shall have the slave." "No, no," cried the people, "the English have no slaves. Said is a free slave." The bandit, now fairly worsted, full of rage, exclaimed, "What are you going to do with me, am I not to kill this infidel, who has dared to come to my country without my permission[66]?" Hereat, the messenger from Ghat, Jabour's slave, of whom the bandit was afraid, and dared not lay a hand upon, interposed, and, assuming an air of defiance, said, "I am come from my Sultan, Jabour; if you kill the Christian, you must kill me first. The order of my Sultan is, No man is to say a word to the Christian." Our people now took courage from this noble conduct of the slave, declaring, "If Yâkob is beaten, we will all be beat first; if Yâkob is to be killed, we will be killed likewise." Ouweek now saw he must come down in his pretensions. The bargain was struck, after infinite wrangling, for a houlee and a jibbah, of the value of four dollars[67]! I did not, therefore, "sell for much," and Christians at four dollars per head in The Desert must be considered very cheap. It is said, every man has his price; I had not the honour of fixing my price. This was done for me, and I ratified the bargain. I made a present of a turban to the brave messenger, whom the people assured me acted a most noble part. It is strange that this is the second time I have been preserved from something like a catastrophe by the interposition of a slave. Did Providence intend this as any sign of approbation of my anti-slavery labours? We were all uneasy. Everybody had to supply something; and it was hinted, that I ought to send them supper. Our people did this, and would not allow me, saying, that I lived with them and had no provisions of my own. I was indignant at the conduct of the Souf Arabs, who cowered down before the Touaricks, and belied all

their previous pretensions to courage and intrepidity. Even a Seenawan Arab was frightened at my coming near his tent, in dread of another quarrel or attack during the night. All our people more or less were alarmed and agitated, although we numbered sixty in the presence of five Touaricks! I thought in myself, What arrant cowards you are! To cover their cowardice they pretended the Sheikh had hundreds of people not far off. Zaleâ, and his Arabs, certainly behaved the best. Zaleâ, in fact, was now the only man of the caravan. He told me afterwards, the Ghadamsee people had proposed to him, that I should run away on to Ghat, but he would not sanction such pusillanimity. I confess, however, when the people described to me the character of Ouweek, I myself felt considerable alarm. During the succeeding night, I slept scarcely a wink. I made the messenger of Jabour sleep close by my mattress, and unsheathing Said's old rusty sword, laid it beside me, determining "to die game," or put a good face upon the matter. At any rate, I thought an Englishman could not, however he might trust the good faith of these people, die like an unresisting coward. Ouweek, like a true politician, feasted the messenger dispatched from Ghat to me nearly all night, and told him to report on his return to Ghat:—"The Christian wished to give Ouweek a handsome present, but the Ghadamsee people, who are sorry dogs, would not let the Christian act from the impulse of his heart. So Ouweek quarrelled with the people of the caravan." The Sheikh and his followers kept up a roasting fire all night, a stone's throw from my encampment. The bandit was merry at the expense of the alarms of me and our people, telling my messenger, "These Ghadamseeah are all dogs, but the Christian is no dog, for when I threatened to cut his throat, he sat

down quietly and ate dates and biscuits." The bandit gave me more credit than I can take to myself, for, at the time of munching the biscuits, I was not aware of his violent attempt at levying black mail. There can, however, be no question of the bad character of this Sheikh. He has murdered several people, and, not long ago, killed a rich Marabout, going on a pilgrimage to Mecca, plundering him of a great deal of property. He is therefore no pleasant customer for a Christian to meet with on the highways of The Sahara, whom he would decapitate with less scruple of conscience than a Leadenhall poulterer would cut off a goose's head. He has many people, though a second-rate chief, and is allied by blood to the reigning family of Shafou. Though a little insignificant man, he possesses undaunted courage, and has signalized himself in the wars against the Shânbah. He walks lame with a wound he has received in battle. He is generally dreaded in the open country, except by the merchants, who are personally acquainted with him, to whom he behaves as a very jolly fellow.

14th.—All our people rose early, and got off as quickly as possible. We could not breathe freely until we were out of the clutches of Ouweek. Some of them, however, paid a farewell visit to the Sheikh, who received them very graciously, as politely as any Spanish bandit, and sent this message to me: —"Yâkob, go in *amen* (peace or security) to Ghat, fear nothing from any one, for you are under my protection." Our people encouraged me along. The Souf Arab, who was so cowardly, said:—"Why didn't you say, 'Mahomet is the prophet of God,' then you would have had to pay no money." I called him a fool, and asked him, if all the people didn't pay something as well as myself? This stopped his mouth.

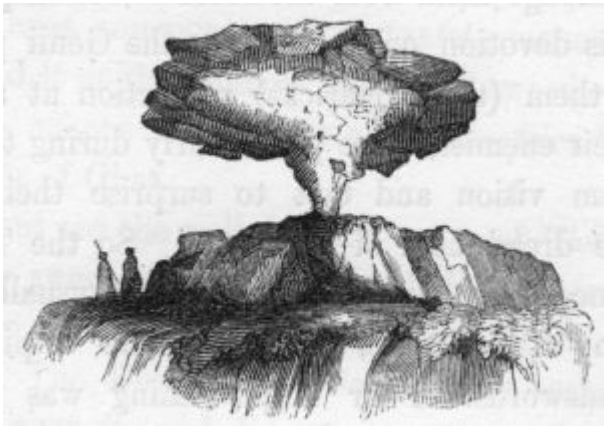
Zaleâ fully agreed with me, as did all our people, that if Ouweek had simply asked for a present, he would have got more from me. I certainly should have given him at once half a dozen dollars if he had shown himself friendly, and welcomed me to his district as a friendly stranger. It appears he refused money, and even the camel, which the people in the *imbroglio* said he might, if he choose, take; he took the woollens, because he knew they would not be made a question of restitution by the Sheikhs and Sultan. He was clearly entitled to receive something from me, by the usage of ages, commonly called "safety-money," but not to demand it at the point of his broad-sword. This was his great offence in the eyes of all his friends and the authorities of Ghat.

I did not see the well, but the water of Tadoghseen is extremely sweet and palatable. I should have paid my homage to this well, as I had done to all the sources of water in The Desert, had not Ouweek taken up his quarters near it, and I was not anxious to disturb or excite the curiosity of the bandit by a personal interview. One of his followers came to see me off in the morning, a tall attenuated black shape of a man.

We are now fairly in "the region of the Genii," the land of mystery and disembodied spirits; and the whole country is intersected and bounded on every side with the battlemental ranges of black, gloomy, and fantastically-shaped mountains, distinguishing the country of the Ghat Touaricks, where their friends and confederates, the Jenoun or Genii, dwell with them in the most harmonious friendship. Here our people say,

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the

earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when
we sleep."



There exists a compact between the Genii and Touaricks to this effect, a species of *Magna Charta*, and not selling themselves to the Saharan devils: —"The Touarick fathers solemnly vowed, alone of mortals, eternal friendship to the Genii, they would never molest them in the various palaces which they (the Genii) had built in their (the Touarick) country, nor use any means either through Mahomet, or the Holy Koran, to injure them or dislodge them from the black turret-shaped hills: and for this devotion on their part, the Genii promised to afford them (the Touaricks) protection at all times against their enemies, more particularly during the night, giving them vision and tact to surprise their enemy during the dread hour of darkness." So the Touaricks are reckoned very devils at night, and usually attack their enemy at this time, and hack him to pieces with their broadswords. Poor Major Laing was surprised by a Touarghee chief in this way, two of his servants were killed, and himself wounded, or cut and hacked

in some thirty places. The air of the region of Genii and Touaricks we now breathed, but found it as free as that of any part of The Sahara. Our people did not think so, and they pointed out to me with a shuddering awe all the mysterious objects. First and foremost, standing out from the lower and more modest abodes of the Genii, like a huge castle, such as the Titans might have built when they scaled the walls of heaven, was the *Kesar Genoun*, (قصر جنون) "Palace of demons," *par excellence*. This was the hall of council where the Genii meet from thousands of miles round, and debate upon their affairs of State. It is also the Jemâ or Mosque, where they meet on a Friday to pray to Allah, for they also worship Allah, though not properly. These lower and less destructive grades of Demonii "believe and tremble." This is also the mint where the Genii keep their bullion. The entire caverns of this monstrous block of rock are full of gold and silver, and diamonds, and all precious jewels[68]. A more *mortal* and sublunary mystery was now pointed out to me. This was a small block of rock about fifty feet high, of the shape of the accompanying drawing; the lower or under part where it comes in contact with the ground, being so exceedingly small as not to be visible. Here was the dreadful spot on which several people were murdered, and amongst the rest a wealthy Marabout, but a saint of great sanctity. The murderer (of what country it is not said), was so ashamed and horrified at his own deed of blood, that when he had committed it he begged the Genii to cover up their bodies from his sight, for he had not courage to bury them. The Genii listened to his request, detached this piece of rock from their great palace, where it has rested, occasionally *rocking*[69], say the people, to this day—a memento against murder and crime! For

this service the murderer begged the Genii to accept of some of the spoil, but they refused to accept of gold tainted with blood; and, on the contrary, the avenging spirits of justice pelted him with pieces of rock till he died. He was fairly stoned to death, and his bruised and broken carcase was left unburied, a horror to all passers-by! We see the Genii are a moral people, and in general the Mussulmans of The Sahara speak of them as a good sort of folks, not unlike Puck and his merry crew, only playing occasionally mischievous pranks upon silly inconsiderate mortals.

Beyond the Kesar Jenoun stretches away north and south the long range of black basaltic mountains, called by our people Wareerat, but I am not sure if this be the Touarick name. This ridge forms the boundaries of the Tibboo and Touarick country, for it stretches as far or farther south than the Tibboos, some fifteen or twenty days' journey. From the town of Ghat to the base of this range is half a day, eastward, although the range looks, by the ordinary delusion of Desert optics, to be close upon the town.

Footnotes:

[64] "Slow and sure," has in no case whatever so good an application as to the progress of the camel's march.

[65] These were evidently Ouweek's spies. They certainly did not accost me in that frank manner as the Touaricks had been wont in Ghadames.

[66] "Without my permission," or literally "tearing the *Litham* from my face." *El-Lithām* —اللثام—is the bandage which all the Touaricks wear around the face, covering every part of it

except the top of the cheek-bones and the eyes.

[67] The houlee, حولي, is the same as the heik, and the *jibbah*, جبّه, is a huge frock or tobe, with short sleeves, and coming up close round the neck.

[68] On these words of Shakespear, "*Kept by a Devil*," (King Henry VI., Part II., Act 4, and Scene 3,) Steevens makes the following annotation:—"It was anciently supposed, and is still a vulgar superstition of the East, that mines, containing precious metals, were guarded by evil spirits." So in *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, by Edward Fenton, 1569, "There appeare at this day many strange visions and wicked spirites in the metal mines of the Greate Turke. In the mine at Anneburg was a metal sprite which killed twelve workmen; the same causing the rest to forsake the myne, albeit it was very riche."

[69] There is an extraordinary co-resemblance between this Saharan *rocking*, or *logging*, stone, and that of our own in Cornwall, much noted and visited by all classes of travellers. Among the truly romantic coast-scenery of Cornwall, at the south-west angle of the county, are the celebrated Logan, or *rocking-stone*, and the lofty granite rocks called *Tiergh Castle*. Here is a reef of rocks jutting into the sea, on the summit of one of which is a large single mass of stone, weighing about sixty tons, resting on a sort of pivot, so near the centre that the whole block may be easily made to oscillate or *log*, to and fro. This *logging* stone has created astonishment amongst the illiterate, and given rise to many fabulous stories: whilst others have imagined it was placed here by the Druids, to overawe and terrify the vulgar.

Geologists, however, says Dr. Paris, readily discover, that the only chisel ever employed has been the tooth of time—the only artists engaged, the elements. Some years ago, the upper, or logging-stone, was thrown from its equilibrium by the bodily exertions of some sailors; but a general cry of indignation having been raised against this wanton act, it was shortly afterwards reinstated in nearly its original position by the perpetrators of the mischief, who, while thus making honourable amends for their former folly, evinced great ingenuity and skilfulness.—*Fisher's Views in Devonshire and Cornwall.*

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON: HARRISON AND SONS, PRINTERS, 45, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

TRAVELS

IN

THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA,

IN THE YEARS OF 1845 AND 1846.

CONTAINING

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES, DURING A TOUR OF NINE MONTHS THROUGH THE DESERT, AMONGST THE TOUARICKS AND OTHER TRIBES OF SAHARAN PEOPLE;

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF

THE OASES AND CITIES OF GHAT, GHADAMES, AND MOURZUK.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.

Φωνὴ βοῶντος ἐν τῇ ἐρήμῳ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

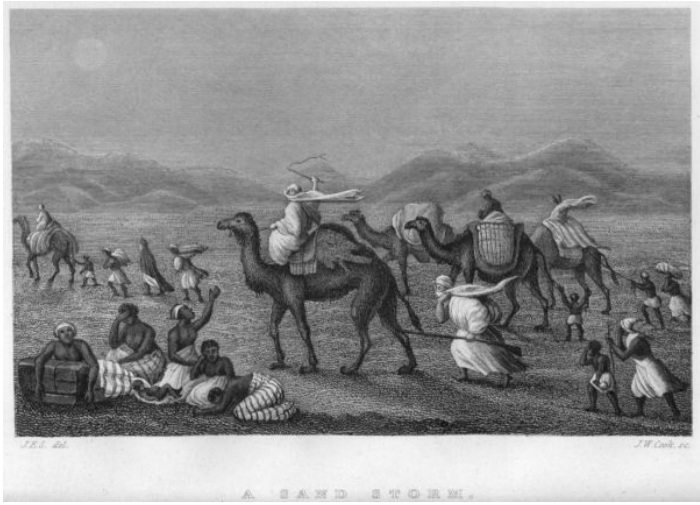
VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

M.D.CCC.XLVIII.



A SAND STORM.
J.E.S. del. J. W. Cook. sc.

LONDON:

HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,

45, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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TRAVELS

in

THE GREAT DESERT.

CHAPTER XVI.

RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Arrival at Ghat, and reception by its Inhabitants.—The Cold of The Sahara.—Haj Ahmed, the Governor, and Sheikh Jabour.—Distribute Presents to the Governor and Jabour.—Visit the Sheikh Hateetah, styled the British Consul of Ghat.—Make the acquaintance of the Tripoline Merchant Haj Ibrahim.—The Ghat Rabble.—Ouweek arrives in Ghat.—A Visit from Touarick Women.—Arabs begging from me by force.—Arrival of Kandarka from Aheer.—Bel Kasem's account of the Slave Trade.—Visit to Haj Ahmed, the Governor; his Character and Establishment described.—Bel Kasem's Sick Slave.—All classes of People attempt to

convert me to Mohammedanism.—Bad effect of an European Tourist assuming the Character of a Mahometan.—Touarghee mode of Saluting.—Miserable condition of Slaves on arriving from Soudan.—Soudanese Merchants friendly to me.—Visit from the Governor.—Report in The Desert of Christians Worshipping Idols.—Make the Acquaintance of a young Touarghee.—Slave Trading and Kidnapping Slaves up The Niger. —Economical Bill of Expenses of Journey from Ghat to Soudan.

15th.—ROSE two hours before daybreak in order to arrive early at Ghat in the morning. About ten A.M., the palms of Ghat were visible through the scattered blocks of rock in the valley, for the plain became now contracted and assumed the shape of a deep broad valley, on the one side a low range of sand-hills, and on the other the high rocky chain of Wareerat. But the first sight of the oasis, after nineteen weary days of Desert, affected me with only disagreeable sensations. The affair of Ouweek, though pretty well got over, had shaken my confidence in the Touaricks. Indeed, the painful forebodings of the last forty hours had seriously deranged my plans, and made me think of returning, availing myself the most of my unsuccessful tour. This suffering of thought day after day is intense and worries me, and will soon make me an old man, if not in years. It was the sudden shock of the affair just after receiving the messenger of peace from Ghat. I saw at once that there was a great deal of insubordination in the lesser chieftains, which made travelling in this country very insecure. I

remembered the remark of my taleb, "All the Touaricks are the Divan, and each has his own opinion, and carries it out in spite of the Sultan."

We were now met by the friends of the Ghadamsee merchants, but with the exception of Essnousee and two or three others, I received few salutes of welcome; and when we got up to the gates of the city (at noon), not a single person of our caravan offered me the least assistance, either in interpreting or otherwise. I felt myself in a most deplorable predicament, but I reflected that all men must each one look after his own business, so our people were now each one occupied with his own affairs. I felt much the want of a good Moorish or Arab servant. Said was of no use whatever in this case. Strangers and loungers crowded and clamoured round me, anxious to look at the face of "The Christian." It was covered with my travelling handkerchief, and when I untied my face to gratify their curiosity, they burst out with the rude and wild expression of surprise, "*Whooh! Whooh! Whey!*" Amongst this mob I at once distinguished a number of the Aheer and Soudan merchants. These showed the greatest curiosity, but my outer dress being entirely Moorish, there was little novelty in my appearance, nay, scarcely any to point me out from the rest of the caravan. Several of the Ghat people then asked me what I wanted. I told them, the Governor of Ghat. I was not understood. At last came up to me a young Tripoline Moor of the name of Mustapha, who volunteered his services as Touarghee and Arabic interpreter, but, of course, our conversation was always in Arabic. Amidst a cluster of Touaricks and Ghat townsmen, the Governor was pointed out. Several Sheikhs were present, but it appears they gave precedence to the Governor's son from a feeling of shamefacedness. Haj Ahmed's son is

a very nice polite young gentleman, as smart as a Parisian dandy. After a little delay he conducted us to a house, in which some of his father's slaves were living. It was a dark dreadful dilapidated hovel. The young gentleman most earnestly apologized, protesting, "The town is full of people, merchants, and strangers. We have nothing better left in the town. Perhaps you will come and live in our house out of the town." We looked out our baggage, which had been conveyed for us by Arabs of our caravan, and were astonished to find it scattered about outside the city gates, the caravan people having thrown it down there. However, nothing was lost, and this at once impressed me with the remarkable honesty of the Ghatee people. I took up my quarters in a small room built on the terrace, without window or door, but very airy. A roof of mud and straw was now a luxurious and splendid mansion to me. At least a dozen slaves were occupied in carrying my baggage from outside the gates to my domicile, each carrying some trifle. No camels or beast of burden are allowed to enter the city gates, all goods and merchandize are carried by slaves in and out. Like the porters at the different traveller-stations in Europe, each of these slaves seized hold of the merest trifle of baggage, a stick or a bit of cord, in order to make an exorbitant demand of the value of a shilling. The Desert furnishes a parallel for every circumstance of civilized life.

The last night or two I had found it very cold, and the wind too high for tents. I may observe here, conveniently, the cold was so great in this portion of Sahara, that I never could undress myself for dread of the cold. After loosening my neckcloth and shoes, I lay down in the dress which I wore during the day. My bed was a simple mattress laid over a piece of

matting, which latter was spread on the hard earth or sands of The Desert, as it might be, with a small sofa cushion for a pillow. After I had laid down the mattress, I then covered myself up with a large woollen barracan or blanket, very thick and heavy, and over this was also drawn a dark-blue European cloak. The cloth distinguished my bed from those of the merchants, and the nagah always knew the encampment by the sight of this Christian garment. When I wore it in the day she was immediately sensible of the presence of her master. I did not pitch a tent, for we could not, but formed a sort of head-place of the two panniers of the camel, over which we arranged camel's gear, forming a small top. Under this I placed or poked my head, so that, at night, if turning over my face, I found a little shelter from the naked cold heavens. In this way I lay enveloped in a mass of clothing. I usually waked a couple of hours before daybreak with the intensity of the cold. Said slept closely by me on a lion's skin, and rolled himself up in the slight canvass of the tent. Like myself he never undressed himself at night. When he wished to confer a favour upon any of his negro countrymen, or the poor slaves, he would take them and roll them up with him in this canvass. He would have sometimes half a dozen at once with him, the confined air of their united breathings keeping them mutually warm. The poor Arab camel-drivers had nothing but their barracans which they wore in the day to cover themselves up at night, whilst the bare earth was their couch of down, and a heap of stones their luxurious pillow. All these Arabs were wandering wayfaring Jacobs of The Desert. El-Aïshi says, speaking of the bleak wind of The Desert, "The north wind blows in these places with an intensity equalling the cold of hell; language fails me to

express this rigorous temperature." The Mohammedans believe that the extremes of heat and cold meet in hell. Some have thought there is an allusion to this in the words, "Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," (the teeth chattering from cold.) Milton has also enumerated cold as one of the torments of the lost. The tormented spirits passed—

"O'er many a frozen, many a fiery, Alp."

I had not been many minutes in my new apartment before the Governor himself came in. I had been addressing the young Ghatee as the Governor himself, like Goldsmith harangued a duke's footman for the duke himself. Haj Ahmed, his father, welcomed me with every demonstration of hospitality. He sat chatting with me until the arrival of the Sheikh Jabour, who also welcomed me in the most friendly manner. This was the Sheikh who had dispatched his slave to the well of Tadoghseen to meet me. Two or three other Touaricks of distinction came in with my friend Essnousee. They then questioned me upon the conduct of Ouweek, the news of which had now spread over all the town, and thanking Jabour for sending his slave, he replied, smiling, "Ouweek was joking with you." And then all joined in a laugh about Ouweek's affair. Jabour, ashamed of the business, took this method of easing my mind. The Governor now began to ask me about news and politics, and how Muley Abd Errahman was getting on with the French. The burning of the French steamer on the coast of Morocco after she grounded, had been transformed by The Desert reports into a victory over the French, in which the French had lost 70,000 men and several ships. The Governor had also heard the Maroquine

war had recommenced. I excused my ignorance by saying, I had been a long time in Ghadames, and had heard nothing. Odd enough, the Governor asked me, "Which was the oldest dynasty in Europe?" I told him the Bourbons of France. The Sheikh Jabour here interposed that his family was more than three thousand years old! The pride of an hereditary *noblesse* is deeply rooted in these Touarghee chiefs. The lore of ancestral distinction is co-extensive with the human race. I have given but the substance of our conversations. I give some of it in detail:—

Interrogation, *by the Governor*.

His Excellency.—"What did Ouweek to you?"

"He was saucy to me."

His Excellency.—"Have you seen lately Muley Abd Errahman (Emperor of Morocco)?"

"No."

His Excellency.—"He has conquered the French, destroyed their ships. They have lost 70,000 men. If you had told Muley Abd Errahman you had been coming here, he would have sent me a letter by you."

"I have no doubt of it."

His Excellency.—"How is your Sultan?"

"Very well, thank you?"

His Excellency.—"When did you last see Sidi Abd-el-Kader?"

"Not very lately."

His Excellency.—"He is a prophet." (To which I said, Amen.)

Interrogatory, *by Sheikh Jabour*.

The Sheikh.—"What did Ouweek to you?"

"He was very rude."

The Sheikh.—"Ouweek was playing with you, trying to frighten you because you are a stranger. He's a fool himself."

"Oh, it's no matter now."

The Sheikh.—"How's your Sultan? Does he doubt we shall utterly destroy the Shânbah."

"Oh, not the least."

The Sheikh (in reply to the Governor).—"My fathers were princes before all the Christian kings, thousands of years ago."

"I dare say they were."

My visitors now took leave of me, Jabour shaking hands with me, and saying, *Mā-tăhāfsh*, "don't fear." Afterwards had a great many curious visitors of the lower classes, all raving mad to see the *Roumee* ("Christian"). And amongst the rest, the son of Ouweek! who is a young harmless fellow, and said his father would never hurt a great Christian like me. He begged hard for a piece of sugar, which I gave him. He asked me if his father was coming to Ghat. For supper I received a splendid dish of meat and sopped bread, but very highly seasoned with pepper and cloves. It is the Soudan pepper, a small quantity of which possesses the most violent, nay virulent strength.

16th.—After taking a walk in the morning, I returned the visit of the Governor. He received me very

politely, and presented me with a lion's skin, brought from Soudan. His Excellency shewed me his certificate of character and rank, certified by a huge seal of the Emperor of Morocco. He pointed out with conscious pride the name of Marabout, with which sacred title the Emperor had dubbed him. Muley Abd Errahman is an immense favourite here amongst the Moorish townsmen. They call him their Sultan. The Turks they fear and detest. They expect them one day at Ghat. In the afternoon I sent the Governor, according to the advice of Mustapha, two loaves of sugar (French), a pound of cloves, and a pound of sunbul[1]. Cloves—*grunfel*, قرنفل—are greatly esteemed, especially by the women, who season their cakes, cuskasous, and made-dishes with them. The sunbul (leaves) is made into a decoction, or wash, and is used by fashionable ladies in Sahara as eau de Cologne in Europe.

Afterwards I paid a visit to Sheikh Jabour. The Sheikh has a house within the town, which very few of the Sheikhs have. Jabour received me friendly. I could not see the features of the Sheikh very well, on account of his litham. Jabour, however, is a perfect aristocrat in his way, with a very delicate hand. He is tall and well-made, and his simple and elegant manners denote at once "The Marabout Sheikh of the Touaricks," of the most ancient and renowned of Touarghee families. I took the Sheikh a present of a loaf of sugar, three pounds of cloves and sunbul, and a shasheeah, or fez. Jabour received them very graciously, and repeated his *ma-tahafsh*, "don't fear," several times, promising me, at the same time, to use his influence with his friends to get me safely escorted to Aheer and Soudan. The Sheikh's followers and other distinguished Touaricks repeat the same, but the Governor I find more cautious in his speech.

On my return home, the Sheikh sent to know if the handkerchief, in which the present was wrapped, were also a present, and whether the bearer of the present had purloined it, for he had taken it away with him. I immediately sent the Sheikh back the handkerchief, informing the Sheikh the bearer was not told to leave it. All Saharan people are immoderately fond of a handkerchief. I recommend travellers in Sahara to supply themselves with a good stock of very cheap coloured cotton handkerchiefs. My house is thronged all day long with visitors. I am obliged to exhibit myself to the people like the Fat Boy, or the American Giant. It is Richardson's Show at Ghat instead of Greenwich. The rest of the ghafalah, which we left behind, arrived to-day. My friend, El-Besher, to my regret, had turned suddenly back and gone to Touat, where his brother had arrived from Timbuctoo. It is reported that a quarrel had taken place about his brother amongst the Timbuctoo caravan, in which affair ten people had been killed. So all Saharan caravans do not travel in such harmony as we did. The Ghadamsee caravans are certainly the most pacific. But the Timbuctoo people have everywhere a bad character.

17th.—In the morning went to see the Consul of the Europeans, as the Moors call him. This is the Sheikh Hateetah, of whom very honourable mention is made by the Denham and Clapperton party. Hateetah himself assumes the distinction of "Friend," or Consul of the English. I found him stretched on a pallet upon the ground floor, extremely unwell with fever, and surrounded by his friends. He has just come from the country districts. He asked me, "Is the Consul well? Are his daughters well? Is the King of England well?" Hateetah had some years ago visited the Consul and his family at Tripoli, under British protection, for

Touaricks dare not approach Tripoli. He has in his possession, after a dozen years, a fine scarlet burnouse and coat, braided with gold lace, and also a gun, which were presented to him by Colonel Warrington, on the part of our Government, for his services to our Bornou expedition. The Sheikh told me he had besides a written certificate from the Consul, but it was in the country. I am the first person whom he has had an opportunity of serving since his return from Tripoli, where he formally engaged, on the part of the Touaricks, to give British subjects all necessary protection in the Ghat districts. For this reason he is styled, "The friend of the English." All strangers here are placed under the care of one Sheikh or another, to whom they make presents, but not to the rest. Hateetah resides in the suburbs.

During the past night was taken dreadfully ill, in the stomach, by eating the high-seasoned dishes of the Governor. After drinking olive-oil and vomiting, found myself much better. People say oil is the best remedy in such cases. The Governor was troubled at my illness, and sent to ask whether he should send me some senna tea. Wrote to-day to Mr. Alsager and Colonel Warrington. The letters were to have been dispatched direct to Tripoli, but the Touaricks would neither allow one of their own people nor an Arab courier to go, giving as the reason that Shafou, the Sultan, was not arrived. Touaricks have a horror of Turks, and cannot bear to have communication with them, and do everything in their power to prevent others from communicating with Tripoli. Not acquainted with Mediterranean politics, they imagine that, because the Turks have retaken possession of Ghadames and Fezzan, so long quasi-independent of Tripoli, they must necessarily invade

the Touarick territory, and seize upon their wee town of Ghat, but to them the metropolis of The Sahara. This evening Jabour hinted, in Hibernian style, to one of the slaves waiting upon me, that his present of sugar was rather small. I forthwith sent him two loaves more, which rejoiced him so much that he exclaimed, "Thank the Christian by G—d. Tell him he has nothing to fear in Ghat, and he shall go safe to Soudan." Felt better to-night. The Governor sent his last dish this evening. A stranger of distinction is supplied with food for three days. I have had my share of honour and hospitality, and am glad of it. I shall now be cautious what I eat. But I find everything is exceedingly dear, the number of strangers, foreign merchants, and slaves, is so unusually great as quickly to devour all the food brought here.

Yesterday I made the acquaintance of Haj Ibrahim, a Moorish merchant resident in Tripoli, but a native of Jerbah. When in Tripoli he acts as Consul for the Ghadamsee merchants; his brother is now in charge. Mustapha came with him direct from Tripoli, not passing through Mourzuk, but *viâ* the oases of Fezzan to the west. So an European agent established at Mourzuk, cannot well collect a statistical account of trade, on account of few Ghat caravans travelling the Mourzuk route. Haj Ibrahim promises to be useful to me, and has already sent a letter for me to Ghadames. This merchant has brought the largest amount of goods to the Souk, about forty camels. The whole of the Soudan ghafalah has not yet arrived from Aheer. It comes in by small detached parties. As there is nothing to fear on the road, people prefer travelling in small companies, which facilitates their march, not being detained at the wells waiting for the running of the water.

I have *cut* in a certain way my old friends of the Ghadamsee ghafalah. This has done them good, for they now begin to return to me, and are polite. Before they were all so frightened at the Touaricks, that I knew if I did not cut them, they would cut me. Now, when seeing the Touaricks are friendly, they are also friendly;—such is the world of Sahara, as well as the world of Paris or London. When a man has few friends he gets less, when many he gets more. On the principle, I suppose, that money gets money, and friendship friendship. The Moors of the coast, of whom there are a few here, exhibit more courage, and a bolder front to the Touaricks. The worst of this place is, *The Rabble*. It is the veritable Caboul, or Canton *Rabble*. Here's my "great difficulty." They run after me, and even hoot me in the streets. Were it not for this rabble, I could walk about with the greatest freedom and safety, and alone.

18th.—Went to see Haj Ibrahim. Sent the letter to Mr. Alsager *viâ* Ghadames, the only letter I wrote from Ghat during the fifty days of my residence here. In my absence a loaf of sugar was stolen out of my apartment. Suspicion falls upon a Fezzanee, whom I have employed, and to whom I gave this very morning a quarter of a dollar. These small loaves of French beet-root sugar sell for two-thirds of a dollar in Ghat. Ouweek arrived to-day from his district, after stopping for the rest of the caravan to get what he could in the way of begging by force. This is the cunning of the old fox bandit. He knows he can beg more effectually from the merchant and trader in the open desert, than at Ghat, where people may refuse, and do refuse to satisfy his importunities. I have done so with the rest. He now pretends he was only playing with me, and that he would have let me pass

through his district though I had given him nothing. Can we believe him? Jabour says in turn:—"I will make Ouweek restore the goods which he has extorted by violence from the Christian." There is no doubt Shafou will reprimand the bandit when he arrives. But I do not ask or expect the restoration of such a few trifling things. In this country, as the Governor says, "full of Sheiks," where authority is so divided, and the Sultan's power is so feeble, we must expect this sort of freebooting extortion. Such were the good and fine old days of chivalry in France and England, so much regretted by certain morbid romancers, Sir Walter Scott to boot, when a baron made a foray upon a neighbouring baron's people, and shut himself up with the booty in his castle, defying equally his plundered neighbour and his sovereign. But if in the comparison there is any declination of the balance, it is in favour of the Touaricks, for these Sheikhs, governing their respective districts with a *quasi*-independent authority, are now living in profound peace and harmony with one another.

Had a visit from some score of Touarick women, of all complexions, tempers, and ages. After staring at me for some time with amazed curiosity and silence, they became restless. Not knowing what to do with them, I took out a loaf of white sugar, cut it into pieces, and then distributed it amongst them. The scene now suddenly changed, joy beamed in every eye, and every one let her tongue run most volubly. They asked me, "Whether I was married—whether the Christian women were pretty—whether prettier than they—and whether, if not married, I should have any objection to marry one of them?" To all which questions I answered in due categorical form: —"I was not married—the Christian women were

pretty, but they, the Touarick women, were prettier than Christian women—and, lastly, I should see whether I would marry one of them when I came from Soudan." These answers were perfectly satisfactory. But then came a puzzler. They asked me, "Which was the prettiest amongst them?" I looked at one, and then at another, with great seriousness, assuming very ungallant airs, (the women the meanwhile giggling and coquetting, and some throwing back their barracans, shawls I may call them, farther from their shoulders, baring their bosoms in true ball-room style,) and, at last, falling back, and shutting my eyes, placing my left hand to my forehead, as if in profound reflection, I exclaimed languidly, and with a forced sigh, "Ah, I can't tell, you are all so pretty!" This created an explosion of mirth, some of the more knowing ones intimating by their looks, "It's lucky for you that you have got out of the scrape." But an old lady, close by me, was very angry with me;—"You fool, Christian, take one of the young ones; here's my daughter." It is necessary to explain, that the woman of the Touaricks is not the woman of the Moors and Mussulmans generally. She has here great liberty, walks about unveiled, and takes an active part in all affairs and transactions of life. Dr. Oudney justly remarks, "The liveliness of the women, their freeness with the men, and the marked attention the latter paid them, formed a striking contrast with other Mohammedan States." Batouta mentions a Berber tribe of Western Sahara, as having similar manners. He says:—"This people has very singular manners. So the men are not at all jealous of their women. The women are not at all embarrassed in the presence of the men; and though they, the women, are very assiduous at their prayers, they appear always uncovered." He adds, that certain

women, of free manners, are shared amongst the people without exciting the feelings of jealousy amongst the men. It is the same with the Touaricks, but it is the absence of this Mussulman, or *oriental* jealousy, of husbands of their wives, which distinguishes the Touaricks from other Mahometans of North Africa, and connects the social condition of the Touaricks more with European society. On departing, I gave the Touarick ladies some pins, and they, not knowing how to use them, (for pins are never imported into The Desert, though needles in thousands,) I taught them a good practical lesson by pinning two of them together by their petticoats, which liberty, on my part, I need not tell the reader, increased the mirth of this merry meeting of Touarghee ladies prodigiously. I certainly felt glad that we could travel in a country and laugh and chat with, and *look at* the women without exciting the intolerable jealousy of the men. I think there is not a more dastardly being than a jealous husband. Amongst the Moors a traveller does not know whether he can venture to speak to a man's wife or not, or whether he can make her the most trifling present in return for the supper which she may cook.

Afterwards had a very different visit of four Arabs, who came with the evident intention of getting something out of me by main force. I resisted to the last, and to their astonishment. I told them, all my presents were now for the Touaricks, and if they did not leave the house I would get them bastinadoed on their return to The Mountains. The worst class of people which I have met with, since I left Tripoli, are *some* of these Arabs, who are the most dogged brazen-faced beggars and spongers, banditti in the open day. Yesterday arrived the powerful Aheer camel-driver and conducteur Kandarka Bou Ahmed,

the *Kylouwee*, whose arrival produced a sensation. Some call him a Sheikh. He usually conducts the Ghadamsee merchants between this and Aheer, and as far as Kanou. It is an established custom or law, in The Desert, that the people of each district or country shall enjoy the privilege of conducting the caravans. The Touaricks of Ghat conduct the merchants from Ghadames to Ghat, and the Touaricks of Aheer the merchants from Ghat to Aheer, and so of the rest of the route, as far as Kanou, the final destination of the Soudan caravan.

My Ghadamsee friend Bel Kasem came up to me today, and whispered in my ear the question, "If slaves would be allowed to be sold now in the market of Tripoli?" I answered frankly in the affirmative, but added, "I did not think it would last much longer." All the merchants now look upon me as an anti-slavery agent. The affair of Silva and Levi, if it prejudice the people against me on one side, gives me some consequence on the other, on account of the steps which the British Consul took against those merchants, or caused them to take. I went to see Bel Kasem in the evening, who is but a mere trader. He gave me this account of his slave-dealing: —"I have purchased five slaves at forty mahboubs each. At Tripoli I shall sell them at sixty. The Pasha takes ten duty, and I have only ten for profit and the expenses, of conveying the slaves from Ghat to Tripoli, feeding them as well here as there. What, where is my profit?" I echoed, "Where?" This is a fair specimen of the market. He complains of the dearness of the slaves, although an unusual number, more than a thousand, have been brought to the Souk or Mart. Haj Ibrahim and some other large purchasers have greatly and unexpectedly increased the demand. He says Haj Ibrahim purchases large

quantities of goods on credit, or for bills of six and nine months from European merchants in Tripoli. These he exchanges against slaves in Ghat, and then returns and sells his slaves, and pays the bills as they come due. In this way, it will be seen, the Desert slave-traffic is carried on upon the shoulders of European merchants. Haj Ibrahim considers his profits at twenty per cent. The people say he gets more. My friend, the Arab of Derge, called late, to borrow five dollars of me. He said, "I have purchased a slave for twenty-five dollars; at present I have only twenty. You and I, Yâkob, have been always friends. Lend me five dollars and I will pay you in a few days. The slave is a little old but cheap, he is to work in the gardens at Ghadames." I then explained to him the law of England on slavery, which greatly surprised him. The next day this Derge Arab brought in another fellow to ask me to lend him money to buy a slave, just to see whether I should make the same reply to him also.

19th.—Rose early, and better in health. I begin to feel at home in Ghat, amidst the redoubtable Touaricks. I find them neither monsters nor men-eaters[2]. Nevertheless, all the swaggering Arabs and Arab camel-drivers are here very quiet and civil amongst their masters, the Touaricks. I frequently bully them now about their past boasting and present cowardice. Two of the Arabs who had attempted to extort a present from me I met at Haj Ibrahim's house. I lectured them roundly, telling them I would report them to the Pasha, for they were greater banditti than the Touaricks. This had a salutary effect. I was not troubled afterwards with these brazen-faced begging Arabs.

This morning paid another visit to Haj Ahmed, the

Governor. Found him very friendly. He talked politics. I explained to him the circumstances of the war between France and Morocco, suppressing the most disagreeable parts for a Mahometan. In the course of conversation I was surprised to hear from Haj Ahmed, "Now, since these twelve years, Tripoli belongs to the English." I used vainly all my eloquence in Arabic to convince him of this error, which has been propagated since the removal of Asker Ali from the Pashalic of Tripoli at the instance of the British Consul. I then spoke to his Excellency of the necessity of sending some trifling presents to the Queen of England, as a sign of friendship, begging him to speak to Shafou. He replied, "The Touaricks have nothing but camels." The Governor has a tremendous family. First of all, he has seven wives and concubines, then nine sons and six daughters. One of his female slaves repeated to me all their names, a complete muster-roll. When I visited the Governor again, I congratulated him upon having so large a family. He observed smiling, with great self-complacency, "Why, Yâkob, do you call this a large family? What is a large family with you?" I told him eight and even six children was a large family. At this he affected great surprise, for he had heard that generally European females have three or four children at a birth. Haj Ahmed is a man of about fifty, rather good-looking, stout and hard-working, but inclining to corpulency, very unusual in The Desert. He is not very dark, and is of Arab extraction, and boasts that his family came from Mecca or Medina. He pretends that his ancestors were amongst the warriors who besieged Constantinople, previous to its capture by the Turks. He is a native of Touat, but has been settled here twenty years, where he has built himself a palace and planted large gardens. He

is a shrewd and politic man, and has, in a certain degree, those jealous feelings of Christians which are peculiar to the Moor. He dresses partly in the Moorish and partly in the Touarick style, indeed, like all the Moors of Ghat, who are called Ghateen. He is, perhaps, not very learned, but is assisted by his nephew, a young Shereef of great learning and amiable manners. I asked some of the Ghatee people, who was their Sultan? They replied, "Haj Ahmed; Shafou is not our Sultan." The Touaricks, however, have absolute control over all affairs, and Haj Ahmed stands in the same relation to Shafou, being governor of the town, as the Sheikh El-Mokhtar, who is governor of Timbuctoo, under the Sultan of Jinnee. But, Haj Ahmed, himself, disclaims all temporal authority, he repeatedly says in our conversation, "I am not Sheikh, or Kaëd, I'm only Marabout. All the people here are equal. When you write to the Consul, tell him I'm only Marabout." The fact is, there are so many Sheikhs here that it is no honour to be a Sheikh. The honour is too cheap to be valued, and is as much repudiated as a French Cross of the Legion of Honour. Haj Ahmed repudiates being a Sheikh most stoutly. Notwithstanding this repudiation, the Marabout is obliged to decide upon the affairs of the city, even when Shafou is in town. The Marabout pretends he does not receive presents like the Sheikhs, but he always received what I offered him, and which was more than what I gave to some of the Sheikhs. His palace stands west, two-thirds of a mile from the city walls. Here he reigns supreme, priest and king, as Melchisedech of patriarchal times, surrounded with his numerous family of wives and concubines, and about fifty male and female slaves. Some of the slaves live in huts near his palace, or in the gardens. The Marabout is the largest landed

proprietor of Ghat, but he also trades a good deal, and is now sending some of his children to Soudan to trade in slaves.

Yesterday evening Mohammed Kāfah sent me a bowl of sopped bread, fat, and gravy, garnished with two or three little pieces of meat. This is the first act and specimen of hospitality on the part of the townsmen. Kafah is a considerable merchant, and one of the three or four grandees of the place. Bel Kasem called out to me to-day, for he lives next door, "Yâkob! Yâkob! Aye! for God's sake, one of my slaves is ill, bring me some medicine to purge him, quick, quick, he'll die." I had nothing to give the poor creature but a worm-powder, ordering half the quantity, all my medicines being distributed, except those for the eyes. Undoubtedly many of the slaves must die before they arrive in Tripoli. They are mostly fed on dates, the profit of the commerce is so small as not to allow wholesome food being given them. The slaves are brought from countries teeming with plenty of meat, grain, and vegetables, whilst they are fed with herbage and dates *en route* from Aheer to Ghat. What wonder then they die?

Every body, as was the case at Ghadames, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, wishes to convert me into a good Mussulman, being mortified that so quiet a Christian should be an infidel. An old Sheikh paid me a visit to-day, and began, "Now, Christian, that you have come into this country, I hope you will find everything better than in your own country, and become a Mussulman, one loved of God. Come to my house, leave your infidel father and mother. I have two daughters. I will give you both for wives, and seven camels besides. This will make you a Sheikh amongst us. You can also be a Marabout, and spend

your life in prayer." I excused myself, by saying, "I had engagements in my country. My Sultan would brand me with disgrace, and I should be fetched out of this country by the Turks, who were always the friends of the English." The Sheikh sighed, raised up his aged body, and departed, mumbling something, a blessing or a curse, upon my head. A younger son of Haj Ahmed came in and addressed me, "Why not say, 'There is one God', and 'Mahomet is the prophet of God?'" I told him a Christian was prohibited from making such a confession. On paying a visit to Mohammed Kafah, who sent me the supper, I found his house full of slaves and Soudan goods, and he himself very busy in the midst of them. He received me very friendly, and, after a little, said, "It would be better for you if you turned Mussulman. Do you not wish to go to Paradise? A slave of ours is better than you, and your estate." To turn the conversation, I observed (which I knew would excite his mercantile lust, despite his orthodox zeal), "I hear you are vastly rich, the richest merchant in Ghat." "Ah!" he replied, distending into consequence, "but the Christians have all the money." I rejoined, "If there were a better Government in Tripoli, the Mussulmans would have more money." Asking about the arrival of Shafou, he observed, "Haj Ahmed is our Sultan. I'm not a Touarick. God help if I were a Touarick." He then took me by the hands, and led me to the women's apartments to show me to his wife and daughters. The good wife, after handling my hands, which were a little whiter and cleaner than what are generally seen in The Desert, for to have hands with a layer of dirt upon them of several months' collecting, is an ordinary circumstance,—exclaimed, "Dear-a-me, dear-a-me, how wonderful, and this Christian doesn't know God!" Her husband shook his head negatively.

The court-yard of his house was soon filled and crammed with people, who rushed in from the streets, and the friendly Ghatee was obliged to send me home quick, lest I should be smothered by a mob of people. The affair of Silva and Levi had reached him, and the report will soon get to Soudan and Timbuctoo, for the merchants carry everything with them which interests their commerce, making additions as they go along. Here, as at Mogador, it was reported that I was commissioned by the Sultan of England to buy up and liberate all the slaves. On returning home, I had another posse of visitors, and some of Haj Ahmed's sons, who came with the fixed determination to convert me. One said, on my admiring his Soudan coloured frock, "If you will become a Mussulman, I will give you one." I now felt myself obliged to rebut some of this impertinence, and answered, "If you would give me all the frocks of Soudan I would not change my religion." I then addressed them sharply against wishing to alter the decrees of God, turning the dogmas of their religion upon themselves, and quoted the Koran,—

"Thou wilt not find out any means of enlightening him whom God delivers over to error."

Immediately, this unexpected style of argument struck them dumb. After recovering their senses they became restless to leave me, and began to beg a few things. I gave them some sugar and cake, and we parted apparent friends. On going out, they could not forbear asking Said if he was a Mussulman. Like many other Moslemites of Sahara, they said, "The Turks are not good Mussulmans." I replied, "Mustapha, the Bey of Ghadames, is a better Mussulman than any of the Ghadamsee people."

The reader may disapprove of my conduct in these my frequent evasions of the question of religion; but when they reflect that it required, during my residence in Ghat and other parts of Sahara, the whole strength of my mind, and the utmost tact, to maintain a simple and consistent confession of myself as a Christian, and that to have said a word, or even to have breathed a syllable of disrespect for Mahomet and his religion, would have exposed me to be torn to pieces by the rabble, and perhaps murdered in my bed, they will probably feel less disposed to censure my conduct. If there be any doubt of this critical situation of an European who travels openly and avows himself a Christian in The Sahara, all I can do is to beg of the doubter to make the experiment himself. The reader will also be pleased to recollect, that the Denham and Clapperton party, though they travelled the safest routes of Sahara, were protected by the Bashaw of Tripoli, and their safety was guaranteed solemnly to our Government, as being the immediate agents and representatives of the British nation; and, finally, they had a large escort of Arab cavalry from Fezzan to Bornou. Yet these tourists, surrounded with such protection, were actually circumcised at Tripoli by Dr. Dickson[3], and were accustomed to attend the mosques and perform prayer as Mussulmans. Colonel Warrington certainly told me the people saw through all the mummery, and laughed, or were angry. As to the Frenchman, Caillié, his eternal tale of fabrication, repeated every day, and every hour of the day, to every Sheikh, and every merchant, camel-driver, and slave of The Desert, produces a very painful impression on the mind of the reader. Caillié's falsehood, as lie begets lie, begat many others. He was obliged to tell the people, that Mahometans

were not tolerated in Christian countries. He told the Africans, also, that slavery was abolished in Europe, at the time even when England had her thousands of West Indian slaves. In this way, whatever service Caillié has rendered to geography, he has damaged the moral interests of the world. The African Mussulmans might say to future tourists, "If Christians tolerate not us, why should we Mussulmans tolerate you," and assassinate the luckless European tourist. Whatever, then, were my evasions on the question of religion (and I sincerely confess I do not approve of them), I never stooped to such folly, and so far disgraced my character as an Englishman and a Christian, as to adopt the creed and character of a Mahometan. I moreover, on reflecting upon the tremendous question, which I often revolved in my painful journeying over The Desert—determined at all events, at all costs, come what might, I would never profess myself a Mussulman, if it were even to save my head. I thought the least I could do was to imitate the noble example, which The Desert reports of Major Laing—Sooner than forswear my religion, be it good or bad, it was better to die! "Mental reservation" may be good for the Jesuits and papists[4], who misquote the conduct of Jacob to Esau, but it is neither fit for a Christian, or a patriot, or, at any rate, for an honest man, who was, is, and ever will be,

"The noblest work of God."

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. A Ghadamsee came in who attempted to frighten me from going to Soudan. Haj Ibrahim has the same prejudices as the rest of the people of Tripoli respecting the supposed wealth of the Ghadamsee people. "They have plenty of money but conceal it. Sheikh Makouran has abundance of gold, but he cunningly professes himself a poor man." I have lately read in a work published by the French Government, that once upon a time, a son of old Yousef Bashaw sacked Ghadames and carried off "several camel-loads of gold."

The Touarick mode of saluting is very simple and elegant, but cold, colder than that of the English. A Touarghee elevates deliberately the right hand to a level with his face, turning the outspread palm to the individual, and slowly but with a fine intonation says, "*Sălām Aleikoum.*" This is all. When using his own language, a few words are added. How strikingly contrasted are the habits of different people. Amongst the Moors and Arabs this mode of saluting is their way of cursing. With the outspread hand menacingly raised, a man or woman puts their enemy under the ban and curse of God. A vulgar interpretation is, that it means "five in your eye;" but this custom of cursing is so remote as not now to be explained. The door-posts and rooms of houses are imprinted with the outspread hand to prevent or withstand "the eye-malign" from glancing on them and the inhabitants its fatal influence.

20th.—Rose early, felt better in health to-day. Am, however, annoyed, but from what cause I cannot tell. Entertain many misgivings about the climate of

Soudan, and having no medicine dispirits me. It is now too late to retreat. "Onward" is the only destiny which guides men, to good or evil. Had a visit from the eldest son of the Governor. Gave him two cups of tea, a little sugar, and two biscuits, which made him my friend for ever; a cheap purchase of eternal friendship. Shafou, he says, will not come before the whole of the Soudan ghafalahs arrive, of which there are still some portions lagging behind. A Soudan caravan, as all Desert caravans, is an *omnibus*; it collects parties of merchants all along the line of route, and distributes them in the same way, but having a starting-post and a goal. Haj Ahmed's son wished to introduce the question of religion. "The world is nothing and Paradise is every thing." "Amen," I replied. "What do you think of Mahomet?" "The Mahometans have Mahomet, the Jews Moses, and the Christians Jesus, each for their prophet," I said, after which not very satisfactory answer to him, the conversation dropped. He now inquired if I had written to Tripoli to bring plenty of sugar and tea, with a latent desire for a portion of the spoil. I told him "No," very emphatically.

Called at my neighbour's, Bel Kasem, and found him doctoring a poor negress girl. She could neither eat nor drink, she vomited and purged, her bones were nearly through her skin, her stomach empty and dried up as a sun-dried water-skin. Bel Kasem was rubbing her all over with oil. He asked me for medicine. I said, "Give her something good to eat." He replied, "I have nothing." "What do you eat yourself?" I asked. "Bread and bazeen," he replied. "Give her that," I rejoined. He hesitated to reply, did not reply; I saw he considered such food too good for a slave, even to save its life. Such is but one dark sad picture of a thousand now being exhibited here! One

would think God had made one part of the human race to torment the other.

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. A merchant in his house related that Noufee was now convulsed with a civil war. This country is now in the hands of the Fullans. He had often visited that country, and had seen English people there. A large caravan has this winter left Mourzuk for Kanou *viâ* Aheer. Haj Ibrahim pretends that the Touaricks of Aheer are better than those of Ghat, but the former are people of the country (or peasants), not towns. The Haj has not begun to dispose of his goods, but he will exchange them against slaves. He, however, as a subject of Tunis, is virtually prohibited by the Bey's ordinances.

My most friendly visitors are the merchants and traders from Soudan, Kanou, and Sukatou. I cannot help looking upon these people with profound pity. They bring their sable brethren, of the same flesh and blood, and barter them away for trumpery beads, coarse paper, and cloth, &c. They little think, that for such trifles, what miseries they inflict upon their helpless brethren! A Kanou merchant, in a friendly manner, recommended me not to go to Soudan, adding, "The Touaricks of Aheer would butcher me because I was a Christian." A similar recommendation is being given me by the Arabs, Ghadames people, and others. Still there is a great variety of opinions, *pros* and *cons*, on this subject.

21st.—Rose early, improved in health. A small bird, not much bigger than a wren, flits about the houses as our sparrows. This is probably the Jereed sparrow of Shaw, *Bou Habeeba*, or *Capsa*-sparrow, but I saw it at no other oasis except Ghat. It is of a lark colour,

with a light reddish breast, flitting about continually, twittering a short and abrupt note, but very sweet and gentle. Yesterday Haj Ahmed sent me a few dates and a little milk. To-day the Governor paid me a formal visit. He was polite and friendly. However, he observed, "If you, Yâkob, had brought a few presents for the Touarghee chiefs they would all have known[5] you, but you have come without any thing, with empty hands." I replied that I did not expect to come to Ghat when I left Tripoli. Nevertheless, if the Touarick chiefs were friendly, and would protect Englishmen in The Desert, both the people and Government of England would, I was quite sure, acknowledge the protection with suitable presents. He was satisfied with the explanation. Some of our caravan had told him I had come with nothing, and had overrated my poverty as some tourists have their riches overrated. But this report of abject poverty was a great advantage to me. He was greatly surprised when I told him the Sultan of the English was a woman. I explained, as I had done at Ghadames, when the kings of our country had no sons, but had daughters, the daughters became sovereigns. My vanity was somewhat piqued at the Governor's direct allusion to presents, and I determined, that he himself, at any rate, should have as large a present from me as he got from any of the foreign merchants. He then asked me if I was an English Marabout. I replied, "Yes;" for a Marabout, as in the Governor's own case, means sometimes a person who can tolerably read and write. In this sense I may claim the sacred title. I also dub myself occasionally *tabeeb* (doctor), but mostly *taleb*, a mere literary man or pretender to literature. I believe that coming without arms, and as poor as possible, has had a good effect upon the Touaricks. They see, if

they were so disposed, they cannot maltreat a man in my circumstances with a very good grace. I have still left, very fortunately, a supply of eye-water, and am making presents of it daily. This solution keeps my medical diploma clean and fair in Ghat.

Had another visit from the family of the Governor. All aspire to religious discussion. Addressing me, "Which way do you pray, east or west?" said another of his sons. "I pray in all directions, for God is everywhere." "You ought to pray in the east." "No, for The Koran says, 'The east and the west belong to God, wherever you turn you find the face of God[6].'" He continued, "You are idolaters, why do you pray to images?" "The English people do not pray to images," I rejoined. As he doubted my word, I was obliged to enter into explanations of the customs of Romanists and Protestants. It is amusing or lamentable to think, as we may sneer at or regret the matter, that these rude children of The Desert should have ground for charging upon the high-bred and *transcendantally*-polished nations of Europe, idolatry. But, if any one, determined to be an impartial judge, were to visit the Madelaine of Paris, and then pass rapidly over to Algeria, (a journey of a few days), and there enter the simple mosque, and compare its prostrate worshippers, in the plain unadorned temple of Islamism, with the bowing and crossing, going on before the pretty saints and images of the Catholic temple of the Parisians, he could not fail to be struck with the immeasurable space which separates the two *cultes*, whilst the contrast, so far as the eternal records of nature, impressed upon and read in the page of creation, are involved, would be all in favour of the Moslemite deist, and pity and folly would be mingled with his ideas when appreciating the papistical *quasi*-idolator.

A young Touarghee came in with the party, whose eyes were very bad. After a good deal of persuasion, for he was at first quite frightened at me, he consented to allow me to apply the caustic. He is a follower of Sheikh Jabour, and employed near the person of the Sheikh. To show how smoothly things go after the first difficulty is vanquished, I may mention, that he visited me ever after whilst I remained in Ghat, sometimes coming every day, and always begging his eyes might be washed with the solution. I had another visit from the Soudan traders. They say people just like me come up to Noufee to where they are now returning. They speak Arabic very imperfectly, and are obliged to converse with signs. They describe thousands of slaves being carried away by men with white cheeks and hands like myself, putting their hands round their wrists and their necks to show how the slaves were ironed. These slaves are carried down the Niger to the salt water (Atlantic). I asked them how the slaves were obtained. One of them sprung up in an instant, seizing an Arab's gun. He then performed a squatting posture, skulking down, and creeping upon the floor of my room, and waiting or watching in silence. He then made a sudden spring, as a tiger on its prey, with a wild shout. These wily antics evidently denoted a private kidnapping expedition. Many slaves are, however, captives of war, for the negro princes are as fond of war as the military nations of France and Prussia, and can play at soldiers as well as the King of Naples. Evening, as usual, paid a visit to Haj Ibrahim. Nothing new, except an economical bill of expenses, from Ghat to Soudan, chalked out for me by a Ghadamsee, in prospect of my journey, viz:—

Presents, *en route*, to various chiefs	13	dollars.
Wheat and bread	5	"
Olive-oil and *semen* (liquid butter)	1	"
Extras and unforseen expenses	3	"
Total	22	

This, I imagine, is about what it would cost him himself, though he pretended to allow a little more for me. These 22 dollars are to carry a person two months over Sahara and one over Negroland to Kanou. It will be seen there is nothing down for meat, or sugar, and tea and coffee, in which luxuries Saharan merchants rarely indulge.

Footnotes:

[1] *Sunbul*—سنبل—(literally "stalks"). According to French Oriental botanists, it is "*Nard, spina celtica*." An immense quantity of this fashionable plant is brought into The Desert. No present is made to a man of family without sunbul.

[2] Nor are they *Anthropoklephts*, as a late Yankee Consul, in his "Notes on North Africa," &c., calls them. Before Mr. Hodgson stigmatizes the Touaricks as men-stealers, he should see that his own States are pure. The reader will agree with me, after hearing further of the Touaricks, that these free sons of The Sahara have every right to say to Mr. Hodgson, and all American Consuls —"Physician, heal thyself: do not charge us with men-stealing when you buy and sell and rob human beings of their liberty."

[3] I speak on the authority of Mr. Gagliuffi, our Vice-Consul at Mourzuk.

[4] And even those who take an oath of *et ceteras* at the National Universities! And others who subscribe to creeds which they do not read, or if read them, do not comprehend them.

[5] That is, being on friendly terms with you.

[6] See Surat ii., intitled "The Cow."

CHAPTER XVII.

RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Gloves an enigma of Wonder.—Visit Sheikh Hateetah.—All Men equal at Ghat.—Crowds of People surrounding my House to see me.—Violent Act committed on a Man at Prayer in the Mosque.—Extent of European Literature known at Ghat.—Continue unwell.—Ouweek's public Apology.—Dances of the Slaves.—A Saharan *Emeute*.—Arrival of Caravans.—Return the Visit of the Governor.—Europe, a cluster of innumerable Islets.—Who has most Money, Christians or Mahometans?—People more used to my presence in Ghat.—The Prophet of the Touaricks.—Visit from Aheer Touaricks.—The Governor's petty dealing.—The Shereef of Moorzuk.—Visit from Jabour.—Beginning Soudanic Cottons.—Visits from Kandarka and Zoleâ.—Route from Ghat to Alexandria,

and its distance.—The Shereef of Medina.—Character and influence of Khanouhen, heir-apparent of the Touarghee Throne of the Azgher Touaricks, and his arrival in Ghat.

22nd.—HAVE considerable pain in my stomach with change of diet. Did not go out yesterday and the day before in the day-time, on account of the rabble who follow so close at my heels, that my guides and protectors can't keep them off. Sent a *shumlah* ("sash") to Haj Ahmed, the Governor, this morning. He expressed himself highly gratified. This makes the Governor's present about five dollars more than he gets from any of the merchants. The richest and most powerful merchants don't give more, and some of them not half this amount. I have already given away 20 dollars out of my extremely modest resources.

Nothing surprises the natives of Ghat and the Touaricks so much as my gloves. I am obliged to put them off and on a hundred times a day to please people. They then try them on, look at them inside and outside, in every shape and way, expressing their utter astonishment by the most sacred names of Deity. Some, also, have not seen stockings before, and examine them with much wonderment. But the gloves carry the palm in exciting the emotion of the terrible. One said, after he had put the glove on his hand, "Ah! ah! Whey! whoo! that's the hand of the Devil himself!"

The *Souk* or mart has now fairly begun. Merchants are desperately busy buying and selling, chiefly exchanging goods against slaves. All complain of the dearness of slaves.

Afternoon visited Sheikh Hateetah, "Friend" or "Consul" of the English. Found him still unwell; he complains of pain in his bowels. This is the case with most people in Ghat, myself amongst the rest. It cannot be the water, for it is the purest and sweetest of The Desert. Prescribed a little medicine for the Sheikh, who promises to introduce me to Sultan Shafou when he arrives. Returned by another route, and in this manner made the tour of the town. Half an hour is fully enough to walk round the mere walls of the city, but then there are considerable suburbs, consisting of huts and stone and mud houses. At the Sheikh's I met a merchant just returned from Kanou; I put some questions to him, who, thinking I wished to have every one answered in the affirmative, gave me his terrible "yahs" and "aywahs" to all and everything demanded.

"Are there many people ill in Kanou?"

"Yes, many."

"Is the route to Kanou unsafe?"

"Yes."

"Are there banditti in route?"

"Yes."

"Is it hot in Kanou?"

"Very hot, very hot."

"Is there fever in Kanou?"

"Yes, always."

This I thought was good news. I fear we often get incorrect intelligence from these people, through

their anxiety to answer all our questions in the affirmative, they not understanding that we put the questions to them simply to gain information.

All men are indeed equal here, as saith the Governor. There seems to be no ruling authority, and every one does what is right in his own eyes. Yesterday, although the Governor knew that some of his slaves or other people had stolen my sugar, he never condescended to mention the circumstance, by speaking to his eldest son about the theft; he said absurdly enough, "Oh, if we knew the thief, we would put him to death." On protesting against such punishment for the offence, he rejoined, "Oh, but we would cut off his hand." This is all stuff, and a proof of the weakness of the Governor's authority. Happily, however, there's no crime worth naming in the oasis.

Am obliged to keep the door shut to prevent people from rushing into the house by twenties and fifties at once. The Governor has sent strict orders to his slaves to keep the door shut, first, to prevent me from being pestered to death all day long, and, secondly, because some of the people have got the habit here, as in Europe, of picking up little things. A young slave is crying out, "Bago! bago!" every five minutes, in answer to knocking at the door to see The Christian, which we interpret in European phrase more politely, "Not at home," but which signifieth in the original Housa, "No, no." However, a troop of the lower class of Touaricks managed to squeeze in as some of our people went out, but I got rid of them without angry words.

A Ghadamsee resident here, came in to-day, with a severe gash on his hands, and one of his fingers, to ask my advice and beg medicine. The gash was

inflicted upon him whilst at prayer, by a vagabond Touarghee. The assailant alleged as the reason of his violent act, that the Ghadamsee had called him a thief amongst the people, adding, that he (the Touarghee) had stolen two skin-bags out of a house. For such violence, such a daring act perpetrated on a man whilst in the solemn performance of prayer, our Marabout Governor was obliged to give satisfaction to the injured party. His Excellency stripped the house of the Touraghee of all his little property, turned him out into the street, and ordered him immediately to leave Ghat. To the honour, and humanity, and morality of the inhabitants of this part of The Sahara, such acts of violence are extremely rare. The Ghadamsee had poulticed his hand with wet clay and camel's dung. I recommended a bread poultice, but he kept to his day and camel's dung. The Saharans mostly prefer their own remedies, though they may condescend to ask you your advice. Bought some olive oil from the Arabs of Gharian. Before pouring it out they wished me to put sugar in the measure. I suspected some trick, and refused. As soon as the measure was out of my servant's hand, they seized it, some licking it, others rubbing their hands in it, and then oiling their bread. They wanted to have a lick at the sugar, which would have settled down at the bottom; and were very angry with me because I did not take their advice of improving the oil with my sugar. These Arabs are really more greedy and rapacious than the Touaricks. The difference is, the Arabs are near Tripoli, see Europeans, and learn to be more polite to us than the Touaricks can well be.

A son of the Governor recited to me the following famous distich, begging me to tell him what it meant:—

"Tummora, tummora, tera,
Buon giorno, buona sera."

On inquiring how he learned it, he told me a Moor of Tripoli taught it him. This seems to be the extent of European literature acquired by the Ghateen.

23rd.—Continue to have pains in my stomach, and feel very weak. Am undecided whether I shall go or not to Soudan. However, Haj Ibrahim has kindly offered to let me have twenty-five dollars' worth of goods on credit, which, in the case of my going, will relieve me from every embarrassment as to money for the present, until I can get a remittance from Tripoli, for these twenty-five dollars will furnish the presents and expenses of the route, and allow me to retain some twenty or thirty dollars in my pocket. The reader will and must smile at this mighty statement of my financial affairs, worthy of a Desert Budget!

Essnousee called. Ouweek is a personal friend of his; Essnousee says:—"Ouweek has told us, he feared from you (myself), for the English had never before been in his district. For the rest, he was only playing with you. He wished to see whether an Englishman was a man of courage. This you proved to be, for you sat down and ate dates and biscuit whilst he was threatening to kill you. It also proved that you knew that he (Ouweek) was playing with you, for how could you eat dates if you thought he was going to kill you." This is Ouweek's defence about town. I heard also a curious version about the slave who ran to the horse. Zaleâ says, the slave ran there to get Ouweek farther from me, giving me an opportunity, if I chose, of escaping to Ghat. This affair still occupies public attention, but Ouweek keeps his

present, and evidently will not restore it despite the threats of Jabour. Essnousee tells me not to be afraid of Ouweek, for he has influence with the Sheikh.

A Souk of *little things* has just been opened, and provisions, with all sorts of small articles, the manufacture of Soudan and Aheer, are exposed for sale in the public square. Formerly, these matters were purchased at private houses. This is a step in the march of Saharan commerce.

Yesterday evening, the poor slaves danced and sung till midnight in the public squares. Ever-pitying Providence, so permits an hour of gaiety to suffering humanity, under circumstances the most adverse to happiness! The slaves of the caravan are, a few of them, permitted to join those of the town, and the exiled slaves sometimes obtain intelligence in this way of their country. Generally the slaves imported are from such a variety of districts in Negroland, and so widely apart, that the slaves of The Sahara can hear little of their native homes. I asked Bel Kasem, if the slaves of the Ghafalah were prisoners of war. "No," he replied, "there is no war now in Soudan; these are captured with matchlocks at night by robbers (sbandout); the negro is frightened out of his wits at the sound of fire-arms."

Afternoon there was a tremendous hubbub in the public square or market-place, the Negresses flying in all directions from the scene of tumult. One of Haj Ahmed's negresses comes running to me: "Shut the door, shut the door, the world is upset, the world is upset! Haj Ahmed, my master, is no Sheikh, no Sultan. He can't keep the people quiet. I'm going, I'm going." "Where are you going?" "I'm going to another and quieter country, to Haj Ahmed, my master, to

tell him the news." This is a very lively negress, her tongue never stops; she retails all the news of the country to me, and is a great politician in her way. Some of these Ghat negresses are actually witty, and crack jokes with the grave Touaricks. The Touaricks are too gallant to be offended with the freedom of even female slaves. I felt somewhat alarmed, thinking the discomfitted party might come and avenge their defeat upon the unlucky Christian stranger. We barricaded the door, and kept quiet, anxiously waiting the result, as people do in Paris, when an *emeute* is being enacted for the especial benefit of the Parisians. Afterwards I learnt the particulars of this strange tumult. There is an old half-cracked Sheikh, who goes every day into the public square, and strikes his spear into the ground, and retiring at a distance, exclaims aloud to all present, "Whoever dares to touch that spear I'll kill him!" To-day a young Touarick passed by, and seeing the spear sticking up very formidably, as if challenging all-passers by, went near it, and said, "What's this?" and took hold of it. The crazy Sheikh was watching at some distance, and now was his opportunity to show the people his determined will and resolution. He rushes at the lad with his dagger in hand. In an instant the whole place is in wild tumult, cries and shouts rend the air, with a forest of spears brandishing over the heads of Touaricks, Arabs, Moors, slaves, men, women, and children, mingling together, and running over one another in a frightful *melée*. The boy is rescued, the people resume their lounging seats, the storm drops to a dead calm, and nobody is hurt, not even scratched. Such is a row amongst these untutored children of The Desert. How different to the Thuggee rows now being enacted in Ireland!

Afterwards paid a visit to Bel Kasem. He complained bitterly of slaves being dear. A slave is sold at from 40 to 100 dollars. The mediate price is 60 to 70. Two months ago good slaves were sold at 30 and 40 dollars each. The reason given is the great quantity of merchandize arrived direct from Tripoli, besides from the lateral routes of Ghadames and Mourzuk. The English Vice-Consul of the latter city has sent quantities of goods to this mart, but these are exchanged only for senna and ivory. This evening arrived another Tripoline merchant with twenty camels of merchandize. He came *viâ* Mizdah and Shaty, and was forty-five days *en route*. The Touat caravan (very small) has arrived, bringing Touat woollen barracans and Timbuctoo gold. The affair of the Timbuctoo caravan is differently reported. It is now said the people killed were the inhabitants of Ain Salah. The Desert is a great exaggerator and misinterpreter. It is very difficult to get correct news.

24th.—Better in health this morning, after taking medicine yesterday. First thing, returned the visit of the Governor. When I go out early, find few persons about the streets. People are up as late in winter as they are early in summer. The Touaricks of the suburban huts do not come to town till very late in the morning, when the Souk begins. His Excellency treated me with three cups of coffee. He said, "You must take three, because it is the destined number of hospitality, and as many more as you choose." It was wretched stuff—hot water and sugar, blackened or diluted with a little badly-ground coffee. But his Excellency thought he was conferring upon me a vast favour. Few people drink coffee in this country, and it is considered a great luxury. A man from Bengazi, a visitor, was also treated with his three cups of coffee. These Saharans have strange notions in their

heads respecting the geography of England, and the capabilities of its inhabitants in travelling. The Governor asked me, "If the English could travel by land?" I was astonished at the question, but I saw he imagined our country, and European countries generally, to be so many little islets in the ocean[7]. It is curious, likewise, how old this notion is. The Hebrew prophets, who were bad geographers, depicted all western Europe as "the isles of the sea." The Governor continued, "But can you travel on land, when water is wanted, as in this country?" Before the French occupied Algiers, the Saharans thought it impossible for Christians to invade, or even to travel in, their country. This gave the French invading army such a vast prestige when they once got upon *terrâ firma*. The event was as unexpected and marvelled at as the immediate results were decisive and brilliant. I answered, "In travelling through Christian countries, water is met with every day. If it be necessary to carry water however, water is carried. The French carry it in Algeria, and the English in India, when the country is dry and desert, on the backs of camels." His Excellency, greatly surprised, "What! impossible! Have the Christians camels? God gave the camels only to the Faithful." I returned, "We have troops of camels." "And where do you get camels?" asked the Governor, with great seriousness. "The French buy camels from Mussulmans in Algeria, and the English keep camels in India." "Ah!" observed the Governor, "those French Mussulmans sell camels to infidels. They themselves are infidels." His Excellency now inquired about religion, and whether all Christians had books (*i. e.* books of religion). As before noticed, there is a prevailing opinion here that Protestants have no Scriptures, whilst, indeed, as we know, they are the

Christians who only, *bonâ fide*, have the free use of the Scriptures. I saw that Haj Ahmed, though a Marabout, was sufficiently ignorant on the religion of Christians. His Excellency then asked about money.

"Who have the most money, Mussulmans or the English?"

I.—"The English, The Sultan of Constantinople has no money, or spends it faster than he gets it. Mehemet Ali has but little money. However, Muley Abd Errahman has some saved up in the vaults of Mekinas."

The Governor.—"Muley Abd Errahman belongs to us; we are his subjects. We have nothing to do with the Turks or the Touaricks. As the English have much money, why have not you much?"

This question—this home-thrust—was made in a peculiarly arch way.

"If I had brought much money," I replied, as pointedly, "I'm sure I should have been murdered before I got to Ghat. All my friends, and the Rais of Ghadames told me not to carry any money with me."

This clear and positive statement made the visitors, who were numerous, burst out laughing. His Excellency, taken by surprise, asked abruptly, "How? Why?" I added, "Two Englishmen have been murdered in The Desert, the one near Wadnoun (Davidson), and the other near Timbuctoo (Major Laing), and both upon the supposition of their having possessed much money." The Governor at once dropped the subject, thinking I was going to bring upon the tapis Ouweek. His Excellency often quizzes me about having no money, evidently not

believing a word of my alleged poverty. I then asked the Governor what he thought of the great camel-driver, Kandarka, who conducts the caravans, and nearly all the Ghadamseeah between Ghat and Aheer. He answered, to my surprise, *Ma nâraf*, "I don't know," for Kandarka has an excellent reputation. This was the jesuitism of the Moor.

I took leave, and was escorted to Hateetah by my young Touarghee friend, whose eyes I'm doctoring. On our way we met his master, Sheikh Jabour, who stopped to salute us. Afterwards, somebody hailed us from a hut. My Touarghee friend turned and said, "They want to see you." We went, and I found several of my Ghadamsee acquaintance and some Touarghee people of consequence, all squatting down on the sand in a gossiping circle. They soon began on the troublesome subject of religion, after they had gratified their curiosity in staring at me and through me. One said to the Ghadamsee people, "Tell the Christian to repeat, 'There's one God,'" &c. I was determined to risk an abrupt answer. I said, "This saying is prohibited to Christians." At this stop-mouth answer they burst out into a fit of hilarity. But one fellow, who wished to show some zeal, growled out, "Be off, be off." My good-natured young Touarghee quickly got up from the circle, where he had taken his seat, and smiling, took me by the arm, whispering in my ear, "Come along, Yâkob, these are brutish people." We found Hateetah better. I asked him seriously if there was danger in my going to Aheer. He observed, "Without a letter from Shafou you can't go, the merchants can't and won't protect you. Some of them are big rascals, worse than us Touaricks, and will sell you as a slave for a dollar." Many concur in this opinion. I found the Ghatee people more peaceable in the streets, now the

novelty of my appearance is diminishing. When I pay a visit to a person of consequence I always put on my European clothes, which compliment is perfectly understood, for I offended an old Sheikh with going to him with my burnouse on instead of my French cloak. He said to my uncouth cicerone, "This Christian doesn't pay me respect, why doesn't he dress himself in Christian clothes?" Hateetah always makes me promise to return by the eastern side of the city, where we meet with very few persons. Saw Haj Ibrahim on my return. He complains of the market:—"Slaves are very dear. What can we do? We are obliged to buy them; there is nothing else in the market. Only a small quantity of elephants' teeth and a little senna. Besides these, nothing else sells in Tripoli."

Returning from the merchants, "Whey! whey! whoo! whoo! whoo!" saluted my ears. This noise came from a group of people surrounding *En-Nibbee Targhee*, "The Prophet of the Touaricks." The salute was followed by a number of persons who rushed upon me, carried me by force into the presence of The Prophet. The Seer, seeing me discomposed, said in a kind tone, "*Gheem*," (sit down). Now there was profoundest silence, not a murmur was heard amongst a hundred people crowded together. The Seer stood up before me, and, assuming an imposing attitude, spoke in monosyllabic style, the usual address adopted by North African and Saharan prophets,—

"Christian, Ghat, good, you?"

Myself.—"Yes, the people are good to me."

The Prophet.—"Three! one!" (putting out one finger of the right hand, and three of the left hand.)

Myself.—"There is one God!" (knowing the prophet meant this, for it is the usual way of badgering Christians about the Trinity in North Africa.)

The Prophet.—"Good:" (then making the sign of the cross by putting his two forefingers into the shape of a cross.) "But you Christians worship this (the cross) of wood, stone, iron, brass. This is not good, not good."

Myself.—"No, we English do not worship wood, stone, iron, or brass."

The Prophet.—"You lie, you lie." (At this emphatic negative, up stepped one of my Ghadamsee friends to the Prophet, and told him that the English did not worship the cross or images like some other Christians.)

The Prophet.—"Good, right, sublime. What's your name?"

Myself.-"Yâkob."

The Prophet.—"You, dog, Jew."

Myself.—"No. This is the Arabic of my English name."

The Prophet.-"Good, good; Yâkob, do you steal?"

Myself.—"Please God, I hope not."

The Prophet.—"Yâkob, do you lie?"

Myself.—"Please God, I hope not."

The Prophet.—"Yâkob, do you strike?" (*i. e.* kill.)

Myself.—"Please God, I hope not."

The Prophet.—"Good, good, good. Have you seen the

Kafers in Algiers?" (*i. e.* the French.)

Myself.—"I have."

The Prophet.—"Have they houses where women are kept, and twenty men go in and sleep with one woman in an hour?" (At this question, the multitude showed intense anxiety to hear the result.)

Myself.—"I don't know."

I had scarcely made answer when two women rushed upon the Prophet and dragged him away crying, "*Yamout, Mat:* he is dying! he is dead!" As the Prophet was pulled away he turned to me mildly and said, "*Yâkob, inker*, Arise, James." I inquired where he was being dragged to, and was told that the husband of the two women was just dead, and the Prophet was going to see whether he could raise him from the dead. The Prophet had already raised several people from death to life. It is a pity this barbarian prophet could not be transported from the sands of The Sahara to the marble pavement of the Vatican, where he might harangue Pope Pius IX. and his Cardinals in the style of an Iconoclast, and induce the Sacred College to abolish their scandal of image-worship. The Prophet wears a leathern dress, or dried skins, from head to foot. His repute of sanctity fills the surrounding deserts with its holy odours. The number of miracles he performs is prodigious. His leathern burnouse, like the Holy Tunic of Treves, is frequently carried about to cure the sick and work miracles.

Coming home, I had a visit from some Touaricks of Aheer. They were uncommonly civil, addressing me: "If you go with us, you have nothing to fear. In Aheer, people will not call out to you in the streets as

in Ghat. We have a Sultan. Here there is no Sultan." They were amazed at my little keys. I promised one of them, that, in case of my arriving safe in Aheer, I would give him a little lock and key. This delighted him; and two pieces of sugar, one each, made these Aheer Touaricks excellent friends. Have visits from the Ghateen. Several of these people are going to Soudan with the return caravan.

In better spirits to-day. Have been suffering from "The Boree." Such a variety of discouraging influences press upon the mind, that it is very difficult to keep it buoyant. Poor Said, he gives way in tears. He is become terrified at the prospect of Soudan; he repeats, "The Touaricks will kill you, and make me a slave again."

Had another visit from the uncle of Sheikh Jabour, a poor old gentleman. I got rid of him by a bit of white sugar, which he munched as a little child. He says, "One thousand Touarghee warriors are going against the Shânbah after the mart is held." Was to-day astonished to hear, that a few dates, a little gusub, a few onions, and a few stones of dates, which a female slave offers for sale in the streets, belong to Haj Ahmed the Governor! His Excellency sends the poor woman every morning to sell this miserable merchandize, and she regularly pays into his hands the price and profits every evening. This is one of the wrinkles of the Great Governor Marabout, who lives in a palace, and reigns as king and priest of Ghat and the Ghateen[8]! What shall I hear next? I am not surprised, some of the Ghadamsee merchants sneer at the idea of Haj Ahmed being "a Marabout of odour." Essnousee sent me a little present of vermicelli and cuscasou, or *hamsa*. He certainly behaves better than the other Ghadamsee merchants

resident here. I'm told, there will not be many Touarick visitors this year at Ghat. They have unexpected occupation to defend themselves against the sanguinary forays of the Shânbah. And then, the late rains having produced abundant herbage, they are also occupied in grazing the camels. The merchants congratulate me on these circumstances, and say I shall have less presents to distribute.

Met at Haj Ibrahim's a Shereef of Mourzuk, who pretends he is going to Soudan. This is a little thin fellow, who glides into people's houses through the keyhole, importunately begging on the strength of his being of the family of the Prophet, and lives by the same pretensions. He has a smiling face, with his head reclined always on one side from his habit of incessant importunities; of course, he has not a para in his pocket. But, nevertheless, he managed a few months ago to ally himself with the family of a rich merchant, marrying the sister of my friend Mohammed Kafah, one of the Ghatee millionnaires. Kafah is thoroughly disgusted with his sister's marriage, and gives them nothing to eat, or only enough to keep his sister from dying of starvation. One of the Shereef's items of importunity, is his incessant abuse of his brother-in-law, because he won't keep him in idleness. This little sorry shrimpy *quasi*-impostor can neither read nor write. He tells me it is quite unnecessary. The blood of the Prophet makes him noble, and fit for heaven at any time Rubbee may decree his death. He is professionally and continually begging from me, and says with a whining pomposity, "Put yourself under my protection, I will escort you safe to Soudan. No one dare lift a finger against a Christian under the protection of a Shereef!" But it's odd, these and such offers of protection come from many quarters. The

camel-drivers and conducteurs look upon me as a good speculation. The Shereef pretends that there are no less than two hundred of his family in Soudan, and some nearly black, on account of their intermarriages with negroes. One thing I like in the little wretch, he seems devoid of a spark of bigotry against Christians. It may be that his mind is too impotent for the malicious feeling. "Gagliuffi," he says, "is my friend. I'm the protector of the English at Mourzuk." Mustapha of Tripoli has cut me because I would not allow him to charge me double for the sugar, cloves, and sunbul, which I purchased of him. A pretty rogue is this; but I forgive him, for his voluntary and opportune services in interpreting for me on my arrival in Ghat.

25th.—Christmas Day! Not a merry Christmas for me—in truth, a sad, an unhappy one. And yet I ought to be content, having food and raiment, and enjoying the protection of God amidst strangers, in The Inhospitable Desert! It is better for a man to pray for a happy mind than for riches and celebrity. Weather has been mostly fine during the ten days I have resided here. But this morning broke angrily, followed with a tremendous gale, blowing from the east, prostrating all the palms, and filling the air with sand, as a thrice condensed London November fog. It is besides very cold, and is so far Christmas weather. I may add, the weather continued unusually cold this Souk. People had not had such cold for many a year. Received a visit from the Sheikh Jabour, who expressed himself uncommonly friendly, and said, "If anything unpleasant occurs, call for me." I showed him some cuts of a book, in which were drawings of Moors. He was wonder-stricken. The sight of a date-palm pleased him exceedingly, tickling the fancy of his followers who accompanied

him. The Sheikh promised me a letter for the Sultan of Aheer, and to send a slave of his own with me as far as Aheer. Jabour did not positively assert that Tripoli belonged to the English, and contented himself with asking, "If Tripoli were English?" I explained fully to the Sheikh, as he is a man of a fine ingenuous mind, that Asker Ali was recalled by the Sultan of Stamboul on the representations of the British Consul of Tripoli, the Pasha being a blood-thirsty tyrant, the enemy of the Christians as well as the Mussulmans; and that the Consul has influence in Tripoli, but Tripoli belongs to the Sultan. The Ghadamsee interpreter observed, "The English and the Mussulmans are the same." "Certainly," I replied, "without the English the French would soon eat up the Sultan of the West (Morocco), and the Russians the Sultan of the East (Turkey)." "That's good," observed Jabour; "Still, we in The Desert, fear neither Christians nor Sultan. And if the English require our assistance they can have it. Tell this on your return to your Sultan." This amiable prince then took leave. If there be a desert aristocrat of gentle blood, it is unquestionably Jabour. A shoal of low Touaricks came to me afterwards, in the Sheikh's name, to beg. I saw through the *ruse*, and they were savage in being obliged to go off empty-handed. Some Touarick ladies now tried to squeeze in as the door was opened, and, in spite of the "bago, bago," got up stairs to the terrace. They had all the tips of their noses, the round of the chins, and the bones of their cheeks, blackened. At first I could not make out how it was. It was explained that the dye of the Soudan cottons, which they wore, produced this blacky tipping. These cottons begrime their wearers sadly, the colour is not fast, the indigo being ill prepared. Some of the blue cottons are highly glazed. Men and

women wear them, being cheap and light clothing for the summer.

26th.—Relieved from pain, but getting very thin, although my habits are now what are called sedentary. I rarely sit up when at home, mostly reclining. So far I am become a *bonâ fide* Saharan habitant. Kandarka called again to-day at my request. He professed to be very uncivil or very serious, and asked a large sum for conducting me to Soudan, like a real man of business, quite inconsistent with the present state of my finances. He asks no less than 150 dollars in goods, including camels for riding, and other attentions. This is more than he gets from all the merchants put together, in fact, nearly twice as much. But if it be necessary to strike the bargain, I'm sure he will come down to fifty. My health is breaking down very fast, and I have great hesitation on the subject of a farther advance into the interior. I have been thinking of continuing my tour to Egypt and Syria, and Constantinople, visiting all the slave-marts of the Mediterranean. Had a visit from Zaleâ, and found him the same man as *en route*. But he is always a little wild and playful. He is against my proceeding farther, and tells me to get off on my return before Shafou comes, that the Touaricks may not get all the money I have. I am at present, however, so satisfied with the Touaricks, that I would give them a camel-load of dollars if I had them. Shafou is still occupied in the neighbouring districts, enrolling troops for the Shânbah expedition. The Bengazi merchant persuades me to accompany him. From Ghat to the first oasis of Fezzan, there are 10 days; from thence to Sockna, 10; from Sockna to Augelah, 10; thence to Seewah, 14 days more; and thence to Alexandria, 14 more days.

Weather is dull to-day, but not very cold. All the Arabs and people of Ghadames abuse Ghat: it is assuredly a sufficiently wretched place. However, the scenery around is much more lively and picturesque than that of Ghadames. A great quantity of elephants' teeth arrived yesterday (not to be sold here), on their way to Ghadames. Also some Soudanic sheep for this market, selling as low as three dollars each. Had a visit from the eldest son of the Governor, and his nephew the Medina Shereef. This Shereef must be carefully distinguished from the little mad-cap impostor of Mourzuk mentioned before. I have not found so gentlemanly a person in all Ghat and Ghadames. He was born in Medina, but brought up here; he is the son of the Governor's sister, who is married a second time to the Sheikh Khanouhen, heir-apparent to the throne. The Shereef's mother is not a Touarick woman, and the Sheikh has another wife of Touarick extraction in the districts. Of course Khanouhen is strongly recommended to me by his son-in-law. "Khanouhen," he says, "has all the wisdom and eloquence of the country in his head and heart. Shafou is an old man, and talks little. Whatever Khanouhen plans, Shafou approves; whatever Khanouhen says in words, Shafou orders to be done." Had a visit from a Touatee, just arrived. He recommended me to go to Timbuctoo, and fear nothing. "What have the Touaricks of Ghat done to you that you are afraid to visit the Touaricks of my country and Timbuctoo?" he added. Now came in two Soudanese merchants. One of them said, "Say 'There is but one God,' &c." I answered "This is prohibited to us," which made them laugh out. They have not that fierce bigotry of the north-coast merchants. Visited Haj Ibrahim. He says, "Wait for me till next year, and we'll both go together to

Soudan. I'll protect you." Certainly this Moor has hitherto shown himself extremely friendly to me. Khanouhen came in this evening from the country.

Footnotes:

[7] 1s xLi. 1, 5; xLix, i. Whilst in Jer. ii. 10, Europe entire is presented to the prophetic vision by the designation of "the Isles of Chittim." Sometimes the whole idea of Gentiles and Gentile nations is represented by the isles of the sea. The Hebrew bards, standing on the heights of Lebanon, and looking westwards, saw nothing but innumerable clusters of islets in the dim and undefined distance of the waters of the Mediterranean.

[8] A Moor of Ghat now and then goes to Tripoli. The Italian merchants call them the *Gatti*, "cats."

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Arrival of the Sultan Shafou.—Visit to his Highness.—Visit to Hateetah; his jealousy of the Sultan and other Sheikhs.—Visit from the People of the Oasis of Berkat.—Said sobbing and sulking.—A Night-School in The Desert. —Use of Sand instead of Paper, Pens, and Ink.—Mode of Touarghee succession to the Throne.—Women hereditary possessors of Household Property.—Negresses are

Dramatic Performers.—Description of the Oasis of Ghat; Houses, Architecture, Gardens, and Surrounding Country.—Visit from the Heir-Apparent, Khanouhen.—Genial softness of the Weather.—Specimen of Retail Trade. —Case of administering Justice by the Sultan.—Early habit of Touarghee begging.—The *Bou-Habeeba*, or Saharan Singing Sparrows.—Alarm of Female Hucksters at The Christian.

27th.—A fiNE morning. Feel better in health. The Touarghee Sultan, Mohammed Shafou Ben Seed, came in this morning from the country districts. His Highness is Sultan of all the Ghat Touaricks, or those of *Azgher*.

Arrived to-day another portion of the Soudan ghafalah. There was a false report this morning of the appearance of the Shânbah. Musket firing was heard in various directions, and the people ran together, some mounting the tops of the houses to see the fighting which was supposed to be going on between the Shânbah and Touaricks. The Arabs, with their matchlocks in their hands, ran after their camels to prevent them from being carried off. The hubbub was most singular and bewildering. I expected to have to report skirmish after skirmish, in the capture of Ghat, for the benefit of The Leading London Journal. The true cause at length appeared in the arrival of the Sultan, the firing of matchlocks heard at a distance being done in honour of His Highness, and his coming to his town residence. So it is, in a little place like this a false report may work wonders in a few minutes. People are charmed with

these rumours: they are their oral newspaper excitement. In the streets were now heard "Shafou! Shafou!" "It is Shafou! It is Shafou! It is Shafou!" "Shafou has come!"

As soon as the Sultan arrived, without waiting more than three or four hours, I determined to visit His Highness, and carry him a small present. I could not yet tell how the Sultan would look upon my projected journey to Soudan. Fortunately I found Essnousee in the streets, who volunteered his services as interpreter. Haj Ibrahim was also so good as to embrace the opportunity of going with us. This had a good effect, and served to give my visit consequence, Haj Ibrahim being the most respectable foreigner now in Ghat. He was also a stranger to His Highness as well as myself.

We found His Highness, at about a quarter of a mile's distance out of the town, sitting down by himself alone upon the sand, aside of a large *hasheesh* house, or hut of date-palm branches. The attendants of His Highness, who were not very numerous, sat at a considerable distance off. In this primitive way and Desert style he had been receiving various personages ever since his arrival this morning. As soon as His Highness saw us approaching him, he bade us welcome by signs and salutations in the style of the Touaricks, slowly raising his right arm, as high as his shoulders, and turning the palm of the outspread hand to us. Haj Ibrahim was first introduced, but the Sultan could not keep off his eyes from me. At last the Sultan made a sign to Essnousee to speak on my behalf. Essnousee explained very deliberately and minutely everything respecting me —where and when he saw me at Tripoli, how I went to Ghadames, came here from that place, and what

were my intentions in proposing to go to Soudan. The Sultan then turned to me, and said, "Go, Christian, wherever you please; in my country fear nothing—go where everybody else goes." After this I presented my little backsheesh to His Highness, consisting of a small carpet-rug to sit or recline upon, a zamailah or turban, and a shumlah or sash, large and full, and scarlet, like the Spaniards wear. On giving the servant of His Highness the present, (which was covered, and not exposed before His Highness, as a matter of delicacy,) I said, through Essnousee, "This present is from me, and not from my Sultan, nor the Consul at Tripoli, nor any persons in my country; it is extremely small, and scarcely worth accepting. But, probably, if your Highness should protect Englishmen through your country, and allow English merchants to come and traffic in Ghat, a greater and richer present will be sent to you hereafter." His Highness replied, "Thank you; I'm an old man now, and want but little: we have a little bread, and milk of the nagah (she-camel), and for which we praise God. Don't fear our people—no one shall hurt you." Indeed, I saw the old gentleman was thankful for any trifle. My little backsheesh was, perhaps, of the value of ten dollars, and was the largest present I had yet made. I then asked His Highness whether he would write a letter for me to the Sultan of Aheer, and one to the Queen of England, stating that he would give protection to all British subjects passing through The Touarghee Desert? The Sultan replied, "All that you want I will do for you, please God." I determined to risk a word on Desert politics. I said, "Your Highness must exterminate the Shânbah, for they are a band of robbers." The Sultan replied, "Please God we will; we are now preparing the camels to go out against

them." Essnousee and Haj Ibrahim considered the words of the Sultan delivered in the most friendly spirit. Shafou was dressed very plainly and very dirtily; and yet there sat upon his aged countenance (for he was full seventy years of age) a most venerable expression of dignity. His Highness wore a dark-blue cotton frock of Soudanic manufacture, and black-blue trowsers of the same kind of cotton. On his head was a red cap, around which was folded in very large folds a white turban. He had, like all Touaricks, a dagger suspended under the left arm, but no other weapon near him, or on his person. By his side, on the sand, lay a huge stick with which he walks, instead of the lance. His mouth and chin were covered with a thin blue cotton wrapper, a portion of the *litham*. Around his neck were suspended a few amulets, sewn up in red leathern bags. His Highness was without shoes, and his legs were quite bare; his feet lay half-buried in the sand. He spoke very slow and under tone, scarcely audible, and at times the conversation was interrupted by the silence of the dead. All his deportment was like that of a Sultan of these wilds; and the ancient Sheikh felt all the consciousness of his power. The Desert Genii hedge him in around. The Sultan is profoundly respected by all; and Louis-Philippe is a gingerbread Sovereign compared with Shafou of The Great Desert.

But the reader would not be prepared to find His Highness smoking his pipe during our interview, and striking a light himself, the materials for which he carried in a large leathern bag, or pouch, slung on his left arm, like all the Touaricks. On taking leave, we called the servant of the Sultan after us, and Haj Ibrahim gave into his hands a small present for the Sultan of the value of a couple of dollars, so that I maintain my position of also giving the best presents,

in the case of the Sultan. To me it was a most pleasant and refreshing interview, after the serio-comic affair of Ouweek. I asked Haj Ibrahim what Shafou said to him. The Sultan simply told the merchant, "You may go to every part of the country now in safety: to Touat, to Aheer, wherever you will —don't be afraid of the Touaricks." I went home with the Haj, and spent the evening with him. The merchant determines to send eight camels of goods to Soudan. He has not sold a fourth of what he brought to this mart. A great part of the slaves, elephants' teeth, and senna which daily arrive here, are not for sale in Ghat, but are sent direct from Soudan to Tripoli by the correspondents of the Ghadamsee merchants at Kanou. The Ghat Souk is nearly closed, all the slaves are sold, and some of the people are thinking about returning.

28th.—Rose early and better in health. Pleased with the prospect of still seeing my journey to Soudan completed. Weather this morning very dull, sky overcast, a few drops of rain falling. Early Sheikh Hateetah sent for me. Went and found the Consul of the English better in health. He shewed me his scarlet burnouse and gold-braided coat, given him by our Government. But as his object in calling me was only to express his jealousy of the other Sheikhs, and of the Sultan himself, and to beg another present, I was by no means pleased with my visit. He evidently wished me to give him all the presents as the "Friend" of the English. But this would have been both unjust and suicidal policy on my part. I could not have considered myself safe, at any rate, respected or esteemed, unless I had given a present to all the principal personages in Ghat and the surrounding districts. Hateetah besides annoyed me by saying the route of Aheer was full of bandits,

against the concurrent testimony of all the merchants. He wishes me to take the route of Bornou, which would, entirely defeat the object I have in view, of visiting new countries. However, by being firm with him, I got him to promise to procure for me a letter and servant from Shafou to go on to Aheer. I am to call again in a few days, and he is to show me his seal of office, done by the Consul-General of Tripoli. Hateetah is a man of more than sixty years, very tall, thin and attenuated, of extremely feeble frame. He is still labouring under fever, and does not leave his pallet. To-day, however, he got quite energetic on the subject of the presents, having heard what a fine present the Sultan had received from me. He begged me not to give a present to the *Oulad* ("people" or "followers") of Shafou, meaning thereby Khanouhen.

On my return, I found my door thronged with visitors from Berkat, the village three miles distant, *en route* of Soudan. They had been waiting an hour or two for my return. At first I repulsed them, but hearing afterwards they had brought a young lad unwell, I let them in. The lad was covered with hard lumps, which had grown or festered under his skin, about the size of a nut. He had been so for a year. I prescribed a bath and opening medicine (senna, which they can get easily), but I question if they try either. I recommended them to send him to Tripoli, to the English doctor there, but they heard of the proposal with horror. None of these Berkat people have ever visited Tripoli. The Turks are their bugbear. They were not extremely friendly; rude and ignorant villagers as they were, they could not understand why I wanted to go to Soudan. I observed they were all well clothed and seemed to live in Saharan affluence. The term Berkat, برکت, signifies "a

lake" or "lagoon," and probably the site of the oasis is the dry bottom of what was formerly a lagoon. The Berkat oasis is larger in gardens, and more fertile than Ghat, but possesses the same essential features. It has no Souk, and excites no attention from strangers visiting Ghat. The inhabitants are Saharan Moors, and some five or six hundred in number. Had a very friendly visit from Salah, eldest son of Haj Mansour, of Ghadames. He says justly, Kandarka and other camel-drivers exaggerate the dangers of the routes for their own private ends, to get more money out of me. Of the Touaricks and Ouweek, he says, "They have no knowledge, they are bullocks." He also added, "I have been reprimanding Ouweek for his bad conduct to you; I told him I would not give him my usual backsheesh on account of his ill-treating you."

I am much bothered with Said. Like his master he is continually wavering, whether he shall return to Ghadames with the return caravan, or proceed with me. I leave him to his own choice and reflections, telling him I will secure his freedom by writing to Sheikh Makouran. I can't but pity him. I find him frequently in tears, or sobbing aloud, afraid the Touaricks will again make him a slave.

In the streets, I pass nearly every evening a Night-School, where there is a crowd of children all cooped up together in a small room, humming, spouting, and screaming simultaneously their lessons of the Koran, in the manner of some of our infant schools. This mode of simultaneously repeating a lesson has prevailed from time immemorial in the schools of North Africa, and I imagine, in The East likewise, and though it may be new in England or Europe, it is old in Asia and Africa. But I never saw before a

Night-School in Barbary, and look upon this Saharan specimen of scholastic discipline as a novelty. It is probable, in this way, every male child of Ghat, as in Ghadames, is taught to read and write. The pride of the Ghadamseeah is, that all their children read and write. The whole population can read and write the Koran. This Saharan fact of the barbarians of The Desert suggests painful reflections to honest-minded Englishmen. We may boast of our liberties, our Magna Charta, our independence of character, our commerce, our wealth, the extent of the world which Providence (too good to us) has committed to our care. But after all we cannot boast of what the barbarians of The Desert boast. We cannot, dare not, assert, that every male child of our population can read the Book which we call the Revelation of God! This deplorable, but undeniable fact, ought to throw suspicion upon our religious motives, as well as our pretensions to the love and maintenance of liberty,—unless it be argued, that our liberty is founded on our want of education, and we are free men because the half of our population cannot sign their own name! A Minister of the Crown (Earl Grey), in a late, and the last discussion of the House of Lords (of the old Parliament), had the hardihood, the intrepidity, to assert, that, "We (Englishmen) were the least educated people of Europe, nay, that we were behind the savages of New Zealand!" But this astounding declaration of the Minister produced no explosion of indignation, not a single expression of regret, not a hum or murmur of disapprobation from the Spiritual or Temporal Lords, to whom the words of shame and censure were addressed. And, as the Lords, so the Commons, so all classes of our society. The enunciation, the reiteration of this most extraordinary, most damning stigma, on our national

character, does not even tinge with the most imperceptible hue of shame the national countenance. What is the cause of all this? It is the profound, incurable, and inextirpable bigotry of the English people, to which they will not hesitate to sacrifice the national honour, the public happiness, their own liberties, and their own consciences. . . . . If measures for education are proposed by Imperial Government, our people one and all will neither allow them to be adopted, nor will they themselves adopt measures for education. With the diverse sections of our society, no education is education unless it be based upon their own peculiar views and principles. In this way, the curse and opprobrium of ignorance are maintained in our own country.

I observe that the little urchins of this Saharan School use sand in their first efforts to write. As sand abounds everywhere in the populated oases of Sahara, and the people are poor and cannot afford to buy much paper, it is constantly employed instead of paper, pens, and ink, in casting up accounts. I see all the Soudanese merchants casting up their accounts of barter and bargains in this way. Mostly the fore-finger is employed, and in careless conversation a long stick or spear is used to scratch the sand. But if the subject is serious, the speaker very distinctly marks the stops of his discourse, or illustrates it with flourishes, squares, and circles on the sand, or dust of the streets, smoothing over the sand when he has finished. There is a little bit of superstition attached to this smoothing over the sand. The Moors always tell me when I write in this way to smooth all over and never forget it. They invariably do so themselves, and never leave a mark, or stroke, or dot of the finger on the sand after they have done

speaking or writing.

I was surprised to hear of the peculiar mode of the Touarghee succession for Sultans or reigning royal Sheikhs. It is the son of the *Sister* of the Sultan who succeeds to the throne amongst all the Touaricks. I have learnt since that the same custom prevails amongst the Moorish tribes of the banks of the Senegal. Batouta also mentions this singular custom as prevailing amongst the Berber people of *Twalaten*, ايوالاتن, in Western Sahara, in these words—"The people call themselves after the name of their maternal[9] uncles; it is not the sons of the fathers who inherit, but the nephews, sons of the sister of the father." He adds:—"I have never met with this usage before, except amongst the infidels of Malabar (in India)." It would appear, these rude children of The Desert have not sufficient confidence in the succession of father and son, and think women should not be put to so severe a test in the propagation of a race of pure blood. Speaking to a Touarghee about it, he said:—"How do we know, if the son of the Sultan be his son? May he not be the son of a slave? Who can tell? But when our young Sultan is born from the sister of the Sultan, then we know he is of the same blood as the Sultan." There is besides another anomaly of the social system in the town of Ghat. Women here are the hereditary possessors and not men. The law of primogeniture is on the female side. The greater part of the houses of the town of Ghat, although the population is chiefly Moorish, belong to women, bequeathed to them or given them on the day of their marriage by friends or relatives. These two cases of anomaly are more favourable to womankind than what we mostly find in Mahometan countries. I may not now scruple to tell the Touaricks, that the Sovereign of England is a

female, for fear of giving them offence. It is a curious fact, and may here be added, that the son rarely goes, or travels, with the father, but always is pinned to his mother's knee, or trudges along at her side; at last, he loses all affection for his father, and concentrates his filial love on his mother. This alienation of the son from the father, is increased by the custom of the son inheriting nothing from his father, but all through his mother.

29th.—A fine morning; the sun high in the heavens scatters light and colour over all the Desert scene. In tolerably good spirits, but utterly at a loss which route I shall take. Visited Hateetah; he did not beg or annoy me to-day, but told me to resolve upon my route. Prescribed him some medicine, as also for another person, who had the ill manners to say, "God has made the infidels to be doctors for the Faithful." Yesterday evening, the slaves of Haj Ibrahim (about fifty) danced and sang and forgot their slavery. One young woman acted various grotesque characters, and, amongst the rest, *Boree*, "The Devil." When a Negro sulks, or is moody, he is said to be possessed, or to have got in him *Boree*, which agrees pretty well with our "*Blue-devils*." In these evening pastimes they fancy themselves in the wild woods of their native homes, and dance and sing to the rude notes of their ruder instruments of music, and feel as if free and like other mortals.

Went out this morning to have a commanding view of the oasis. Was accompanied by the uncle of Jabour, who took hold of my hand, and pulled me on, when we mounted the neighbouring piece of rock which commands the oasis and scenery around. From this block of mountain, north of the city, we had a beautiful view of the town, the oasis, and adjoining

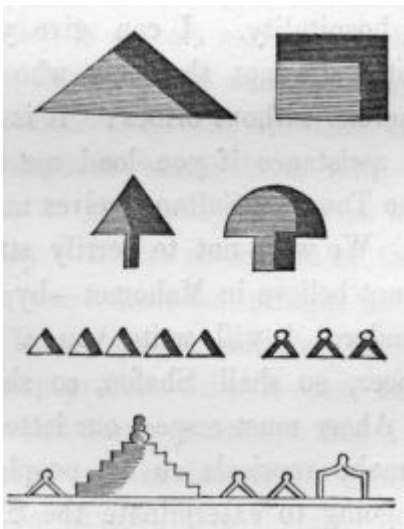
palms, and all the Desert of the Valley of Ghat. To the south we saw the date-palms of Berkat. To the east, is the black range of mountains, throwing sombre shadows upon the scattered sand-hills, which lie like shining heaps of silver at their base. This range is higher than the average height of Saharan mountains. The Touaricks say the Genii built these mountains, to protect them (the Touaricks) and their posterity from the inroads of the Turks, and Gog and Magog, from the east. "These are," say they, "our eastern doors (barriers)." Scarcely any breaks or gorges are found in this chain. Beyond the suburb, begirt with sand groups, stands the palace of the Governor, which from hence looks like a line of fortifications, with a tower or two rising above its battlements. There reigns, king and priest, Haj Ahmed, the lord of all he surveys. Sahara around has a varied aspect of trees and plain, sand and mountains. The contrasts are striking, and spite the gloom of Wareerat range, it is a bright desert scene. The town is small, and the gardens are also extremely limited; the oasis is comprehended within a circle of not more than three or four miles. The palms are dwarfish, and half of them do not bear fruit, and their dates are of the most ordinary kind. A sufficient proof that the date-palm is not dependent on the quality of its water, otherwise the palm of Ghat should be the finest and its fruit the most delicious of The Sahara. On the contrary, in some of the oases of Fezzan, where the water is literally salt, the palm is a noble towering tree, catching the breathings of highest heaven, and casting down most luscious fruit. Houses in Ghat have but a wretched appearance, and are as wretched within as without. They are not white-washed, or clean and bright and shining as Moorish houses of the coast, and though

the city is surrounded with stones, and lime is procurable, they are nearly all constructed of sun-dried bricks and mud. A few days of incessant rain would wash many of them down. The wood of construction is, of course, that of the palm. The Desert furnishes no other available building wood. Only one mosque tower deserves the name of minaret. Besides, there is a huge building higher than the rest, but which is inhabited as other houses. The town is walled in with walls not more than ten feet high, but its six gates are miserably weak, and never so closed as to prevent their being opened in the night. The whole town is built on a hill, a portion of the blocks of rock from which we view it. This little place has one large square, called *Esh-Shelly* —الشلّي—the general rendezvous of business and gossip, and where Shafou and all the subordinate Sheikhs administer justice. Here is held the Souk, where everything important is done. But the town-councils and state-councils of the Sheikhs are generally held in the open air. Two or three palms within the town cast a grateful shadow, and make an angle of the streets picturesque, but no other trees are seen. On the south, without the walls, is a suburb of some fifty mud and stone houses. There are also scattered over the sand, on the west, a hundred or more of hasheesh huts, made of straw and palm-branches. In the gardens, besides the palms, a little wheat, barley, and ghusub is cultivated. There are some fruit-trees, but no vines. Of water there are several large pits, and some warm springs, but nothing approaching to the hot boiling spring of Ghadames. There is, however, one large reservoir, partly surrounded with palm-trees, and the banks covered with rushes, except where the people go to draw. The whole of this is enclosed within walls.

Water apparently oozes from a great extent of surface. The water itself is of the first quality, and is said not to produce bile or fever. The irrigation is the same in principle as that of Ghadames, but slaves are employed to draw up the water, whilst animals are used in Fezzan, and in Ghadames the water runs itself into the gardens. The places for burying the dead around the Saharan towns occupy more space than the abodes of the living. This is not surprising, when we reflect that every new grave occupies a new piece of ground, and many years elapse before the old grave is opened to place in it a fresh body. I saw but one grave whitewashed; it was that of a Marabout, the only "whitewashed sepulchre," and, strange enough, it is to denote superior priestly sanctity as in New Testament times amongst the Jews. The rest were small stones heaped up in the shape of a grave, a large piece of stone being placed at the head.

The style of architecture, both here and in Ghadames, is the same, except that of Ghadames is neater and more fantastically elaborated. Most of the walls are surmounted with a mud-plaster work, and the tops and terraces of the houses are surmounted with the same style of material, and generally very irregularly done, as seen in the annexed diagram. The cupboards cut out or excavated in the walls are of the shape of squares or triangles, and the windows sometimes of the same shape, but occasionally varying as seen in the diagram. All the doors and beams of the houses, as before mentioned, are of the date-palm wood. The doors are the usual long squares, but some of them so low that you are obliged to stoop to enter through them. This is very troublesome to the Touaricks, who always carry their long spears with them, as we our walking-sticks. I

have noticed here in The Sahara, as well as on the coast of Barbary, very ingenious wooden lock-and-keys. The key is a piece of wood six or eight inches long, and two broad, covered at one end with little pegs. The lock is fitted to these pegs by little holes. On the arrangement and fitting of these pegs and holes depend the secrecy and security of the lock. It is no easy matter at times to unlock these locks, and requires a very practised hand. The floors are covered with a thick layer of sand, even many of the sleeping rooms, which sand is clean or dirty according to the quality and cleanliness of the occupant.



According to my friend Mr. Colli, the original meaning of the term Ghat is *Sun* or *God*, in the Lybio-Egyptian language. The Arabic is غات, *Ghat*, but as people fancy, like the French, they hear in the pronunciation of the غ in *Ghat* the R, so our former tourists have sometimes written the name of the

town Ghrat, and others Ghraat. The oasis of Ghat is situated in 24° 58′ north lat., and 11° 15′ east longitude.

This afternoon received a visit from Khanouhen and his brother, accompanied by Essnousee. This visit was perhaps the most friendly of all which I have received from the Touaricks. For evil or for good, it was, at the time, the preponderating motive for attempting the tour to Soudan. I felt more confidence in the Touaricks. Khanouhen is a man advanced in life, full fifty years of age. He has hard but intelligent features. Like all the Sheikhs, he is tall and of powerful muscular frame. His conversation consisted of a few words, but full of pride and courage, and also to the point. He said:—"I do not expect presents from a stranger who has come so far to claim my hospitality. I can give you assistance without presents. Cannot the man, who is to succeed Shafou, be generous without bribes? It is not generosity to render you assistance if you load me with presents. The heir of the Touarick Sultan receives no presents: he asks for none. We wish not to terrify strangers—even those who do not believe in Mahomet—by acts of extortion and plunder. I will write you a letter to the Sultan of Aheer, so shall Shafou, so shall Hateetah. The Sultan of Aheer must respect our letters. When he does not, we make reprisals on his people. I am now busy. I am going to exterminate the Shânbah. Our maharees will soon overtake the robbers; not one of them shall escape. We scorn the assistance of the Turks. We are strong enough by ourselves. We want no letters, no advice, no arms, no horses, no guns, from the Pasha of Tripoli. All The Desert is ours; wherever you go you find traces of our power. Be happy here, fear nothing; for if you fear us, you lose our confidence, and become our

enemy." I have picked out the sense and many of the exact expressions of this harangue, and the reader will see that the Shereef, his son-in-law, did not exaggerate his sense and fierce eloquence. Khanouhen, indeed, is called "The man of speech," رجل الكلام—by the merchants. The Sheikh was superbly dressed in the first style of the Touaricks, unlike his venerable uncle the Sultan. He wore a scarlet gold-braided coat, an immense red turban, and a huge black litham, covering the upper and lower part of his face, and nearly all his features. His arms were a dagger, a broadsword, and a ponderous bright iron spear, which on entering my apartment the Sheikh was obliged to leave outside.

Weather to-day is as soft and genial as Italy. The sky is overcast this evening, and rain threatens. Yesterday I saw it lighten for the first time in The Sahara. Flies live throughout winter here, and there is now enough of them to give annoyance. An article which I purchased to-day will give some idea of the retail trade in Ghat. This was a barracan, of light and fine quality, which cost me three Spanish dollars. In Tripoli, about forty days' journey from this, it cost two mahboubs, about a dollar and three-quarters. But I purchased it for money; had it been exchanged for goods or slaves, it would have been charged four dollars. This is nearly cent. per cent. profit. Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. Shafou had returned the merchant's visit, and dined with him. The venerable Sheikh does not stand upon etiquette. An affair came off to-day, which admirably and most characteristically illustrates the mode of administering justice in Ghat. Mustapha, the young merchant of Tripoli, quarrelled with one of his Arabs, and came to blows. Shafou chanced to pass by at the time. His Highness immediately dispatched a servant

to bring the pugilists before him. Shafou then harangued them and the bystanders, in this spirited manner:—"You see these men come here to disturb our country. What ungrateful wretches they are! Shall I suffer this? Don't I protect them? Don't I allow them to gain money at our Souk? They return with goods and innumerable slaves to Tripoli. But they laugh at me and insult me to my face, and trample upon our hospitality, (*addressing a Sheikh*). Do you think, (*turning to the combatants*,) there is no authority or justice in this place? I'll let you know to the contrary. What do you think the Christian will say, if he comes and sees this? Now, you rascals, pay me each of you ten dollars." This was followed by a violent intercession on their behalf by the foreign merchants, some blaming one and some the other. His Highness was obliged to compromise the matter, accepting of a dollar from each. It is probable His Highness was more anxious to inflict the penalty than quell the tumult; but I was quite unprepared for such an eloquent address from the ancient patriarch of the country. Considering the great number of strangers, there are very few quarrels. "Ghat," as was said before I came, "is a country of peace." Were a bazaar of this sort held in Europe (for example an English fair), there would be a row every day, and every hour of the day. Nevertheless, this does not prevent us from calling these Saharan people barbarians.

30th.—Very mild weather this morning, but overcast as if rain would soon fall. I have not been long enough in The Desert to read the weather signs, or become weather-wise. Keep the door shut, to prevent an influx of visitors. Now and then a few people get in. Whilst eating my supper this evening, I was surprised at the appearance of two little ragged boys.

I asked what they wanted, they returned, "Eat, eat, we want to eat." I went out to see them, for they stood on the terrace in the dark. Here I found one of the audacious urchins flourishing a spear ten times as big as himself, menacing me with it. I pushed the little scoundrels down stairs into the street. I could not however help remarking upon their audacity, and the early infant habits of Touarghee "begging by force." The Ghadamsee people have always been the fair game of the Touaricks. Asking one day a Ghadamsee, "What occupation the Touaricks followed?" he replied indignantly, "Beg, beg, beg, this is their trade! When they get money, they bury it, and beg, beg, beg!" This perhaps, is overstated, still it is curious to witness this first lesson of "we want to eat," repeated by children of very tender age, with a tone of command and insolence. Khanouhen does not send for his present, and I hear, he will not receive presents. I shall have the more to give away at Aheer.

31st.—Fine morning. I am surprised at my simplicity; but, apparently, the only thing which I enjoy with pure feelings, is the song of the little birds, the *boohabeeba*, which frequent my terrace and the house-top, as sparrows familiarly in England. With these I feel I can hold free converse and interchange an unadulterated sympathy. The innocent little creatures remind me of my days of childhood, when I revelled in the woods and corn-fields of Lincolnshire, listening to the song of birds in early fresh spring morn, or bright summer day. Here was the tender chord of childhood associations touched, and no wonder that memory should come in to the aid of sympathy in these unsympathizing deserts. How little at times contents the heart, and fills the aching vacuum of the mind! In this we cannot fail to see an

arrangement of infinite wisdom. If only great things could satisfy the mind of man, how prodigiously our miseries would be increased, for how few are the things deserving to be called great! Called this morning on Hateetah. Put him in a better humour, by telling him I would give him an extra present. On returning, stopped at a stall, where were exposed for sale, onions, trona, dates, and other things. The women immediately caught alarm, afraid I was going to throw a glance of "the evil eye" on their little property. They cried out, "There is one God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God!" I made off quick enough from this unseemly uproar. Saw afterwards the Governor. Called to ask him to allow his servants to make me some cuscasou, which request his Excellency granted immediately. He said:—"In travelling to Soudan adopt the dress of the Ghadamsee merchants, and let your beard grow." The Governor refuses to say anything of Kandarka. Probably they have quarrelled. Our merchants give the Tibboos a bad character, and the caravans are afraid of them.

Footnotes:

[9] Amongst the Servians the mother's brother was "a very important personage." Ranke says:—"Amongst the early Germans, families were held together by a peculiar preference on the mother's side; the mother's brother being, according to ancient custom, a very important personage. In the Sclavonic-Servian tribe, there prevails, to a greater extent, a strong and lively feeling of brotherly and sisterly affection; the brother is proud of having a sister; the sister swears by the name of her brother."—(*See* Mrs. Alexander Kerr's

admirable translation of Ranke's *Servian History, &c.*, chap. iv., p. 56.)

CHAPTER XIX.

ABANDON THE TOUR TO SOUDAN.

Violent Act of a Touarick on Slaves.—Visit to the Princess Lilla Fatima.—Mode of grinding Corn.—Dilatoriness of Commercial Transactions.—Grandees of Ghat Town.—Khanouhen refuses his Present.—Rumours of the Conquest of Algeria spread throughout Africa.—Small Breed of Animals in Sahara.—Queer circumstance of unearthly Voices.—The Cold becomes intense.—Arrival of Sheikh Berka.—Hateetah in good Humour.—My Targhee friend, Sidi Omer.—Visit from Kandarka; his Character.—Visit to the aged Berka, and find the Giant.—Hateetah's Political Gossips.—At a loss which Route to take, and how to proceed.—Superstitions connected with the Butcher.—Zeal of an old Hag against The Christian.—Out of Humour.—Reported departure of Caravans.—Jabour calls with a Patient.—Visit Bel Kasem, and find Khanouhen.—Political Factions of Azgher Touaricks.—Giants in The Desert.—Fanciful analogies of origin of Peoples.—Hierarchy of the Sheikhs.—Population, Arms, and Military Forces of the Ghat Touaricks.—The Mahry or Maharee.—Camels named from their Fleetness.—Touarghee Court of

Justice.—Amphitheatrical style of Touaricks lounging.—Amount of Customs-Dues paid by Ghat Traders.—Free Trade in Sahara.

1st January, 1846.—YESTERDAY I saw two slaves, both of whom had gashes on their arms and legs, the blood flowing from one poor fellow profusely. I asked,

"Who has done this?"

The Slaves.—"A Touarghee."

"What for?" I continued.

The Slaves.—"Nothing."

I found afterwards the slaves were doing some work in the gardens which the Touarghee thought should have been given to him. Touaricks seldom get into passion, but when the blood boils the dagger is immediately had recourse to for the arrangement of their quarrels. The Touaricks have many slaves, but male slaves, for they rarely mix their blood with the negro race. Called upon Hateetah with his extra present of four dollars' value. He then began in an excited humour, "To-morrow come to me, Shafou will be here. We must arrange to send a maharee to the English Sultan." I suggested his brother should take it to Tripoli. He sprung up from his bed with joy, "Yes, good, Shafou and I will arrange everything. Nobody else must come here but you. It must be all done in secret." Hateetah is frightened of Khanouhen, and knows the Sultan has no will of his own unless kept apart from that powerful prince. Touaricks, when something is to be had, soon gets excited, like the rest of us.

Afterwards, Said and I carried the present for Khanouhen to the prince's house. I spoke to the Governor, who recommended me, by all means, notwithstanding the Sheikh's protestations, to send him a handsome present. I submitted to the Governor's opinion. Khanouhen resides in some apartments of the Governor's palace; this is the prince's town residence. We were conducted to the apartment of his lady, Lilla Fatima, (the prince being out,) by her nephews. Her Royal Highness received us courteously, and the interview was extremely amusing. I began by apologizing for the top of "the head of sugar[10]" being broken off. This made the lady almost faint. "What!" she protestingly exclaimed, "Khanouhen is The Great Sultan! Shafou is compared to him like the sand! (taking up a little sand from the floor and scattering it about with her hands.) My husband is lord and master of all the Touaricks. He has the word ready; from his lips, all the Touaricks, all the merchants, all the strangers, all the Christians who come here, receive their commands and instantly obey them. And you bring him a loaf of sugar with the head knocked off! Oh, this is not pretty! This is not right, and I am afraid for your sake." I pleaded inability to find another loaf this morning, but promised to bring one to-morrow. Her Royal Highness then begged for more things. "You see the *grunfel* (cloves) is not for me; it is for Khanouhen's other wife in the country. Khanouhen will take it all away to her, and leave me none. Now you must, indeed, bring me some *grunfel*." I then recommended her to get it divided, at which she laughed heartily, adding, "Ah, Khanouhen likes her in the country better than me." I then put Her Royal Highness in a good humour by telling her I would send her some beads, and if I should return to

Tripoli, and come back to Ghat, I would bring her several presents. She added, "My husband Khanouhen related to me all the things which you intended to give him, which you showed him in your room. Also, you said you would give him a little lock and key, where is it?"

This I had not brought with me, thinking the Sheikh would not accept of such a trifling thing, but I was mistaken. The Touaricks will take everything you offer them, and not hurt your self-complacency of conferring a favour by refusal. I must finish with this lady, whose tongue ran along at a tremendous rate, by adding, that to show her regard for me, (and for herself likewise, wishing me to return to Tripoli to fetch her some nice presents,) her Royal Highness gave me this advice: "For God's sake don't go to Soudan. You'll die there soon. How can you, a Christian, live there with such a white skin? The people who go there are all black, and have large swollen faces, (imitating them by blowing out her cheeks,) they are puffed out and nasty, they become as ugly as the devil himself." The town wife and lady of the Sheikh, who is heir-apparent to the Touarghee throne of Ghat, is herself a comely bustling body, rather stout, of middle size, about thirty-five years of age; and were she dressed in European style, she might, with her fine black eyes, look as well as some of our courtly dames. Her Royal Highness had nothing on but a plain Soudan black cotton gown, with short sleeves, and a light woollen barracan, as a sort of shawl, wrapped round her shoulders, partly covering her head. She had a few charms and some coloured beads adorning the neck; two gold bracelets on her wrist, and two thick hoops of silver round her ancles. A pair of coloured-leather sandals, made in Soudan, were bound on her feet. She had no colour,

save the usual sallow of Moorish ladies, on her cheek, but she had no disfigurement of tattooing or other marks upon her, so common in Saharan beauties.

After the delivery of the present I called to see the Governor, the lady's brother. Told him of my sudden resolution of abandoning the journey to Soudan the present year. He highly approved of my resolution, and seemed relieved of a great embarrassment, for, although very cautious in what he said, he always considered himself responsible more or less for my safety. I found his Excellency, but not to my surprise, purchasing half a dozen slaves, young lads. The Marabout merchant does not scruple to deal in human beings. The fact is, his Excellency scruples at no kind of trade, by which he may "turn a penny," or "save a penny." Returned home and wrote to Tripoli; but when the letter was finished the courier was gone. As often happens, was glad afterwards the letter did not go.

The mode of grinding corn here, if I may use the term grinding, is of the most primitive character possible. It is nothing more or less than rubbing the corn between two stones, the lower stone being large and smoothed off on its surface, with an inclined plane, and the upper stone very small compared to the lower. Thus—



A small basket catches the meal as it falls off, or is pushed off by the person, who holds the upper stone in his hands, and works it up and down over the

surface of the lower stone. Slaves and women so grind wheat, barley, ghusub, &c. The meal is scarcely ever winnowed. In Aheer, a large wooden pestle and mortar are used for grinding, rather pounding, the corn. The slaves living with me have a huge wooden pestle and mortar, and we frequently use it. It requires great tact in the pounding, otherwise the grain will be continually flying out. I pounded dates with it, which with a little olive oil, and roasted grain pounded with them, adding a few grains of Soudan pepper and a little dry cheese, make very nice cake, or it is esteemed nice cake in Ghat. Corn and ghusub are given to day-labourers instead of money. A slave will have about a quarter of a peck of barley, or other grain, given him for a day's work; occasionally is added to it, a few dates or a little liquid butter: on this he must live.

The Souk of Ghat, thank heaven, is nearly closed. The business, which has been transacted here during the last month, would have been done in England in one or two days at most. But our Saharan merchants are determined to do everything, *be-shwaiah, be-shwaiah*, "by little and by little." The greatest trial of patience for an European merchant frequenting this Souk would be the dilatoriness with which commercial transactions are carried on. A month usually passes before the Souk opens, and six weeks more are consumed before a merchant can or will get off, although, as his merchandize consists chiefly of slaves, his delay is all against himself, eating him up and his profits. The details of the traffic are really curious. A slave is heard of one day, talked about the next, searched out the day after, seen the next, reflections next day, price fixed next, goods offered next, squabblings next, bargain upset next, new disputes next, goods assorted next, final arrangement

next, goods delivered and exchanged next, &c., &c., and the whole of this melancholy exhibition of a wrangling cupidity over the sale of human beings is wound up by the present of a few parched peas, a few Barbary almonds, and a little tobacco being given to the Soudanese merchants, the parties separating with as much self-complacency, as if they had arranged the mercantile affairs of all Africa.

2nd.—Visited this evening Hateetah. He says, the Sultan and himself will call upon me to-morrow, and arrange the present which is to be sent to Her Majesty. Afterwards called upon the Governor, to ask him where Haj Abdullah of Bengazi resided. He leaves for Fezzan in eight or ten days, and has offered to take me with him. Called afterwards on Mohammed Kafah. Found him friendly, but he, assisted by his brother, began again to annoy me about Mahomet, Paradise, and hell-fire. I told them, "All good people, whatever their creed, must be blessed with the favour of God. Such was the native sentiment in all our hearts." Kafah said, "Many English have turned Mussulmans." I told him very few, and those mostly good-for-nothing runaways. He asked why we did not repeat their formula? I told him we all did the first part, "There is but one God;" but the second was prohibited by Christians. I left them very angry. It is next to impossible to induce Saharan Mahometans to think favourably of Christianity. If Christianity ever be propagated here, it must be through the means of youth and children. The merchants Kafah and Tunkana, the Kady Tahar, and Haj Ahmed the Governor, are the knot of personages and grandees in this little Saharan town. All the rest are sorry traders, camel-drivers, and slaves. The Touaricks are only town visitors, and always retire to their country districts at the close of

the periodic marts.

Weather to-day is excessively cold, the wind blowing from the north-east. Everybody is frightened at the wind, and there is no Souk, or market, till very late. I myself feel the cold extremely, so I am not surprised to see the Soudanese people all shut up in their houses crowding over a smoking fire, with the rooms full of smoke, and nearly suffocating the inmates.

To my great surprise, and contrary to every expectation, Prince Khanouhen has sent his present back in a great rage, not directly, indeed, to me, but to my neighbour Bel-Kasem, saying, with a thousand different remarks, embellished with oaths, "I will not accept of such a miserable present." Bel Kasem calls upon me in a prodigious fright, prostrate under the ire of the incensed Chieftain, and thus pleads in his favour: "Khanouhen considers himself a greater Sheikh even than Shafou the Sultan. He is greatly dissatisfied with so small a present; increase it a little for God's sake—if you are going to Soudan, you must add something considerable: if not, just a little to pacify him. Khanouhen has got a large belly; pray satisfy him, for he can do more for you than any other Sheikh in Ghat. Indeed, Khanouhen is very angry with you for sending him such a trifle, and for taking it to his wife. Why did you take the present to his wife? Now, take my advice: the Sheikh just dropped out, if you will give him ten dollars in money, he will send you the present of goods back. Send him only the value of the goods in money, and then he will be satisfied. Khanouhen has got a stomach bigger than that of all the Sheikhs. He rages against you like fire: satisfy him for Heaven's sake."

I immediately sent back Bel Kasem to find the

Sheikh, and to propose to him to take back the goods, and give him money instead, or add a little money to the goods. So then this is the great bravado of Khanouhen, that he could not soil his fingers by taking presents! I expect I shall soon be stripped. There are, unfortunately, so many Sheikhs, that to give handsome presents to them all, would amount to a large sum. A burning jealousy rankles in their breasts about these Souk presents. Each wishes to be the greater man, in order to have more presents, though all acknowledge Shafou on the principle of "right divine," or "the right of the Genii." There is a controversy going on about Haj Ibrahim, as to which of the Sheikhs is his friend, or protector, to whom he is to send his little present of tribute. Of course I feel extremely annoyed and disheartened to have a quarrel of this sort with the man who has the greatest influence in the country. But I must hold out, since my situation is not yet desperate. As something agreeable, in counterpoise, I may mention that Haj Ibrahim, on visiting the Sultan, found His Highness reclining on the carpet-rug which I gave him. His Highness said to the merchant, smiling with satisfaction, "See, this is what The Christian gave me." It is the present given to the Sultan which has excited the jealous indignation of his nephew. But the Sheikhs have broken through the rule, or I have myself, for Hateetah only has the right of a present from me.

3rd.—A fine morning, and warmer, but the wind is still high. Over the open desert is a sort of a dirty-red mist, which people tell me is the sand.

Since Shafou and Hateetah did not come this morning as promised, I called on Hateetah to know the reason. Hateetah had a cold in his eyes, and

could not go out. He added, "Shafou is busy in enrolling troops for the Shânbah expedition." Hateetah had many visitors whilst I was there. A Ghatee, to my surprise, asked me, "How long slaves would be allowed to be sold in Tripoli?" I answered, "Some time yet." He had heard of my being connected with abolition. Another, just returned from Soudan, said:—"The people of Soudan say the Emperor of Morocco has taken possession of Algeria." I was unprepared for such a rumour in the heart of Africa, and coming from The South, instead of going to The South. Of this irregularity the Saharan newsmongers never think. But the fact is, the conquest of Algeria by a powerful Christian nation is felt in every part of The Desert, and reaches the farthest peregrinations of the merchants. These wars and rumours of wars, however, are turned whenever possible in favour of the Mussulmans. It is probable the attempted invasion of Oran by the son of the Emperor, was immediately transformed into the conquest of that province by desert reports. Another person asked me, "Whether the Government of Constantinople was that of the Sultan himself, or the Christians?" I observed:—"The Sultan's Government is very much influenced by Christian Powers." It has long been the opinion of Barbary Moors, that the late Sultan Mahmoud was a Greek in the disguise of a Mussulman; and the same stigma sticks to his son. This opinion has acquired strength and obtained general currency by the European reforms which the Ottomans have lately introduced into their administration. Many questions of this kind were asked, and, in the presence of Hateetah when no insolence would be tolerated, the people seemed less bigoted. This is the advantage of having an English agent, if possible, in these remote districts, like

Hateetah. Passing through the gardens, I saw some horses and bullocks, and was surprised at their dwarfish dimensions. In Central Africa, horses are frequently found of a very dwarfish breed. The horses were unwhisped and sorry-looking ponies, with their bellies pinched in. The bullocks cut an equally queer figure. I have noticed that fowls here are very small, but very lively, catching the fire of a long Saharan summer. The cocks, which are so many bantams, are indeed all fire, attacking you with fierceness. Two of the Governor's sons called at noon. One flourished a spear, which he said was "to beat Christians with." I pushed him out of my apartment down stairs. With such customers it is the only plan. Another son called a short time afterwards, and asked me to lend him three dollars, which, of course, I refused. His Excellency knows nothing of the tricks of these young gentlemen, or they would soon be put to rights. Two Arabs, just returned from Soudan, called and said:—"Go to Soudan, there's not much sickness, go *viâ* Aheer. The road *viâ* Bornou is not safe now." This is what I conjectured, after hearing of the skirmishes and the retreat of the son of Abd-el-Geleel before the Turks up to Bornou.

Late this evening, on descending to the lower rooms of the house, which were nearly dark, very little light indeed penetrating the lower part of the house at any time of the day, I found the street-door open, and two long huge figures scarcely visible in the gloom, standing up against the wall on opposite sides of the large room. I retreated back a few paces in alarm. The slaves were all out, as also Said. Presently I heard two gruff voices begin from the different parts of the room, in long and measured and doleful accents. One repeated, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." The words were

repeated very slowly and solemnly, and at considerable intervals, "La - - lillah - - ella - - ellaha - - wa - - Mo-ham-med - - ra-soul - - ellaha!" The other voice uttered in equally grave and solemn accents, "Bor-nou-se! Bor-nou-se! Bor-nou-se!" The first voice appalled me, for I did not know but what I was going to receive the stroke of a dagger through the deep gloom, in case of my refusing to comply with repeating the Mahometan formula, or confession of faith; but the second voice reassured me, I felt the parties were begging in the style of Ouweek, "Your money or your life." I besides recognized at once the parties to be some low fellows of the Touaricks. The street-door was wide open, though no one was passing by. As soon as I could distinguish the import of these strange unearthly voices, which seemed to rise from the ground like the mutterings of the wizard, I saw the only course before me was, as all the servants were absent, to rush out into the street. I made a spring right by one of the Touaricks, leaving a portion of my slight woollen bornouse caught by the hilt of his dagger. I went off to Haj Ibrahim, but said nothing about it, not knowing correctly what might have been the intentions of the Touaricks. I always found the Touaricks displeased, even the Sheikhs, when any complaints were made against them. Shafou, himself, always told me, "My people will be as kind to you as I am," and would not hear of complaints. I comprehended the course before me, and complained of no one. On my return home I heard nothing, and said nothing. I took the precaution, however, of not allowing Said to leave the house when the Governor's slaves were out. I may mention now, that Ouweek's affair was entirely smuggled up, and never even alluded to by the Sultan or Khanouhen. The policy of Khanouhen is

not to allow a suspicion of this sort to be whispered abroad. In his own words:—"We are hospitable, we are men of honour, of one word, and we cannot commit a dastardly action." The reader will hereafter see the result, so far as my visit amongst the Touaricks was concerned.

4th.—Awfully cold this morning, and can scarcely bear my miserable apartment, which affords very little shelter from the wind and cold, having neither door nor window-holes closed up. No one to be seen in the streets; all "struck upon a heap" with the cold, and shut up in the houses. At noon, when the sun began to be felt, went out to see Bel Kasem, and was pleased to hear that Khanouhen would compound with me, and receive five or six dollars in cash, instead of the present. The sugar and cloves, beads and looking-glasses were not to be returned, but to be left for the Sheikh's ladies. I felt much relieved; it was not very pleasant to be in a contest with the actual Sultan of the country.

Berka, the most aged and venerable Sheikh of the great families, arrived yesterday from his district, bringing with him numerous followers.

Called upon Hateetah, and gave him an additional present, the whole now amounting to eight dollars. He is, of course, in a very good humour, and considers I have treated him like the English Consul. He proposed to me that I should get him officially appointed British Consul by the Queen. His pretensions are not exorbitant; he would be contented with fifty dollars a year. He might be useful. The difficulty would be official correspondence. The Touarghee Consul would be obliged to employ an Arabic Secretary.

My young and kind Touarghee friend Sidi Omer, called this afternoon. He is more like an English acquaintance of years' standing than a Desert Touarghee whom I saw but yesterday. I asked him to take cuscasou with me. He observed, "No, that must not be; a little sugar I'll take, a little perfume for my wife I'll take, but I must not eat your cuscasou, for you are a stranger. You ought to eat my cuscasou. The Touaricks must not eat the cuscasou of strangers, and so friendly like you." I offered to take him with me to Tripoli. He answered, "No, not now, I must first go and fight the Shânbah. Then I'll return and come to you in Tripoli, God willing; nay, I'll visit you in your country, and you shall show me your Sheikh." In fact, this young man is free from those fanatical prejudices disfiguring so many of his countrymen. He is most amiable and gentle, too gentle for these Saharan wilds. Occasionally he escorts me about the town, and always keeps off the rabble. After my friend, Kandarka called on me. I did not know the fellow, he having twisted a white turban round his head. Strange, this Aheer camel-driver visited me before I called upon him and sent for him, and when he came I did not recognize him again, on account of his assuming such Protean shapes. To-day I was much pleased with his intelligence and the frankness of his conversation. I opened my journal, and showed him his name written in it, that he might see, if I did not recognize him, yet he occupied my attention, for his name was already inscribed with Christian letters in my book. He was so delighted, at the sight of his name in the book, that he sprung up, made a summerset on the terrace, took up his sword and flourished it in the air, and then sat down again, staring and grinning in my face as if he had been imbibing laughing gas.

There is more negro blood and negro antics in him than the ordinary Touaricks of Aheer. He represents Noufee as a great country of trade, and inhabited by Pagans and Mohammedans. Kandarka introduced religion, but finding the English prayed and acknowledged a God, he was satisfied and dropped the subject.

Kandarka.—"English, pray?" (bending his forehead to the ground.)

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"Sultan English, cut off plenty heads," (making a stroke with a sword).

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"Sultan English, plenty wives has he," (making an indecent sign).

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"English women, plenty fat—big all round," (describing a lady's bustle).

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"English, slaves, slaves!"

(I shake my head.)

Kandarka.—"How? How?"

(I shake my head.)

Kandarka.—"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

Kandarka.—"Come to Aheer with me, I fear no one. You fear no one when you come with me."

"I don't fear any one but God."

Kandarka.—"G— it's the truth!" (seizing hold of my hands to embrace me.)

I cannot but lament my feeble powers, to depict the character of my various visitors, and to represent their ideas in English. I am obliged to be content with a bald outline of their characters, and a miserable translation of their thoughts into English dress. This Kandarka is in himself a complete character, and a study for the tourist.

This evening paid a visit to Berka, the most aged Sheikh. It was dark when I arrived at his date-branch hut. I entered; it was a large enclosure. I found the aged Sheikh with several of his brothers, and they and their children sitting round a flickering fire. One of them was dressed in white. I asked the reason. The Sheikh told me he was a Marabout. The French Government writers of Algeria have distinguished Touaricks into white and black Touaricks, from the white and black clothes which they are said to wear. I never heard of this distinction. Now and then I have seen a Touarick dressed in white cottons, or woollens; it seemed to be a matter of caprice. All dress in black and blue-black cottons of Soudan; it is the national colour. And here we have a new case of contrarieties in Mussulman nations living near neighbours, for the Moors and Arabs detest black as much as the Touaricks admire black. The Touaricks seem to have caught the infection from the colour of their country, which is intersected with ranges of black mountains. In one of the early skirmishes of the French in Algeria, an officer describes the appearance of the enemy, as covering the mountain's side, whence they sallied, with a white mantle, the

Arabs were so thick and their burnouses so white. Berka was very gentle and affable, like every man of a good old age. "You are welcome in this country," he addressed me; "this is a country of peace." Whilst conversing with the old Sheikh, I heard a gruff heavy whisper from the farther end of the hut, *Hash-Hālik*, "How do you do?" I turned round, and to my no small astonishment, I saw the Giant Touarick, stretched along the full length of the very large hut, sweltering in the fulness of his might. The reader will remember the honourable mention made of The Giant in Ghadames. He then raised up his massy head and Atlantean chest, and put out his brawny sinewy arm, and clenched my hand: "Yâkob, the Shânbah have murdered my little son, *they* are the enemies of man and God, not *you* Christians. I am going to cut them all to pieces. Last year I killed eight with my own good sword. When you come back from Soudan, you will not hear any more even the name of the Shânbah." The Giant groaned out this in bad Arabic. He was greatly afflicted for the loss of his son. The Shânbah brigands fell upon a troop of Touaricks, in whose care he had left his little son, a child of very tender age, I presented Berka with a fine large white turban, and we parted good friends. The Giant is the nephew of Berka.

5th.—Called upon Hateetah. He had, as usual, many visitors. Conversation turned upon politics. They were anxious to know the relative amount of the military forces of the nations of Europe, and of the Stamboul Sultan. I always tell them France has plenty of money and troops. This keeps down their boasting, for the French are near, and they are alarmed, and they think, as an Englishman, I must tell the truth when I praise the French. If I abused the French they might suspect me, but I have no

inclination to do so. At the same time, I'll defy any traveller to write fairly and justly upon the late history of North Africa, without filling his pages with *bonâ fide* and well-founded abuse of the French and their works in this part of the world. They emphatically stink throughout Africa. Hateetah vexed me by begging a *backsheesh* for his brothers. I positively refused; there's no end to making presents. All the Sheikhs, as Bel Kasem Said of Khanouhen, have "a large belly." On returning home, I determined to keep the door shut to prevent people coming to annoy me. Now that I have no sugar or dates left, I have nothing wherewith to get rid of them. Every visitor who leaves me, without a small present, however trifling it may be, considers himself insulted by me, or that I don't like him.

Still at a loss to know what to do, whether to proceed to Soudan, or return and finish my tour of the Mediterranean. Sometimes I fancy I'll toss up, and then, checking my folly, I'll try the *sortes sanctorum*; a feather would turn the scale. On such miserable indecision hangs the fate of man!

Bought half a sheep for a Spanish dollar. It's not much of a bargain, for it is one of the Soudan species, and very thin and bony. Touarick flocks are nearly all this kind of sheep. When the Arab, who was "halves with me," divided the carcase, he took two pieces of wood, and then sent Said down stairs. One of the pieces he gave me, and the other he kept. He now, taking back my piece, called Said to return, and told him to put each piece of wood on each half of the sheep. My piece determined my half, and his piece his half. This is the Arab *sortes sanctorum*. The butcher had sprinkled his hayk with the blood, a drop or two were on it, and he was distressed to

wash them out lest they should prevent him saying his prayers. A portion of the entrails, the spleen, he applied to his eyes as a talisman for their preservation.

There is an old woman very fond of annoying me; let us suppose she must be a witch; she always calls out after me when I pass her stall, "There is but one God and Mahomet is the prophet of God." To-day, words would not suffice; the old hag ran after me and thumped me over the back, to show her zeal for Mahomet, who, begging pardon of his Holiness, has not, after all, been so very kind to the ladies in his religion, unless it be the compliment which he has paid them, by placing all the imaginable felicity of Paradise in their embraces. I took no notice of the virago. I find it's no use. I was glad, however, to hear she was not Touarick, and only a Billingsgate Mooress of the place. I am also happy to tell my fair readers, she was not fair but very ugly. A large party of people followed me home, hooting me, to give them something to eat. This rabble fancies they have the right to insult a Christian, unless he gives them something to eat or to wear. To bear all this, and ten thousand little delicate attentions of the rabble of Ghat, requires, as Mr. Fletcher hints, "Conciliation," with an occasional dose, I should think, of that most necessary of all Saharan equipments, in travelling through The Desert. PATIENCE.

6th.—Sulky with the insolence of the rabble, and determined not to go out till the evening. A brother or cousin of Hateetah called to beg, and being in a bad humour, I told him I was just going round the town to ask for a few presents myself, in return for those I had given to the people. He was not abashed, but answered, "Good, good." He waited half an hour

in silence, for I got to my writing, and went off much pleased, I should imagine, with his visit. One of the slaves of the Governor came in, and said sharply, "What's that fellow *douwar* (*i. e.* go about seeking)?" "He wants you to give him some of your *gusub* (grain.)" "*Kelb*" (dog), he replied. This slave himself was a brazen-faced beggar, and a bit of a thief, but withal a droll fellow. I asked him how he was captured? He answered, naïvely, "You know Fezzan, you know Ghat;—well, these two countries make the war, and catch me a boy." "How do you like Haj Ahmed, your master?" "He has plenty wives, plenty children: we slaves must plenty work for all these. Now, I like to eat. Haj Ahmed, he Governor, but he gives me nothing to eat. I work for him six hours—I work for others six hours. The people give me to eat, not Haj Ahmed."

This is the character of slave-labour in Ghat. The masters have half of their labour for nothing, or because they are their slaves: with the rest of their labour they support themselves. The *meum et tuum* is not, and indeed cannot be very strictly observed by the poor people who have to support such a precarious existence; and when Said went down to bring up the meat to cook for supper, he found this young gentleman had carried it nearly all off to cook for his own supper, leaving what remained for us to make the best of.

It is now reported that every stranger will leave Ghat in five or six days, one ghafalah going to the south, another to the north, one to the east, and another to the west. To these five or six days ten or twenty may be added. This is ordinary calculation of Desert time.

Afternoon, Jabour called with a young man, who had

a bullet lodged in his arm, which he had received in a skirmish with the Shânbah. I could only recommend a surgical operation, and his going to Tripoli. At this Jabour was alarmed, and asked "What would the Turks do to the young man?" begging of me medicine. I offered to take him under my protection, but it was of no avail. The amiable Sheikh was as friendly as ever. I asked him to write a letter to England. Jabour replied justly, "You are my letter; I have written on you. You can tell your Sultan and people the news of us all." "Don't be afraid to return, there are no banditti in that route. The Shânbah are in the west," he added. I promised, if ever returning to Ghat, I would bring him a sword with his name engraven upon it. He said, "I know you will, Yâkob." I am tempted to think Jabour is the only gentleman amongst the Touaricks. Another of Hateetah's cousins came to beg, but went away empty-handed. This evening visited Bel-Kasem in the expectation of seeing Khanouhen. The prince saluted me very friendly, and asked, in a sarcastic tone, "How is the English Consul (Hateetah)?" My appearance then suggested thoughts about Christians. "What is the name of the terrible warrior who has killed so many Christians in Algeira?" he demanded.

I.—"Abd-el-Kader."

"Yâkob," he continued, "come, let you and me fight, for it seems Mussulmans and Christians must fight. Here, I'll lend you a spear,—take that" (giving me a huge iron lance.) I took it, and turning to Bel-Kasem, said, "What's this cost?" so evading the challenge. "The price of a camel," shouted Bel-Kasem at the top of his voice. "Ah!" cried Khanouhen, "right, now sit down again; men are fools to fight—why cut one

another's throats?" "Yâkob," he went on, "your Sultan's a woman, does she fight?" There was now a tremendous knocking at the door. This was two or three cousins of Hateetah. "D——n that Hateetah," cried Khanouhen, "Bel-Kasem, turn them away." Hereupon, Bel-Kasem started up in the most abject style of obedience, and pushed one of his slaves out of the room-door into the open court, crying "Bago, bago" (not at home). There are certain foreign words which get currency, and supplant all native ones. This "bago" is neither Touarghee, nor Ghadamsee, nor Arabic, although used by persons speaking almost exclusively these languages. Bago is Housa, as before mentioned. Then the slave called "Bago, bago, bago;" then half-a-dozen slaves, close to the street-door, called "Bago, bago, bago." The knocking continued; the "bagos" continued, the uproar was hideous. Then Bel-Kasem gave his slave a slap, crying, "Bago, you *kelb* (dog)." Now the slave was off again to the other slaves, shouting and yelling "Bagos," till the "bagos" drowned the knocking and the clamour without, and the disappointed supper-hunters retired growling like hungry wolves of the evening. Bel-Kasem now gave me a hint to fetch the money for Khanouhen. I was off and back in an instant, very glad to give the Sheikh the money according to our new compact. I put it into the hands of Bel-Kasem. "Go out," said Bel-Kasem, "and see the fine parrots I have bought." I went out, and in the meanwhile the politic merchant slipped the money into the hands of the Prince. When I came back, they both began to ridicule Hateetah. The Prince said, "Yâkob, place yourself under the sword of Hateetah, and go out with him and fight a hundred Shânbah." "Oh, he's an ass," replied Bel-Kasem. Such was their style of ridicule. Bel-Kasem is a well-meaning little

fellow, but a sort of fool or jester of the Sheikh's. Khanouhen allows him to say anything and do anything, but laughs at him all the time. Bel-Kasem always brings the Sheikh some pretty present, and Khanouhen throws around him his powerful arm of protection. The slavish merchant and faithful sycophant always calls him Sultan, swears by the Sheikh's beard in his quarrels with the other merchants, and threatens all his rivals in trade with Khanouhen's wrath.

The Sahara has its factions in every group of its society. It would appear that without faction neither Saharan nor any other sort of society could exist. Ghadames gives us its *Ben Weleed* and *Ben Wezeet*. Ghat gives us three great factions in its Republic of Sheikhs. We may thus classify their politics:—

Monarchical Faction.

Mohammed Shafou Ben Seed, *the Sultan* of the Ghat, or Azgher Touaricks.

El-Haj Mohammed Khanouhen Ben Othman, the heir-apparent of the throne.

Marabout El-Haj Ahmed Ben El-Haj, Es-Sadeek, Governor of the town of Ghat.

Ouweek (second-rate Sheikh).

Aristocratic Faction.

Mohammed Ben Jabour, Marabout Sheikh.

Democratic Faction.

Berka Ben Entăshāf, the most aged of the Sheikhs.

The Sheikh of gigantic stature[11].

Hateetah Ben Khouden, the "*friend*" of the English.

I found the strongest demonstrations of rivalry, and the bitterest feelings of faction, in the conduct of these several princes of The Desert, who are the personages of influence and authority amongst the Ghat Touaricks. In the monarchical class the Governor of the town is allied to the Sultan by marriage, though Khanouhen has no family by the Governor's sister. Shafou, the venerable Sultan, is of such gentle unassuming manners that he exercises no political influence over the wild sons of The Desert. Khanouhen embodies the Sultan, and is the man of eloquence, of action, and intrepidity in the national councils. He is feared by all (Jabour, perhaps, excepted), but, nevertheless, is not tyrannical in his administration of affairs. Jabour, the Marabout, is a wise, upright, and amiable prince. His influence extends beyond the Ghat Touaricks. Jabour told me himself, he had several people subject to his authority, extending as far as Timbuctoo. To these, the Prince promised to commit me in case I determined to make a journey to Timbuctoo. Like Khanouhen, Jabour has two wives; one resides in Ghat, where the Sheikh has a *town-house*, and the other in the country districts. He has, besides, four or five sons. I saw one of them, who was as much of an aristocrat as his father. The merchants assured me that Jabour's influence, more especially as he is a marabout, although he is no demagogue priest of the *Higgins' calibre*, is unbounded. "With a slave of Jabour," they declared, "you may go to Timbuctoo,

and all parts of Sahara." The Sheikh himself does not visit the neighbouring countries. This is not the custom of the Touaricks, the people being opposed to the Sheikhs leaving their districts; but they send their slaves or relations continually about. Berka, the head of the democratic faction, is too old to exercise power, he has only strength enough to get about. The aged Prince paid me two visits, and was as gentle as gentleness could be. His family contains some powerful and intrepid chiefs, amongst the rest the Giant, the Goliath of the Ghat Touaricks. But, speaking of giants, *Bassa*, Sultan of the *Haghar* Touaricks, is the real Giant of The Desert. Some of the people report this Giant Desert Prince to have six fingers on each hand, and to be several heads taller than he of Ghat. His spear, they describe, in the true spirit of the marvellous, to be, "higher than the tallest palm." I may help their imagination, "And the staff of his spear is like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighs six hundred shekels of iron," or is like—

"The mast
Of some great admiral."

Were I to adopt our present fanciful theories of accounting for the origin and migration of nations, I should here have a fine field before me, and the Touarghee giants of The Sahara would become, by the transmuting fancy of our antiquarian theologians, the veritable Philistines of Gath and Ekron. For many of the Berber tribes, amongst whom the Touaricks are classed, especially the *Shelouh* of Morocco, relate traditionally that their fathers came from the land of the Philistines, and that they themselves are Philistines. What then is easier than to find in the name of *Ghat* the *Gath* of the Philistines? But

unfortunately, *Azgher* is the Touarick name of themselves and their country. Still the name of *Ghat* must have its origin. As before noticed, the original signification of the term *Ghat* has been traced to mean "*Sun*" or "God," in the ancient Libyo-Egyptian language. I am not competent to give an opinion on the subject. One of the Latin writers makes the aboriginal people of North Africa to have been Medes. The probability is they were Syrians of some class. From the coast they would naturally pass or migrate to The Sahara.

Hateetah is an extremely pacific man in his conduct, and greatly liked for his peace-making disposition; but he is only a second-rate Sheikh, and has no political influence over Touarick affairs, beyond what the chief of his family enjoys. He has several brothers and cousins, all esteemed Sheikhs, but with little or no power.

The government of the Touaricks is an assemblage of Chieftains, the people supporting their respective leaders, the heads of their clans in the feudal style, and all these controlled by a Sultan or Sheikh-Kebir. The number of Sheikhs, when the lesser, or second and third-rate, Sheikhs are included, is very considerable, and makes the country, as the Governor says, "a country of Sheikhs." In their various districts, each greater Sheikh exercises a sovereign, if not independent authority. In any national emergency, they all willingly unite for the common defence and protection, as now, when they are collecting their forces, in a common effort to extirpate the Shanbâh banditti. The people, however, enjoy complete liberty. The Touaricks, though a nation of chiefs and princes, are in every sense and view a nation of freemen, and have none of those

odious and effeminate vices which so darkly stain the Mahometans of the North Coast, or the Negro countries of Negroland. Every man is a tower of strength for himself, and his desert hut or tent, situate in vast solitudes, is his own inviolable home of freedom!

According to Haj Ahmed, the Touaricks of Ghat muster fifteen thousand warriors. Let them be ten thousand, this would give an entire population, including women, old men, and children, and slaves of both sexes, of about sixty thousand souls. These Touaricks possess a good number of slaves, but of the male sex to look after their camels. Every able-bodied Touarick is a warrior, and is equipped with a dagger, suspended under the left arm by a broad leather ring attached to the scabbard, and going round the wrist, and a Touarick of adult age is never seen without this dangerous weapon; a straight broad-sword is slung on his back, and he carries a spear or lance in his right hand. Most of the spears have wooden shafts, but others are all metal, and mostly iron. Some are of fine and elegant workmanship, inlaid with brass, and of the value of a good maharee, or thirty dollars. They have staves also, which they use as walking-sticks, or weapons of war, as it may be[12]. These are their weapons of warfare. The matchlock they despise. "What can the enemy do with the gun against the sword?" the Targhee warriors ask contemptuously. They, indeed, use the sword, their grand weapon, as the English soldier the bayonet. Their superior tactic is to surprise the enemy, especially in the night, when the Genii help them, and hack him to pieces. The spear is used mostly to wound and disable the camel. Their manner of disposing of the booty, is characteristic. "What are we to do with these women and children?"

they asked me, "when we have exterminated the Shânbah men." Without waiting for a reply they said: —"Oh, we'll send them to the Turks and sell them." They have the example of the Turks themselves, who, on the destruction of the Arab men in the mountains, collected the women and children together, and sent the best of them to Constantinople to be sold, in defiance of the express law of the Koran.

The maharee cannot be overlooked; this remarkable camel, which is like the greyhound amongst dogs for swiftness and agility, and even shape, they train for war and riding like the horse. They do not rear the ordinary variety of camel found in North Africa and on the Coast. مَهْرِي or مَهْرِ, are the two manners in which I have seen the Moorish talebs write this word in Arabic. An Arab philologist says, the term Maharee is derived from the name of the Arabian province of Mahra, on the south-east coast, adjoining Oman, whence this fine species of camel is supposed originally to have been brought into The Desert. The Touaricks, of course, have very curious legends about their peculiar camel. We have, however, the Arabic مهر, "to be diligent," "acute-minded," and the term مهاراة, "flying away," from which مهري may probably be derived. At least there is no apparent objection to such derivation. The Hebrew cognate dialect has the word also. מהר signifies "to hasten," "to be quick;" but I cannot assert positively it has any relation with this derivation. In the books written on Western Barbary, we find the terms *heirée* and *erragnol* to denote the "fleet" or "swift-footed camel," the former of which is apparently a corruption of mahry or maharee. It is said that camels are called by names derived from the Arabic numerals, as *tesaee*, "ten," (تسعي), and *sebaee*, "seven," (سبعي) according as they perform a

journey of *ten* days, or *seven* days, in *one*; but I never heard of this distinction in any part of The Desert. It is pretended that the mahry cannot live on the Coast of Africa on account of the cold. This has not been sufficiently tried, for Haj Ibrahim kept one at Tripoli, which thrived very well, and was in good condition. It is, however, a very chilly animal, and seems to feel the cold as much as the Touarghee himself. In its healthy state it is full of fire and energy, and always assumes the mastery over the camels of the Coast, biting them, and trying to prevent them from eating with it in circle like other camels. Mounted on his mahry, dressed out fantastically in various and many-coloured harness, (the small saddle being fixed on the withers, and the rider's legs on the neck of the animal,) with his sword slung on his back, dagger under the left arm, and lance in the right hand, the Touarghee warrior sallies forth to war, daring everything, and fearing nothing but God and the Demons. In the year '44 they made an inroad upon the sandy wastes of the Shânbah bandits; days and months they pursued the brigand tribe over the trackless regions of sand; and during this expedition they neither tasted food, nor drank a drop of water, for seven days!—still keeping up a running fight, pursuing and butchering the Shânbah, who all disappeared at last, concealed under heaps of sand. This statement, which shows the extraordinary power of endurance—the moral and physical temperance in the Touaricks, I had from the Governor of Ghat himself, and which coming from him deserves credit. But the Touaricks do not eat every day though they may have food in the house. They eat generally every other day. And this amply suffices them when merely reclining in their tents, or lounging in the Souk. Habit is everything; we might

all live on one meal a day if we could accustom ourselves to it. The people pretend that, though the Shânbah can count the grains of their desert region of sand, and know every form of the sand-mountains as well by night as by day, the Touaricks had nevertheless the advantage over them, pursuing them better by night than by day, because the Genii were their guides; and many Shânbah, who had hid themselves under the sand, were unburied by the Genii, and slain by the Touaricks.

I have given a case of Touarghee justice. During the Ghat Souk, all the Sheikhs assemble in the great square, the Shelly, for the arrangement of disputes; but it is mere form, and is more for gossiping and quizzing one another, the Touarick being fond of a good joke. The principal Sheikh present mounts a stone-bench, and sits down in a reclining posture, striking his spear into the ground, which stands erect before him, as if awaiting his orders. The very first thing a Touarghee does when he stops and sits down, is to strike his spear into the ground or sand. When my *friend* Ouweek was napping near me at the well of Tadoghseen, his spear was struck into the sand close by his head. So it is said, "And, behold, Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster." (1 Samuel, chap. xxvi. ver 7.) The Sheikh of highest rank now seated, the Sheikhs next in dignity take their seats around him, at a short distance off, in the form of a semicircle, these generally squatting on the ground. Sometimes the principal Sheikh himself squats on the ground. The cases of dispute are then brought forward, if any. The infliction of punishment is by fines. There is nothing in the shape of a prison,—this delectable institution being the work and discovery of civilization. Our Irishman might indeed, without a

bull, with his back to The Desert, and his face to the civilized communities of the Coast, exclaim, on sight of the first prison and gibbet, "Thank God, I am out of the land of Barbarians, and have reached the land of Civilization!" Of fines, I heard of no other case than that of the Sultan fining two strangers a couple of dollars, whilst resident in Ghat.



In some parts of the Shelly there are ranges of benches of two and three flights. It is an imposing sight, to pass through the square late in the afternoon, just before they leave, and see all the Touaricks mounted on these benches. Row upon row, range upon range, they sit, closely jammed together, as thick as Milton's spirits in Pandemonium, and not unlike them, with their dark and concealed countenances, so mysteriously muffled up with the dread litham, having before them ranges of spears, parallel to themselves, a bright forest hedge of pines, awaiting their orders for war or warlike pomp. I have frequently passed this forest range of lances, and looked up fearfully to the dark enigmatical figures or shapes of human beings, reclining in the most

profound death-like silence, not exchanging a word with one another. A most trivial call of attention, a rustling or breath of an accident of novelty, nevertheless, is enough to put instant action and fire into these ranged masses of ice-congealed or stone statue-like warriors, who will then rush down upon the attractive object headlong, one falling over the other, until their childish curiosity being satisfied, the wild tumult subsides, and they themselves sink into their wonted blank inanity. But it is a fact, they will sit motionless thus for hours and hours, and not condescend to speak to their best friend amongst the merchants. This is their idea of dignity and superior rank over their fellows. It would appear, from the account of the Sultan of Bornou, that he, also, never condescends to speak when he receives a foreign envoy. "Slowness of motion," in Barbary, and I imagine in The East, is also considered a mark of dignity. A full-blown fashionable Moor always walks extremely slow. The Touarick usually rises up slowly, and deliberately walks out of the house in the same way, but otherwise he continues a fair pace. What is curious, a Touarick never speaks and salutes when he leaves you; his compliments and inquiries of health, are all on his entrance into your house.

It now seems pretty well agreed upon by all parties who converse about my affairs, that I should return and make greater preparations, and bring with me two or three others, fellow-travellers, so as to render an expedition of this sort more useful and respectable. But the disadvantage always is, if it get abroad that such a mission is coming, laden with presents, money and provisions, the danger is tenfold augmented, whilst an indigent person like myself is in comparative security. A single person has also his own advantages over a mission of two or three, or

more. He is his own master he is responsible alone for himself. Who knows, but what something disastrous had happened if I had had with me some hot-headed companion? A man will lose his life any time in The Desert in five minutes if he cannot keep his temper. He may occasionally assume airs of being angry for policy's sake, and check the insolence of some low fellow, and with other advantages. But the point is, to be cool in danger and embarrassments, which, if a man cannot be, let him go into The Great Desert at his peril. It was for the same reason I would not bring with me an European servant from Tripoli, whose fluency in Arabic might have been attended with the greatest danger to us both instead of assistance. Said is pestered with questions about me or my affairs; but at times Said is stupid enough, and people get tired of asking him questions. I must mention, however, one thing to his credit and to his cunning sagacity; although a thousand times questioned, whether he himself were a slave, and how he came with me, he never let out that he was a runaway slave from Tunis, not even to his dearest companions of travel. Generally when asked a question of our affairs, he says, *Ma-Nârafsh*, "I don't know," and this he does as much from his indolence in not wishing to talk as from policy. Here I shall take the liberty of stating the several objections to my proceeding this year to Soudan:—

1st. My health is beginning to sink under pressure of the climate, as well as under various vexations and annoyances. Amongst the latter, I have received nothing which I wrote for to Tripoli, to persons whom I considered friends of the mission, one thing excepted, and certainly not the least thing, the money. (And I embrace the opportunity of thanking gratefully Signor Francovich, Austrian merchant of

Tripoli, for letting me have money whenever I asked him, promptly and immediately, and to any amount which I drew for).

2nd. Amongst the things written for to Tripoli, and which did not arrive, were medicine, and some common instruments of observation. The medicine was packed up by Dr. Dickson, but neglected to be sent until the caravan had left Ghadames. The instruments, which could easily have been procured in Tripoli, were of the greatest consequence, in making a more extended tour intelligible.

3rd. Kanou, being reported by all the merchants as "a country of fever," it would have been exceedingly imprudent for me to have gone further without a good stock of medicines. We have no right to plunge ourselves into the flood of the Niger, and then accuse the hand of Providence for not saving us from a watery grave. One might have escaped the fever, as one might have been picked up by the swimming of a black man; but such a "might" belongs to accident, not the planning and arranging of legitimate expectation.

I shall not trouble the reader with ten or more reasons, all having more or less of weight, which I have recorded in my journal, but which are more curious than sensible. I mention, that, on my departure from Ghat, I wrote to the Sultan of Aheer, by the advice of my best friends, informing him of my intention to visit him at some future period. It is a mistake that, the taking of these Saharan princes unawares; they consider it infinitely more friendly to be written to beforehand. A stranger, and especially a Christian, coming down upon them unexpectedly, excites suspicion which may never be afterwards

removed. The Touarick Princes of Aheer are considered the only difficulty, so far as governments are concerned, in the rest of the route. The Fullan Princes of Soudan are represented as eminently friendly to every body, every stranger of whatever clime or religion. However, I do not pretend to know what effect the Niger expedition may have produced on the Fullans, with respect to Englishmen.

7th.—Stayed at home all the day. The *fœx populi* is a great worry to me. They have no encouragement from the Sheikhs, but are not less the cause of my shutting myself up at home. Evening, when the streets were clear, visited Haj Ibrahim. He has purchased the feathers of a splendid Soudan ostrich for five dollars, which in Tripoli he will sell for ten. The bird is skinned and the feathers remain unplucked. The *quæstio vexata*, as to who is Haj Ibrahim's "friend," *sahab* (صاحب), to whom he should pay his tribute-present, for visiting the Souk, is at length decided in favour of Berka. The old gentleman produced witnesses that all Jerbini belonged to him, or are under his protection, and as Haj Ibrahim is a native of Jerbah, he claimed the rich merchant. The several Sheikhs have the several merchants under their protection. Shafou has those of Tunis, Jabour those of Tripoli, under their respective protection, and so of the rest. The merchants pay for their protection from ten to twenty dollars, according to their means. Frequently a group of traders do not pay more than a single individual; some get off with paying only a dollar. These demands on the merchants are certainly very moderate, and the Touaricks scarcely deserve the epithets of *exigeant* and extortionate which are so freely applied to them by the merchants. Haj Ibrahim, who brings some

thousand dollars' worth of goods to this part, pays only the paltry sum of some twenty or thirty dollars at the most. In fact, here is free-trade with a vengeance, existing long before it has been attempted to carry it out, with such tremendous consequences, as in Great Britain. France and the Zollverein must send agents to the Souk of Ghat, say half a dozen University students each, to study free-trade principles from the barbarians of The Desert. Indeed Touaricks carry out their system beautifully and like gentlemen, and the Aheer merchants pay nothing in Ghat, and the Ghat merchants pay nothing in Aheer, for the privileges of commerce, in the way of customs' dues. The merchants and Arabs of Derge pay nothing whatever, a privilege of ancient date granted to this class of Tripoline merchants. But the Souk flourishes with its free-trade mart, and excites the jealousies of the merchants of Mourzuk, and their masters the Turks, because some of the merchants pass from here direct to Algeria and Tunis, not touching the Tripoline territory, and in this way the Turks lose their much-coveted *gomerick*, or customs' duty. I am happy to record the present instance of these extortioners being overreached, or rather, vanquished by an honourable system of trade. Certainly, were it not for the high duties levied on merchandize at Mourzuk and Ghadames, many of the merchants of this Souk would visit those cities, and the Turks could not fail to benefit by this extra rendezvous of merchants. Haj Ibrahim does not think the whole of what all the Sheikhs together collect as presents, at the annual Ghat Souk, to be more than 250 or 300 dollars. In case Great Britain should think it worth while to bribe or buy the services of the Touaricks of The Desert, to intercept the slave-caravans, and so discourage the traffic, it certainly

could be done for some 500 dollars per annum, or for very little more, if it were a question of money only.

Footnotes:

[10] The merchants call these loaves of French beet-root sugar, *Ras*, *i. e.*, "head."

[11] Having always called him the *Giant* in my notes, I neglected to get his name.

[12] The spear is called *âlagh*, علق, the dagger *tayloukh*, تيلوخ, the sword *takoubah*, تيكوبة, and the stave, with a spear point, âzallah, عزلّة. The old men, like indeed Shafou, frequently make use of a large stick, instead of a spear, when they walk about. Usually the Touaricks carry their lances with them, and all their arms, even in paying the most friendly visits. To strangers they look infinitely more formidable than they are, or they themselves pretend to be.

CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Commerce of Winter Mart at Ghat.—Visit to Hateetah, and meet the Sultan.—Means of suppressing Saharan Slave Trade by the Touaricks.—Hateetah refuses my returning with a Bengazi Caravan.—Bad Character of Arabs.—Receive a Visit from His Highness the Sultan; and interesting Conversation with him.—Ghat Townsmen great Bigots.—Unexpected Meeting with the Sultan.—My

Targhee Friend's opinion of War.—Mode of Baking Bread.—Country of Touat.—The British Consul is perplexed at his *Master* being a Lady.—Vulgar error of Christians ill-treating Mussulmans in Europe.—People teach the Slaves to call me Infidel.—Visit to Bel Kasem, and find Khanouhen.—The free-thinking of this Prince.—Said's apprehensions of Touaricks.—Hateetah's opinion of stopping Saharan Slave-Dealing.—Shafou leaves Ghat.—Discussion of Politics with an assemblage of Chiefs.—Description of the Touarick Tribes and Nations of The Great Desert.—Description of Aheer and Aghadez.—Leo's Account of the Targhee Desert.—Daughters of the Governor Educated.—Touaricks refuse aid from the Turks against the Shânbah.—A private Slave-Mart.—Ghat comparatively free from Crime.—Visit from Berka.

It is not my intention to enter into the statistics of trade, but I mention a few facts. Caravans from Soudan, including all the large cities, but especially from Kanou, from Bornou, from the Tibboo country, from Touat, from Fezzan, from Souf, from Ghadames, and from Tripoli, Tunis, and the North coast, visited the Ghat Souk of this winter. The number of merchants, traders, and camel-drivers was about 500, the slaves imported from Soudan to Bornou about 1000, and the camels employed in the caravans about 1050. Provision caravans from Fezzan also were constantly coming to Ghat during the Souk. The main commerce of these caravans consisted of the staple exports, of slaves, elephants'

teeth, and senna, the united value of which, at the market this year, was estimated at about 60,000*l.*, which value would be doubled, on arriving at the European markets.

Next to these grand objects of commerce were ostrich feathers, skins, and hides in considerable quantities. Then followed various articles of minor character, but of Soudanic manufacture, which are brought to the Souk, viz., wooden spoons, bowls, and other utensils for cooking; also sandals, wooden combs, leather pillow-cases, bags, purses, pouches, bottles and skin-bags for water, &c.; arms, consisting of spears, lances, staves, daggers, straight broad-swords, leather and dried skin shields. Some of these weapons are made all of metal; the blades of the swords are manufactured in Europe and America. These arms are mostly for the equipment of the Ghat and Touat Touaricks, and are nearly all manufactured in Aheer. Provisions are also exported from Soudan and Aheer to this mart, consisting of semen or liquid butter; ghusub or drâ; ghafouly[13], sometimes called Guinea corn; hard cheese from Aheer, which is pounded before eaten; beef, cut into shreds, and without salt, dried in the sun and wind; peppers of the most pungent character, an extremely small quantity sufficing to season a large dish; a species of shell fruit, called by the Moors Soudan almonds[14]; bakhour, or frankincense; and ghour nuts and koudah, which are masticated as tobacco. There is then, finally, the great cotton manufacture, which clothes half the people of The Desert. Whole caravans of these cottons arrive together, and they are even conveyed from Ghat to Timbuctoo, this extremely roundabout way from Soudan. The colour is mostly a blue-black, sometimes a lighter blue, and glazed and shining. But the indigo is ill-prepared,

and the dyeing as badly done, and the consequence is, the cottons are very begriming in the wearing. The indigo plant is simply cut, and thrown into a pond of water to ferment with the articles to be dyed, and after a short time the cottons are taken out, dried, pressed, and glazed with gum. It is these dark cottons which the Touaricks are so passionately fond of. The only live animals brought over The Desert from Soudan and Aheer are sheep and parrots.

The articles of import to the Souk from Europe are sufficiently well known; they are chiefly silks and cloth, but of the most ordinary sort, and, of showy colours, red, yellow, light green. Raw silk and brocades; beads, glass and composition; small, looking-glasses; wooden bracelets, fantastically painted; sword-blades; needles[15]; paper[16]; razors; some spices, cloves, &c.; attar of roses; carpet-rugs; "Indians," or coarse white cottons; bornouses and barracans, &c., &c. But it may be observed, all the European articles introduced into Central Africa are of the most ordinary description possible. Barracans or blankets are brought from various places for sale at Ghat, but mostly from the Souf and Touat oases, where the women weave them in great quantities. They are very warm and serviceable in the winter months, and are even carried to Soudan, where during the rainy and damp season these woollens are highly prized for their usefulness, and found greatly conducive to health. No fire-arms, which I could observe, are brought for sale here. There is scarcely any gold trade; a very small quantity is brought here *viâ* Touat from Timbuctoo. The money in circulation at the Souk is nearly all Spanish. The exceptions are two small Turkish coins, called karoobs, one of the value of about an English penny, and the other double this. A few Tunisian piastres pass amongst

merchants of the north. It is not the large pillared-dollar (mudfah) which is in circulation, but the quarter-dollars of Spain. Five of these quarter-dollars make up the value of a whole Spanish dollar, and four are the value of the current or ideal dollar, called the small dollar. The Soudanese merchants, who are accustomed to see this money brought from the western coast, flatly refuse all other monies but the Spanish. There is not a great quantity of it here; merchants keep up the supply of this currency by exporting it from Touat and Morocco. No gold coins are in circulation, nor any copper. The Turkish money, excepting the karoobs mentioned, will not pass here; people detest it as much as they do the Turks themselves. I once asked an orthodox merchant how it was, that Mussulmans preferred the money of infidel Christians to that of the Sultan of the Faithful? He naïvely replied, "God has taught Christians to make money, because although used in this world, it is accursed. Mussulmans touch the abominable thing, but don't pollute themselves by making it. In the next world Mussulmans will have all good things and enjoyments without money; but Christians will have molten money, like hot running lead, continually pouring down their throats as their torment for ever."

There is a very ancient story in circulation (in books) respecting the peculiar manner of carrying on trade somewhere in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo. It is copied by Shaw from former writers on Africa. "At a certain time of the year," the honest Doctor says, "they (Western Moors) make this journey in a numerous caravan, carrying along with them coral and glass beads, bracelets of horn, knives, scissors, and such like trinkets. When they arrive at the places appointed, which is on such a day of the moon, they

find in the evening several different heaps of gold dust lying at a small distance from each other, against which the Moors place so many of their trinkets as they judge will be taken in exchange for them. If the Nigritians, the next morning, approve of the bargain, they take up the trinkets and leave the gold-dust, or else make some deductions from the latter. In this manner they transact their exchange without seeing one another, or without the least instance of dishonesty or perfidiousness on their part." This curious instance of Nigritian commerce has certainly been copied from the following passage in Herodotus, proving the high antiquity of the ingenious fable:—"It is their (the Carthaginian's) custom," says the father of history, "on arriving among them (the people beyond the columns of Hercules) to unload their vessels, and dispose their goods along the shore; this done, they again embark, and make a great smoke from on board. The natives seeing this, come down immediately to the shore, and placing a quantity of gold, by way of exchange, retire. The Carthaginians then land a second time, and if they think the gold equivalent, they take it and depart—if not, they again go on board their vessels. The inhabitants return, and add more gold till the crews are satisfied. The whole is conducted with the strictest integrity, for neither will one touch the gold till they have left an adequate value in merchandize, nor will the other remove the goods, till the Carthaginians have taken away the gold." This story, unhappily for the guileless simplicity of our merchants here, is too good to be true, like most artless stories of this sort. I made inquiries of merchants who had lived nearly all their lifetimes in Timbuctoo, and not far from the gold country, but they had never heard of this pretty primitive mode of

barter. And yet the story has a real African or Negro look in it. One cannot positively assert that something like this might not have existed amongst the Nigritians and their foreign exchangers of produce and merchandize. Let us hope, for the honesty of mankind, that the fable had a genuine origin.

8th.—Called on Hateetah this morning. Still the Sheikh bothers me about presents for his brothers; he had also the conscience to ask for another barracan for himself. I stood out, determined to give nothing to him or his brothers and cousins. Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. His friend, the Ghadamsee merchant, Ahmed Ben Kaka, who makes the journey from Tripoli to Noufee, says he saw the English steamers of the late Niger expedition, so he must have descended lower than Noufee. He says they came up to *Yetferrej*, "amuse themselves," and look about. He had not heard of their anti-slavery objects. According to him, "Fever and sickness prevail more at Kanou than Noufee."

9th.—A fine morning, but cold. Slept little; these fits of not sleeping come on repeatedly. The Touarghee who has charge of my camel has brought her from the grazing districts. On arriving at Ghat, all the merchants send their camels to graze in these places. The Touarghee asks for barley or straw whilst the nagah is here. The incident reminds me of—"Barley also and straw for the horses and dromedaries brought they unto the place where the officers were, every man according to his charge." (1st Book of Kings, chap. iii. 28.) This is the food of horses and camels to the present day in North Africa; the barley is principally for the horses, and the straw, when it is chopped into little pieces, is given to both horses and

camels. The Touaricks show the greatest antipathy to the Arabs, more especially since the late murderous attack of the Shânbah on their defenceless countrymen. Some of the Touaricks go so far as to say, "Mahomet was not an Arab." My Touarghee friend Omer quarrelled violently with two Souf Arabs, who were also visiting me. I told them it was indecent to quarrel in the house of a stranger whom they were together visiting, and they made it up, shaking hands.

10th.—Visited a patient, but had some difficulty in persuading him to take my nostrums. Afterwards called on Hateetah, and, to my agreeable surprise, found there the Sultan. I did not at first recognize His Highness, the *litham* being entirely removed from his face[17]. I was vexed at my awkwardness, but the good-natured Sheikhs, several of whom were present, readily excused me. His Highness and another Sheikh were eating a sort of *bazeen* or pudding, with curd milk, out of a large wooden bowl. Each had a spoon with which they scooped up the pudding one after another. I have sometimes seen two persons eating from a dish and having but one spoon, which they used alternately, one fellow watching anxiously the other with greediness, and measuring with a hungry eye the size of his friend's spoonfuls. It is an advance on the Arabs, this use of spoons, and I always took care to praise the Touaricks for their use of spoons. In the open country, when a Touarghee has finished his meal he drives the handle into the sand to keep the lower part dry. These spoons are all made in Soudan, and are extremely neat, the shaft of the spoon being very much bent, and the bottom very large and deepened in. His Highness now told me he should send a present to the Queen, and asked me if I would take a maharee. This I declined, on account

of the expenses of bringing such an animal to England on my own responsibility. Hateetah said, "Why how foolish, when you get to Mourzuk the Consul will give you plenty of money." I told him I did not know the Consul there, and must not trust to any Consuls for such matters. None of the Sheikhs could understand this objection. On getting up to take leave of His Highness he asked: "How do you like our country? What do you think of our merchants? Are the people civil to you? Shall you again return? How old are you? Why do you travel so far? Will it not shorten your life? Will not your Sultan give you a great deal of money for coming so far?" &c. Hateetah now told me to sit down again. All were reclining on mats, and no particular attention was paid to the Sultan. A merchant present said, "Why don't you buy and sell, the Souk is open? We wish to see the English come here to buy senna and elephants' teeth. But the English don't purchase slaves." I then, half-doubting the propriety of, and greatly puzzled how to introduce the subject, tried to make an effort. "How much," asked I, "do the Touaricks get from the merchants who deal in slaves? I don't think more than three hundred dollars a year?" (Several of the Sheikhs nodded assent.) "Well, now, if the Sultan and the Touaricks would stop the traffic in slaves here, perhaps the English would give them three thousand dollars per annum." They all laughed at this, and the merchant of Ghat took upon himself to say, for the Sultan and the Sheikhs, "Bring the money." To this I rejoined, "But see now, I can't interfere, I'm not the English Consul; Hateetah (turning to him) is the English Consul, let him write for Shafou, to our Queen and arrange everything. I'll take Shafou's present and bring back his from our Sultan. This is all I can do." Hateetah

raised himself up at this sally, and looked very consequentially upon all around, even upon Shafou, as much as to say, "Don't you hear, The Christian makes me the English Consul, and am I not the English Consul?" Was glad to escape from the subject in this way, determined not to pursue it further, knowing the bitter hatred it would create in the minds of the merchants against me, if the conversation got abroad. Still felt happy in having broached the subject, and attacked their selfish feelings on the point. Government might spend a few pounds out of the million per annum, (the cost of the suppression on the Western Coast,) in buying the co-operative influence of these Sheikhs, who hold the *keys* of The Desert. There is no moral reason for leaving one part of Africa a prey to this scourge, and concentrating all our efforts in another region of this unhappy continent. I left the Sultan and Hateetah in a good humour, after promising them some tobacco. Hateetah showed me the leather pillow-case which Shafou intended to send Her Majesty. Hateetah this morning seemed to have got the Sultan's ear, but as soon as the old gentleman returns to Khanouhen, all the English Consul's influence will evaporate in smoke.

11th.—Called upon the Governor and met there Haj Abdullah of Bengazi. Persuaded him to wait till to-morrow and take me with him to Mourzuk. Then called on Hateetah, who would not consent to this. He says, "I must not go this way with a couple of people through The Desert. I must go either with him or his brother in the course of a few days, carrying the presents of Shafou and a letter for the Queen." Agreed to this, it being a matter of indifference whether I stopped a few days longer or not, after waiting so long and to such little purpose. Was

annoyed at my Soudan journey being cut off in the middle, and sometimes thought I would still risk it, or "go the whole hog." Perseverance overcomes obstacles deemed by men impossibilities. Hateetah evidently feels his importance, and besides thinks he shall get a little more by my delay. He is right, for Her Majesty's subjects don't ask for his protection every day. The Governor pretends the Shânbah muster 10,000! This ignorance must be voluntary, or the assertion is made to render the approaching victory of the Touaricks more terrible to my conception. An Arab of Tripoli came here a few days ago and personified himself as Abdullah, who was going to Bengazi, asking me for an advance of money. Met him this morning and accused him of his impudent imposture, threatening to get him bastinadoed by the Pasha. The Arabs are without question the worst class of people who visit this mart of commerce. What they don't do as brigands they attempt by fraud. Shaw tells us that, in his time, they lay in ambush in the morning to attack the strangers whom they had hospitably entertained the previous evening. Some of them still most richly deserve this character. The Touaricks are so alarmed at the cold that there is no prospect of their marching out against the Shânbah for weeks yet. Several Touarghee camel-drivers will wait for the summer caravan before they undertake the journey to Aheer, on which route the cold is often severe at this season.

12th.—Occupied in reading Hebrew. Learnt a few Touarghee words. Several Touaricks called to beg dates; "*Bago*," or "Not at home." Did not go out to-day.

13th.—Called upon Hateetah, who vexed me exceedingly again by begging. Her Majesty's Consul

must have a regular salary, or Her Majesty's subjects visiting here will have no peace of their lives. Told him to get up his camels and prepare for our departure, and then I would give him another backsheesh.

Afternoon, a messenger came from His Highness with the Sultan's dagger in his hand, as guarantee that he came from His Highness. This is usual in Ghat. Mr. Duncan has mentioned in his Travels through Dahomy, how he often received the King's stick as guarantee that the messenger came from His Majesty. I inquired,

"What is the matter?"

He answered, "Shafou wishes a dollar or a holee (barracan)."

Not understanding this, I said, "To-morrow I will see."

The Messenger.—"Should I bring Shafou here to your house?"

"Yes, yes," I answered, very glad to have a visit from the Sultan.

"Now?"

"Yes, bring the Sultan at once," I continued.

In a few minutes, before I could guess or imagine what was this strange business, I heard His Highness knocking at the door, who, with the messenger, immediately ascended the terrace. The old gentleman, on entering my room, refused my most pressing invitation to sit down on the ottoman, preferring from sheer modesty to sit upon a skin stretched on the floor. His Highness sat silent a few

minutes, looking very good-natured. As we were quite alone, I embraced the opportunity of speaking very plainly to the Sultan. "You see," I observed, "our people are afraid to come here, not knowing whether the Touaricks will kill them or not. Have you not power to prevent the lesser Sheikhs from stopping Christians in The Desert, and threatening them with bad language." "No," replied the Sultan, "I cannot be everywhere. Some of my children think themselves better than their father. They will talk and have their own way[18]. But now, Yâkob, we have all agreed to protect you, why do you fear?" "I don't fear," I added, "but cannot something be done for the protection of Christians through The Desert." "Here," said His Highness, "is the question. You return home, you go to your Sovereign, for I have a secret to tell you." "What is that?" I demanded anxiously. "Up to now," said Shafou, mildly and deliberately, "all the world has paid us tribute. The merchants who come from the east or west, north or south, all pay us tribute. But the English do not pay us tribute. How's this? You must tell your Sultana to pay us tribute, and speak to her yourself." I promised I would if I had an opportunity, not attempting to dispute a moment such pretensions. I simply recollected the Khan of Tartary, who, after dining himself, went out and ordered his servant to proclaim to all the monarchs of earth his permission for them to dine, now that he had finished his own dinner. I told His Highness, I thought I should return next year; on which he said, "Well do, I'll conduct you myself to Aheer." I then introduced the delicate subject of slavery. I observed, "The Sheikhs of the Touaricks get very little from the merchants who deal in slaves. If Your Highness should put an end to this traffic, you would get more from us English." "Yes, yes, that's what you said

before," interposed the Sultan. "Try us, then, bring the money; at present, the English give us nothing." I mentioned to the Sultan that the Bey of Tunis had abolished the traffic in slaves. "Yes," said the messenger to the Sultan, "it's true." The conversation now dropped, and I did not understand what was to be done further. The messenger made a sign about the dollar. I had already folded up mechanically a dollar in a piece of paper before the Sultan came in, so I put this into the messenger's hand. I certainly should have given the Sultan a dozen dollars if he had asked me, but the old gentleman's wishes and wants were few, and his modesty greater than these. His Highness now got up, and shaking hands departed as pleased as Punch with his dollar. I question whether His Highness ever has any money; Khanouhen is treasurer and everything else. So I finished with the good-natured gentle creature Shafou, having humbly presented The Sultan of all the Touaricks of Ghat with one dollar!

Just after Shafou left, the messenger wished to play me a trick. He came running back, and said:—"See this dagger, this belongs to Khanouhen; he says you must give him half a dollar." I simply replied to the fellow, "I know nothing about it." I was convinced Khanouhen would never send such a message. I laughed however at this fashion of sending about daggers. It had something in it of the style of presenting a pistol to a man's breast with the agreeable demand, "Your money or your life."

Passing through the gardens, I fell accidentally into conversation with a gardener. On mentioning, that if God spared my life, I should go to Soudan next year, he exclaimed:—

"What! do you know God?"

I.—"Yes, and all Christians know God."

The Gardener.—"Why, then, are you an infidel?"

I repeated, "All Christians pray and know God;" and left him puzzled out of his wits. Ghat townsmen are beastly ignorant zealots, and confound Christians with the Pagan Negroes of Central Africa, whom also they call "Ensara." Since Negroes worship the "fetish," they think also we don't know God. The Governor asked the other day, if the children of Christians learnt to read and write like his children, the noisy hum of their reading coming into the room whilst we sat talking. I might have answered, "Some do," but used more general phraseology, "Both boys and girls with us learn to read and write." "My girls learn also," replied the Governor, with an air of triumph. I was glad to see female education encouraged in Ghat by the Marabout, as it is also in Ghadames.

Touaricks are afraid, and distrust Arabs; and Arabs are afraid, and distrust Touaricks; and both these are afraid of, and distrust Turks. There is no mutual confidence in these various Mahometan people. Nevertheless, except the Shânbah incursions, everything goes on pretty quietly, and I hear of no murders, or acts of violence, in this region of The Sahara. There is certainly no Irish or Indian Thuggism amongst Saharan barbarians.

14th.—The weather during these three days has been fine, no wind (the horror of our people), and very warm. Our departure is protracted from day to day. Time may be money in England, here it is as valueless as the sand of these deserts. Got up very early, as I sometimes do, and went to see the

Governor. I was alone. In the distance (it was scarcely daylight), I saw a tall figure looming, embodying forth. I continued, and it neared me. This shadowy figure at length became visibly formed, and expanded itself into the full stature of Shafou, who was like myself all alone. His Highness was as surprised to meet me as I was surprised to meet him at this time of morning. Shafou stopped suddenly, and then putting his hand to his tobacco pouch, which he carried on his left arm, and without speaking, gave me to understand that I had not sent the tobacco which I had promised him. Indeed, I could not get it from Haj Ibrahim. I addressed this silent admonition of my forgetfulness or short-coming, by saying, "Yes, I understand, I'll send the tobacco." His Highness then slowly passed on, just raising his hand to salute me at parting, but without uttering a word. Afterwards, called on Hateetah, who had heard from the messenger about my wonderful liberality in giving a dollar to the Sultan, and was very angry. "Who is Shafou?" he peremptorily asked. "He is nothing. You have given him a large present, and me very little. Now, if any body hurts you, I shall be silent." I took no notice whatever of this ungracious speech. A son of the Governor paid me a visit on my return, and was very saucy, calling me a Kafer. I instantly turned him out of the house. Then came in my young Touarghee friend, which was a positive relief to me. I said:—"Are you not afraid to go warring with the Shânbah?" He answered me pathetically, prospectively submitting himself to the Divine Decrees:—"If it be the will of God that I go warring against the Shânbah, and fall and die there, what then? for go it is inscribed in the Book of Heaven." As to the justice of the war, like our young soldiers, it never occupied his thoughts. He merely

goes to war because his master and prince goes to war. What would the Peace Society say to him?

People in Ghat have a very primitive way of making bread. They place a large earthen cylinder, with one of the ends knocked out, upon the ground, and make it fast with clay or mud mortar, like "setting a copper." This always remains as much a fixture as a copper. When they want to make bread, they fill it full of lighted date-palm branches, or other fuel. After the flame is extinguished, and the wood ashes have fallen to the bottom, the sides of the cylinder are heated red-hot. These sides are now rubbed round with a green palm-branch, and made clean. This done, the paste or dough is pulled and made into small loaves like pancakes, and clapped on the hot sides, until all the surface is covered, the little cakes sticking on with great tenacity. The top of the cylinder is now covered over to retain the heat. In a few minutes the covering is removed, and the new-baked bread is pulled or peeled off the sides of the fast-cooling cylinder. But sometimes there is heat for baking two batches of bread. Bread is frequently piled up, layer upon layer, like pancakes, in a bowl, and a strong highly-seasoned sauce with oil or liquid butter is poured upon it; from which bowl it is eaten, and called *âesh*, or "the evening meal." Sometimes a number of very small pieces of meat is placed on the pile of sopped bread; but this is a delicacy or luxury.

15th.—Went to call upon Hateetah, and met in the way a son of Abd Errahman of Ghadames, who has just returned from the oases of Touat. He describes Ain Salah (or Ensalah), to be like the country where the Governor of Ghat resides, that is to say, sandy and surrounded with sand heaps, but abundantly supplied with water, as well as thickly populated.

The oases of Touat have unwalled towns, or scattered hamlets, but the country is perfectly secure. He gives the inhabitants a good character; they are a mixture of Moors, Arabs, Touaricks, Berbers, and Negroes, like nearly all the oases in Central Sahara, or that portion of The Great Desert, extending from the oases of Fezzan to the Saharan towns of Arwan and Mabrouk, on the western-route line of Timbuctoo. He thinks I might travel in safety from Touat to Timbuctoo in summer, for during the dry season the banditti cannot keep the open Desert. Saw Hateetah, and gave him a dollar, which put him into a better humour. Although the *soi-disant* Consul of the English, and all the Christians who per hazard visit Ghat, he displayed to-day the greatest ignorance of the maxims and polity of Christian nations. I thought it as well, since he assumed to be the Representative of Her Majesty here in Ghat, just to remind him, (for I thought I had told him before,) there was a Queen in England, and that Her Majesty was his master. This greatly shocked Her Majesty's Touarghee Consul, and he asked, "Whether the Queen cut off heads?" I told Her Majesty's Consul, the servants of Government hanged murderers. The Touaricks have acquired these sanguinary notions of cutting off heads, from the reports of the Turkish and Moorish administration of justice. Such barbarous practices do not exist amongst these barbarians. He then demanded, "Should I go to England, would the English seize me and beat me?" This question from the English Consul really surprised me, whatever I might have expected from others, the vulgar error of Christians ill-using Moslems, being spread in Sahara. People think, if they were to visit Europe, we should capture them, beat them, and make them slaves. This unfavourable opinion of us has descended from the

times of the Crusaders, when European Christians displayed their zeal for Christianity—notwithstanding its holy doctrines teach the forgiveness of injuries—by butchering or enslaving Jews, Mahometans, and heretics. Thank God, the chivalry of those days is gone, though worse may yet come. To-day, a mob of slaves, who idle about in the road to Hateetah, hooted after me, and one of the biggest came upon me and pulled hold of my coat. I could not let this pass, the hooting I don't care about. So I fetched some people to have the biggest fellow taken to Jabour. This we did to frighten them, for after one of my friends gave him a crack over the head, he was let off, promising to do so no more. The lower Moors and Touaricks, both here and at Ghadames, teach the slaves to call Christians kafer, "infidel." The blacksmiths, near Hateetah's house, mostly salute me as I pass by them, with "There's no God," &c. Sometimes they are extremely insolent. Any resistance to this zeal for The Prophet, would be putting your head into the fire. It would not be quite so bad if I did not go out so much alone. I ought always to have a good strong fellow, an Arab or Touarghee, with me, a sort of physical-force argument against this moral hooting, which is intelligible everywhere, and more especially in The Desert. But as I soon leave, I do not wish to adopt any new measure, which would show want of confidence in the people.

Evening visited my little queer friend Bel Kasem. Found with him as usual his mighty lord, Khanouhen. The Prince began to ridicule Hateetah and his brothers, and scold me on the subject of presents:—"Yâkob, if you give those rascally brothers of Hateetah presents, I shall have to spear you," clenching hold of his spear. "*Kelāb*" (dogs), said his

jester, "they'll strip you of everything, leaving you no bread, nor even a water-skin, to return to Tripoli." I assured Khanouhen I had not given Hateetah's brothers anything but a bit of sugar for some of their children. "Good," said the Prince. Khanouhen now began in the style of *un esprit fort*: "Yâkob, you're a Marabout. Our Marabouts are all rogues, and are always exciting the people against us and our authority (as Sultan). Are you such a rogue?" Here was a glimpse of another contest between the civil and spiritual power in The Desert. I told the Sheikh I was no priest, but a taleb. "Ah! good," said the Prince, giving me his hand. "But when you die, where are you going to? Are you and I going together on the same camel, or do you take one route of The Desert and I another, with different camels?" I replied, "What is the use of such conjectures?" "Right," said the Prince, "don't you remember (turning to Bel Kasem) that Wahabite the people had here, and how they buffeted him, about? Yâkob, (turning to me) I saved a poor devil, a Wahabite, from being killed by the mob in Ghat, and I'm ready to save you. What's the good of killing a man for his religion?" I thanked the Prince for his noble feelings of tolerance, and left him and his clown to their *tête-à-tête*. Khanouhen is one of the few of those strong-minded and right-thinking men, who see the utter folly and direful mischief of forging a creed for the consciences of his fellows. Had he been a Christian prince of the times of Charles V., he would not, like that celebrated monarch, have passed all his life in binding the religious opinions of men in fetters, and then at the end of his days, disgusted with his work, repented of his folly. No, from the beginning of his career, Khanouhen would have proclaimed and defended with his sword the liberty of the human

conscience in matters of religion.

16th.—A warm morning and hazy, but the much-dreaded wind got up at noon. The departure of all the ghafalahs is now fixed for the 25th, and ours for 23rd. The Rais of Ghadames has sent word for all his subjects to return together; this I'm sure they will not do. It is extremely difficult to make up a large caravan. The Soudan caravan is now departing in small detachments of half a dozen people. Found Said crying to-day. "What's the matter, Said?" "You are going to Soudan, the Touaricks will kill you and cut you into bits, and I shall be again made a slave. I wish to return to Ghadames with the Ghadamsee ghafalah." I had often caught Said crying, and I imagine his grief came from the same source. I now told him positively I was about to return to Fezzan, and never observed him crying afterwards. As at Ghadames, Said is here a great man amongst the lady negresses, and spends all his money in buying them needles and beads. Hateetah called and scolded Said for crying, who had not yet dried his tears. The Sheikh told him the Touaricks were better than the Turks or Arabs; and I supported Hateetah by reminding Said of what our friend Essnousee observed, "*Targhee elkoul zain*, (all the Touaricks are good fellows)." I now spoke to Hateetah seriously about devising some means for stopping the progress of slave-caravans through the country. He pretended that the profit derived from the slave-caravans was infinitely greater than it is, making it some one thousand dollars per annum; he did not think the Sheikhs would suppress it. "They had carried it on always, and would for ever," he observed. "But," he continued, and very justly, "stop it at Constantinople, or at Tripoli, and then it will be stopped here." Hateetah is right. This is and must be our plan, and I

am happy to see that Lord Palmerston has made, during the present year, a most decisive effort near the Sublime Porte, to get the demand for slaves cut off at Tripoli and Constantinople, by the closing up of the slave-markets. Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. The Haj was occupied in making under-garments for the slaves he has purchased. Moors do strange things. It is curious to see the richest and most extensively occupied merchant of the Souk sewing up shirts and chemises for his slaves.

17th.—Shafou left this morning for the country districts. The quiet old gentleman has had enough of the bustle of the Souk, which still continues. His Highness, before his departure, arranged for the Queen's letter and the presents. Called early upon the Governor, and found him in the house of Khanouhen, where there was a full assembly of Sheikhs. I was obliged to talk politics with them, which were translated as the conversation proceeded, by the Governor himself, to the Sheikhs. I surprised them by telling them of the great number of Mussulman troops employed by the French in Algeira, and how the French Government paid all the priests of religion, even Mussulmans. They questioned me about, and I explained to them the existence of deism in France and Europe. Now and then a solitary Mussulman deist may be found in North Africa. But how few have courage enough to resist the divine mission of The Prophet! Still fewer question the probability of a Revelation. In general conversation, I have always despised the system of running down the Algerian French, whilst travelling in these wilds. It serves no earthly purpose, but to increase the arrogance of the Moors and Arabs against Christians of all nations. Whatever the conduct of the Algerian French, the conquest may have a salutary influence

upon Saharan fanatics, though it increases the danger of the European traveller. The Moorish Governments of the coast deserve much censure. They often foster and fan the flame of fanaticism against European tourists. Besides, the conduct of the Maroquines towards the Jews ought not now to be permitted by the Governments of France and England. A missionary to the Jews, (himself a converted Jew,) who visited Tangier with me, could not help exclaiming, on seeing how badly the native Jews were treated, "God give the French success in Algeria!" It is difficult for a philanthropic mind to suppress such feelings, whatever our national prejudices, and how much soever we may brand the Razzias as an indelible stigma on European civilization. It would be better, and certainly more just, to civilize North Africa by civilizing the established Moorish Governments of The Coast. But if The Coast is to fall under European domination, it is to be hoped England will secure the Bay of Tunis for shipping, and the Regency of Tripoli, as being the natural route of Saharan commerce. The rest may be safely left to France, excepting our old military post of Tangier, in order to maintain our influence through the Straits of Gibraltar. The conversation of the Sheikhs at length turned upon the Turks, and the country of Gog and Magog—whence they came, whom we all agreed to abuse as much as possible, since our antipathies were pretty equal. The Sheikhs then began very naturally to vaunt of their power in The Sahara, and I may embrace this opportunity of giving some outline of the Touarick nations of The Great Desert.

The Arab and Moorish writers of the middle ages, as well as the latest Saharan pilgrims, who have travelled The Desert from the shores of the Atlantic

to the banks of the Nile, have all given us brief notices of the Touarick nations; but they have sometimes confounded Touaricks with strictly Berber tribes, and indeed, not without reason, for apparently the Touarick and Berber tribes are descended from one original family, or stock of people. The fairest conclusion is, that they are the descendants of the ancient Numidian tribes. The Arabic terms employed here to name the Touaricks are توارق plural and توارقي singular. Vulgarly a Touarick is called *Targhee* (ترقي), by the Touaricks themselves, as well as by the Moors and Arabs. Indeed, Targhee is the more correct name, and Touarghee is an enlarged Arabic form. So Leo Africanus speaks of these tribes of The Desert as "Targa Popolo."

The extent of Sahara occupied by the Touaricks is exceedingly great, embracing many thousands of miles. The northern line begins at Ghadames, an hour's journey south of that city. This line extends along the north, south-west as far as Touat, and south-east as far as the oases of Fezzan and Ghat. On the western side, proceeding directly south, we find Touaricks on the whole line of route as far as Timbuctoo; on the eastern side, leaving Ghat, and journeying southward, they abound in the populous districts of Aheer and Asbenouwa, as far as Damerghou, the first purely Negro kingdom of Negroland. On the south, they are scattered in villages and towns, or wandering in tribes, along the north banks of The Niger. I have not heard of their being located on the southern banks of the great river of Soudan, nor do they descend the Niger to the Atlantic, for we hear nothing of them in Noufee or Rabbah. But they are scattered higher up through the extensive provinces of Housa, subjected to the

Fullans.

In The Sahara, comprehended by these immense lines, they have some large cities and agricultural districts. The principal of them are Ghat, Aheer, and Aghadez, in the east, Touat and Timbuctoo, in the west. We have the three principal cities of Ghat, Aheer, and Aghadez, besides numerous villages, in Western Sahara, entirely under the authority of the Touaricks. Everywhere they inhabit the agricultural districts of the open desert. I have not heard of Touaricks on the western line of the Atlantic Ocean. Captain Riley speaks only of wandering Arabs, almost in a wild state. On the eastern line of The Desert, they do not extend beyond the western limits of the oases of Fezzan, and the southern Tibboo countries. The names of the great sections of the Touaricks, as far as I have been able to learn, are,—

- 1st. The *Azghar*—ازقار—of Ghat.
- 2nd. The *Haghar*—هقار—of Touat.
- 3rd. The *Kylouy*[19]—كيلوي—of Aheer.
- 4th. The *Sorghou*—سرقو—of Timbuctoo.

The Sorghou is the Timbuctoo name which is given to them by Caillié, and probably this is not a distinct section from that of the Haghar[20]. There are some lofty ranges of mountains between Ghat and Touat called also Haghar, the nucleus of these tribes, and whose Sultan is the Gigantic Bassa. Besides, we have the Touaricks of Fezzan, a very small section and distinct from those of Ghat, and who may be considered the pastoral people, the veritable Arcadians of the oases. All these sections have their respective Sultans, and the Sultans their respective subordinate Sheikhs, governing the respective subdivision of territory and tribes of people. The

subdivisions of Ghat tribes are the following:—Tinilleum, Aiaum, Dugarab, Sacana, Dugabakar, Auragan, Muasatan, Ghiseban, Elararan, Filelen, Francanan, Botanetum, Skinimen, Deradrinan, Mucarahsen, Keltrubran, Keltunii, Chelgenet, Ilemtein[21]. These various sections of Touaricks, who wander through the vast wilderness of Sahara, or are located in its oases, may be distinguished by some general characteristics, agreeing with and arising from their peculiar location, or habits of trade and life. The Touaricks of Timbuctoo are the more faithless and sanguinary in their disposition, and less addicted to commerce or a regular mode of life. Those of Ghat represent the Touarghee character in its most original type, these tribes being a brave and hardy people, reserved and using few words in speech, of a noble chivalric disposition, and carrying on some commerce. Those of Touat, I imagine, are the same style of people, from what few of them I saw at Ghadames; but those of Aheer are more effeminate and milder in their manners, and are a good deal mixed with the Negro nations of Soudan. The Touaricks of Aheer bear an excellent character as traders, and companions of travel, always assisting the stranger first at the well, before their own camels are watered. They seem, besides, mostly addicted to the peaceful pursuits of commerce, if we except their occasionally joining in the Razzias for slaves. A full third of the traffic of the South-eastern Sahara is in their hands, or under their control. I may add a few words upon their country and chief places, Aheer and Aghadez.

Aheer, or *Ahir*, اهير and which is often incorrectly spelt on the maps Aïr, is the name of a town and very populous district, including within its territory or jurisdiction the city of Aghadez. Aheer is also

called Azben, and its district Azbenouwa ازبنوة—ازبن which appear to have been the more ancient names. The town of Aheer is also called *Asouty*, اسوطي on the maps Asouda, the dentals ط and د being convertible. These districts are bounded on the north by Ghat and its tribes; on the east by the Tibboo country and Bornou, on the west by the Negro, Touarick and Fullan countries of the north banks of the Niger; and on the south, by the Housa districts, vulgarly called by merchants, Soudan. Aheer is forty short days from Ghat, the Soudanese merchants who visit the Ghat mart always travelling much more *doucement* and in jog-trot style than the Moorish and Arab merchants of the north. The line of the Aheer stations measures about thirteen days, from Tidik in the north to Toktouft in the south[22]. In this portion of the route, and that previous to arriving at Tidik, there are twenty days of mountains. The Aheer route also abounds with springs and fine streams, which gush out from the base of rock-lands of great height, and some of which form considerable rivers for several months in the year, on whose banks corn and the senna-plant are cultivated. Aheer is the Saharan region of senna, where there are large wadys covered with its crops. The exportation, especially after a season of rain, is very great and profitable. Asouty is the principal town of the Aheer districts, and was formerly the capital of all the Kylouy Touaricks. No less than a thousand houses are now seen abandoned and in ruins. Here in former times all the Soudan trade was carried on and concentrated; its population is still considerable. The houses are nearly all constructed of hasheesh, or straw huts, and the city is without walls. Nevertheless, the people still honour it with the title of *Blad es-Sultan*, "City," or "Country of the Sultan," that is, where the Sultan

occasionally resides, answering to our *Royal* city.

Aheer is the rendezvous of the salt caravan of Bilma, in the Tibboo country, situate, almost in a straight line, about ten days east, the route to which is over barren stony ground. A curious story is told of the manner in which the camel drivers supply themselves with forage over this treeless, herbless, naked waste. On their way to Bilma, they leave at certain places or stations a quantity of forage to supply them on their return; and it is said, the deposit is sacred, no one daring to touch it. It is probable, however, that the forage is concealed in hiding places, as wells are often hidden along some desert routes. Even in the Tunisian Jereed, the sources of water are frequently concealed, a skin being placed over the water with palm branches laid thereupon, and the top of the well's mouth covered with sand. So that a hapless traveller may perish of thirst with water under his feet! Through the hunting districts of South Africa, amongst the Namaquas, the sources of water are concealed in a similar manner. However, a short time ago, the people of Bornou, who were then at war with the Touaricks of Aheer, discovered the hiding places of the Touaricks' forage, carried off or destroyed the supplies, and reduced a large salt-caravan to the greatest extremities; hundreds of camels perished from hunger. These salt-caravans are sometimes a thousand and two thousand strong. The greater part of Housa and the neighbouring provinces is supplied with salt from Bilma.

Aghadez, اقدز is the capital of the Aheer districts. This is the residence of the Sultan of the Touaricks of South-eastern Sahara. The present Sultan is called *Mazouwaja*, مزواجى who is represented as a friendly

prince. But it was *En-Nour* النور, deputy Sultan of Aheer, to whom I wrote before leaving Ghat, begging his protection in the event of my return, to complete the tour to Soudan. Aghadez is now as large as Tripoli, or containing from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. In a past period it was four times as large. A great number of the people have emigrated to Soudan, where less labour is required to till the soil, and nature is more lavish in her productions. Aghadez is a walled city, but without any particular strength; the houses are but one story high, built of mud and stone and sun-dried bricks. Aghadez abounds in provisions of the most substantial kind, that is, sheep, oxen and grain. The government is despotic, but the lesser chiefs have great power in their respective districts, like those of Ghat. The religion of the people is Mahometan; not a Pagan, Jew, or Christian, is found within these districts. Trade is carried on to a great extent, and Moorish merchants visit Aghadez, proceeding no further towards Soudan. The most interesting district near Aghadez is that of *Bagzem* بقزم, (or *Magzem*, the labials ب and م being convertible,) consisting of an exceedingly lofty mountain, requiring a full day's journey for its ascent. This mountain figures on the map under the ancient name of Usugala Mons, but for what reason God knows. The town is placed a good way towards its loftiest heights, the most of which heights are both cultivated and inhabited, and there is abundance of trees, grain, and fruits. Bagzem is three days' journey from Asouty.

I shall take the liberty of appending the account given of Aheer and Aghadez by Leo Africanus:—

DISERTO DOVE ABITA TARGA POPOLO.

> Il terzo diserto incomincia da'confini di Air dal lato di ponente, e s'estende fino al diserto d'Ighidi verso Levante; e di verso tramontana confina con li diserti di Tuat e di Tegorarin e di Mezab; da mezzogiorno, con li diserti vicini al regno di Agadez. Questo diserto non è cosi aspro e crudele, como sono i due primieri: e truovavisi acqua buona, e pozzi profondissimi; massimamente vicino ad Air, nel quale è un temperato diserto e di buono aere, dove nascono molte erbe: e più oltre, vicino di Agadez, si truova assai manna, che è cosa mirable; e gli abitatori vanno la mattina pertempto a raccorlo, e ve n'empiono certe zucche; e vendonla cosi fresca nella città di Agadez; e un fiasco che tien un boccale val due bajocchi; beesi mescolata con acqua; ed è cosa perfettissima: la mescolano ancora nelle minestre, e rinfresca molto: penso che per tale cagione li forestieri rade volte s'ammalano in Agadez, come in Tombutto, ancorchè vi sia aere pestifero. Questo diserto s'estende da tramontana verso mezzogiorno trecento miglia.—*Sixth Part*, lvi. *chap.*

It will be observed, that under the name of *Targa Popolo*, no mention is made of the Touaricks of Ghat. Indeed, all the notices of the Renegade Tourist on this part of Africa, are extremely meagre and unsatisfactory. As to his divisions of The Sahara into so many deserts, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c., this is all arbitrary and most unnatural. The story about the abundance of manna gathered in the districts of Aheer, seems to have been invented to please the Christian doctors of Rome; at any rate, nothing of the kind is now seen or known at Aghadez. But with

respect to foreigners who visit Aheer and Aghadez enjoying good health, I have no doubt the Renegade is correct, for I have not heard of either of these places being unhealthy, their salubrity arising, we may imagine, from the elevation at which they are placed. The Aheer Saharan region is emphatically mountainous.

Afternoon, visited Hateetah, who has made up his mind to accompany me to Fezzan, of which I'm glad, not wishing to meet with any more Ouweeks in this neighbourhood. Was pleased this morning to observe amongst the children of Haj Ahmed, who were busy reading passages from the Koran, several girls. This circumstance raises my opinion of the Governor. No doubt it is because he is a Marabout that he grants this privilege to his daughters. The Marabout has no less than a dozen small children, of all complexions, features, and hues, from lily white to sooty black. My sweetest enjoyment in Ghat is to listen to the song of the tiny singing sparrows hopping about my terrace. My days of childhood return with their song, when, if I were not innocent, a little matter made me happy. Sing on you pretty little things, tune your wild Saharan notes, for you gladden my sad heart!

18th.—A fine warm sunny day. The departure of the ghafalah is now fixed for the 27th. According to some accounts, 8000 Touaricks are being mustered, to march against the Shânbah. The Touaricks evidently expect the robber tribe to be reinforced from Souf and the Warklah districts, or the robbers must number 5000 instead of 500. Haj Ibrahim tells me, he has just read a letter addressed by the Pasha of Tripoli to the united Sheikhs of Ghat, offering them assistance against the robber tribe. The Touaricks have politely declined the proffered aid,

feeling strong (and wise) enough to manage their own battles. Not much troubled with visitors lately, one now and then. The Touaricks are leaving Ghat to reinforce the new levies of troops. Soon the town will be emptied of Touaricks. The Ghadamsee ghafalah is returning, and a small one to Tripoli *viâ* Shaty and Misdah.

Haj Ibrahim continues to repeat his story about the people of Ghadames having a great deal of money hoarded up. I visited him this morning, and found him surrounded with a group of Soudanese merchants. The large court-yard of his house was full of bales of unsold goods, here and there scattered about, and some unpacked, all in the most business-like disorder. In one quarter was a cluster of a dozen slaves, waiting to be bartered for, the poor wretches being huddled up together in this private mart of human flesh. The Moor was calm and collected amidst the dirt and noise of Kanou and Succatou merchants, who with violent gestures were disputing the progress of the bargain inch by inch. Here was a great assortment of rubbish, for I can't call very coarse paper, green baize cloth, glass and earthen composition beads, bad razors, and a few common woollens, and some very inferior raw silk, merchandize. And such rubbish was offered in exchange for a group of God's creatures, with his divine image stamped upon them! At length the progress of the bargain came to what might be called a crisis. The Soudanese merchants jumped up suddenly, with shouts and curses, as if they had discovered a perfidious fraud, and rushed to the door, pulling their miserable slaves after them. I felt shocked at the sight, and my horror must have been depicted in my countenance. For Haj Ibrahim, who well knew I disapproved of this traffic, said to me

angrily, "Why do you come here now?" I got out of his way as quick as I could, but did not leave the house. The people of the Moor followed hard after the runaway merchants, seizing first hold of their slaves, dragging them back by main force into the court-yard. Then their owners raised a hideous cry, calling Haj Ibrahim and his people "thieves," and "robbers," and "cheats," and "accursed," and many other similar compliments in the way of slave-dealing. This would make a nice counter-picture to a sketch of one of those Congressional squabbles which so frequently take place on the presentation of Anti-Slavery petitions to the American Congress, when there is an occasional flourish of the bowie-knife, and a good deal of expectoration to damp the ardour of the combatants, fighting over the victims of Republican Tyranny. After this came a cessation of every kind of noise, for Haj Ibrahim, disgusted with the business, (he was a fair-dealing man though a slave-dealer,) said to Omer, his Arab servant:—"Tell them to be off, and take their slaves with them." Now interposed a merchant of Ghat, and a friend of the Soudanese, who thus upbraided them:—"Fools that you are! Do you think Haj Ibrahim is a cheat? Haj Ibrahim gets nothing by you; Haj Ibrahim buys your slaves, because Haj Ibrahim will not be at the expense of carrying his goods back again to Tripoli." The merchants replied, and I dare say with truth: —"You told us 300, now there are only 200; 20 of this, and only 10; 50 of that, and only 20," &c. This Ghatee was a broker, and a species of sharper; he had been impudently imposing on the Housa merchants. But, to cut a long story short, the bargain was finally arranged. Haj Ibrahim made these quondam merchants a present of some almonds and parched peas, "to *wet* the bargain." The poor slaves

had been dressed up for the sale, and, with other ornaments, large bright iron hoops had been hammered round their ancles. It was a tough job to get them off, and a blacksmith only could do it. Haj Ibrahim called each new slave to him, and looked at their features, in order to know them. This he told me he was obliged to do, to be sure of his own slaves, and prevent quarrels with other merchants, for the slaves often get mixed together.

During Souk there is going on some petty thieving, mostly done by the Negro slaves and Arab camel-drivers. They have stolen many little things from me. It is useless to complain. One must take care of one's things. But I am informed the Touaricks never steal. At any rate, large bundles of senna are left out in the suburbs, night after night, and in the open fields amongst the sand, and no one touches a leaf of it. This could neither be done in Tunis, nor in Tripoli. The Touaricks are beggars, but not thieves; they will also beg hard and with authority. Rarely, however, will a Touarghee take anything away from you without your knowledge. So, if Touaricks are poor, they are honest, which is so seldom the case, poverty exciting as much or more to crime than exuberant wealth. On the whole, this country must be considered free from crime. Hungry slaves pilfering about, can hardly be designated crime. I saw a little slave to-day, who had just been brought from Aheer; he was rolling naked on the sand, with some fresh green blades of wheat before him. These he was devouring, and this was his food. How can human beings fed this way be expected to refrain from stealing food when they have an opportunity? The Touaricks of Aheer, though not cruel masters, feed their slaves mostly on herbage, which is picked up *en route*. At least, so the people tell me.

Afternoon, the aged Berka paid me a visit. I gave him his tobacco, or that which I had promised him. Whenever you promise a person anything in this country, in reminding you of it, if you forget your promise, he calls the article his own, and demands it as a right. Berka can hardly move about, he is so very old a man; I should say the Sheikh is upwards of a hundred. The Saharan veteran made no observation in particular. He replied to my questions about Saharan travelling:—"Don't fear, the Touaricks will do you no harm. You can go to Timbuctoo in safety." I was making ghusub water, and asked him to drink of it. "No," he said, smiling with benignity, "you must drink ghusub water with me, not I with you. This is the fashion of us Touaricks." Ghusub water, is water poured on ghusub grain after the grain has been par-boiled or otherwise prepared. A milky substance oozes from the grain, and makes a very cooling pleasant beverage. Saharan merchants prize the ghusub water chiefly for its cooling quality in summer. A few dates are pounded with the ghusub to give the drink a sweeter and more unctuous taste. The aged Sheikh, on taking leave, begged a little bit of white sugar. "I wish to give it to my little grandson," he added. I question which was the more childish, he or his little grandson, so true it is the intellect decays as it grows, spite of our theories of the immortality of mind. I have now had visits from all the great chieftains of the Ghat Touaricks, Shafou, Jabour, Berka, and Khanouhen. The three former are the heads of the great divisions of confederated tribes. These centres of the large tribes and families separately constitute an oligarchical nobility, by which the destinies of this Saharan world are governed.

Footnotes:

[13] *Ghafouly*—قفولي—*Holcus sorghum*, (Linn). Ghafouly grows higher than a man; the stalk is as thick round as sugar-cane; the grain is of white colour, and half the size of a dry pea, of a round flattened shape. It is much coarser eating than maize.

[14] *Arachis hypogœa*, (Linn). This shell fruit has two names in Housa, *goújĕeă*, and *gaýda*. Many of the shells are double; they are smallish, very soft, and easily broken. The taste of the fruit is not disagreeable, a good deal like the almond, but more viscid, and a little insipid.

[15] Mostly with the mark "*porco*" on the packets.

[16] Mostly with the mark "*tre lune*" on it. I complained to a merchant that the paper was very coarse, and asked him why he did not purchase finer paper. He replied, "*It's all the same in Soudan, fine or coarse.*" The same answer would be given to every complaint about the coarseness and bad quality of these imports into Africa. Fine or coarse cloth, and fine or coarse silk, sell much the same in Negroland.

[17] This is frequently the case. When a Touarghee wears his *litham*, and when he pulls it off, he undergoes a complete metamorphosis, so that strangers cannot recognize the parties in their change of dress.

[18] איש בעיניו הישר יעשה Judges xxi. 25. The conduct of the Sheikhs and their tribes is much like that of the Israelites under the Judges.

[19] Sometimes called, Killiwah.

[20] Different Negro tribes call Touaricks by different names.

[21] These names are but imperfectly given, and they must be pronounced in Italian style, being written from the dictation of a Targhee chief by Mr. Gagliuffi, according to that language. To these may be added *Haioun*, a tribe of Marabouts.

[22] For the rest of the Stations see the Map.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Parallels between The Desert and The East.—The Divine Warranty for carrying on the Slave Trade discussed.—Visit from Aheer and Soudanese Merchants, and present state of Soudan.—Form of the Cross on Touarick Arms.—Boy taught to curse The Christian.—Medina Shereef's opinion on my giving Presents.—A Negress begs in the name of Ouweek.—Visit to the Governor and Hateetah.—Streams of Water and Corn-Fields in the Fabled Region of Saharan Desolation.—Kandarka will recommend me to his Sultan.—Parallel things between Africa and Asia.—Atkee turns out a Scamp.—Visit from Berka.—Arabic is the Language of Heaven.—Khanouhen ridicules Hateetah to his face.—Hospitality of the Governor towards me, and interesting Conversations with him.—Moorish reckoning of Time clashes with

mine.—Medina Shereef turns Beggar like the rest.—Meet The Giant begging at Haj Ibrahim's.—Affecting Case of the cruelty of one Slave to another, and compared to the Jews of Morocco.—Chorus Singing of the Slaves.—Mode in which Ostriches are Hunted.—Arrival of Senna and Ivory from Aheer.—Christians are not Liars.—Farewell Visit from Jabour.—Quick Route to Timbuctoo from Ghat.—Kandarka turns Comedian, and satirizes the Touaricks of Ghat.—Mercantile Transactions of the Governor.—Want of a strong Government in The Desert.—Assemblage of the Sheikhs, and preparations for War.

19th.—DID not go out to-day, but amused myself with noting down in the journal several parallel things between The Desert and The East, which are mentioned in The Scriptures.

"And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die." (1 Kings xvii. 12.) We have in Sahara parallel ideas to all and every part of this simple and affecting discourse. The widow speaks with an oath. When anything particular and extraordinary is to be said or done, the people of Sahara must use an oath. The meal is the barley-meal of our people; the oil is used to cook it as we cook our bazeen. The sticks are gathered from The Desert every day to dress our food. The blank and absolute resignation of the woman is the same with every one

here, not excepting those of immoral lives.

"And lo in her mouth, was an olive-leaf plucked off," (Gen. viii. 11.) "And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard," (Gen. ix. 20.) The olive and the vine are still the choice fruit-trees in North Africa, and were the Mussulmans a wine-drinking people, the country would be covered with vineyards. In the beautiful parable of Jotham, (Judges ix. 8-15,) the third, and the three choicest trees of North Africa are separately mentioned, the olive, the fig-tree, and the vine. These are the only fruits valued or cultivated by Tripoline Arabs in their mountains. The jennah or "paradise" of the Koran is also planted with "palm trees and vines."

"And Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe." (2 Sam. ii. 18.) In this way Arabs speak of one another. Every person who is conversant with Eastern pictures and scenes in Arabic has met with a scrap of poetry of some sort or other, in which the Arab woos his mistress, by comparing her loved eyes to the fine dark full eye of the gazelle. An Arab also, like us Europeans, calls a cunning fellow "an old fox," and stupid fellow "a donkey."

"And it came to pass, in an evening tide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself, and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." (2 Sam. xi. 2.) Everybody now knows, or ought to know, that the roofs of Barbary and Saharan houses are flat, where the people walk and enjoy "the cool of the evening," or "the evening tide" after getting up from their naps or siestas. Here the women gossip and the men pray, but the latter are often disturbed in their devotions by the intruding

glimpses of some Desert beauty. Love-matches and intrigues are equally concerted here on house-tops. The flat-roofed house-top, as before observed, is the Ghadamsee woman's entire world; here she lives, and moves, and has her being.

"Woe to thee, O land," &c., "And thy princes eat in the morning." (Eccles. xi. 16.) The principal meal is in the evening, and no people of these countries think of eating a hearty meal "in the morning" like what Europeans are accustomed to eat in the morning. To eat a hearty meal in the morning would be an act of downright gluttony. Here, then, is strikingly brought out the sense of this passage of the Preacher's wisdom.

"We will not drink of the waters of the well." (Numbers xxi. 22.) The Israelites being a numerous host, were obliged to make this promise, for if all had drank, they would soon have emptied the wells, and left the people of the country without water, and their flocks and cattle to die of thirst. The caravans now returning to Ghadames are obliged to go in very small numbers, that they may not exhaust the wells. Having many slaves with them more water is required, which they cannot in any way dispense with. The Israelites renewed their promises about the drinking of the water to other people, through whose country they had to pass.

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!" (Job xxxix. 25.) It is very odd that the horsemen of Morocco, when they gallop to the charge, always cry "Ha, ha!" So the Arabian poet of The Book of Job puts the wild cry of the rider into the mouth of the horse whom he rides. This I frequently witnessed on the parade of Mogador. The wild cavalry of Morocco is the boldest

idea transmitted to us of the ancient Numidian horse. In Morocco the horse is both the sacred animal and the bulwark of the empire; for this reason it is the Emperor prohibits the exportation of horses. Even the barley, on which the horses are generally fed, is not allowed to be exported for the same reasons.

ויאמר ארור כנען עבד עבדים לאחיו

"And he said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren," (Gen. ix. 25.) This portion of Scripture will occur naturally enough to the mind of a biblical reader, who takes up his residence for some weeks at a slave-mart, and is seeing slaves bought and sold every day. It is the famous and much abused text of the slave dealers of the last three centuries, and is now continually quoted in the pulpits of the United States parsons, who, like the devil himself, quote Scripture to support the wickedness of themselves and their slave-holding and man-selling countrymen. The most approved commentators properly apply the text to the Canaanites, whom Providence afterwards dispossessed of their territories in Palestine, and gave them to the children of Shem, and so the Canaanites became the slaves of the Shemites for a limited period. But to prove that it does not refer to the Negroes of North and Central Africa, I may be allowed to produce the following reasons:—

1st. Of all the children of Ham, Canaan only is mentioned.

2nd. The prophecy was fulfilled in the descendants of Canaan, and there is no occasion to extend it beyond the early history of the Jews, when they took possession of the land of Canaan, and reduced its people to servitude.

3rd. The descendants of Canaan were all white people, and the Negroes I need not say are black. But if it be a question of colour, there are red Indians and black Indians, who have been from unknown ages the sons of freedom, and who, when discovered, would not and could not be reduced to slavery. I guess the Yankees have not reduced the Indians to slavery, (although, after robbing them of their hunting-grounds, they have in the most Christian spirit exterminated many,) on the contrary, they are equally free men with the Yankees, and have the same privilege of reducing free men to slavery with their Republican neighbours. The Black Indians, following the precept and example of the White Republicans, have now an immense number of slaves; and in this case, it is not the more civilized who holds his fellow man in bondage, but the less civilized, indeed, savages. So the world is improving and progressing in the Western Hemisphere! The Southern Ocean is peopled with many tribes as black as Negroes. But to return to the Canaanites, they at length mixed with the Israelites and became one people, and the relations of master and slave were lost in equality.

4th. Many of the descendants also of Cush were white people, for he was the father of Nimrod, who founded Babylon, and became the father of all the Babylonians. Were the Babylonians Negroes?

5th. None of the children of Ham, but Canaan, became servants or rather slaves to the rest of the human race in any remarkable degree, during the early period of the Mosaic world. For,

Cush was the alleged father of the Babylonians and the Ethiopians, (the people of Upper Egypt,) but

neither of these nations were slaves to conquerors more than any other people of that period of the world; whilst, on the other hand, the Babylonians were great conquerors in their day, and the Ethiopians had princes of their own even down to the days of Solomon. If now the Abyssinians are to be considered the descendants of the Ethiopians, we all know they are not slaves, but like the Yankee States themselves, slave-dealers and slave-holders. The Abyssinians, moreover, enjoyed advantages of civilization when a great portion of Europe was overwhelmed with barbarism. So much for the Cushites and Ethiopians, the lineal descendants of the accursed Ham!

Mizraim was the father of the Egyptians. These ancient and celebrated people, whose country was the cradle of civilization, cannot surely be branded as the slaves of the human race! This was also the lineal descendant of the accursed Ham!

6th. But even the Canaanites, so far from remaining slaves, after the alleged curse was fulfilled in them, recovered from their degradation and rose into consequence, filling the world with their fame. The children of Canaan were undoubtedly the founders of Tyre, whose bold navigators, braving the ocean and the tempest, scoured and ploughed up the waters of the Mediterranean, planting colonies everywhere, and founded Carthage! The Carthaginians, their more renowned sons, passed the Straits of the columns of Hercules, doubled Cape Spartel, and, some say, coasted the entire continent of Africa, returning by the Red Sea. It is monstrous to call such people slaves, branded by the hereditary curse of the inebriated patriarch of mankind. In truth, of all the people of antiquity, the accursed and enslaved race

of Ham were the most free-born, enlightened, and enterprising! Never was such a perversion of Scripture interpretation to palliate and bolster up the systems of wickedness of this and former days! Shall we compare the Model Republic and the miserable and degraded nations of Brazils, Spain, and Portugal, the present enslavers of the alleged posterity of Ham, with the once mighty Egyptians and Carthaginians?

7th. But it may be said that Central Africa was peopled from Cush or Ethiopia, and that this Cush, who peopled that portion of the Continent, was the son of Ham. To this I have already replied, that the curse was pronounced not on Cush, but on Canaan his brother, and it is arguing in a circle to extend the subject. After all, we are not sure that Central Africa, and the western coast, the theatre of the principal trade, was peopled from Ethiopia. Where is the proof? And besides, Central Africa, the *bonâ fide* Negroland, possesses states and powerful confederacies, whom no power in Europe or America has yet been able to subjugate to slavery.

8th. The Africo-European slave-trade is only of extremely modern date. It is too late to look for the fulfilment of this prophecy amongst the European transactions of the last three or four centuries, in this and any particular reference to Africa. But finally, up to a late period, slavery was co-extensive with the human race, in all times, ages, and countries. All classes and races of men were made slaves alike, without any relation to Africa and Africans. The Greeks and Romans, if they made slaves of Africans, did not so enslave them because they were Africans, for these ancient people made slaves of all, and even of their own countrymen, it being a constituent element of their society.

I have omitted purposely to question the Divine commission of the Yankee parsons to uphold slavery as the basis of their Republic. But it is difficult not to question the right of an incensed father, awakening from a drunken debauch, to condemn an innocent grandson (for what we know) to everlasting slavery and degradation.

With regard to the word Δοῦλος, *Doulos*, used in the Greek Testament to denote either a slave or a servant, there can be no doubt of the application of the term to both these relations of ancient society. The word corresponds to עבד in the Hebrew, and عبد in the Arabic, both being the same consonants, which terms are used, according to their application, to denote both slaves and servants. Slavery existed amongst the Jews as amongst the Greeks and Romans, in the beginning of the Christian era; so we have allusions to "the bond and the free," as well as "the Greeks and the Barbarians," the former phrase distinguishing slaves and free men, the latter, nations of arts and science from those of uncivilized or semi-civilized people. The question is not, then, the meaning of the term *Doulos*, or its application to slavery at the period of the promulgation of the Christian religion; but, whether, because slavery was not then reprobated by the teachers of Christianity, it was not therefore a very great evil. First of all, there are many things of ancient society not reproved or reprobated by the founders of Christianity, which are inconvenient to, and inconsistent with, our moral sense, and which would violate the laws of modern society. Such are the laws and customs of usury and polygamy. No man in his senses would attempt to establish polygamy in modern society, because it is not prohibited and condemned by the writers of the New Testament. To argue, therefore, that slavery is

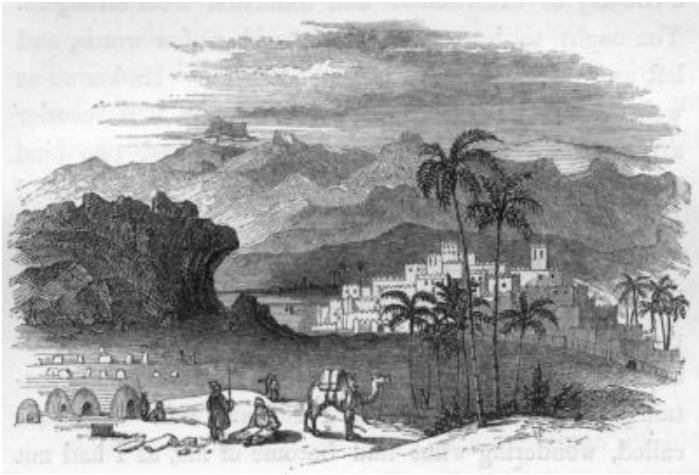
congenial with the spirit of the Christian religion because it is not condemned by its apostles and evangelists, is an utterly fallacious system of reasoning. But even supposing the apostles themselves practised slavery, and received into their communion slave-holders, men-dealers and men-stealers, it does not therefore follow that we should imitate them, and become men-stealers likewise. What, was good or right for them and their state of society, may not be good or right for us and our society. The liberties of mankind require to be guarded in these our days by the most intense hatred, and the broadest and clearest denunciations of slavery, in every shape and mode of its developement. But let any people imbibe the spirit of Christianity, and slavery cannot exist amongst them; let all nations imbibe the spirit of Christianity, and slavery would become immediately extinguished throughout the world.

20th.—A fine morning; the Desert around is fair and bright, save where the Black Mountains are casting their mysterious shades. Visited by some Succatou merchants, amongst whom were several Touaricks of Aheer. The Housa people and Aheer Touaricks both speak the Housa language, these Touaricks having abandoned their Berber dialect so far as I can learn. It is also difficult to distinguish the one people from the other when they wear the litham. One is nearly as dark as the other, but the features of the Touaricks are much more, and often quite in the style of Europeans. A few of the Aheer merchants are also, I have observed, tolerably fair. How different are the airs and consequence of these merchants, and some of them pure Housa Negroes, from the slaves which they lead into captivity; they talk, and laugh, and feel themselves on a level with us, whilst their slaves

are moody and silent, without confidence, and slink away from observation. Such is the impress of slavery on men in whose veins runs the same blood as our own. The Soudanese merchants gave me some account of the reigning Sultans. Ali is the Sultan of Succatou, and succeeded the famous Bello, to whom Clapperton was dispatched in his last mission. Daboo is the Sultan of Kanou, and Ghareema, Sultan of Kashna, but both subjected to the Succatou Sultan. Besides these cities, the districts of Beetschee, Kaferda, Kasada, Sabongharee, Ghouber, Dell, Yakoba and Noufee, besides other provinces, including a vast extent of territory, are subjected to the Fullan dynasty of Succatou. But it is extremely difficult to get correct information from these Soudanese merchants, though dealing and travelling through all the Housa and neighbouring countries; as to the names of the princes, they could not recollect them. There are also frequent dethronements of the petty princes.

21st.—I do not go out much now, except in the evening; I grow weary of the place. A young Aheer Touarick called. I never refuse admittance to Aheer merchants because they are so well behaved, and apparently not fanatical. He offered me a straight broad sword for five small dollars; it is quite new, having the handle made in the form of a cross and of hard wood, with a leathern scabbard. The blade was made in Europe. The Touarick dagger hilts are also made in the shape of a cross. There is besides a Malta cross usually cut on the bullocks-hide shields. The cross appears to be an usual ornament of Soudan and Aheer arms. It has been thought there is in this device of arms some vestige of the now extinct Christianity of North Africa. The subject is curious, but we have no means to arrive at its solution. My

Aheer friend pretended his sword was worth two slaves in Soudan; this is an exaggeration. Abdullah, the Souf Arab, called. His brothers have brought thirty slaves from Soudan, which are destined for the market of Constantina. One of the Governor's sons goes to Soudan with the return of the caravan, a lad not more than ten years of age; he is to bring back merchandize as a regular trader. A little urchin of a Touarick, not more than nine years, came up to-day with his mother and asked me, "Why I did not know Mahomet?" but without waiting for a reply, set on cursing me. It is amazing how well these youngsters have learnt this lesson, and how soon! for they never before saw, or perhaps heard of, a Christian. The zealous mother had probably put up her son to this pious cursing of The Christian.



22nd.—Made the tour of the oasis, and sketched a view of the town, which is annexed. Weather extremely warm to-day—nay, hot, and in the midst of January. What must it be in August! But the weather is far more changeable and uncertain in Sahara than it is commonly thought to be. Several

visits from the Touaricks of Aheer. Gave one a small lock and key, which is esteemed a great curiosity in this country. It gladdened his heart so much, that I believe he would now go through fire and water for me. He wanted to take me to Soudan by main force. He went away, and returned with some hard cheese made at Aheer, little squares somewhat smaller than Dutch tiles, which he presented in acknowledgment. I have had but few returns for the great variety of things I have given away in Ghat. The Medina Shereef, Khanouhen's son-in-law, scolded me:—"Ah, Yâkob, you have done wrong to give away so much. You'll get nothing back. This is a country of extortioners and extortion from strangers. You ought to have come here, said a few words, and left us." This is fine talk for the Shereef. He knows as well as I know, that this wouldn't do. A courier arrived from Ghadames, by which I received two kind letters from Malta. It seems a thousand years since I received a letter from a friend.

A Negress had the hardihood to call on me, begging, in the name of Ouweek, thinking thereby to intimidate me. The bandit, however, sent a person two or three days ago to beg of me a little tobacco. I should certainly have sent some, had I had any left. Hateetah called, wondering what had become of me, as I had not called on him for a few days. Gave him another dollar, but it is the last. The Consul says there is a great deal of fever about amongst the merchants and people, but I don't see it. I was somewhat surprised, for I thought the town enjoyed good health. I have reason to be thankful that it does not attack me. Apparently I'm fever proof. In all my life I never recollect to have caught an epidemic fever.

23rd.—Called upon the Governor. His Excellency displayed his hospitality by giving me zumeeta made with dates and sour milk. Took the opportunity of asking him about the origin of the Touaricks. He pretends they are of Arab extraction. On inquiring how they lost their language, whilst all the Arabian tribes retained theirs, his Excellency replied, "They have learnt Touarghee as you have learnt Arabic." This is extremely unsatisfactory, for he could not explain from whom they learnt Touarghee. About the history of Ghat his Excellency knows nothing. He says only, "It is a more ancient place than Ghadames," which, however, I do not believe. His Excellency said the news had arrived from Algeria, that the Emperor of Morocco had united with Abdel Kader against the French, and four districts had elected the Emir for their chief. Called on Hateetah. Whilst there, an old lady of eighty years of age came in and got up to dance before me in the indecorous Barbary style, and then begged money. Seeing she had outlived her wits and took a great fancy for one of my buttons, I cut it off and gave it her to the annoyance of Hateetah, the Consul scolding me for my condescension.

The Governor tells me there is a mountain of considerable altitude about two days from Ghat, in the route of Touat, from the base of which gush out some twelve large streams. The rain this year has fallen plentifully on these heights, and wheat and barley have been sown on the banks of the streams. This is fact of importance in Saharan geography, more especially as the mountain is situate in that central part of the Great Desert which is represented on the maps as an ocean of sand, the scene of eternal desolation! . . . . . .

Evening, whilst visiting Haj Ibrahim, who continues unusually kind to me, came in our funny friend, the famous Aheer camel-driver, Kandarka. This Kylouy is a great favourite with all, the Governor excepted. People praise his undaunted courage and say, "If a troop of fifty robbers were to attack Kandarka alone, he would still resist them." He has shown himself very friendly to me, and says, "Write a letter to Aheer, my Sultan, and I will take it. When you return bring me one thing—a sword, and I will take you safely over all Soudan." He has great influence with En-Nour, Sultan of Aheer, and any one travelling under Kandarka's protection is sure of a good reception from En-Nour.

24th.—A fine day, but hot. Our departure is now delayed till next month. What a dreadful loss of time is this! I'm weary to death. I wish I had arranged to continue to Soudan. Grown disgusted with Ghat, I am reading what few books I have with me. Noticed more parallel customs between Africa and the East.

"And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them." (Gen. xxvi. 18.) The object of stopping up the wells was to prevent the children of Abraham making use of them and so occupying the country. The same thing is done in Sahara. When an enemy is to be exterminated, or robbers repulsed from a particular district, the wells are stopped up. Wells are also named by the digger of them. A man who goes to the expense of digging out a well, if peradventure he finds water, has the privilege of giving to it his own name. There is one on the route from Mourzuk to

Tripoli called *Mukni* or *Beer-Mukni*, from the great merchant who dug the well. So the name of the city of Timbuctoo is said by some to be derived from the Berber Word *teen*, "well", and *Buktu*, the name of the person who on its present site dug a well for the rendezvous or casual supply of passing caravans. But this derivation is merely conjectural.

"Take heed that thou *speak* not to Jacob, good or bad." (Gen. xxi. 24.) The verb *speak* (תְּדַבֵּר)is used for the verb to *do*. The same idiom prevails amongst the Touaricks. The friendly Touaricks always address me, "Don't be afraid, no person will *say* (or speak) either good or bad to you." So Jabour's slave brought me word from the Sheikh; "No person is to say anything (*do* anything) to you."

Dr. Wolff says, in his travels of Central Asia, the people of a strange place always apply to his servant for information about himself. So the Saharans apply to my Negro servant for news or information about me.

"And David sat between the two gates . . . . . and the king said, If he be *alone* then is tidings in his mouth . . . . . tidings." (2 Sam. xviii. 24, 25, 26.) All couriers in this country are sent *alone*. When they travel through Sahara they have a camel to ride, but if there be abundant water on the road they go on foot. Merchants pay each so much to the courier according to their means. A courier sent from this to Tripoli, who also returns and brings answers to the letters, will receive altogether fifteen dollars. Touarghee couriers between this and Ghadames go for half the sum.—"And the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall and lifted up his eyes," &c. (part of the verses above cited). When a

spy was sent from Ghadames to watch the Shânbah and their approaches round the country, on the eve of my departure from that place, people went up a ruined tower, situated on a high ground, and apparently built specially for the purpose, *to watch* the return of the spy. I have seen several of these watch towers in the oases of Sahara.

"And they took Absalom and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him." (2 Sam. xviii. 17.) When one dies in open desert, the people lay a heap of stones over the grave, the heap being smaller or larger according to the rank and consequence of the individual. The mention of "a very great heap," in the words cited, evidently denotes the royal rank of the deceased.

25th.—My young Targhee called today as usual. Asked him abruptly, "What he did? What was his occupation? And how the Touaricks employed themselves?" With great simplicity, "When the *nagah* (she-camel) is with young and gives no milk, we come to Ghat, and eat dates and ghusub and bread, if we can get them. When the nagah gives milk we return and drink milk and lie down on the road side. This is all which Touaricks do." The Touaricks are determined to feel as little of the primeval curse, —"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,"—as any people. The Targhee then gave me spontaneously a bit of knowledge which I had not before heard. He proceeded, "When I return to my house *on the road* (or by the caravan route), and to my wife, I don't uncover my face and go up to her and stare boldly at my wife. No, I cover my face all over, and sit down gently by her side, waiting till she speaks with all patience. When she speaks, I speak, because I know then that she is willing to speak. It is

very indecent to go to your wife with your face uncovered." In fact, generally amongst the Touaricks, the men have their faces covered and the women their faces uncovered. The reverse of what we find in other Mahometan countries. But also the reverse of what the native modesty of the human mind dictates.

Atkee, the Ghadamsee Arab, who was to have been my companion to Soudan, went off, returning to Ghadames, without paying the money which I committed to his care for the owner of the camel's flesh, which we ate on the route of Ghat. Atkee besides neglected to bring the money for the half of the skin of the sheep which I purchased with him, according to promise. These things are merest trifles, but merest trifles develop the character of men. It is such actions of dishonesty which make one afraid of travelling in Africa, lest we are sacrificed to the designing villany of those who pretend most and exhibit the most officious marks of friendship. In such a way poor Laing was entrapped and murdered. This very Atkee, I considered the first man of the ghafalah. Zaleâ now tells me that Atkee wished to lay on two more dollars for the things given to Ouweek. But the Arabs, like the Cretans of old, are "all liars," and I don't wish to make Atkee worse than he was. I am sufficiently disappointed with him.

The Medina Shereef called, who is the most learned person in Ghat. I showed him the Arabic Bible, which amazed and confounded him, as he turned over its well-printed pages. He sighed, nay, literally groaned, at the profanity of having our infidel religion translated into the holy Arabic language. The Shereef told me Arabic would be the language of heaven. The Jews tell us it will be *Hebrew*, (or לשן הקדש). The Latin Church has its holy Latin, and a

trilingual bible of "*Hebrew, Latin, Greek*," was said by pious fathers of that Church, to represent "Christ crucified between two thieves." The Hindoos have their sacred Sanscrit, and so of the rest. The benumbed and frozen mind of the Esquimaux, amidst the fat seals, blubber, and seas of oil in which it revels and swims, when anticipating the joys of the polar heaven, makes the tongue involuntarily speak in genuine Esquimauxan gibberish. It is, however, not surprising that the language in which a people first receives the rudiments of its religion should be greatly venerated and acquire a peculiar sacredness. The Shereef asked me to show him the passage where Mahomet was spoken of under the title of Parakleit; but he kept off religious discussion, having more delicacy than his neighbours of Ghat. Ignorance is bliss to a Shereef of these countries. Were the Shereef to see the wonders of Christian civilization, he would be stung to death with envy. A gentleman once told me as the result of his experience in Barbary, that a Mussulman who had not seen Europe was more friendly to Christians than one who had, accounting for it on the principle of a despicable envy.

26th.—The weather continues warm and fine; little wind. Objects at fifty miles' distance seem close upon you, so clear and rarefied is the air. Berka came this morning ostensibly for eye-powders, but really for a bit more sugar for his little grandson, the well-beloved son of his old age.

Sheikh Berka.—"Sala-a-a-m!"

The writer.—"Good morning, Berka."

Sheikh Berka.—"Medicine for my eyes."

The writer.—"Here is some powder, you must mix it with a bowl of water; but take care, it's poisonous."

Sheikh Berka.—"Good God, Christian! take it back, my little son will eat it for sugar. He gets everything and eats."

The writer.—"Here's some sugar for him."

Sheikh Berka.—"God Almighty bless you."

The writer.—"How old are you, Berka?"

Sheikh Berka.—"My mother knows, but she's gone. She's gone to God!"

Essnousee came in for eye-powders to make a solution, and fever-powders to take with him to Soudan. Have only two or three of the latter which I keep for myself. Gave him the last I had. He said, "You don't see the fever, you don't visit enough, there's plenty of it in the houses." Apparently it is common intermittent fever with some climatic variety; I think Tertian ague.

People are more civil in the streets to-day, and the rabble has lost its curiosity or fancy for running after us. Negroes and slaves are still impudent, not recognizing in the Kafer their secret friend. Saw Khanouhen in the Esh-Shelly, who called after me to come to him. Hateetah was with him. The Prince began his satires on the Consul:—"Yâkob, who is the best man, I or Hateetah? Have you written[23] this fellow Hateetah? All about him? Is this the English Consul? Does your Sultan own him?" Khanouhen pressed him so hard, that I ran off to save Hateetah's feelings, all the people roaring with laughter, and calling me back.

Afternoon saw the Governor. His Excellency lavished his hospitality on me. He gave me coffee, dried Soudan beef cut up into shreds, and some of the Soudan almonds. These almonds are not fine flavoured like those of the north, but are viscid, rancid, and bitter. Nor are they of the same beautiful filbert-form, but of clumsy oval and double-oval shapes. The shell is soft, and can be broken easily with the fingers. The kernel is mostly double, and when slightly rubbed splits into halves or rather two kernels. The dried beef is very pleasant eating, but rather too dry, the fat and moisture being all consumed. We have heard of beef cooked in the sun on the bastions of Malta, but this is really beef cooked in the sun. It is an excellent provision for long journeys over The Desert. People chew it as tobacco is chewed. Our Governor-Marabout got very familiar this morning, and talked about his family. He called a little boy and said to me, "Look at my little son, he's as white as you are white." The child was indeed very fair for a young Saharan. He asked me as tabeeb, if Christian women had more children than one, and if they went longer than a year, which he had heard. He pretended his was a small family, and he should like to have fifty children, which, he added, "all Sultans ought to have;" but, for money he did not care, he wished all his children were poor but pious marabouts. His preaching is quite contrary to his practice. A more money-getting ambitious fellow I have not found in The Desert. The report which I heard of the Governor of Ghat being changed whilst at Ghadames, was a sham abdication on his part. From domestic matters he proceeded to talk of politics. His Excellency is always anxious to give an immense idea of the fighting qualities and numbers of the Touaricks. He wishes me to make a favourable

report of them, and his position at Ghat, and country. He declares the warriors to muster 15,000 strong, which would give too numerous a population for the Azgher section of Touaricks. The Haghar, and especially the Kylouy Touaricks, have an infinitely larger population than those of Ghat. The Marabout pretends there are some Touaricks who never saw corn or tasted bread, and others who dress only in skins. Indeed, I saw a Touarghee from the country, as well as The Touarick Prophet, dressed entirely in skins and tanned leather.

His Excellency then introduced his favourite subject of the battles between Moslems and Nazarenes for the possession of Constantinople, in which his ancestors so valiantly fought. He said, the sword of one of his grandfathers was laid up in the armoury of Stamboul, and submitted to me if I thought the Turks would give it to him if he were to make the demand. I told him to apply to the British Ambassador at the Porte, making the thing of the consequence suited to the Marabout's taste. "No," he replied, "I shall go myself one day and fetch it." His Excellency then began to extol the military forces and powers of the princes of Africa:—"The Sultan of Timbuctoo has 100,000 fighting men! Wadai has 100,000 warriors! The Sultans of Soudan have innumerable hosts, as the sand-grains of The Desert are innumerable!" He then asked silly questions as to whether the Turks could beat the Christians in fighting. I told him plainly, the Turks now learnt the art of war from the Christians, and the latter were not only superior to them, but to all Mohammedans whatever, Arabs or Touaricks, Kabyles, or what not, recommending his Excellency not to credit the absurd reports propagated by foolish dervishes of The Desert, as to how the Emperor of Morocco was conquering all the

French and other Christians. Indeed, I'm obliged to be school-master, and geographer, and admonisher, to Sheikhs, marabouts, merchants, to all and every body. The subject of religion was now introduced, and I found the Governor, though a Marabout, of the first water, did not know that the Christians read and studied the sacred books of the Jews. I told his Excellency, Christian Marabouts must read and study the sacred books of all religions, and Christian talebs frequently read the Koran to acquire a knowledge of classic Arabic. This information greatly amazed the Governor. I cannot, however, report more of his conversation, which would be endless. I sent him on my return the Arabic Bible, which the Shereef had told him I had with me.

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. The Haj surprised me by saying, "All my slaves, even the youngest of not more than four or five years' old, must walk to Tripoli as they have walked from Kanou to Ghat." I found Kandarka with him. The camel-driver is a right-jolly fellow, quite a new species of being from the Touaricks of Ghat. A great deal of merry laughing and grinning Negro feeling is in his composition. But, with all his fun, he is a most determined man. He is about to convey some of the Haj's merchandize to Kanou, as being the bravest and most trust-worthy of all the Aheer camel-drivers.

27th.—I'm out of my reckonings with the Moors by some mistake or other, of them or me, for I'm Monday, and they're Tuesday. Their month and our month, like our respective religions, is also in continual collision, their month being lunar, not solar. The weather is very warm. Am exceedingly tired of remaining in Ghat; always regretting I did not determine to go to Soudan. Merchants are daily

leaving in small caravans, not large caravans, which is a proof of the security of the routes, and the word of the Touarghee Sheikh is "one" word; "The routes are all in peace," they say. Walked out with a very large stick, which frightened the Ghatee boys, who all thought it was for them, on account of their former sauciness. Was surprised at the Medina Shereef asking me to lend (give) him fifteen dollars to go to Tripoli. I promised very foolishly to give him his provisions to Tripoli, in the event of his proceeding with our caravan. What people for begging are these! The Shereef had just been scolding me for giving so much to these importunates. Although their houses are full of stores and money, they will still beg, and beg, and beg . . . . beg . . . beg. . . But this evening, at Haj Ibrahim's, we had a transcendant specimen of begging. The beggar was no less a personage than The Giant. I may remind the reader, The Giant is the son of Berka's sister, and is head of the tribe at Berka's death. The Giant therefore came to demand backsheesh, as being the lineal successor of Berka, who was Haj Ibrahim's protector. Haj Ibrahim observed:—"I have given Berka twenty dollars, and some other presents, and I cannot give any thing to his oulad ('sons.')" The Giant would hear none of this, insisted upon a present for himself, and swore by all the sacred names of the Deity, frequently using his favourite oath, "Allah Akbar!" After an hour's debating, it was agreed that, for the future, Berka, if he lived till another year, (for the aged chieftain is "tottering o'er the grave,") should have a smaller present, and the portion subtracted should be given to The Giant. But this is cutting the blanket at one end, to sew the piece on the other, for the sons and nephews of Berka now share the presents amongst them. His

Giantship was very condescending to me, though savage enough with the merchant. He laughed and joked, and "grinned a ghastly smile," and asked me, why I did not go into the public square and see all the people, thinking my not going out more showed a want of confidence in the Touaricks. Want of confidence in a Touarick is the most serious insult you can offer to him. So Dr. Oudney properly records of Hateetah, and says, "he was indignant at the feelings which the people of Mourzuk had against the Touaricks—the Touaricks who pride themselves in having one word, and performing what they promise." But Hateetah has since become an old man, and, with the usual prudence of age, recommends me not to go much about amongst the people. "Something unpleasant might happen," he says, "for which all the Sheikhs would be sorry." The Giant said to me, "Come, you Christian, I shall sell you a wife of the Shânbah women. Stop here till I come back."

A most affecting incident was related to me by Mustapha. Two of his slaves quarrelled, and last night, whilst one was fast asleep, the other went stealthily and fetched a shovelful of burning wood ashes, and poured them over the sleeping slave's face, tongue, and neck! He is suffering sadly, and Mustapha has called for medicine. So act these poor creatures, the victims of a common misfortune. How cruel is man to his brother! In all situations, man is his own enemy! This incident reminds me of what Colonel Keatinge relates of the unfortunate Jews in Morocco. Although the Jews are very badly treated in that empire, and all suffer great indignities, yet, to increase their own misfortunes, and by their own hands, one Jew has actually been known to purchase from the Sultan the right, the privilege of torturing

another Jew. The speculation, adds the Colonel, was considered "a good one," because, if no pecuniary advantage followed, the pleasure of inflicting the torture was certain. The privilege of bidding for himself, or buying himself from the torture, was the only one allowed the victim on such horrible occasions! Some people have pretended that there is a limit to human degradation; but there is always a lower depth—and a still lower depth. Not death itself limits this sort of degradation—the tomb of the unfortunate Morocco Jew is defiled—and his name and faith furnishes, unendingly, the "by-words" of the curse of the Moor! On the late massacre of the Jews at Mogador, neither the Earl of Aberdeen nor Monsieur Guizot, condescended to remonstrate to the Moorish Emperor; nor did their co-religionists of France and England attempt (that I have heard of) to excite their Governments on behalf of the plundered and houseless Maroquine Jews . . . How long are these things to last? . . . Till doomsday? . . . But did not Jupiter give Pandora the box with hope at the bottom? . . . To be serious, would not a million or two of the Rothschilds be well spent in buying the freedom of the Morocco Jews? Could a patriotic Jew do any thing which, in the last moment of his life, would produce more and such satisfactory reflections? It is to be hoped that the patriotic Jews of Europe are not like some foolish Christians who wish to continue the oppression of the Jews in order to fulfil the prophecies, as if God could not take care of his own veracity! But these sottish Christians had better mind what they are about, in contributing to the continued oppression of the Jews, and preventing their emancipation, because, whatever may be the duration of the prophetic curse upon the Jews, God will not, cannot hold the contributors to their

oppression guiltless, no more than he did the Babylonian princes who first carried away the Jews into captivity.

28th.—Distributed to the Soudanese merchants solution for the eyes. This evening Haj Ibrahim's slaves sung and played together in the court-yard. They consist of girls and boys, and young women. They sung in choruses, one first repeating a line or a verse in the style of the ancient Greeks. Their voices are not very melodious, and they remind me of the responses of a charity school at church. Still it is grateful to one's feelings to witness how pitying is God to these poor things, in giving them such happy hearts in the early days of their bondage! Kandarka was here, the same merry-hearted fellow as before. Providence has compensated Africa for the wrongs inflicted by her enemies, in giving her children a happy and contented disposition.

29th.—A fine morning; weather warm, cold seems to have left us altogether. I have discussed the "vexed question," with the Soudanese and Saharan merchants, as to how the ostrich is hunted and caught. In Soudan the ostrich is snared by small cords, the bird getting its legs into the nooses. The trap is a quantity of herbage laid over the cordage. Here the Negro waits for his rich feathery booty, and draws the cordage as soon as their feet are in the noose. Others throw stones, sticks, and lances, at the ostrich; others shoot them. But in Sahara, and in what is called the edge of The Desert, the ostrich is simply ridden down by the mounted Arab during the great heats of summer. The ostrich, though a tenant of the burning Sahara, cannot run well for any length of time during the summer, and so becomes the prey of the Arab, whose horse bears heat better. In and

about Wadnoun, ostriches are hunted with what is called the Desert horse, which is a horse living chiefly on milk, and which has a power of endurance the most extraordinary. This agrees with Porret, who says, "the ostriches can only be taken by tiring them down." But he does not mention the summer. Riley says the ostrich is driven before the wind, and Jackson against the wind, in being hunted. Captain Lyon says, "it is during the breeding season the greatest number of ostriches are caught, the Arabs shooting the old ones on their nests." The Sahara is a world of itself, peopled with a variety of hunters, who will each hunt in the manner he likes best. I may add, as I have often alluded to Biblical matters, the story of the ostrich forsaking her eggs, and leaving them to be hatched in the sun, is not correct. Merchants often questioned me as to what we did with ostrich feathers, people making no particular use of them in Sahara. When I told them our ladies adorned their heads with ostrich feathers, they laughed heartily, adding, "How ridiculous!" We laugh at their sable beauties adorning their necks and bosoms with trumpery glass-beads, and they laugh at our red and white beauties adorning their heads with ostrich feathers. The Chinese have their peacock's feather as a set-off against our button-hole ribbon; "Ainsi va le monde." One of the Aheer Touaricks, who, unlike my Ghat friends, return presents, brought me to-day a damaged ostrich skin and feathers. Being quite out of pens, and not able to persuade the Tripolines to send me up a few quills, I cut out several ostrich quills, and had the pleasure, for the first time in my life, of writing with an ostrich pen. I cut several, and amused and satirized myself by writing in my journal with one quill, "James Richardson has much to learn;" with another quill,

"Richardson, James, must take care of his health," &c., "Yâkob Richardson was an egregious ass to come into The Desert," &c., &c. These quills are very firm, if not fine and flexible, and it is a good substitute in The Desert for "the grey goose quill." I was so delighted with this unexpected supply of pens, that I offered the Touarghee of Aheer another present, but he resolutely refused it, adding, "I wish to show you that a Touarick of Aheer can be grateful, and do a kindness to a stranger, without eating him up." This was a tall man, of fair complexion, but pitted with the small-pox, of middle age, and called Mohammed. He was one of the best specimens of Aheer Touaricks, and always said to me, "Come to our country. You will walk about the streets without being molested by any one. We never saw a Christian in our country, and we wish to see one."

Evening, a ghafalah from Aheer has arrived, bringing sixty camel-loads of senna, and ten of elephants' teeth. A courier is also come from Touat, with the intelligence that the Shânbah, instead of fleeing away from the threatened attack of the Touaricks, had boldly appeared on the Touarick territory, in the route of Touat and Ghadames, having a force of 1200 mounted men. The Touaricks are at last alarmed, and dispatching messengers through all their districts, to give intelligence of the arrival of the enemy. I'm afraid the Touaricks have been making too sure of their approaching success. A messenger has been sent after the last Ghadamsee ghafalah which left here. Great excitement prevails in the town, and Jabour and Khanouhen are preparing to leave for their districts, where the levies of troops are collecting. A portion of the Tripoline ghafalah is stopped a few hours from this, on account of three of the camels running away during the night. The camel is by no

means so stupid as it looks, and knows exactly when it is about to commence a long journey over The Desert. The three camels could not withstand the temptation of the herbage in the wady, and started off, and will not be found for days. Fulness of food as well as hunger makes animals savage. One of our camels whilst grazing bit a slave, and has nearly killed him. This, however, rarely happens; the camel is generally docile, if not harmless.

The Touaricks belonging to Berka have just paid Christians a very high compliment, but at my expense. I promised some more sugar to Berka if I could get any from Haj Ibrahim. The Sheikh sent twice for the sugar, and yesterday, when some of his people visited the merchant, they said to him, "Where is the sugar of The Christian? It is not right for Yâkob to treat us thus. Christians never lie." A Christian tourist must never follow the example of a Mahometan in this country, that is, of always promising and never refusing, because it is disagreeable to refuse. In the above case, however, my promise was quite conditional, on Haj Ibrahim's having sugar. Nevertheless, there is happily an opinion prevalent in North Africa, that Christians, and especially English Christians, have but "one word." Let all of us British tourists try to keep up this high character.

30th.—A little colder this morning, and foggy. The senna ghafalah will detain us three days more. Our camels are come up from the grazing districts; my nagah looks much better. Jabour called this morning to bid me farewell, before departing to his country house. The Sheikh leaves this evening. Ashamed of the small present I made him on my arrival, I apologized, and begged him to accept of the only

razor I had, which being quite new, and very large and fine-looking, exceedingly pleased the Sheikh. We had together a good deal of the most friendly conversation. Jabour promises, on my return, to conduct me *en route* for Timbuctoo, and confide me to the care of some of his trustworthy followers. He will conduct me by the south-western route, which is stated to be forty-five days' journey on M. Carette's map. But the Sheikh tells me it is only thirty days, or less. This route is intersected by many mountains, the height of which is so great, that the valleys are, for Sahara, perceptibly cold. These heights attract the clouds and condense them into rain, and the rocky region is full of beautiful springs and foaming cascades, of eternal freshness. There is, however, the dreaded plain of *Tenezrouft* (تنزروفت) to be traversed, eight days without water for man, or herbage for camels. This is the grand difficulty in getting to Timbuctoo from the north. The Sheikh went so far as to insure my safety to Timbuctoo and back. He then observed, "All the people from Tripoli are under my protection, all Christians who come that way. Tell your countrymen they have nothing to fear in that route; tell them to come in peace." He continued, "Why, I observe you writing Arabic, why don't you believe in our books?" I answered, "We have our prophet, who is Jesus; but all Christians believe that 'God is one,' that 'God is the most merciful,' (ربّ واحد الله الرحمان الرحيم—)" citing this Arabic. He then shook hands most cordially with me, and we parted (for ever?). I always looked upon this good and just man as the *bonâ fide* friend, not only of me and Christians, but of all strangers, visiting Ghat, whatsoever. A little while after he sent me, by one of his people, a small present of a Touarghee travelling bag, made of coarse-dressed leather. This is my first present from a

Touarghee Sheikh, and I shall keep it as long as I can.

As soon as Jabour left, Hateetah came in, but in a very different mood. Somebody had told him I had given the razor to Jabour, and he was also annoyed at seeing the present from Jabour, of whom he is, as of all the other Sheikhs, very jealous. Hateetah now vented his rage against Haj Ibrahim, for only giving him a turban-band. He swore solemnly he would cut the merchant's throat on the road if he did not give him five or ten dollars. I laughed at this petulant sally, and said, "Yes, cut his throat; you will do better than Ouweek." This was too much for Hateetah, who was trying, but apparently unable, to work himself up into a passion, and he couldn't help breaking down; so taking me by the hand, he said, "Do you believe me?" He was in hopes I would go and report this mock-furious speech to Haj Ibrahim, but I was determined I would not interfere. He then abused the route of Fezzan, and said it was full of banditti. Of this also I took no notice.

One of my most curious acquaintances is an old Touatee, established in Ghat as a trader many years. He comes frequently to barter with me, bringing bits of cheese and dried meat. He will never let go his wares until he gets the equivalent fast in his hands. But he has no prejudice against Christians. He often recommends to me the sable beauties of Ghat, but I always reply, "This is prohibited to Christians." He is very much puzzled to know what I write about, and says, "Don't write anything against me."

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. The senna, which was formerly only four and a half dollars the cantar, is now six, at which price the merchant

bought twenty camel-loads to-day. Kandarka came in, and this funny fellow, on seeing me, immediately cried out, "Saif zain," "wahad," which, being interpreted literally, means, "A fine sword!" "one!" but with a more enlarged interpretation and paraphrase, means, "Bring me a fine sword when you come back, a sword which will kill a man with one stroke." After repeating this twenty times and suiting the action to the word, the Aheer camel-driver set to and caricatured the Touaricks of Ghat in general, and the Sultan Shafou in particular. His topic was the Shânbah war, the everlasting theme now in Ghat. The camel-driver mimicked and satirized the aged Sultan by taking up a walking-stick and walking in a stooping posture, leaning on the staff, begging from door to door, knocking at the door of the room in which we were sitting, slipping down the wrapper from his mouth, which the Touaricks do when they attempt to speak in earnest, and was to show the importunity of the begging Sultan. This drama was performed to denote the general poverty of the Ghat Touaricks, as compared with the rich Touaricks of Aheer. The Aheer comedian then caricatured all the Touaricks together, by shaking his hands and body as if a tremor was passing through his limbs; he then fell at full length on the floor, as if dead. In this way the comic camel-driver ridiculed the poverty and pusillanimity of Ghat Touaricks. He convulsed all the Moors and Arabs with laughter. In fact, he hit off the objects of his satire as well as some of our best comedians. And from what I can learn in town, it would appear the pride of Khanouhen is humbled before the threatening aspect of the war. Made Kandarka a present of a razor which I purchased of Haj Ibrahim. He took it up and exclaimed, "Saif zain, wahad, I'll unman all the Touaricks with this. Who's

Khanouhen? (raising himself up in a boasting position.) Who's Jabour?—only a Marabout. Who's Hateetah?—a whimpering slave-girl! What is Berka? —soon to be coffined? Shafou! Come, I'll give thee, poor Sultan, a little bit of bread. As to that tall fellow (the Giant), there's no camel big enough to carry him. He'll fall down on the road and rot like a dog." This is amply sufficient to show that satire is not an European monopoly, but grows indigenous to The Desert. I asked the Governor what he should do if the Shânbah should come up against Ghat, recommending him to secure his doors well and prepare for defence. He replied, "I'm a Marabout." But this character would not screen him from the shot of the Shânbah matchlocks. Of course, there's not a bit of ordnance in The Sahara. I don't recollect seeing a single piece of cannon at the Turkish fortified places of Mourzuk, or Sockna, or Bonjem.

31st.—Took a walk to see the Governor. He was very civil, and I begin to think more of his talent. His Excellency was very busy in weighing gold. He divided it into halves, into thirds, into quarters, and weighed it all ways, and separately, with much skill. This gold was brought yesterday from Touat by some Touateen, originally brought from Timbuctoo, there being no gold or precious metals in this part of Sahara. People pretend, however, there is coal in the route between Ghat and Touat. But were it found there ever so plentifully, it would not pay the carriage to the coast. The Marabout merchant next unpacked two camels, laden with heiks or barracans, with presents of tobacco and shoes (Morocco), for himself and his family. These were sent from his relatives in Ain Salah. On one of the packages was written in Arabic, "To our brother, the Marabout, God bless him." In this unpacking, all his family were

employed for a couple of hours as busy as bees. The Governor afterwards gave us coffee, and asked me to examine the head of one of his children. He had heard from the merchants of Ghadames how I had examined the heads of the servants of Rais Mustapha. This child could not walk, having no strength in his limbs. The brain was pushed backwards and forwards, very flat on the sides, and sharp at the top of the head, leaving a very miserable portion in the central regions. The entire nervous system was evidently deranged. The Governor had no difficulty in crediting my power of divination through phrenology, believing, like other Moors, that we Christians have familiar conversation with the Devil, by which we acquire our superiority of knowledge over them, the Faithful. His Excellency, on taking leave, gave me some Touat dates, which are hard but extremely sweet. This species is called *Tenakor*. The dates of Warklah and Souf are also very sweet. One of the Touatee asked me, if I would go to Timbuctoo. I replied, "I'm afraid." "You are right," he said, "for there's no Sultan there, everybody does as he likes, all men are equal." Certainly a powerful Sultan would be of advantage in The Sahara, for a traveller would then have but one master to conciliate, now he has ten thousand masters to propitiate. People in quarrelling say, "You must not do this (or that), for you are in a *Blad Sheikh*" (a country where there is a constituted authority). Liberty is a good thing, nothing is better; but there must be with it morality. Without morality, liberty is only liberty to do mischief. On my return home, Hateetah called. The first word he uttered was, "I'm at war with Haj Ibrahim." "Ah," I replied, "you must cut his throat, he's a great rascal." Hateetah dropped his complaint at once, and observed, "Patience; all

the Touaricks leave here to-morrow to go against the Shânbah, I only shall remain to go with you." He informed me the place of rendezvous is Dēdā, or Dēdē, three or four days westward from Ghat. Shafou and Khanouhen are there, and an immense congregation of all the tribes is sitting in council and debate. Shafou has sent a message to allow Hateetah to go with me to Fezzan. All the mahrys are in urgent request for the war, and Khanouhen has prohibited the Touaricks from engaging their camels for the carriage of merchandize. After all it appears there is a strong government in The Desert. One of the questions debated is, "Whether they shall attack the Haghar tribes, subjected to the Sultan Bassa, if they (the Haghar) give an asylum to the Shânbah." The Touat people wish the Azgher and Haghar tribes to unite for the extermination of the robbers, who injure the commerce of all this part of Sahara. In the evening saw Haj Ibrahim. Kandarka came in: "Saif zain, wahad," he bawled out as usual. He entered into a minute description of the kind of sword he wished, one that would bend and was as elastic as a cane.

Footnotes:

[23] When you make a drawing, they say "Write" a drawing, or "Write" a man, instead of draw a man.

CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE TO

FEZZAN.

Account of Timbuctoo.—Streets of Ghat deserted by departure of Caravans.—Packing of Senna.—Return of the Soudan Caravan.—The Giant and his Gang sally out in search of a Supper.—System of Irrigation.—The Saharan Hades.—Continued departure of People to Soudan.—Hateetah serves himself from Haj Ibrahim's Goods.—Scold Ghadamsee Merchants for introducing Religious Discussion.—Mode of Fashionable Dressing of the Hair, and Female Adornment.—Saharan Beauties.—Costume of Touaricks.—Gardens of the Governor.—Attempt a Journey to Wareerat Range.—Hateetah and Haj Ibrahim become reconciled.—Departure of Kandarka for Aheer.—Day of my departure from Ghat.—Moral and Social Condition of the Saharan People compared to European Society.—Force of our Slave Caravan.—First Night's Bivouack.

I HAVE not obtained any additional information at Ghat respecting the still mysterious city of Timbuctoo. In comparing Caillié's description with that given by the American sailor, Robert Adams, I find Caillié's information agrees the better with what I have collected myself from the mouths of those who have been long resident at Timbuctoo. Indeed, Adams's description apparently refers to some Negro city in Bambara or thereabouts, between Jinnee and Timbuctoo. But I shall not attempt to impugn the veracity of the one or the other. Caillié says, "The little information which I have obtained of

Timbuctoo was furnished me by my host Sidi Abdullah-Chebir, and the Kissour Negroes." In another place he says that he wished to return *viâ* Morocco, and not by the Senegal, for fear he should not be believed, his countrymen being envious of his success. Both of these statements deserve consideration in determining the authenticity of his voyage.

A great variety of spelling exists in the writing of the name of Timbuctoo. M. Jomard, Member of the French Institute, gives تِيمبُكتُ but says he does not think that this word when properly written contains the ي. He thinks, however, we may be satisfied with the orthography of تِمبُكتُ. And he adds, "I know that Batouta writes Te*n*boctou, *n* being used for *m*." I have found two ways of spelling Timbuctoo in The Desert, viz., تِنبُكتُوا, and تِنبُكتَا, and they both agree with Batouta. We may, therefore, consider Batouta's style of spelling the more correct orthography. Now, تين, *Teen*, in Touarghee, is "well" or "pit." The term occurs in combination with many names of stations in Targhee Sahara, as will be seen in the map; for example, *Teenyeghen*, a well of water, seven days' journey on the route from Ghadames to Ghat; and *Nijberteen*, a well in my route from Ghadames to Ghat, already mentioned. In the first instance *Teen* occurs at the beginning of the word, and the second at the end; but, in both cases, the meaning is "the well of Nijber," and "the well of Yeghen." *Teenbuktu* follows the same rule of Berber or Touarghee combination, and means "the Well of Buktu," probably Buktu being the digger of the pits of Timbuctoo.

With regard to information collected by myself of this city, I can only add a few particulars. Timbuctoo

is situated upon the northern flats of the Niger, or at about half a day's distance from it during the summer, and three hours only in winter, the difference arising from the increase of the water of the river during the latter season. But our merchants do not mention whether this river be a branch of the Niger (which they call Neel or Nile), or the Niger itself. This they are evidently unacquainted with. They never mention the port of Cabra, which is so distinctly noticed by Caillié. The climate is hot, and always hot, but extremely healthy—as healthy as any part of Central Africa. The city is about four times larger than Tripoli as to area, but in proportion not so densely inhabited, the population being about 23,000 souls. It has no walls now; though it formerly had, and is open to the inroads of the tribes of The Desert. The population is very mixed, and consists of Fullans, who are the dominant caste, Touaricks, Negroes, and Moors and Arabs from different oases of Sahara, as also from the Northern Coast of Africa. The majority of the Moors are Maroquines. The Government is absolute, and now in the delegated possession of a Marabout named Mokhtar, and the national religion Mahometan. There do not appear to be any Pagans or idolatrous Africans now resident in Timbuctoo, but some half century ago most of the Kissour Negroes, the native Negroes of Timbuctoo, were Pagans. The present Sultan is called Ahmed Ben Ahmed Lebbu Fullan, whose authority is established over the two great cities of Jinnee and Timbuctoo, and all the intervening and neighbouring districts, including several cities of inferior note. He is the son of the famous warrior Ahmed Lebbu, who dethroned the native princes of the Ramee, or those who "bend the bow." The usual residence of the Sultan is now at Jinnee. The city is a place of great sanctity, and no

person has the privilege of smoking in it—that is to say, defiling it, but the Touaricks, who are there so overbearing and unmanageable, as to be above the local laws. They are the cause of continual disturbances at Timbuctoo; nevertheless, so powerful are the Fullans, that they manage to keep the Touaricks in subjection, as well as the native Negro tribes. There are seven mosques, the minarets of some of which are as large as those of Tripoli.

There are several schools and a few learned doctors amongst the priests. The houses are only one story high, but some few have a room over a magazine; they are built of stones and mortar, and some of wood or straw. The streets are narrow, few of them admit of the passage of two camels abreast. Several covered bazaars are built for merchandize. There are no native manufactures of consequence. Timbuctoo is properly a commercial depôt or emporium. The principal medium of exchange is salt, which is very inconvenient. The grand desideratum of merchants is the acquisition and accumulation of gold, but this is obtained only by a long and wearying residence in Timbuctoo, and is very uncertain in supply. The gold is brought from a considerable distance south-west. Jinnee is a greater place of trade than Timbuctoo. The neighbouring country is flat and sandy, stretching in plains over the alluvial deposits of the Niger. There are no fruit-trees or gardens, beyond the growing of a few melons and vegetables; but trees abound on the vast plains of Timbuctoo, and there is a great number of the Tholh, or gum-bearing acacia. The communication between Jinnee and Timbuctoo is principally by water, and with light boats the journey can be accomplished in seven days, but the distance is a month by land. The navigation of the Niger is extremely difficult, and in the dry season the

boats are continually grounding, whilst in the wet season people are in constant dread of being precipitated on the rocks. The boats have no sails, and are pushed along by poles with great labour. There is no water in the city: it is brought from pits east and west, a quarter of a mile distant,—that from the east being brackish, and that from the west sweet. Water is sold in the streets of Timbuctoo, as in many African cities. The Maroquine merchants live in style and luxury at Timbuctoo, and tea, coffee, and sugar may be obtained from them at a reasonable price. The residence of an European at Timbuctoo may, perhaps, be considered secure for a short time; but the grand difficulty is to get there, and when you get there, to get safe back again. These details are not very interesting, and I should not have mentioned them, but for the general anxiety there still exists to obtain correct and recent information of this celebrated Nigritian city.

1st February.—The streets of Ghat begin to be deserted. Touaricks are going, and gone, as well as the various merchants from neighbouring countries. So I walk with much freedom in the streets. Have not been molested about religion for some time; but a man said to me to day, "Unless you believe in Mahomet, you will burn in the fire for ever!" Strange anomaly this in the conduct of men! They deliver over their fellow-men to everlasting torments, as if it was some slight corporal castigation! . . . . Saw Hateetah. The Consul is still at war with Haj Ibrahim; but he is cutting his own throat, and not the merchant's, by his foolish conduct. A low Ghat fellow came in, and finding me writing, begins crying out: —"Oh, you are writing our country! You are coming afterwards to destroy it! Never was our country written before, and it shall not be now!" I turned him

out of doors. He then fetched a mob of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," and began wheying, whooing. Hateetah luckily came by at the time, and belaboured them with his spear, and off they ran, wheying whooing. Went to see them pack up senna, or rather change the sacks, those in which it had been packed in Aheer being worn out. The sacks are made of palm-leaves. Here were lying some hundred large bundles. I am not surprised these simple people wonder what we do with senna, and are the more surprised when I tell them it is for medicine. Medicine they take little of; and then they have no conception of the millions of Christians in Europe, thinking we are so many islanders squatting upon the oases of the watery ocean. The senna leaves, on account of the late rains, are finer and broader than usual: they are very large, and, except the edges, of a dark purple hue. There is a good deal of small wood (stalks of the plant), and here and there a few yellow flowers, besides a quantity of dust and dirt mixed up with the leaves.

Several detachments of the return Soudan caravan left to-day. Went to see them off. It was amusing to be present at the preparations for departing. Some just starting, some packing up, others loading, others weighing the camels' burdens, others saluting their friends, all in busy and distracting confusion. Strings of camels were in advance, with their heads towards Berkat. I sighed with regret. I wished to follow . . . . The camels are tied one after another, held together by strings in their nose, and they are not allowed to graze during the march, like the camels of Arabs. This is an advantage to the traveller, for much time is lost by the camels cropping herbage on the way. The files of camels are twenty and thirty in number, and sometimes these files are double. I imagine in

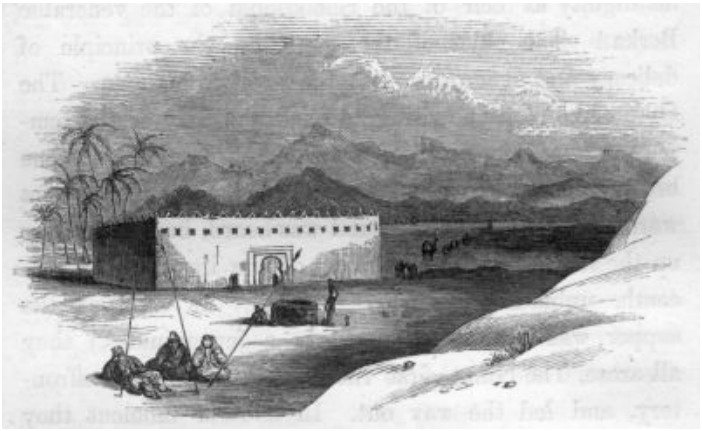
mountainous districts they are untied, otherwise one camel slipping or falling, would draw another after it, and, so the whole line would be thrown in confusion. In the palms noticed two small birds, white bodies, head and wings black. With the exception of the diminutive singing sparrow, and a few crows, these are all the birds I have seen in the oasis. Saw several Aheer Touaricks just arrived, and found them tall, well-made, comparatively fair, and fine-featured; nothing of the Negro character about them. All extremely civil to me; and I certainly like them as well, if not better, than the ordinary run of Ghat Touaricks. These Aheer Touaricks must be one of the finest races of men in Central Africa.

Went as usual to spend the evening with Haj Ibrahim. Had not sat down many minutes before a thundering knocking was heard at the outer door. An Arab youth called out, "Who's there?" and "Don't open," to the slave that had the charge of the court-yard door. The knocking increased in fury, the tumult of voices without being terrific; and Haj Ibrahim, at last, recognizing the party, and yielding to their violence, said "Open." As soon as the door was thrown back, in poured a host of Touaricks, like the opening of a deluging sluice, all belonging to Berka, headed by their acting chief, the redoubtable Giant! Their first object was to abuse roundly the Arab youth who had called out, "Don't open." The merchants of Ghadames and Tripoli try to shut out the Touaricks as much as possible all times of the day, and especially just at supper-time, for this is the hour when the Touaricks prowl about for their evening meal, like famished evening wolves, seeking whom and what they can devour. Prowling for food is an absolute necessity with them, for generally they have no food; they bring only a very small quantity

from their native districts, when they leave to spend some weeks at the Souk. This foraging party therefore came in for supper. Haj Ibrahim tried to work up his courage into rage; but it was useless, for his struggling ire was at once choked and quelled by the accents of thunder which The Giant belched out like old Ætna. The Giant opened fire upon the trembling merchant, by asserting the safety and tranquillity of the country: "There are no robbers or free-booters here; you buy and sell, fill your bags with money, and are in peace. Why, then, cannot we eat as the price of our protection?" Resistance being very madness, the supper which Haj Ibrahim had prepared for himself, was brought out to them, the servant crying out, not "Il pranzo è servito!" but, "This is all the supper we have for ourselves!" And like a wise steward, he kept a little back for his lord and master. After unbroken silence, which lasted full ten minutes, when every person seemed to be gasping for breath to speak, and struggling with some terrible inward commotion of the spirit, the supper-hunting Touaricks made a simultaneous move towards the supper-bowl. About nine big brawny fellows attacked the savoury cuscusou, for Haj Ibrahim had the best kind of provisions brought from Tripoli. The dainty merchant told me he could not eat what was made in Ghat. Now, The Giant did not join the onslaught on the merchant's supper, that did not beseem his dignity as heir of the Sheikhdom of the venerable Berka! The chief of the gang, on the principle of delicacy and generosity, left the spoil to his men. The Giant, like Neptune rising to quell the fury of the tempest, sat reclining in dignity and authority, with a serene brow, calmly looking on, and smoking his pipe. Not a word was uttered, not a sound was heard, but the licking up the food, and the

smacking of the lips of these uncouth, unbidden, uninvited guests. As soon as the supper was swallowed up, (only a few minutes,) they all arose, The Giant first rising, with unabashed effrontery, and led the way out. In another moment they were gone! and the door was shut. It was like some broken and distempered slumber, and the lamps having nearly burnt out, and all being dim and dark, rendered the illusion complete. The quondam *protégé* of these chiefs was too ill, too much upset, to speak. I bade him good night, and returned home, half-admiring The Giant and his troop, and abusing the foolish parsimony of the merchant, who ought to have thrown a few lumps of flesh to these hungry and wolfish sons of The Desert, and satisfied them at once. One of the party was Hateetah's brother; and Hateetah told me next day that he himself sent them.

2nd.—Our departure is now finally fixed for to-morrow. The weather is cool, but not so cold as on my arrival. Within the last three weeks it has gradually become warmer, and the spring enlivening warmth will soon be succeeded by summer's burning reign. Took a very pleasant walk round the Governor's palace, and made a sketch of it, which is subjoined.



Irrigation is the grand means of agricultural production in Sahara. Without irrigation the oases would be mere halting-places for caravans, and would afford but a scanty supply for centres of human existence. But irrigation has not only sustained and sustains the towns and cities of the African Desert, but in Asia it has always been the grand means of maintaining vast populations. The Assyrians of ancient days became great by irrigation. In the prophets we read, "The waters made him (the Assyrian) great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters." (Ezek. xxxi. 4-7.) The metaphors are extremely explicit and beautiful, making water the

source of the Assyrian greatness. Nothing can show more the power of water in the hot and dry climate of Syria. But the prophet particularly alludes to the system of irrigation, as practised on the banks of the Euphrates, from which river the waters were conveyed in small streamlets and conduits, "running round about the plants" in the gardens, and sent out to a considerable distance in little rills to all the trees of the field. The immense parterres of Babylon, artificial gardens supported by irrigation, have been celebrated by the historians of antiquity. In Ghat, Ghadames, and other oases of the Sahara, as well as the greater part of the Tripoline coast, this system of irrigation is now practised to its full extent, and water here shows a power of production with which we are unacquainted in more humid and temperate climes. At this time, the barley and wheat are shooting up simply under the power of water, which is conveyed to them by small ducts of earth, as drawn up from the wells, every four or five days. A bullock, or slave, draws up the water from the wells, which are of very rude construction, but answer the purpose. The water is then poured into a receiver of earth or stone, from which it runs into the small conduits of earth. Sometimes the main conduits are made of lime-mortar, as in the island of Jerbah. The field to be irrigated is divided into small squares or compartments, sometimes oblong of about seven by five feet in size; each is edged up with a small embankment of earth; between each line of squares run parallel ducts or gutters of earth, communicating with one large and common conduit, which is usually placed, to run better, on the highest part of the field, and as nearly as possible cutting it into halves. Whilst the water is being drawn up, a lad opens each compartment of the field with a hoe or

shovel-hoe, and lets the water into each square, shutting it up again when the surface of the ground is merely covered with water. I have seen them tread upon the springing blades of grass when so irrigating them, to give their roots more force and tenacity in the ground. In Ghat this irrigation is repeated every five days, or less, until the grain is in the ear and nearly ripe.

The Medina Shereef, who expresses sincere sympathy for my state of "judicial blindness," told me to-day that I should not go down to the real *bonâ fide* pit or abode of perdition, but to a dull shadowy place, "the region of nothings," and I might get out again and ascend to *Jennah*, (جنّة) "paradise;" and this, because I was near to them (the Mussulmans), and read and wrote Arabic, and was not afraid to write or repeat a verse of the Koran. In our prophets we have, "Thus saith the Lord, In the day when he went down to the grave I caused a mourning." (Ezek. xxxi. 15.) "I made the nations to shake at the sound of his fall, when I cast him down to hell with them that descend into the pit." (Id. 16.) "They also went down to hell with him." (Id. 17.) In the first verse cited שאלה is translated "grave," in the two latter verses "hell." But there is no reason for the alteration of the term from "grave" to "hell." The prophets I imagine, like most of us, had extremely indistinct notions of the future world, and the place of disembodied spirits, and were accustomed to use the word שאלה (which ought invariably to be translated grave, or hades, and not hell,) something in the same manner as my friend the Shereef, for a dreary shadowy region of imperfect beings or non-entities, a nether limbo of nothings and vanities.

Took a walk to see the merchants leaving for Soudan;

many of them were accompanied a short distance by their friends. It is an affecting thing to part with people who are about to enter upon forty days of Desert, without a human habitation, (the route from this to Aheer.) Saw Hateetah in my walk. He took a shumlah, or girdle, by force from Haj Ibrahim. The Consul found the auctioneer going round with it for sale, and inquiring to whom it belonged, and hearing it was Haj Ibrahim's, he took the sash from the auctioneer and told him to go and acquaint the merchant with what he had done, and which sash he had taken instead of the turban, offered to Hateetah by Haj Ibrahim, but refused on account of its little value. This is a nasty trick to say the least, but as the Moorish auctioneer observed, "Such is the way with the Touaricks." However, I am persuaded neither Jabour, nor Khanouhen, would have stooped to such a shabby dirty manœuvre. It seems besides, Haj Ibrahim is giving great provocation to the chiefs who are appointed his protectors at the Souk. They complain that, whilst he brings as many goods as twenty ordinary merchants, he gives less than any one. So we must hear both sides of the question. Saw to-day the Moorish Kady of Ghat for the first time: I had not made his acquaintance. His son I knew, who was very impertinent, insisting that I should give him some tea because he was the son of the Kady. This I refused to do, and Khanouhen praised my conduct and said, I behaved "like a Touarghee!" The Kady is an old gentleman, but dresses superbly in a fine red turban and long flowing bright-green coat, in full sacerdotal character, as the triple-crowned Pope of Ghat. This morning I took upon myself to scold severely some Ghadamsee merchants for introducing the subject of religion before the ignorant people of Ghat and Soudan. I found a group of them in the

streets when they wanted to speak of religion. I asked them "If they would do so in Tripoli, and if not, why here?" They understood the point of censure and immediately left off. Some Arabs present, said, "You are right, Yâkob." Vexed at my reproof, they attacked me on the subject of slaves, asking me why the English disapproved of slaves? I replied sharply, "It is not our religion to buy and sell men, though it may be your religion."

At the Governor's I observed the style of cutting and braiding fashionable young ladies' hair, in the example of his daughters. The forehead is shaved high up, leaving, however, one long curl or *with* of hair depending. This curl is braided and hangs down gracefully over the forehead. On each side of the head, over the ears, depend three other separate curls or locks of hair, each double-braided. Behind the head hang also two other longer curls, and each double-braided. Between these curls, as they detach themselves from the head, the cranium is clean shaven, and the hair or tuft on the crown of the head, whence the several curls depend, covers a very small space. At the end of the braided curls is tied a piece of coloured string or narrow ribbon, the same as is done amongst our little dressy nymphs. The hair is dressed with olive-oil or daubed over with semen, or liquid butter. My old negress landlady is a hair-dresser of the first style, and the fashionable negresses come to have their woolly crispy locks dressed by her *secundum artem* nearly every day. This hair-dressing takes place on my terrace, and affords me a splendid field for observation. I ought to have brought with me into The Desert the book, "How to observe," in order to have given a complete and satisfactory description of the fashionable Libyo-Saharan hair-dressing. The old lady sits down,

spreading out her knees, and the young sable belle throws herself flat at full length sprawling on the terrace floor, putting her head into the lap of the arbitress of The Desert toilette, her heels meanwhile kicking up, and sometimes not very decently. The operation then commences. The woolly locks, not more than three inches in length, are gradually drawn up tight to the crown of the head, and plaited in tiers in the shape of a high ridge, whilst they are being rubbed over with liquid butter. The lower circle of the cranium is left all bare, not a curl depending, and is shaven quite clean. But this is done previously, for my old negress does not undertake the profession of shaver, with her other important services. The hair, when fully dressed in this style, assumes the shape of an oval crown, or the head part of the helmet. Some negresses use false tails as well as false locks, as our belles do, the long flowing curls being preferred by the sooty Nigritian beauties, in spite of such an ornament being unnatural to them. These ladies, however, neither paint nor tattoo their faces, and in general, painting with red and white is not used by the Libyan and Oriental beauties. In Algeria, however, some of the Mooresses have learnt to paint from their new mistresses, as an acquirement of French civilization in Africa. Dr. Shaw is quite right in his new rendering of the passage referring to Jezebel, "And she adjusted (or set off) her eyes with the powder of lead-ore," (2 Kings ix. 30,) which in the common version is, "And she painted her face," (or, in the margin, "put her eyes in painting"). This painting of the eyelids is a custom of great antiquity. It has the effect of of giving the eye a peculiar prominency, enlarging its apparent size, and adding to it a greater bewitching force. The Touarick women, however,

disdain the unnatural adornment, and shame the unmanly conduct of certain of the Saharan men who actually paint thus their eyelids. It is a trite saying, that women are coquettes all the world over. But if mothers will educate their daughters so, it must be so. Besides cheerful young ladies are frequently confounded with coquettes, which is very unfair. Here, of course, there is coquetry as elsewhere. Why not? I have two neighbours, Negresses, and sisters, who get upon the house-top every morning, wash their faces, and oil them to make them shine, as it is said, "Man had given him oil to make his face to shine." They then dress one another's hair, which usually occupies them all the morning. The toilette here, as with us, is a very serious affair. These sable beauties sometimes play the coquette with me, which is innocent enough. I asked my old negress about these and other coloured residents, and found there were many families of free negroes in Ghat. My friendly coquetting neighbours have a brother who is a free Negro and trades between Ghat and Soudan. A few of the free Negroes are perhaps *bonâ fide* immigrants, but these are really very limited. The dress of the women in this place is extremely simple; it consists solely of a chemise and a short-sleeved frock, with a barracan used as a shawl, and thrown over the head and shoulders, when there is wind or cold. The ladies have sandals, and some of them shoes. Beads are esteemed only by Negresses. Those particular beads made of a composition of clay at Venice and Trieste, are now the fashion. The Touarick ladies prefer pieces of coral and charms strung round their neck in necklaces. The arms, wrists, and ancles are hooped with wood-painted, and generally, metal armlets, bracelets, and anclets. Some ladies hang a small looking-glass about their

necks, which is, of course in frequent use. The Touarick women industriously weave the woollen tobes, jibbahs, or frocks; they are very cheap, warm, and comfortable in the water. But the Soudan cottons are the great Saharan consumption. There are also now introduced from Europe quantities of, I think, what are called "Indians" in mercantile slang, or coarse white cottons. The merchants call them "new". These cottons are much liked in Morocco because they are cheap and pleasant clothing in summer. Men and women are clothed with them, and they are made up into every kind of dress. These European cottons are supplanting those of Soudan, which furnish work for thousands in Central Africa. So the legitimate commerce, already so limited, is diminishing instead of increasing. Poor Africa! thrice-poor, and every way poor, gets nothing at present by her intercourse with Europe, saving the enslavement of her unhappy children, and the impoverishment of her native manufactures. The Niger and other *philanthropic* and commercial expeditions have only laid bare her nakedness—they have not advanced her one step in the scale of improvement. Connected with Saharan female dress is naturally that of female beauty. The *beau ideal* of an Arab beauty, according to the Arabian poets Havivi and Montannibi, is, that "Her person should be slender like the bending rush, or taper lance of Yemen." This is also the *beau ideal* of female beauty amongst Touaricks. I have seen no fat fed-up women amongst Touaricks, like those in such esteem and the *bon-ton* of the Moors. The *enbonpoint* of Mooresses is well known, and beauty amongst them is literally by the weight. Recent discoveries in Malta have made us acquainted with this *enbonpoint*, as an essential feature of female or other beauty in the most early

times, say as far back as the Carthaginian and other ancient settlers in Malta. The rude statues lately dug up in that island are all remarkable for obese processes from the waist downwards.

The taste of the Arabs has been greatly vitiated, and the slight, spare, "bending rush" is often rejected for the bridal beauty who requires a camel to carry her to the house of her husband. The Moors resident in Ghat have imported the vicious Moorish ideas, and the Negress slaves are fattened for the market, and fetch higher prices.



The dress of Touarick men is more elaborate than that of their women. The principal garment is the Soudanic cotton frock, smock-frock, or blouse, sometimes called tobe, with short and wide open sleeves, and wide body reaching below the knee. Under this is at times worn a small shirt. The pantaloons are also of the same cotton, not very wide in the leggings, and scarcely reaching to the ancles, and something in the Cossack style. The frock is confined low round the waist with the "leather

girdle," and often by a sash in the style of the Spaniards. There is generally attached to it a good-sized red leather bag, not unlike an European lady's work-bag, and this is made into various compartments, one for tobacco, one for snuff, one for trona or ghour nuts, another for striking-light matters, another for needles and thread, another containing a little looking-glass, &c., &c.; and I have seen a Touarghee fop adjust his toilette with as much coquetry as the most brilliant flirt,—indeed, the vanity of some of these Targhee dandies surpasses all our notions of vanity in European dress. Over the frock, on one of the shoulders, is carried the barracan or hayk, which is sometimes cotton, and white and blue-striped, or figured in checks, of Timbuctoo manufacture, but generally a plain woollen wrapper. The hayk is wound several times round the body, and is the only real protection the Touarick, or his wife, (for the women likewise wear them,) has, from the cutting cold winds of The Sahara. A red or white cap sometimes covers the naked shaved head, but many do not wear a cap, as besides many do not shave the head. But the grand distinguishing object in the dress of Touarick men is the *Lithām* (اللثام), from which article of dress the Touaricks have been called ages ago by historian and tourists of The Desert "The people of the Litham" (اهل اللثام). The litham is nothing more than a thin wrapper, which is first wound round the head, and then made to cover the whole of the forehead and partially the eyes, and the lower part of the face, especially the mouth. The mouth and the eyes are the two grand objects to protect in The Desert, and in Saharan travelling, equally against heat and cold, and wind. A Saharan traveller, having his mouth well covered with the litham, will go at least twenty-four

hours longer, fasting in abstinence, whilst his lips will not be parched with thirst. The litham shelters the eyes effectually from the hot sand grains, borne on the deadly wing of the Simoom. A turban is mostly folded round the head as a mark of orthodox Islamism. The young beaux prefer the great red sash wound round the head in shape of the turban.

The Touarick, from his habit of wearing the litham, does not like a beard, which, indeed, could rarely be seen. As it grows, they pull it out, and so in time it often disappears altogether. In the matter of beard, the almost sacred ornament of the Moor and the Arab, the Touarick is placed again in strong contrast with his Mahometan neighbour. All wear a profusion of talismans suspended round the neck, or sewn or stuck about the head, like so many liberty or election cockades. This is the usual style of the dress of Touaricks; and, with dagger under the left arm, sword swung from the back, and spear in the right hand, it looks sufficiently novel and imposing, befitting the wild scenery and wild sons of The Desert. Many, however, of the Touaricks go almost naked, whilst the younger Sheikhs occasionally indulge in the foreign fashions of the Moors of the north, dressing very fantastically and elaborately.



3rd.—Our departure from Ghat to Mourzuk, capital of Fezzan, is now again finally fixed for the 5th of the month, at least three weeks delayed beyond the time first spoken of. European travellers in Sahara must always reckon upon these wearying delays. A ghafalah is just arrived from Fezzan, bringing dates, ghusub, and wheat. This is a most seasonable relief, for absolutely there is no food left for the poorer inhabitants of Ghat, the provisions being carried away by various caravans which have left us within a few days. I was myself obliged to borrow from the Governor. Fortunately, Fezzan is near, or the Souk of Ghat, with its thousand slaves, would be often reduced to great extremities, there being no capital invested in keeping up a supply of provisions. Haj Ibrahim complains of Hateetah, and considers him the worst of the Touarghee Sheikhs. The merchant "has reason."

Called to see Haj Ahmed. Met the Governor near his gardens, and he invited me to go and look at them.

Was agreeably surprised to find a really splendid plantation of date-palms, underneath and amidst which were some of the choicest fruits, the fig, pomegranate, and apricot. He has also planted some hedges of Indian fig. The plantation might cover a dozen acres. It is the work of eighteen years of the industrious Marabout, but the palms are still in their youth, some even in their childhood. It is important to mention, this beautiful plantation was a waste of sand before the Governor took it in hand, but the whole of it, by the assistance of water and irrigation, his persevering industry has made to bud and "blossom as the rose." Were the rest of the wealthy residents to imitate the Marabout, they would in a few years make Ghat a large and most lovely oasis of Desert. Water is complained of as to supply, but there is water enough to irrigate an oasis of five times the present extent. So in Ghadames, so almost in every Saharan oasis. The Governor encourages his sons to industry, by giving each a plot of ground to cultivate for himself. I saw a fine field belonging to one of his sons, which has been under culture only three years. It is sown with barley and wheat, and planted with rows of sprig-palms, in the very childhood of growth; but, by the time the sons of the Marabout are married, and have young families, these green-shooting palm-sprigs will be branching trees high up, bearing mature and delicious fruit. Nature furnishes pretty and striking lessons of industry, more affecting to the observant mind than the lessons of the most eloquent moralist. There are also shoots of the fig-tree and the pomegranate set around a pool of crystal water, the embryo paradise of the future. The son, whose garden this was, said to me, in reply about the supply of water, "See, the water comes from a spring near that hill of sand. I

dug the well, and God gave me the water. God does not give water to all when they dig." I went forward, and saw a refreshing spring bubbling out from beneath the sandy bosom of The Desert.

It is quite a pleasure now to walk about Ghat, the noisy rabble is hushed, and the Touaricks, excepting some chiefs of Berka, are all gone. The remaining Ghadamsee merchants are as pleased as myself that the Touaricks are gone. A strange hallucination got possession of my brain to-day. "I determined I would stop five years in Africa. I would visit all the great kingdoms of Nigritia. I would write the history and legends of the ten thousand tribes of Africa from their own mouths. Then I would return with these spoils and treasures of Africa to my fatherland." Vain phantoms of ambition, only to fever my poor brain! The first untoward event would lay me prostrate on the burning plains, leaving my bones scattered and bleaching, a monument to deter and dismay the succeeding wanderer of The Desert. . . . . One of the occupations of the poor in this country, by which they get a bit of bread, is breaking date-stones, something analogous to our stone-breakers on the high roads. The date-stones are taken one by one, and put on a big round stone within a circle of a roll of rags, and another stone is used to crush or pound them. The pounded stones are sold to fatten sheep and camels upon. The poor earn two karoobs (twopence) a day in this manner, on which many are obliged to live. Hard is the lot of the poor in every clime!

Afternoon late, I went to the range of Wareerat mountains, to collect a few geological specimens, accompanied by a slave. All our senses deceive us. The world is a world of delusions and deceptions,

and we are dupers and dupes, as it happens. After continuing a couple of hours, the base of the range, which seemed always close upon us, still receded and was receding. On the plains of Africa bounded by mountain ranges, one is as much at a loss to measure distances as the landsman at sea, when measuring the distance from his ship to the rocks bounding the shore. My negro Cicerone advised to beat a retreat, assuring me I should not reach the chain by daylight. We looked round on the city and found it fast diminishing and disappearing in the distance, in the fleeting twilight of the evening. We returned an hour after dark. On the north we espied a few camels, a Fezzan provision caravan, winding their slow length along like a line of little black dots in the sand. My companion told me he was captured in war. The people are always fighting; some to get slaves, others from "a bad heart." He was afraid to go back to his country for fear of being recaptured, resold, and made again to recross the Desert. The domestic and political history of Africa is an eternal cycle of miseries and misfortunes; better that the African world had not been created. My negro companion is called Berka Ben-Omer, to distinguish him from another slave of his master called Berka. Frequently both slaves and free men have but one name, or one name is employed in speaking of them. When there are many of the same name in their circle of acquaintance or town, then the names of the fathers are used. Joshua, in The Scriptures, is usually distinguished in this way when his name is mentioned, "To Joshua, son of Nun." (Joshua ii. 23.) The *Ben*-Omer above, is the "son" of Omer.

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. Found Hateetah with the merchant. They had made it up, and Hateetah told me, in the morning, there was now

peace between him and Haj Ibrahim, since he, Hateetah, had got the large red sash. The Sheikh related news from Fezzan, respecting the ravages of the son of Abd El-Geleel in Bornou, who was attacking the Bornouese caravans. Hateetah then made a long speech, in which he recommended me to the care of the merchant, calling upon Haj Ibrahim "To swear by his head that he would take as much care of me as of himself." This was unnecessary, for Haj Ibrahim had shown himself more substantially friendly to me than any other merchant at Ghat. The Consul excused himself for not accompanying me to Fezzan, by stating that his camels had not come up from the country districts: this was a mere excuse. But the road was perfectly safe, and we did not require the protection of the Sheikh. To-day Hateetah did not beg.

4th.—A fine morning, weather very warm and sultry. The town is well nigh empty. When all the caravans are gone, Ghat will sink into the stillness of death. This is the case with all the Saharan towns, which are *blad-es-souk*, "a mart of trade," taking place periodically. The Governor finds the trade in slaves so thriving, slaves having fetched a good price this year, that he is sending this morning two of his sons to Soudan to purchase slaves. Kandarka left also this morning. I went to see him off. *Saif zain, wahad*, "A good sword, one!" he exclaimed as usual. He then made me a long speech. "Put yourself under my sword, no man can resist the sword of Kandarka! (drawing his sword from the scabbard, and making a cut with it.) Be my witnesses, ye merchants of Ghadames! (some of whom were present.) I will give you, Yâkob, a good camel, a mahry. Water you will have first, sweet water. Wood there will be always ready for you to make a fire and cook the cuscasou. I

am the right hand of En-Nour (Sultan of Aheer). You will be my friend, Yâkob, before the Sultan. In our towns, we have cheese, butter, wheat, sheep, bullocks. You Christians have none like them. Make haste back, make haste, and come to Aheer."

Hateetah seldom spoke to me of religion, but to-day the Consul said, "What sort of Christian are you? I hear there are as many Christians as there are sands" (taking up a handful of sand).

The Author.—"And what sort of Islamites are you Touaricks? for you are many, as many as we."

The Consul.—"We are of Sidi Malek:" (*i. e.*, Malekites like Arabs).

I asked then the Consul what was the meaning of Targhee, who replied En-nas, or "people." Indeed, the word Targhee seems to have the same signification as Kabyle, that is, "tribe," or "nation," both words denoting people of the same original stock.

5th.—The morning of our departure! . . . . . At length comes the end—the end of all things, joys or sorrows—even in The Desert, where delay and procrastination are the dull and wearying gods of ceaseless worship. Rose early to pack up, and pay take-leave visits. Weather is mild; the caravan will move slowly on account of the slaves; the journey is short; the route is safe; all things promise a favourable end of my Saharan tour. The mind looks with regret upon leaving places become familiar, but rises buoyant at the thought of seeing new sights and scenes. Called upon the Governor to bid him adieu. His Excellency said, he should see me at the moment of departing. Found him with some people of Touat, who said:—"The English are very devils; they have

two eyes behind their heads, as well as two before." I did not quite understand their allusion. Called on Haj Ibrahim, who had been packing up for three days past, and yet things were still in great confusion. To my astonishment, I found the merchant surrounded with a group of people in the greatest excitement, the master-figure of the group being The Giant Sheikh, foaming with rage, and threatening to cut Haj Ibrahim's throat on the road, unless he made him some sufficient present, in acknowledgment of his authority as heir-apparent of the Sheikhdom of Berka. The Ghatee merchants, all the most respectable of whom were in this *mêlée*, kept screaming, and some of them pulling hold of Haj Ibrahim, to give a trifle, (a couple of dollars,) to The Giant, and get rid of him. Hateetah and other Touaricks were also present. Meantime, The Giant bullied, menaced, swore, and thundered things horrible and unutterable . . . . . Amidst this bedlam din, Haj Ibrahim at length got a hearing, and mustered up courage enough to defend himself: —"You call your's a peaceful country,—How? Is not this the conduct of bandits? I know (recognize) no person but Berka. Him I have given a present. What was demanded I have given Berka. I will not now give more presents, and not indeed by main force. It is robbery! Go and take my camels." The Giant, who listened to these few words, spoken distinctly and energetically, with a brow overcast, like a storm-cloud charged with the electric fire, and a bosom heaving and boiling with wrath, got up from where he lay sprawling, ("many a rood,") and very deliberately took hold of his broadsword (I began to be alarmed), and with it fetched Hateetah such a stroke on the back with its flat side, as made him cry out with pain. Then addressing his subordinate

sternly and laconically, *Enker, heek*[24], "Get up quick." he strode off a few paces. Hateetah instantly followed, and the other Touaricks. Now turned round The Giant, and said in Arabic:—"Allah Akbar, the camels! Allah Akbar, the camels! Good, good! Allah Akbar, the camels!" They went off (or rather pretended to go) to seize the merchant's camels. These gone, the merchants of Ghat set all upon Haj Ibrahim, "What a fool you are! Why not give the long fellow a couple of dollars? If you won't, we shall give the Sheikh the money ourselves." One of them turned to me, "Why, Christian, what is a couple of dollars to Haj Ibrahim? That's the value?" (putting his hand to his nose.) The reader may easily guess how this stupid obstinacy of the merchant ended. The Haj forked out, with a bad grace, and the money was carried after The Giant, one of the Ghat merchants adding two more dollars. I was pleased with this trait of the Ghateen, who were determined we should not go off in this uncomfortable plight. The Giant I did not see again; I regretted to part with him in this manner. Under his huge and unwieldy exterior he concealed the most tender and generous disposition. His Giantship never begged of me; and when I gave him a little tobacco, he thanked me a thousand times. He was always cheerful with, and had some joke for his friends. After all, my plan is best: to make the necessary presents at once, and voluntarily; to give all the Sheikhs a trifle, and then you are at peace with all.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to our great satisfaction, we got clear and clean off. Hateetah came out to see me start, and walked half a mile with me on the road. He was extremely kind. It is probable, he begged of me so much, because his brothers and cousins incited him, amongst whom I

know he shared the presents which he received. I now put my hand in my pocket, and gave him all the money I had left, half a dollar and a karoob! He affectionately shook me with both hands. I then passed the Governor, who was waiting for us. His Excellency shook hands very friendly, and said, "And Ellah, Yâkob" (God be with you, James!)

During my fifty days' residence in Ghat, although I received numberless petty insults, I kept out of all squabbles, and made as few complaints as possible to the authorities. In fact, I may safely say, and without presumption on my part, if I could not live in peace with these people a few weeks, no other European coming after me could.

It is now time to make a few observations upon the general character of these Saharan inhabitants, and compare their social state with that of ours in Europe.

Crime against society, consists mainly in lying or duplicity, and imposture, in thieving, in sensuality, and in murder. Veracity, honesty, continence, and respect for human life, distinguish a moral people. We have to try the Saharan populations of Ghat and Ghadames by these four cardinal points or principles, and compare them with the nations of Europe. Whilst resident in Ghadames, not one single case of cutting or maiming, or manslaughter, occurred, nor did I hear of any in neighbouring countries. Of course, I exclude altogether the depredations of a nation or tribe of robbers, as well as all the skirmishes between the Touaricks and the Shânbah, which have nothing to do with the question of the social condition of the Saharan towns that I visited. In Ghat, three cases of cutting and wounding

occurred, the gashes on the arms received by two slaves from a Touarghee, and the attack on the Ghadamsee trader whilst at prayers, also by a Touarghee. These are the only cases which occurred during my residence here, although a mart or fair, and the rendezvous of tribes of people from all parts of Central Africa and the Great Desert! . . . . . So much for the sacredness of human life among the barbarians of The Desert! . . . . . With respect to theft and thieving, I have already noticed that thieving is only practised by the hungry and starved slaves of these towns, that amongst the people of Ghadames, as likewise amongst the Touaricks, theft is unknown as a crime. The exceptional cases of theft which are brought to notice can be easily traced to strangers. The Touaricks certainly at times levy black-mail in open Desert, but do not rob in the towns; and the black-mail is not considered by themselves as theft, nor, indeed, is it strictly such, being exacted by the Touaricks as transit duties, or as presents for protection through their districts, or as tribute, and under a variety of such reasons and pretensions. What is legally fixed on the Continent of Europe, is here left to the caprice and greediness of the Sheikhs, and the liberality or stinginess of the trader. As to incontinence, this is more a secret crime. But the sexual habits of the Touaricks, and their domestic amours, are purity itself, compared to the sensuality which disfigures and saps the vitals of society in all the southern nations of Europe. The hardships of The Desert are the greatest safeguards against indulgence in, or the pleasures of, an emasculating sensuality amongst the Touaricks, whilst the ascetic habits of the Maraboutish city of Ghadames sufficiently protect that people from the general indulgence of libertinism, and unnatural

crimes. Intoxication, or habitual drunkenness, is, of course, unknown in these Saharan regions. An inebriated woman would be such a wonder as is described in the Book of the Revelations. As to veracity, I have told the reader, the Touarghee nation is a "one-word" people. We cannot expect the same thing from the commercial and make-money habits of the Moors of Ghadames, but they rank much higher for veracity than the Moors of The Coast, which latter have the *superior* advantages of direct European contact. In my estimate of Saharan populations, I have confined myself to Ghat and Ghadames; the oases of Fezzan, and the city of Mourzuk, have become too much vitiated by contact with The Coast and the Turks for affording fair specimens of Saharan tribes. Let us then compare what has been said to those hideous scenes of crime, of immodesty, and drunkenness, which abound in the great cities of Europe—the ever-present, ever-during stigma on our boasted civilization!—and ask the paradoxical question, What do we gain by European and Christian civilization? We have Chambers of Legislature, infallible and omnipotent Parliaments, princes full of the enlightenment of the age, and reigning by divine right, or the sovereignty of the people, or what not;—we have hierarchies of priests and ministers of religion, we have a Divine revelation;—we have philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians, all enforcing the sublime morals of the age, with reason or fancy and the attractions of the most cultivated intellect;—we have science exhausting nature by its discoveries;—we have our fine arts, and the arts to humanize and exalt the characters of men;—we have our benevolent, philanthropic, and scientific societies;—we profess to govern the destinies of the world, to direct the

intellect of all nations, and to advance the being of man to the enjoyment of immortal, imperishable life! ..... And what else profess we not to do? Now then, what are the results? We have the governing authorities of a neighbouring people a mass of corruption[25];—we have the States of the North, so little acquainted with the arts and justice of Government that planned conspiracies and consequent massacres of whole classes are now and then had recourse to, and found requisite to preserve the apparent order of society. Amongst ourselves, we Englishmen, have in all our great cities, the frightful excrescences of crime, too frightful for the pure and simple-minded Saharan tribes to look upon. Our common habits of intoxication and intemperance, and the intoxication of our women, would make the Desert man or woman shrink away from us with horror. Our country is filled with prisons, all well tenanted, whilst the Desert cities have no one thing in the shape or form of a prison. Then look at the Thuggism and open-day assassinations of Ireland! In truth, these Saharan malefactors are the veriest minutest fry of offenders, the minnows and gudgeons of guilt compared to the Irish Thuggee of Tipperary[26]. Poverty is the giant of our United Kingdom, and the incarnate demon of unhappy Ireland; and, with us, people die of starvation..... The Desert, on the contrary, offers the strongest parallel of contrast possible. Poverty there is, but it is wealth compared to ours, and our wants, and no person that I heard of, whilst resident in The Desert, died of starvation. Of course, I omit the traffic in slaves, which has nothing to do with the social state of the Saharan towns I am describing. I omit likewise the condition of the Arabs of the Tripoline mountains, and the terrible exactions of the Turks

upon them and other provinces in Tripoli, which indeed are a part of the European system I am now animadverting upon. But I shall stop this tone and style of animadversion. I am sick at heart with the parallel of contrasts between our barbarian and civilized social systems: it is so unsatisfactory, it is so disheartening, and takes away all hope, all faith in the progress and perfectibility of the human race. One thing, however, is certain, that unless we can bring our minds to form a just appreciation of ourselves, unless we can learn to know ourselves, there is no hope, no chance of advancing in our social and moral condition.

Our slave caravan stretched across the plain or bed of the Wady of Ghat eastwards, to the black range of Wareerat, and turning round abruptly north by some sand hills, we encamped after three hours. It is from this place the Ghat townspeople fetch their wood. The fire-wood is gathered from the lethel tree. Our caravan consists of eleven camels, five merchants or proprietors, some half dozen servants and about fifty or sixty slaves. I have my nagah and Said, as before. Nearly all the slaves are the property of Haj Ibrahim. They are mostly young women and girls. There are a few boys and three children. The poor things on leaving Ghat, as is their wont on encountering The Desert, got up a song in choruses, to give an impetus to their feelings in starting. For myself, The Desert has become my most familiar friend. I felt happy in again spreading my pallet upon its naked bosom, by a shady bush of the Lethel.

Footnotes:

[24] انكر هيك, the Touarghee language.

[25] As to what has taken place, and is happening by the introduction of what is called *French* civilization into Africa (Algeria), and how the morals of the people, natives and foreigners, are affected, the things are too horrible to be here related. The annals of Norfolk Island, and the Bagnes of Toulon, would be outraged by their recital.

[26] I should be sorry to apply to a minister of any religion the opprobrious epithet of a "Surpliced Ruffian." It would seem, however, that Archdeacon Laffan aspires to the "bad eminence" of the apologist of assassins. What would my readers say, were I to report the Ministers of Islamism in The Desert to be the abettors of assassination? Or what would they have said, if a priest had been found to be the secret or open instigator of the *quasi*-bandit Ouweek, in his violent threat to murder me, because I chanced to be a Christian, or rather, a non-believer in Mahomet. We should not have found words sufficiently strong to express our reprobation of such priestly intolerance and wickedness. And yet Ouweek would have only acted out his religious principles in their stern literality,—قتلواهم—"*kill them*" (the infidels), as frequently written in the inexorable Koran; whilst Archdeacon Laffan's preaching is diametrically opposed to his religion, whose holy and clement command contrariwise is,—"to forgive our enemies, and bless those who curse us."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM GHAT TO MOURZUK.

Slaves very sensible to the Cold.—Well of Tasellam.—Saharan Huntsman.—Atmospheric Phenomenon.—My Adventure at the Palace of Demons.—Denham and Oudney's Account of the Kesar Jenoun.—The Genii of Mussulmans.—Desert Pandemonium compared with that of Milton.—Coasting the Range of Wareerat or Taseely.—Soudan Species of Sheep.—Soudan Parrot.—The Lethel Tree.—The Tholh, or Gum-Arabic Tree.—Falling of Rain in The Desert.—Oasis of Serdalas.—My Companions of Travel.—Weather Hot and Sultry.—The Slaves bear up well.—The Ship of The Desert.—Extremes of Cold and Heat.—Mausoleum of Sidi Bou Salah.—Serdalas, a neglected Oasis.—The Sybil of The Sahara.—Death and Burial of two Female Slaves.—Dirge on the Death of one of them, whipped at the point of Death.—Power of the Sun in Sahara.—Desert Mosques.

6th.—ROSE early, but did not start until the sun was well up, on account of the slaves. These Nigritian people cannot bear the cold. Our northern cold affects them more than their southern heat does us. Heat can be borne better than cold in Saharan travelling. Am glad to see that Haj Ibrahim has a large tent pitched for the greater part of the

miserable shivering things. It is made of rough tanned bullock skins, and holds the heat like a shut-up furnace. These tents are brought from Soudan, and after being used for slaves journeying over Sahara, are sold for so much leather. Touaricks also use them in their districts. In truth, Haj Ibrahim treats his slaves as much like a gentlemanly Moor as he well can or could do, all their wants being attended to, and no freedoms being taken with the young women. Their greatest hardship is to walk, but after a night's rest, they partially recover. I may add, this is the best equipped caravan I could travel with, and, perhaps, hardly a fair specimen to judge of for ordinary slave-caravans. We continued our route along the chain of mountains to the east, having, on our left, a corresponding ridge of low sand hills. During the day, we traversed a broad deep valley or wady, and, indeed, water had covered a good part of it in the early winter of this year. Here was abundant herbage, and camels feeding belonging to the people of Ghat. There is also a well of water out of the line of route on the left, about one and a half days' from Ghat, but having a good supply, it was not necessary to seek it. It is called *Tăsellam*. Here we met a hunter, —

"An African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of his chase;
He toils all day, and at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;

Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars and thinks it a luxury."

The Targhee huntsman was clothed in skins, and was a genuine type of the hardships of open Desert life. The objects of his chase were gazelles and ostriches, and the aoudad. His weapons were small spears and a matchlock. A most sorry-looking greyhound slunk along at his heels, the very personification of ravening hunger.

Writer.—"Targhee, where are you going?"

Huntsman.—"I don't know."

Writer.—"Where have you been?"

Huntsman.—"Over the sand." (Pointing west.)

Writer.—"Have you caught anything?"

Huntsman.—"Nothing."

Writer.—"When do you drink?"

Huntsman.—"Now and then."

Writer.—"Have you anything to eat?"

Huntsman.—"Nothing."

Writer.—"When did you eat anything last?"

Huntsman.—"I forget."

I threw him down from my camel some barley-bread and dates. He picked them up, but said nothing, and went his way. Turning round to look after him, I saw him cut across to the mountains on the east.

Observed to-day some curious atmospheric phenomena. A light vapour, the lightest, airiest of the airiest, swept gently along the surface of the ground, but as if unimpelled by any secret influence. It was also dead calm. The vapour continued to sweep before us, till at length it suddenly rose up to the sky in the form of a spiral column of air, and then disappeared. In this valley, which widened as we advanced, we once or twice saw the mirage running along the ground like prostrate columns of foam, striking out sparklings of light.

Towards noon we had a full view of the celebrated Kesar Jenoun—"Palace of Demons," to the west; in coming to Ghat we had it on the east. As we neared it, Haj Ibrahim said to me, "Well, Yâkob, we must go and see the great Palace of Demons. We must see what it is, and you must write all about it."

At 4 o'clock P.M., we encamped right opposite its eastern side. On encamping, I looked about for Haj Ibrahim, and found him busy unpacking. I then very carelessly determined to start myself alone. I thought it, however, a good opportunity to show the people of the caravan that I was not influenced by superstitious fears, and that, as an Englishman and a Christian, I cared little about their dreaded Palace of Demons. Haj Omer, the merchant's servant, called out after me on starting, "Be off, make haste, you'll be back by sunset." I equipped myself with the spear and dagger of Shafou, and started off at a good pace, making a straight and direct cut to The Palace. I scarcely noticed anything on the road going along, staring with full face at the Huge Block of Mountain. But, on getting out of sight of the encampment, and, under the shadow of this "great rock in a weary land," I unaccountably felt the influence of those

very superstitious fears and terrors which I was so anxious to combat in my fellow-travellers. I then soliloquized to myself, "What a poor creature is man, how weak, how miserable! how exposed to every whim and folly which a credulous mind can invent!" Thus soliloquizing, I got within the mysterious precincts of the Great Mountain Rock, in the course of three-quarters of an hour. I had, however, still more fear of the living than the dead, and said to myself mechanically aloud, "Man has more to fear from the living than the dead;" and I looked around anxiously this way, and that way, and every way, if perchance there might lurk, as the demon of the mountain, some stray bandit. Reassuring myself, my thoughts turned on science. I wished to astonish the boobies of the British Museum by geological specimens from the far-famed palace of mortal and immortal spirits, built in the heart of The Great Desert. I picked up various pieces of stone which lay scattered at its rocky base. But I found nothing but calcareous marl, or basaltic chippings and crumblings, some of cream colour, some lavender, some purple, some red-brown, some nearly black. This done, as connoisseur of geology, I stood stock still and gaped open-mouthed like an idiot, at the huge pyramidal ribs of The Rock. Then I bethought me I would ascend some of these offshoots of the mountain, and take a quiet seat of observation from off one of the battlemental turrets which capped its many-towered heights, over all the subjected desert and lesser hills and rocks below. But I soon changed my mind; not recognizing any decided advantage in scrambling up—God knows where—over heaps upon heaps of crumbling falling rock. I now turned my back to the Demons' Cavern, without having had the honour or pleasure of making a single acquaintance

amongst these demi-immortals, much to my regret, and my face was towards the encampment. At least I thought so. I saw at once that the king of day was fast going down to sup on the other side of The Palace, or perhaps with the Demons, and I must hasten back to my supper. I started on my return as carelessly as I came, with this foolish difference, that, although not remarking a single part of my way hither, I fancied I would take a shorter cut back to supper, beginning to feel hungry, having eaten nothing since morning. In fact, I soon got into another track upon this absurd idea of shortening the route. I recommend my successors in Saharan travel, never to try short-cuts in unknown places. In ten minutes I made sure of my encampment, and ran right up to some mounds of sand topped with bushes, where I expected to find Said with the supper already cooked, and the nagah lying snugly by, eating her dates and barley. But that was not the encampment. The sun was now gone, and following hard upon his heels were lurid fleecy clouds of red, the last attendants of his daily march through the desert heavens. I now looked a little farther, and said to myself, "There they are!" I went to "There they are," and found no encampment. I continued still farther, and said, "Ah, there they are!" and went to "Ah, there they are!" and found no encampment. I now made a turn to the south, and saw them quietly encamped under "various mounds," and went to "various mounds," but the encampment sunk under the earth, for they "were not." All was right, and "never mind," I should soon see their fires, and was extremely glad to notice all the light of day quenched in the paling light of a rising crescent, some five or six days old. I thus continued cheerfully my search another quarter of an hour, when all at

once, as if struck by an electric shock, it flashed across my mind, "Peradventure, I might be lost for the night!" and be obliged to make my bed in Open Desert. I have seen in my life-time people strike a dead wall, as a convenient butt against which to vent their ill-disguised rage. I now must have a victim for my vexation. It was not wanting. I felt something heavy and dragging in my pocket. The half hour's running about had reminded me of some until now unnoticed heavy weight, and this was the stones, and these were my grand specimens of geology. I quietly took out all the stones from my pocket, and threw them deliberately but savagely away, certainly a very proper punishment for leading me such "a wild-goose chase," such "a dance," over The Desert. In my wrath I was not disheartened. Now, as it was dark, I began to ascend the highest mounds of Desert, from, whose top I might descry the fires of our encampment. I wandered round and round, and on, now over, sand and sand-hills, now climbed up trees, now upon eminences of sand or earth-banks, seeking the highest mounds of the vast plain, to see if any lights were visible, looking earnestly every way. No light showed itself as a beacon to the lost Desert traveller —no sound saluted his ear with the welcome cry, "Here we are!" Felt so weary that I was now obliged to lie down to rest a little. But soon refreshed, I determined to return to The Palace, and find the place which I had visited. The fear and thought of being lost in The Desert now mastered every other consideration, and I started unappalled to the Black Rock, without ever thinking of the myriads of spirits which at the time were keeping their midnight revels within its mysterious caverns. Got near The Rock, but I saw no place which I had seen before. The mountain had now at night assumed other shapes,

other forms, other colours. Probably the demons were dancing all over it, or fluttering round it like clouds of bats and crows, preventing me from seeing its real shape and proportions. Be it as it may, I could not recognize the place which I had so recently visited. I now climbed up some detached pieces of rock to look for lights. I sprang up with the elastic step of the roe, over huge broken fragments of rock, aided by a sort of supernatural strength, the stones rolling down and smashing with strange noises as I was springing over them. From these crumbling heights I looked eastward, and every way, but no friendly light, watch-fire, or supper-fire, was visible. I descended, much heated, in a flowing perspiration, feeling also the cold chill of the higher atmosphere. I began to have thirst, the worst enemy of the Saharan traveller, and fatigue was violently attacking me. I considered (which afterwards I found quite correct) I had got too far north. I could not recognize at all the processes of detached rock over which I had been scrambling. I must be several miles too high up. I went down along the sides of the Immense Rock, looking at every new shape it assumed to find the place where so quietly I picked up the stones and geologized a few hours before. All was vain. Fatigue was overpowering me, and my senses began to reel like a drunken man. Now was the time to see the visions and mysteries of this dread abode, and unconsciously to utter sounds of unknown tongues. Now, indeed, I fancied I heard people call me; now I saw lights; now I saw a camel with a person mounted in search of me, to whom I called. And, what is strange, these sights and sounds were all about the natural and not the supernatural. For instance, I did not see the visage of a grinning goblin just within a little chink of The Rock, as I ought to have seen. I

did not see "faëry elves" dancing in the moonlit beams, as I ought to have seen. Then boldly I took a direct course from the mountain over the plain, believing I should intercept our encampment. I continued this line for two hours, or not quite so much, but I found myself a long way east over the plain, where was neither camel, nor encampment, nor object, nor light, nor any moving thing. I then proceeded north, thinking I had got too far south again. Here I found a group of sand-hills, a new region, in which I painfully wandered and wandered up and down. I knew the encampment could not be here. To get clear of this horrible predicament, I made another set at the Palace Rock, as if to implore the mercy and forgiveness of the Genii. In an hour I found myself again under its dark shadows. I walked up and down by its doleful dismal sides, thinking if any people were sent in pursuit of me I might find them. All was the silence of the dead—no form flitted by except those which filled my disturbed imagination. I once more returned eastward to the plain, but my head was now swimming, my legs shrank from under me, and I fell exhausted upon the sand. There I lay some time to rest. My brain, hot and bewildered, was crowded with all sorts of fancies, but my courage did not sink. I was seeing every moment people in pursuit of me. I heard them repeatedly call "Yâkob." Somewhat composed, I determined upon giving up the search of the encampment till day-light, and went about to find a tree under which to sleep, if I could. I went to one, but did not like it, being low and straggling on the ground, exposed to the first chance intruder. I sought another, which I had before observed, for in this state I was forced to pick out the objects of the plain. I found my tree, which in passing before by it I

thought would make me a good bed. I could not find the encampment, but the tree observed before, I could find. It was placed on a very high mound of earth, which was covered with a large bushy lethel-tree. Happy tree! I have always loved thy name since. Under this I crept, but finding the top of the mound of a sugar-loaf form, I scooped out on its sides, digging away with my hands earth and dried leaves, a long narrow cell, literally a grave, determining, if I should perish hereabouts, this should be my grave. I found it very snug, for the wind now got up east, and moaned in the lethel-tree above my head. I drove the spear in the earth, near "the bolster," and took off the dagger from my arm. Had on my cloak, which I rolled fast round me, and got warm.

The midnight wind increased its doleful notes and heavy moans. Now a gruff piping of a cracked barrelled organ, and now, a wild shriek of one crying in distress.

"Mournfully! Oh! mournfully,
  This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody,
  Of ages long gone by.

"It speaks a tale of other years—
  Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
  And loves that mouldering lie!

"Mournfully! Oh! mournfully,
  This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory,
  In each dull heavy tone.

"The voices of the much-loved dead,
Seen floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone."

My first object was to lie and rest my senses, so that I should recover a little of my bodily strength, as well as have my thoughts about me. Of wild beasts I could not be afraid; I knew there were none. Of the wilder animals still, the Desert bandits, I also had every reason to believe there were none. But, from my elevated position, I could see their approach, or that of friends, nearly all around me. My only fear was to perish of thirst, for it attacked me now severely. Thus I lay for an hour or so, and then got up to watch the objects of Desert. All things were deformed in the shadowy moonlight, and most things looked double with the reeling of my poor senses. Several times I imagined I saw a camel coming, actually passing by a few paces from the base of the mound. Frightened at these illusions of the brain, I determined to try to sleep; my thirst still increased and prevented me. As fatigue left me, my head became clearer, and more serious thoughts occupied the mind. The moon, however, I watched, wheeling her "pale course," for I knew she finished now her shadowy reign a few hours before morning. It is impossible to give any outline of the thoughts which now rapidly and in wild succession passed my mind: suffice to say, I committed my spirit to the Creator who gave it. I repeated mechanically to myself aloud, "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." I now took the bold resolution to return to Ghat, not wasting my strength in the morning, after having made a short search in The Desert. It was the only chance of saving my life, if I

could not at once find the encampment. This resolution kept up the strength of my mind, and prevented me from sinking into despair. I had nothing to eat, nor drink, but I might reach Ghat in the evening of the second day, or if strong enough, I might get back in one long day. I knew the route along the line of Wareerat, and could not possibly lose myself when I was only to pursue the camel-track at the base of this mountain range. The only difficulty was, lest I should turn to the right and get entangled amongst the sand-hills and dwarf wood, before I reached the turning of the road which would conduct me direct to Ghat. Things which have made an impression in childhood, the soonest recur to the mind in these distressing cases. I thought of poor Hagar with her Ishmael, exposed to perish with thirst in The Desert: it was exactly my case, whilst dim vistas of childhood now filled up the chasms of opening memory. Byron's dying gladiator, in the last struggles of death, saw the green banks of the Rhine, the flowery scenes of his childhood's days, and, amid the horrid din of the Roman amphitheatre, heard the innocent shouts of his little playmates. I was now suffering a dreadful thirst, and might perish unless the same Providence directed me to the well, or the encampment, as guided the wretched handmaiden of Sarah.

Within seven or eight miles from the place where I now lay, I recollected there was the well Tasellam, under the shadow of The Rock. But how to find it, when I could not find the encampment lying still nearer me! Then came lesser thoughts and vexations. What was I to do in Ghat? How get back even if I escaped with my life in my teeth to the oasis? And would not the first thing, on my escape, be an attack of fever? Then recurred to me the words of my friend

Fletcher, "Expose yourself to no unnecessary risks." The strongest self-condemnation stung me, I was vexed at my extreme folly. Shall I add, that my thoughts wandered far over The Desert, skimmed over the surge of the Mediterranean, and ascended on the wing of the east wind, now cooling my burning forehead, and sought some sad solace in dear objects of my fatherland. Oh! the heart shrinks from revealing to the world its secret thoughts, its sorrowful regrets, its bitter self-reproaches! I must be silent of the rest. I now got up, sleep I could not. I was rejoiced to see a blacker shade thrown upon all night-visible things. The moon had performed her nocturnal duty, submissive and obedient to the law imposed upon her by universal nature, and had also sunk back, like the sun, below the Giant Demon Rock. I then lay down again, and just before day, after a few moments of broken sleep, for I even slept and forgot my perilous plight, another time I came out of my living grave to make observations. I looked at the eastern and western horizons, and thought the eastern was the lighter of the two, and there was the false dawn, or the dawn itself. I had often watched these dawns in the route from Tripoli to Ghadames, and grew wise in interpreting nocturnal sights and signs by dire experience. I lay down once more. Half an hour past, I came again and the last time forth, for all the east was now inflamed with the breaking out of day. The wheels of the sun's chariot were of radiant light vermilion, the horses, of darting orient flame, were being yoked on, and I stood silent and sad to see "the great king of day" mount, and commence his diurnal course. The Rock of Demons repelled the light, and shrouded itself in deeper gloom, as Desert morn advanced,

"And sow'd the earth with orient pearl;"

for even in the dry Desert the morning sheds some moisture, if not dew-drops. But on that Rock my thoughts now concentrated—there I must soon return, and revisit all its dark and rugged precincts. This was my only chance to meet with any persons sent in pursuit of me, if such there were. Began to see I had wandered at least eight miles from the Huge Rock. I threw my mantle over my shoulders, put the dagger under my left arm, and took the lance in my right hand, which felt heavy, for I had become weak and weary with the past night's traverse of The Desert, and the painful vigils afterwards. Descending from the mound to the level of the plain, I looked back upon my bed and grave, as if loth to leave it. As soon as there was light enough to see objects somewhat distinctly, I prayed to God for deliverance, and sallied forth with an unshrinking mind. I was amazed at the illusions of The Desert, for it was now day; the night might have its deceptions and phantasmagoria. Every tuft of grass, every bush, every little mound of earth, shaped itself into a camel, a man, a sheep, a something living and moving. Before the day was hardly begun, I sprang over again to the base of the Rocky Palace, and saw now the detached pieces which during the night I had ascended; but, for the life of me, I could not find the place I visited first, and made geological discoveries, never, never to be divulged. I continued to pace up and down, north and south, for an hour, until weariness began anew to attack me. I sighed and said to myself aloud, "So soon tired!" I now returned to the plain and made another straight cut. Although the day was pretty well developed I was staggered at the deceptions and phantasms of The

Desert. Every moment a camel loomed in sight, which was no camel. There was also a hideous sameness! the reason, indeed, I was lost. For there were no distinguishing marks, the mounds followed shrubs, the shrubs mounds, then a little plain, then sand, then again the mounds and shrubs, plain and sand, and always the same—an eternal sameness! Now falling into the track of a caravan, I was determined to pursue it, but it was with great difficulty I could follow out the traces. For at long intervals the hard ground received no impressions of men or camels' feet, and I repeatedly lost the track, going a hundred or more yards before I could get into it again, I continued north, I saw the camels' feet, the sheep's feet, and the prints of the camel-drivers, and sometimes I thought I saw my own foot-marks. But the slaves! Where were the impressions of the naked feet of some fifty slaves? Now I groaned with the anguish of disappointment. I must abandon the track in despair. I had already pursued it painfully over sand and rock, and pebbles, and shrubs, and every sort of Desert ground.

All this was fast wasting away my little remaining strength. I now mounted two very high mounds. Nothing lived or moved but myself in the unbroken silence, the undisturbed solitude! I observed my being too far north, I must return south. Another camel appeared. Yes, it was a small black bush, on the top of a little hillock, shaping itself into a camel. Now a marvel—life I was sure I saw. Two beautiful antelopes, light as air, bounded by me with amazing agility, and were lost in a moment amongst the shrubs and mounds of the desert plain. I fell to musing on natural history, and accounted for these gazelles by the presence of the well. I then recollected the Targhee hunter. For an instant I

forgot my situation. But where was I? What was I doing? Was I to return to Ghat, or perish in The Desert? My strength was failing me fast. I could not pursue for ever this wild chase at the base of the rock of the Jenoun. Under their baleful influence, I shall wander and wander till I drop and perish! I must make up my mind. The sun was not yet high up. I could walk till noon on the journey back, and then sleep a few hours and rest. The chill of the morning had taken away my thirst. I wrapped a handkerchief over my month, and took all the precaution I could against the approaching thirst at noon-day. The lance was heavy. Shall I throw it away? Could it not afford me a moment's protection in meeting a single bandit, which class of men mostly go alone? I keep my lance, but determine to sit down to rest, previous to departing for Ghat. I had often noticed the Arabs make a straight cut of route by raising up the right arm, and putting under it the left hand to support it, and then waving up and down the right and left arms together. After my short rest, I mimicked them. Mimickry is instinctive in us. I singled out for myself a distant hill on the plain, lying south in the route by which we had come here. Now then, I took the first step towards Ghat. I continued an hour, but oh! how weary I had become. Nature seemed ready to sink, and I dropped suddenly on the side of a small sand-mound..... What shall I do?..... Shall I shed tears to relieve me?..... No, I have long given up shedding tears. And, now! I must keep up at the peril of my life. My heart renews its courage. I again get up and begin to walk, limping along. The small hill was before me—but should I ever reach even that?..... My strength of body was now gone, though the mind would not yield..... In the last moment of human extremity ..... death itself ..... comes deliverance! I

continue my route to Ghat. I have just strength to raise my lance from the sand it pierces. I turn an instant round to the right hand, and a white figure passes by..... What is that? A friend or an enemy? I continue on. Is this one of our people, or of strangers? Shall I take him for a guide? Before I can think of it, I espy something in advance. But I fear an illusion, another deception. No! it is the head of a camel! I spring on with my little remaining staggering strength. To my joy unspeakable, I find myself upon my own camel—my own little encampment! But what a strange, a ludicrous scene! Here is poor Said skulking by the supper of the previous night, still placed on the fire, but which is gone out, his hands covering his face, and his head hanging down, his eyes swollen with tears but staring on the sand. The camel looks restless about, and moans. I cry out—"Said!" He starts up as if from a death-trance. He bellows out—"Aye wah," and begins to sob aloud. The slaves, close by, hear the noise and rush upon us. Where are the people? I see only slaves. They are all gone towards The Rock in pursuit of me. I now lie down and they bring me something to drink[27]. I begin with a little cold tea, and then eat a few dates. Afterwards, we got the supper cooked the previous night heated. About a quarter of an hour elapsed, when some of the party returned, and then the rest from the pursuit. They had gone as soon as it was light this morning. Last night some of them had been after me, and traced my steps, wandering over the sand, round and round, till they were nearly lost themselves, and got back to the encampment with difficulty. As soon as I recovered a little rest, our people came up to me and began to joke and laugh. "Ten dollars," said one, "you must give us for the trouble we have had in seeking

for you." Another said, "Lay down, Yâkob, sleep, we will wait till noon before we start, to enable you to rest." It was now 9, A.M. But the greater number of our party seemed confused, not knowing what to think or say. In my absence, the general impression was that I had been killed by the demons. Some, more sober, thought I might have fallen into the hands of the Touaricks. Now they said: "You were very foolish, you ought not, as a Christian, to have presumed to go to the Palace of the Demons, without a Mussulman, who could have the meanwhile prayed to God to preserve you, and likewise himself. The demons it is who have made you wander all night through The Desert." The Medina Shereef, who was of our party, boldly asserted, "The palace is full of gold and diamonds. The Genii guard it. No wonder then they were offended with your going, and struck you as a madman so that you could not return." Others asked me what I saw, but would not believe me when I told them I saw nothing. So it came to pass, that I nearly lost my life for the sake of confirming them more strongly than ever in their superstitions. I, who was to have taught them the folly of their fears by practical and demonstrable defiance of the Genii confirmed and sealed the power of the Genii over this Desert. But I must observe, my companions of travel did not adopt the right method of rescuing me from the malignant influence of the Genii. If they had sent a man in each direction from the camp, I should soon have been found. All going in one direction to The Mountain, the other routes were entirely unexplored. If ever I travel The Desert again, I shall provide myself with a pocket-compass, and something still better, a small tin or other box, of sufficient size to hold about a quarter of a pound of crushed dates, or other concentrated food, and a

small bottle of spirits and water. The compass to be always in my pocket, and the box always tied round my neck night and day. In the case now narrated, with this little stock of provisions I could have got safe back to Ghat, and waited and rested on the road. As it happened, there was every probability I should have perished, if I had not found the encampment. I continued for a full hour to drink ghusub-water and tea, with a few dates. Then I ate more solid food, and took coffee. My mind now rebounded, and the joy of deliverance seemed as if it would counterbalance the dreadful anxieties of the past night. What a pure pleasure I now tasted a few moments! In a freak, I sat down and sketched The Demons' Palace, laughing defiance upon it all the while, with the wayward self-will and harmless spite of a child, I took this vengeance on the unlucky Black Rock.

Now all was passed, I fancied I had merely experienced a distempered dream and ugly vision of The Desert. But when I rose to mount my camel, I found it had been no vision—I was obliged to be lifted upon my camel. Little did I think during the last (to me ever memorable) night, while chasing wearily about the dreary Desert, my own countrymen had before visited the same identical Demons' Rock. I had heard, indeed, some of the people say it had been "written by Christians."



Let us turn now to Dr. Oudney, and hear what he says about The Rock. On an excursion westward, from Mourzuk to Ghat, they arrived near Ludinat, in the valley of Serdalas or Sardalis. At a small conical hill called Boukra, or "father of the foot," the people of the caravans amused themselves by hopping over it; he who does it best is considered least exhausted by the journey. Near this are a few hills, among which a serpent, as large as a camel, is said to reside. "The Targhee is superstitious and credulous in the extreme: every hill and cave has something fabulous connected with it."

Of the nature of the mountains hereabouts, the Doctor says, "We entered (after leaving Serdalas) a narrow pass, with lofty rugged hills on each side; some were peaked. The black colour of almost all, with white streaks, gave them a sombre appearance. The external surface of this sandstone soon acquires a shining black, like basalt; so much so, that I have several times been deceived, till I took up the specimen. The white part is from a shining white aluminous schistus, that separates into minute flakes

like snow. The ground had in many places the appearance of being covered with snow."

They now got on the plain of the Kesar Jenoun. The hills of Tradart or Wareerat (apparently the same word, but sometimes called Taseely) now appeared on the east, and the high sands on the west. "The Tradart (or Taseely) range," says Oudney, "has a most singular appearance; there is more of the picturesque in this than in any hills we have ever seen. Let any one imagine ruinous cathedrals and castles; these we had in every position, and of every form. (I myself often thought of Windsor Castle, and the many hoary-headed old castles of England.) It will not be astonishing that an ignorant and superstitious people should associate these with something supernatural. That is the fact; some particular demon inhabits each. The cause of the appearance is the geological structure. In the distance there is a hill more picturesque and higher than the others, called Gassur Janoun, or Devil's Castle. Between it and the range there is a pass[28] through which our course lies. Hateetah dreads this hill, and has told me many strange stories of wonderful sights having been seen; these he firmly believes, and is struck with horror, when we tell him we will visit it."

Our countrymen kept the range of Wareerat the whole day, and were amazed with the great variety of forms. And when Clapperton thought he perceived the smell of smoke the previous night, Hateetah immediately said it was from the Devil's House. Another smaller rock is called the Chest, under which a large sum of money is said to have been deposited by an ancient people who were giants of extraordinary stature. The present race of Touaricks are, indeed, giants compared to some of our pigmy

European nations. Oudney made an excursion to Janoun, the Kesar Jenoun. He says, "Our servant Abdullah accompanied me. He kept at a respectable distance behind. When near the hill, he said, in a pitiful tone, 'There is no road up.' I told him we would endeavour to find one. The ascent was exceedingly difficult, and so strewed with stones, that we were only able to ascend one of the eminences; there we halted, and found it would be impossible to go higher, as beyond where we were was a precipice." It would appear the Doctor ascended one of the detached blocks, which I ascended last night to observe the fires of the encampment. Hateetah got alarmed at the departure of Oudney, and Clapperton was not able to allay his fears: he was only soothed when the Doctor returned. The Sheikh was astonished, as much as our people, when the Doctor said he had "seen nothing." How like things happen! Even at the distance of twenty long years, between my visit and the Doctor's, it seems as if I was narrating one story. The Doctor was also mainly incited by the same feeling as myself, to observe the geological structure. He observes, "The geological structure is the same as the range (Wareerat) that is near." To-day, after twenty years, and without knowing what the Doctor had written, when I made the same observation to our people, and tried to persuade Haj Ibrahim, the most intelligent of my companions, that there was nothing in this huge block different from the mountain range near it, being of the same stone and consistence, he replied drily, looking at both formations, "Yâkob, it's not true. You see on the Kesar Jenoun the very stones which the Demons have built up like the Castle at Tripoli. When you will be blind, how can you see? Why not believe in our Genii?"

This leads me to notice the Mahometan belief in Demons or Genii. According to the best commentators, the term جنّ "*Jinn*" signifies a rational and invisible being, whether angel or devil, or the intermediate species called "genius" or "demon." As the word Genii is used in the passage of the Koran, "Yet they have set up the Genii as partners with God, although he created them," (Surat VI.) some believe it refers to "the angels whom the Pagan Arabs worshipped, and others the devils, either because they became their servants, by adoring idols at their instigation, or else because, according to the Magian system, they looked upon the devil as a sort of creator, making him the author and principal of all evil, and God the author of good only." We all know what a share the Genii have in working the wonderful machinery of the Arabian Nights Tales. The Touaricks give them still greater powers, and make them a sort of delegated or deputy creators, according to the Magian system, but do not attribute to them the malevolent passions of an evil being. They are probably influenced by the Koran in this, which in the Surat, entitled "The Genii" (lxxii.) makes a portion of them to have been converted by hearing the reading of the Koran: "Say, it hath been revealed unto me, that a company of Genii heard me reading the Koran, and said, Verily we have heard an admirable discourse, which directeth into the right institution; wherefore we believe therein, and we will by no means associate any other with our Lord." The ancient Pagan Arabians also believed that the Genii haunted desert places, and they frequently retired, under cover of the evening's shade, to commune with these familiars of The Desert.

It is, perhaps, worth while to compare this Desert Pandemonium, which the imagination of the

Touaricks has built up amongst their native hills, aided by the light of the Koran, with what the creative mind of Milton has constructed by the aid of the learning of his times, and our own Scriptures. The difference is as striking as contrast can present. But yet there are some wonderful affinities, showing that mind is one and the same amongst barbarian or civilized nations. Blackness and darkness enter into the situation of both pandemoniums. The Desert Pandemonium has its pillars and turrets, its frieze, bas-reliefs, and cornices of ornamental architecture, though all done by the hand of "geological structure,"—its dark colours shining with "a glossy scurf." The Desert Pandemonium is also alive with myriads of spirits, peopling its subterranean vaults. The Desert Pandemonium has finally its riches, its jewels, and its treasures, such as Mammon, "the least-erected spirit," discovered and "led them on" to, in the deeps of hell. We may now transcribe the description of Milton's Pandemonium, the great ingredient of contrast being light and splendour amidst the "darkness visible" of the regions of perdition.

"Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there
want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures
graven;
The roof was fretted gold."

* * * * *

"The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height; and straight the doors
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing crezzets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky."

7th.—From the Kesar Jenoun, and indeed before arriving there, the valley assumed the form of a boundless plain, widening during the whole of our march to-day. We had still on our right, the chain of Wareerat, and, on our left, but scarcely visible, the low ridge of sand hills. We frequently find this sort of Desert geological phenomena; a range of rocky hills or mountains has a parallel range of sand hills, and the intermediate space is a broad valley or vast plain. In traversing this valley-plain, covered now with coarse herbage, now sand, now mounds of earth, now pebbles, now quite bare, our progress was precisely like that of a ship sailing near the shore, with bluff rocks and headlands jutting and stretching into the sea. So were we on our Desert ships (the camels) coasting slowly but surely along; whilst the mountains and their varied magic shapes continually mocked our weary efforts, and our strained vision; now appearing near, then distant, again near, again distant, and ever changing their wild, fantastic forms. I thought we passed the tree under which I made my grave-bed of the past night, but here were many mounds and many dark lethel-trees crowning the many mounds. The detached rocks I did see, and recognized fully my error, but which I had

conjectured, in wandering so far northwards. Our people observed justly, "Yâkob, we all went to find you, for we wished all equally to bear the responsibility. If you had been lost, who knows but what we should have been all blamed for having put you away, or left you behind?" This is, perhaps, but too true a conjecture. These poor people would have, perhaps, not only been blamed for my death, but accused of it. I was glad for their sakes, as well as my own, that I escaped from a Desert death. The story of the visiting the Palace of Demons would have been told, of course, variously by so many different people. How could they tell the story in the same way! These varieties of evidence would have been considered unsatisfactory, if not conclusive against them, whilst some people, suspicious of the Moors, would have believed the whole was a "cunningly-devised" trumped-up invention. The deaths of Park and Laing may have been unjustly charged upon the Africans in this way. How, and for what they died, is now altogether beyond our investigation. Even the more recent death or assassination of Davidson is a mystery of The Desert. We encamped close by a little stunted herbage, on which the camels scantily fed. Weary with the previous night's adventure, immediately on being lifted off the camel, I fell down fast asleep upon the ground. Our course to-day due north.

8th.—Did not rise until the sun was wheeling his daily course high up the heavens. Felt better, and walked a little in the morning. No symptoms of fever from the former night's exposure. In general the open Desert is perfectly salubrious. It is in the oases, mostly situated in the valleys, where the fever is generated. The Demon Temple still in view, with all its mysterious hideousness, crowned with its grisly

towers. It now stands out in all its defiant isolation; the sand hills which broke upon its view, running north and south, are now seen far beyond. It is its detached condition from the neighbouring chain of Wareerat, with which its geological structure is indissolubly connected, that has given this huge pile its supernatural reputation. The Demons' Rock is apparently a huge square, having four faces, and requiring a day to make the tour of its rugged and jutting basements. Its highest turret-peaks may be some six or seven hundred feet. The wady now has disappeared,—all is an immeasurable expanse of plain, and bare as barrenness and barren wastes can be. I observed a peculiar mirage to-day—lakes of still black shining water.

A part of our caravan, and not the least interesting, are six Soudan sheep, which belong to Haj Ibrahim. Their species is well known, but I must mention what an agile and strong animal is the Aheer and Housa sheep, being brought from both countries. This Soudan sheep is the best walker in the whole caravan, and the last which feels fatigue or drops from exhaustion. He browses herbage as the camel on the way, nibbling all the choicest herbs, and sometimes strays at a great distance from the caravan. He has had forty days' training from Aheer, and, as a slave said, "He's a better pedestrian than the mahry." He is an attacking animal, not scrupling even to attack the hand which feeds him with a little barley. He is so formidable to the sheep of the Barbary Coast, that I have seen a whole flock scamper away at the simple sight of him. He is tall, his legs long, and his limbs generally better proportioned than the common sheep. As he requires no wool to shelter him from cold in the sultry regions of Central Africa, Providence has only given

him a coat of hair; and his tail is like that of the common dog. The head offers nothing remarkable, but his look is bold, and his heart courageous. He butts fiercely at all strangers, and he is the only lord of freedom whilst marching over The Desert. In the companionship of these sheep over The Desert, they acquire a strong affection for one another, and I saw at Ghat two separated from a flock with great difficulty, the whole flock pursuing savagely the man who had taken away from them two of their *compagnons de voyage*. In going over Desert they require little attention, and will go without water for half a dozen days together. When, however, we come to a well, they are the first that will be served, neither sticks nor blows will keep them off. We have also, as travelling companions, ten or twelve parrots of the common blue-grey Soudan breed. This parrot has a white broad rim round the eye; its body is a light greyish-blue, legs, beak, and claws black, under-tail feathers white and upper scarlet. Each two or three of the parrots have a little round house to themselves, about eight inches in diameter, made of skins, and pierced with holes to let in the air and light, besides a door. Their quarrels are frequent, for quarrelling seems an essential part of the nature of all animals, the rational and irrational, and they often fight desperately, and are obliged to be separated. They are carried on the heads of the slaves, being, as these poor people, the purchased luxuries of the rich. The parrots are allowed to have an airing and a walk morning and evening. They all talk in good grammatical Negro language, and can occasionally aid our researches in Nigritian tongues. Parrots are brought from as far as Noufee.

The wood in the valley we just left, is the Lethel. Its leaves are powdered over with a white saline

substance, indeed, why not salt itself? Some of these trees are very large, having very thick trunks and boughs, perhaps forty feet high, and ten feet round the thickest trunks, which wood, when palm-wood is scarce, is used instead for building. On the plain, however, the Tholh[29] began to appear. This tree is found, as noticed before, in the most desolate places of The Desolate Sahara. It is sometimes very large for trees here, perhaps thirty feet high, and six or seven of width round its broadest trunks. The camels browse on it always, and when hungry crop with avidity a great quantity of the prickles and thorns, and thorny leaves. It is a mystery to me how the camel can chew such thorns in its delicate mouth. The Koran mentions the tholh (Surat lvi.), as one of the trees of Paradise, which Sale has translated Mauz, "the trees of mauz loaded regularly with their produce from top to bottom." But tholh here seems to refer to a very tall and thorny tree, which bears an abundance of beautiful flowers of an agreeable odour, one of the many species of acacia, and not the ordinary gum-arabic tree.

Near sun-set we left the plain, and I took an everlasting farewell of the Temple of Genii. Poor inanimate Rock! which should so much bewilder man's crazy brain, and fill the desert travellers with such strange fancies. We turned to the north-west into a gorge of the chain of Wareerat. In this gorge, besides the usual black sandstone, with glossy basaltic forms, were large deposits of chalk, one of which our route intersected, on the top of the ridge, where also the action of water was extremely well marked. The action of water remains a long time visible in The Great Desert, perhaps twelve, twenty, nay, fifty years, during which several periods, even in the driest regions of The Sahara, there is sure to

be a heavy drenching rain,—an overflowing, overwhelming mass of water falls on the desert lands. The districts of Ghat remained some eight or ten years without an abundant rain, till this last winter, when it came in most overpowering showers[30]. The action of rain on the earthy bosom of The Desert is very much like that of the action of the sea on its shores, which has led to the remark, that The Sahara looks as if it been "washed over" by the ocean. The mounds of earth so frequently met with in The Desert are formed by water in the time of great rains. In this gorge were big blocks of stone, on which were carved Touarghee characters. It was fortunate I knew the characters, for the people wished to persuade me they were those of very ancient people, and of Christians, whilst none of the party could read them. They are probably the names of shepherd and Touarghee camel-drivers, wandering through Desert. Some of the letters have a very broad square Hebrew or Ethiopic look about them. The gorge was steep, narrow, and intricate in the first part of its ascent. We then descended and encamped between the links of the chains, which form so many valleys, some broad and deep. It was a good while after sun-set, when we brought up for the night, and we had come a very long day. All were greatly fatigued, especially the poor slave girls.

9th.—Rose early, and started early. The feet-marks of the aoudad wore observed on the sand. Course through the gorge north-east. After a couple of hours we cleared the gorge, entering upon a broad open plain or valley. Here I observed the chain of Wareerat was rounded off on the eastern side, and of considerably less altitude, whilst the peaks of the opposite or western side were steep and escarpé, owing apparently to the action of the water in the

wady.

Continuing our course on the plain for an hour or two, we arrived at the oasis of Serdalas, a handful of cultivation, but very fair and of vigorous growth. The valley or plain of Serdalas, which is also called Ludinat, and the site of a Marabet, is an extensive undulating plain, bounded east and west by two ranges of mountains, stretching north and south. Near the spot of our encampment are wells of excellent water, seven or eight of them, and the largest is a thermal spring, which is about the centre of the oasis. It is banked up, or rather issues from a rocky eminence, where large lumps of bog iron may be picked up. Formerly this spring was fortified, the high walls built around its mouth still remaining, and there are besides the brick ruins of a castle close by. Tradition relates that the oasis was formerly colonized by Christians, and others say, by Jews. It may, indeed, have been colonized previously to the arrival of the Arabs in Africa by the ancient Berbers, or Numidians, but the castle itself is of Moorish modern construction. The present miserable population does not exceed ten persons, Fezzaneers and one or two Touaricks, who cultivate a little wheat and ghusub. The houses are huts of sticks, date-leaves, and dried grass. Near the great spring is a large tree, with prickly thorny leaves, not unlike the tholh. It is called *Ahatas*, اهتس, and was brought from Soudan, where its species grows to an enormous magnitude. Its wood makes excellent bowls, spoons, and several useful domestic utensils. This tree measures at least twelve feet round its trunk; its principal branch is prostrate, bent beneath the burden of many a Saharan summer's heat and winter's cold. From the old paralyzed arm, however, shoot up young green branches, offering a pleasant

shade to the weary and thirsty wayfarer in these wilds. Under this tree money is buried to a great amount, but the writings, pointing out the particular spot, were destroyed by a son of the Marabout, whose tomb consecrates this desert spot. Several small birds are hopping about, like those seen in Ghat, with white heads and white under tails, the rest black. This seems a *bonâ fide* feathered tenant of Sahara.

We remain here to-day and to-morrow. It is, perhaps, for the better, for we are all knocked up. By preserving the body we preserve the mind. Our party consists of four merchants, the rest being servants and slaves. My friend Haj Ibrahim is the principal one. We have the Medina Shereef, who is in charge of a male and two female slaves, the property of the Governor of Ghat. He continues his route from Tripoli to Mecca, and expects to be absent two years on his pilgrimage. The Shereef makes great pretensions to learning and sanctity, and I believe he is clever, if not learned; he says to me, "My business is study and prayer." He asked me about Khanouhen, his father-in-law, and the presents which I made the prince, and said, "Khanouhen sent back his presents to you, and would not accept them." I told him I commuted the goods into silver; at which he laughed and remarked, "Ah! Khanouhen is deeper than the devil himself." He considers Jabour's protection omnipotent in the route of Timbuctoo, but says the Touaricks only, and not caravans, can protect European travellers: I think the Shereef is right. Another of our merchants is a very civil Ghadamsee, and acts as a sort of broker for Haj Ibrahim. He is very civil and good-natured, but, nevertheless, keeps mostly in his hand a little nasty whip, with which he lays it into the unlucky slaves. The last of the four is

a queer dwarfish Touatee, from Aïn Salah, who is carrying a few little bags of gold to Tripoli, perhaps a dozen ounces. At the instigation of the Shereef, who likes a laugh, I keep roasting him on the way, telling him, "You have got so much gold about you that we are sure to be attacked by banditti before we arrive safely at Tripoli." This makes him very savage, and sometimes he calls me a kafer. Haj Omer is the great factotum of Haj Ibrahim, an Arab of Tripoli, and a most hardy hard-working fellow. Omer has two camels which are hired by his master. One of these foaled a little before we left Ghat, and he carried the young camel the half of a day's journey on his back. Omer never rides, walks all day long, pitches the tents, looks after the camels, looks after the slaves, and from morning to night is on his legs. So these people can work when it is necessary; indeed, I am sure, with a good government, and an equitable system of trade, the Moors and Arabs of North Africa would be as industrious and persevering as any other people.

It is now afternoon, and very hot. The weather has been sultry the four days of our route. But our faces are nearly always north, and a slight fresh breeze blows from either N., N.E., or N.W. every day, a most grateful relief. It is, however, cold at nights, and very cold in the morning after the heat has been absorbed during the night. The negresses are busy either pounding ghusub, or washing themselves, or making the toilet and arranging their sable persons in showy trinkets. Certainly woman in the negro races is a remarkable creature. She bears her bondage and its hardships with consummate fortitude, and the greatest good humour and gaiety, never quarrelling or sulking with her master, and only now and then having a little bickering of jealousy or rivalry with

her fellow slave. Two or three slaves only, for the present, are unable to keep up, and placed on the backs of camels. I am astonished to see how well they keep up, what fatigue they are capable of bearing; I should myself die of exhaustion were I placed in their situation. There is a little boy only four or five years of age, who walks as well as any of them. He refused my offer to give him a ride, and answered, "I don't wish to ride. I walked all the way from my native country to Ghat." Should this little creature continue to walk his way to Tripoli, by the time he arrives in that city he will have walked over eighty-five days of Desert, besides the distance he may have walked before reaching Aheer, perhaps some additional thirty days.

Another of Haj Ibrahim's camels foaled to-day. The foal is stretched upon the ground as if lifeless, the mother standing over and staring at it. But the foal will not remain so long, for to-morrow or next day it will be up on its legs, and after four, five, or six days, it will be able to run after its dam. In fact, the foal, now five days' old, runs after its mother part of the day's march, and after two or three more days it will be able to continue a whole day's journey. Here is an instance of the immense superiority of the lower animal over the higher animal man. It is curious that the cry of the foal is very much like a child, and I once turned round to see a negress child crying, and found it was a camel-foal. In marching the foal is tied upon the back of its mother, and so borne along, the dam grumbling regular choruses to the cry of the foal. (*Later an hour.*) The foal is actually upon its legs, about four hours after its birth, and it has sucked its mother twice. The mother does not quarrel so much about her child as the first she-camel. Such is the varying dispositions of brutes. A foal is worth

ten dollars when a year old. Most she-camels have a foal every other year, but some few every year. The foal remains a whole year with its mother. None of these camels give milk, because there is not sufficient herbage in our way. In cases of extremity, when the herbage is scarce and the camels give little milk, the Touaricks of Ghat will drive their camels to graze as far as Aheer, or even to Soudan. Milk is an essential portion of their means of existence. The reader must not be surprised to find so frequent a mention of the Camel-Ship of The Desert. In the Koran the camel is thus introduced, "Do not they consider the camels, how they are created?" (Surat Lxxxviii.) and very properly, as a wonderful instance of the creative might of Deity. These animals are of such use, or rather necessity, in The East and in The Desert, that the creation of a species so wonderfully adapted to these countries, is a very apposite and proper instance to an Arabian and African, or even an European (travelling here), of the power and wisdom of the Creator. Like the reindeer, and the lichen, or moss, on which it feeds in the polar regions, the camel and the date-palms in the Great Desert furnish striking and remarkable examples of the inseparable connexion of certain animals and plants with human society and the propagation of our common species. Providence, or nature, for it is the same, has so formed the faithful, patient and enduring camel, as to create in this animal a link of social and commercial intercourse amongst widely-scattered and otherwise apparently unapproachable nations. The she-camel which I am riding through these solitary wastes never fails me, except from sheer exhaustion, the enduring creature never giving in whilst nature sustains her! In the most arid, herbless, plantless, treeless, thirsty wastes, she finds her loved-

home, for The Desert is the natural sphere of life and action for the camel. The Desert was made for the Camel, and the Camel was made for The Desert.

10th.—Did not sleep very well, and felt very cold during the night. But as soon as the sun is up it is hot. Such is The Desert. It is also cold in the shade, and hot in the sun. When riding, a hot wind burns the one cheek, and a cold wind blanches the other cheek[31]. You wander through these extremes like the spirits of the nethermost regions,—

> "And feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change
> more fierce:
> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice—
> Thence hurried back to fire."

I usually am obliged to wear my cloak out of the sun, besides a woollen burnouse.

Visited the marabet, or mausoleum, of Sidi Bou Salah, about two hundred paces from the large spring. My Fezzanee guide told me the daughter of the buried Marabout was still living in the oasis, but his sons were residing in Fezzan. When the corn was reaped, late in the spring, he himself should return to Fezzan. One or two persons would remain here. The tomb of the Marabout is enclosed within the usual square little house, having a dome or cupola roof, but it is not clean whitewashed, as these sanctuaries generally are on the Coast. On the tomb is a coverlet of particoloured and showy silks. The room of the mausoleum is snug and clean. A little lamp is kept burning at the head during the night. This is a sort of perpetual fire. There are two or three outhouses, or rooms, adjoining, in which, if anything be deposited,

it is quite safe, it is sacred, no robbers in these wild countries being bold enough to commit such a sacrilege against the God of the Islamites. The entire oasis is peculiarly protected by the halo of the awful Marabout here buried. It is a place of perfect security for all travellers. In this way the sentiment of religion confers its advantages, whatever may be the creed of its professors. No doubt the sentiment of religion, as connected with superstition, inflicts upon mankind intolerable evils; but here, at any rate, is some compensation.

I surveyed again the great thermal spring. The water issues from a rocky ferruginous soil of iron ore, giving the water a mineral taste. Yet it is of the best quality. Apparently the water descends from the neighbouring mountain chains, and collects here, but its flow or stream is perennial. From this little eminence I had a panoramic view of the country, and was gratefully affected with the beautiful situation of the oasis. In the hands of Europeans, a city would be created here, one of the largest of The Great Desert, for water abounds on every side. This oasis would become the centre of a dense population, fed from the products of the soil. A mart of commerce would concentrate a great Saharan traffic, ramifying through every part of Africa. But what can be expected from people whose one predominant and *quasi*-religious idea teaches them that everything should remain as it is; as it was before so shall it be hereafter. People nevertheless pretend that political causes keep the oasis in its present miserable condition. Serdalas belongs to the Touaricks, who let it out to the Fezzaneers, but will not permit them to plant date-palms, lest the oasis should flourish and rival Ghat, and so injure that mart of commerce. Be it as it may, man always fails of his work, and if he

does so in the more genial climes of Europe, what can come of his idleness and his improvidence in The Vast African Desert? Desolate as The Sahara may be in its essential character, it is rendered still more so by the neglect of its heedless and dreamy tenants. Many are the oases in this neglected, abandoned state. And the saddening, sickening thought often recurs to me, that, however desolate The Sahara may have been in past ages, it is now getting worse instead of better. Ghadames, and many oases of Fezzan, are dwindling away to nothing, the population lessening, and dispersing under the curse of the Turkish system!

Fezzan is only reckoned five days from Serdalas, good travelling, but, with a caravan of slaves, it will occupy us six or seven days. How fond of lying are the Moors, or, shall we say, boasting? The Shereef, I hear from my other companions, is not going on a pilgrimage to Mecca, as he boasted to me. He merely goes to Tripoli on a trip to sell his three slaves for the Governor, his uncle, and purchase a little merchandise in return.

Had a visit from the daughter of the Marabout, the wild Sybil of The Desert. She is an Arab lady of some seventy or more years of age, but, like most ladies, does not know how old she is. At first sight of her, I

> "Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent
> awe,
> Her tatter'd mantle,
> Her moving lips,—
>
> "Whose dark eyes flash'd, through locks
> of blackest shade."

The Pythoness asked me how I liked her country, a hundred times, and then begged for something in the name of Allah. She kept saying, "What have you got for the daughter of the great Marabout?" "What have you got for her who dedicates her life to God?" She was very proud of the distinction, *Bent-El-Marabout* ("daughter of the Marabout"). And why should she not be proud? When all comes to all, the Saharan lady is as good as a Roman Nepote of the Pope. She continued, "What have you got for the daughter of the great Marabout?" And, indeed, I had got very little. I then gave her a little looking-glass, the only one I had. But this is no privation in The Desert, however necessary elsewhere. The looking-glass exceedingly delighted the sybil, for in it she saw the stern features of her face, with her dauntless eye. She then got familiar. She wondered why I was not married, and how I could go to sleep without a wife. She prayed me to take one from Fezzan, or buy a negress of the caravan, telling the people, "The Christian is very good, but very foolish. The Christian has plenty of money, and does not buy a wife." I told her it was prohibited to buy slaves. And as to a wife, I could not carry her about in The Desert. To which she at length, after much persuasion, consented to agree. The daughter of the Marabout showed no hostility against me as a Christian, although of such pure blood, and in which the antagonism of the eastern to the western spirit is supposed to be stronger. She gave me her blessing, and we parted friends. The only piece of dress of any kind which the Maraboutess wore was a thick, dark, woollen frock, with short sleeves. She had no ornaments; her hair was black, mixed with grey, long, and dishevelled about her neck and shoulders. An air of the Pythoness overshadows the

countenance and carriage of this Desert priestess. Amongst the people she is a holy being. She lives alone. She has the power of foretelling future events. She receives small presents from all the ghafalahs which visit the oasis, as tithes of the Marabout shrine. She never leaves this Desert spot. Her person was ever inviolable. It is related that, many years ago, an Arab once attempted to surprise her in the night, and share a part of her bed, but was immediately struck dead before he could stretch out his hand to open the door of her grass-built hut. So The Desert has its incorruptible vestals. But the conversation which her ladyship had with me was all pro-matrimonial, and would not have suggested to the stranger that she was an ancient maiden of inviolate chastity. Perhaps she might have thought this sort of conversation would please me best. The Maraboutess, as well as the few Fezzaneers in Serdalas, are of short stature, of a very dark-brown complexion, approaching nearly to black, and some have the broad distended nostrils of the negro. The Shereef said to me this afternoon, "I'm going to pray at the Marabout shrine; I go happily, I return happily." Our Shereef is a little self-righteous.

Evening, died a young female slave. She had been ill a month. She was of the most delicate frame, and cost seventy dollars as a great beauty. She was buried in the grave-yard of the Marabet without any ceremonies. Happy creature to have so died. They first tried to dig a grave in open desert, but not succeeding, they carried her to the burial-ground of the Marabet.

11th.—To-day is the fourteenth day of the month, and Wednesday instead of Monday, by the reckoning of my fellow travellers. A fine morning, but we all

felt severe cold during the past night, and which nipped up the poor slaves.

This morning visited Haj Ibrahim early, and seeing a young female very ill I remarked: "You had better leave her with the daughter of the Marabout." He replied, much agitated, "Oh, no, it's a she-devil." Thinking she might be sulky, as Negroes often sulk, I made no other observation. A few minutes after I heard the noise of whipping, and turning round, to my great surprise, I saw the Haj beating her not very mercifully. He had a whip of bull's hide with which he gave her several lashes. This displeased me much, for I thought if the girl had sulked a little she might have been cured without recourse to the whip, in her debilitated state. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, or not so much, I saw Haj Omer, servant of the Haj, going towards the graveyard, with a small ax in his hand, and suspecting something had happened, I followed to see what it was. On arriving at the Marabet, I asked,

"What are you going to do?"

"Dig a grave, only," was the reply.

"What," I continued, "are you going to dig the grave of the Negress whom Haj Ibrahim was just now beating?"

"Yes," Omer returned, greatly ashamed.

I was not surprised at the answer, but a disagreeable chill came over me. Omer then added apologetically, "They bring these poor creatures by force, they steal them. They give them nothing to eat but hasheesh (herbs). Her stomach is swollen. We couldn't cure her; Haj Ibrahim beat her to cure her. She had

diarrhœa." This requires no comment. I add only, if Haj Ibrahim, who is a good master, can treat his slaves thus, what may we not expect from others less humane? There is no doubt but that the whipping of this poor creature hastened her death. She was, indeed, whipped at the point of death. I stopped to see the lacerated slave buried. She was some eleven years of age, and of frailest form. A grave was dug for her about fifteen inches deep and ten wide. It is fortunate there are no hyenas or chacalls to scratch up these bodies. They do "rest in peace." Into this narrow crib of earth she was thrust down, resting on her right side, with her head towards the south, and her face towards the east, or towards Mecca. She had on a small chemise, and her head and feet and loins were wrapped round with a frock of tattered black Soudan cotton. Omer, before he put her in, felt her breast to see if she were really dead. At first he seemed to doubt it, and fancied he felt her heart beating, but at last he made up his mind that she was really dead. I felt her hands. They were deathly cold. At times Moors bury people warm, and not unfrequently alive. They are always in a desperate hurry to get corpses under ground, thinking the soul cannot have any peace whilst the body lies unburied. As the last service to the body, Omer took some earth and stopped up her nostrils. This was done to prevent her reviving should she be not really dead, and attempt to move. Unquestionably if buried in the open desert, it is a service, for the wretch only revives to die a more horrible death. Some small flag-stones were then laid over the narrow cell, and these were covered with earth, in the form of a common grave, being only a little narrower than our graves, as the body is turned up on its side. The two poor young things lay side by side, the one who died

yesterday, and the one to-day, giving their liberated spirits opportunity to return to the loved land of freedom, the wild woods of the Niger. Happy beings were they;—better to die so in The Desert, in the morning of their bondage, than live to minister to the corrupt appetites of the unfeeling sensualist! Seeing others, free people, with pieces of stone raised up at their heads, and wishing the slave and the free to have equal rights in the grave, I fetched two pieces of stone and placed them at their heads likewise. If it be permitted to pray for the dead, God save, in mercy, these two youthful, frail, but almost sinless souls!

DIRGE[32].

"O'er her toil-wither'd limbs sickly
languors were shed,
And the dark mists of death on her eyelids
were spread;
Before her last sufferings how glad did she
bend,
For the strong arm of death was the arm
of a friend.

"Against the hot breezes hard struggled
her breast,
Slow, slow beat her heart, as she hastened
to rest;
No more shall sharp anguish her faint
bosom rend,
For the strong arm of death was the arm
of a friend.

"No more shall she sink in the deep
scorching air,

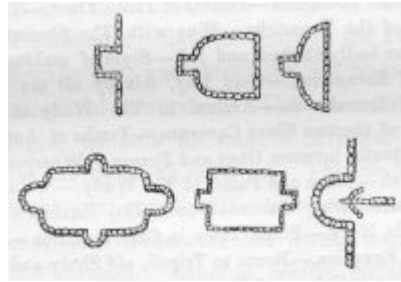
No more shall keen hunger her weak body
tear;
No more on her limbs shall swift lashes
descend,
For the strong arm of death was the arm
of a friend.

"Ye ruffians! who tore her from all she
held dear,
Who mock'd at her wailings and smil'd at
her tear;
Now, now she'll escape, every suffering
shall end,
For the strong arm of death was the arm
of a friend."

I returned to the encampment and found the caravan in motion. Burning hot to-day. I felt the heat as oppressive as in my journey of August to Ghadames. Fortunately our faces were north-east, away from the sun in its greatest power. No one can understand this passage, καὶ ἡ ὄψις αὐτοῦ ὡς ὁ ἥλιος φαίνει ἐν τῇ δυνάμει αὐτοῦ, (Rev. i. 16,) who has not travelled under the influence of the Saharan sun. The rays dart down with a peculiar fierceness upon your devoted head, depriving you of all your life-springs. As to its splendour, the eye of the eagle turns away daunted from its all-effulgent beams. Since leaving Ghat we have passed many graves of the "bond and the free," who have died in open desert. Passed one to-day, with Arabic characters carved on the stone raised at its head. Passed by also several desert mosques, which are simply the outline in small stones, of the ground-plan of Mahometan temples.

We have, in many instances, only the floor of the mosque marked out, or rather the walls which

inclose the floor. Within the outlines the stones are nicely cleared away. Here the devout passers-by occasionally stop and pray. The desert mosques are some of them of these shapes—



The places projecting in squares or recesses are the kiblah, upon which the Faithful prostrate themselves towards the east, or Mecca[33].

Our course is through an undulating country of hills and valleys. We made a short day, for we began to fear we might lose many of the slaves. A Touarghee caravan, going to Fezzan, overtook us *en route*, but soon turned off to the north-west.

Footnotes:

[27] I hope I offered up a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty for my deliverance from perishing in The Desert.

[28] It is a very wide valley, nay an extensive plain. But the Doctor writes about it before he arrives there.

[29] Tholh—الظلح—*Acacia gummifera*, (Willd.) It bears what the Moors and Arabs call *Smug Elârab* (صمغ العرب), or "Gum Arabic." This is the most hardy tree of The Desert, and, like the karub-trees of Malta, strikes its roots into the

very stones.

[30] Dr. Oudney says, who was a man of science:—"Rain sometimes falls in the valley (of Sherkee, Fezzan,) sufficient to overflow the surface and form mountain torrents. But it has no regular periods, five, eight, and nine years frequently intervening between each time. Thus, no trust can be placed in the occurrence of rain, and no application made in agricultural concerns." In truth, the rain which falls in these uncertain intervals, seems to answer no available purpose, unless to feed the wells and under-currents of water.

[31] The blowing hot and cold with the same breath is here a reality, or thereabouts.

[32] Adapted from an anonymous piece, called "*The Dying Negro*."

[33] "But we will cause thee to turn towards a *Kiblah* that will please thee. Turn, therefore, thy face towards the holy temple of Mecca; and wherever ye be, turn your faces towards that place."—*Surat* ii.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM GHAT TO MOURZUK.

Another Range of Black Mountains.—Habits of She-Camels when having Foals.—Our Mahrys.—Intelligence of my Nagah.—Geology of Route.—Arrive at the Boundaries of Ghat and Fezzan.—The Moon-Stroke.—Sudden Tempest.—Theological Controversy

of The Shereef.—Wars and Razzias between the Tibboos and Touaricks.—Forests of Tholh Trees.—The Shereef's opinion of the Touaricks.—Dine with The Shereef.—Saharan Travellers badly clothed and fed.—Style of making Bazeen.—Mode of Encamping.—Cold Day, felt by all the Caravan.—Well of Teenabunda.—Arrival in The Wady of Fezzan.—Meeting of the two Slave Caravans.—Tombs of Ancient Christians.—Routes between Ghat and Fezzan.—Weariness of Saharan Travel.—Oases and Palms of The Wady.—We meet a rude Sheikh, demanding Custom-Dues.—Haj Ibrahim's opinion of the Virgin Mary.—Black Jews in Central Africa.—My Affray with the Egyptian.—Route to Tripoli, *viâ* Shaty and Mizdah.—Features and Colour of Fezzaneers.—My Journey from The Wady to Mourzuk, on leaving the Slave-Caravans.—Tombs of former Inhabitants, and Legends about them.—Bleak and Black Plateau.—The Targhee Scout.—Have a Bilious Attack.—Desert Arcadians, and lone Shepherdesses.—Oasis of Agath, and its want of Hospitality.

12th.—A LONG, long, weary day, and tormentingly hot in the middle of the day. Course north-east, over plains scattered with small stones. Traversed a few small ridges of hills. A new species of stone to-day, the hard slate-coloured, and some of it with a granite-like look. Afternoon, came in sight of the other chain of black, or, as sometimes designated, Soudan mountains, stretching boundlessly north and south, like those near Ghat. This chain likewise

extends to the Tibboo country. It is an error of some of the late French writers, to make the Saharan ranges always run east and west. This direction of development only applies to the Atlas ranges of the Coast. No trees, and no herbage for the camels. The hasheesh which the camels ate this evening was brought us from the encampment of yesterday. The poor slaves knocked up to-day; rested many times on the road, and another very ill. In all probability she will follow her companions lately dead. Others, however, sang and danced, and tried to forget their slavery and hardships. But the death of the two girls is a damper for the rest, and they have not been so merry since that mournful occurrence. The she-camels, which have foals, give no milk for want of herbage. The two mothers bite one another's children. This, perhaps, they do to teach the young ones their true mothers. One of them makes a great noise over her young one, and disturbs all the caravan. Evening, whilst all the people were at prayers, and prostrating in their usual parallel lines, I went up to her, and began teazing her. The angry brute slowly and deliberately got up, but, once on her legs, she made a dead set at me, running after me. Meanwhile, receding backwards as fast as I could, I fell over some of the people praying and prostrating, and the camel attacked them as well as me, spoiling their devotions. The camel now returned to her foal; and, prayers over, Haj Ibrahim said to me, laughing, "Yâkob, the camel knows you are a kafer, and don't pray with us. So she attacks you. Camels never attack good Moslems at their prayers." The foal of seven days' old walked the whole of our long march to-day! and nearly as fast as a man. So the poor camel begins to learn by times its lessons of patience and long-suffering. The mahry of

the Haj is very vicious and greedy, and bites all the other camels which eat with it. Camels are made to eat in a circle, all kneeling down, head to head, and eye to eye. Within this circle of heads is thrown the fodder. Each camel claims its place and portion, eating that directly opposite to its head. The people eat in the same manner in circles, each claiming the portion before them, but squatting on their hams instead of kneeling. The mahry of the Haj is quite white, and is a very fine animal; but its eye is small and sleepy-looking, so that it does not appear to have the amount of intelligence of the Coast camels. We have another smaller mahry, and some of the mahrys are as diminutive as others are gigantic in size. My nagah feeds by herself. The males never bite the females as they bite one another,—a piece of admirable gallantry, so far, on their part, but they rob the females of their fodder, and I am obliged constantly to keep driving them away from my nagah. The nagah knows she receives her dates from our panniers. Stooping down on one of them this evening to find something, putting my head right in, and raising myself up, I found the nagah's head right over my shoulder, attentively watching me, to see if I was bringing out her dates. She distinguishes me well from the Moors and Arabs, by my black cloak, and is usually very gentle and civil to me, and familiar, more especially about the time of bringing out the dates.

13th.—Our course north-east, over an undulating plain of sand and gravel, and at intervals the desert surface was a plain pavement of stone, of a dark slate-colour. Greater part of the route strewn with pieces of petrified wood, but no pretty fossil remains. Wood, apparently chumps of the tholh. We had all day the new range of black mountains on our right,

which extend southwards far beyond the Fezzanee country to the Tibboos. Intensely cold all day, the air misty, and the wind from north-west. But I prefer this cold to the heat of yesterday. Haj Ibrahim complained of the cold, and was alarmed for his slaves. One of the females he chased on his mahry, the girl running away on foot, and gave her two or three cuts with the whip. She had been accused of too great familiarity with a male slave. Crime and slavery go hand in hand: Miserable humanity!

About noon, we reached the territory of Fezzan. Good bye, Touaricks! farewell to the land of the brave and the free! Farewell, ye Barbarians! where prisons, gibbets, murders, and assassinations are unheard of. We now tread the soil of despotism, decapitations, slavery and civilization, under the benign Ottoman rule, in conjunction with the Christianized Powers of Europe! The boundaries of Ghat and Fezzan are determined by two conspicuous objects, first, by a chain of mountains running north-east and south-west, joining the oases of Fezzan on the north, and extending to the Tibboo towns on the south, the eastern side of all which chain is claimed by the masters of Fezzan, the western by the Touaricks of Ghat; and secondly the forests of tholh trees, which are now appearing in our north, affording abundant wood to the people of the caravan, and browsing for the camels. I am now, then, once more under the power of the Porte, and within the region of Turkish civilization. Passed other desert mosques, with some Arabic characters written in the sand, near the Keblah.

To-night the moon shone with a sun's splendour; all our people seemed startled at this prodigious effulgence of light. Several of the slaves ran out

amongst the tholh trees, and began to dance and kick up their heels as if possessed. It might remind them of the clear moonlit banks and woods of Niger. Haj Ibrahim at last got out his umbrella and put it up, "What's that for?" I asked. "The moon is corrupt (fesed), its light will give me fever. You must put up your broken umbrella." So said all our people, and related many stories of persons struck by the moon and dying instantaneously[34]. This is another illustration of the passage, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." (Ps. cxxi. 6.) In the Scriptures are several allusions to a stroke of the sun, (see Is. xLix. 10, Rev. vii. 16,) but few to the moon-stroke. Saharan opinion is that the moon-stroke is fatal. I am not aware that the moon-stroke is well authenticated by our eminent physicians. The writer of the psalm spoke the current language of his epoch of science. It is probable that "moon-struck madness," and strokes of the moon, are the effects of noisome or infectious vapours which crowd about the night, and obscure with a still paler light that pale luminary. The sun-stroke seems to be well-authenticated; many cases of Europeans going hunting and sporting in the open country of Barbary, then and there receiving a stroke of the sun, and dying with fever, are on record.

14th.—Course as usual, north-east. Cold to-day. Skirt the mountain-chain on our right, and traverse a vast plain, scattered with pebbles and other small stones. As yet, we have not passed over sands or through any sandy region, although sand-ranges bounded the west in the early part of the route; here and there a little sand, loose and flying about. Our road is a splendid carriage-road. Oh, were there but water! But water is the all and everything in The Desert. Encamped on the limitless plain. How variable is

Saharan weather: now, at sunset, a tempest rises, and sweeps the bosom of The Desert with "the besom of destruction!" A high wind continued all night. I fancied myself at sea, but preferred the Ocean Desert, its groaning hurricane, its hideous barrenness, to the heaving and roaring of the Ocean of Waters. We passed another desert mosque; it was only a simple line, slightly curved for the Keblah. There were also some letters written on the earth, in Arabic, passages from the Koran. Other writing on the ground is always smoothed over, and not allowed to remain. Part of the road was covered with heaps of stone, as if done to clear it, as well as to direct travellers *en route*.

The Shereef introduced the subject of religion to-night in conversation. He observed:—

"The torments of the damned are like all the fires in the world put together."

I.—"Are these torments eternal?"

The Shereef.—"Yes, as everlasting as Paradise."

I.—"But do you not continually say, 'God is The Most Merciful.' How can this be?"

The Shereef.—"I don't know, so it is decreed." The Shereef boldly continued, "In this world[35] God has given all the infidels plenty of good things, (this being a sly allusion to the Christians and their possession of great wealth); but, in the next world, the believers only will enjoy good, and the kafer will be miserable." "You, Yâkob," he proceeded, "are near the truth, very near, and near Paradise, because you can read and write Arabic, and understand our holy books."

And so he went on preaching me a very orthodox sermon. I asked him how God would dispose of those who never read or heard of Mahomet or the Koran. He couldn't tell. The same queries and objections are, nevertheless, applicable to our own and to nearly all religions, which make the condition of believing one thing, and one class of doctrines, absolute for salvation. The Touatee gold-merchant, who was close by at the time, interposed, "You are near jinnah (Paradise), Yâkob, one word only, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.'" I returned, "If this be not uttered from the heart it is useless and mockery." "By G—d! you are right, Yâkob," exclaimed the Shereef. Like most Mahometans, the Shereef says, "The coming of Jesus is near, when he will destroy all the enemies of God, Jews and Christians, and give the world and its treasures into the hands of the Moslemites." I asked him why he represented all mankind but the Moslemites to be the enemies of God? My mind always recoils from the thought of arranging mankind, and marshalling them forward, so many enemies of God, as if the Eternal and Almighty Being who planned, formed, and sustains the universal frame of nature, could have enemies! Man may be the enemy of his fellow man, but cannot be the enemy of God. The Shereef here did not know what to say, and I think replied very properly, *Allah Errahman Errahem*, "God is most merciful!" a sentiment which all of us admit in spite of our peculiar dogmas of theology. But this conversation offers nothing new or different from those which I had with my taleb Ben Mousa, at Ghadames.

The Shereef then spoke about slavery, and asked me, why the English forced the Bey of Tunis to abolish the traffic in slaves. I explained the circumstances,

adding, the Bey was not forced, but only recommended, by the English Government to abolish the slave traffic. He then began a long story in palliation of the traffic, stating that the slaves knew not God, and that in being enslaved by the Mohammedans they were taught to know God. I soon stopped his mouth, first, by telling him, the Turks not long ago had enslaved the Arabs and sold them for slaves at Constantinople, and then, adding, "Nearly all the princes, whence the Soudanese and Bornouese slaves were brought, are professedly Mahometans, as well as their people." He acknowledged, however, slaves were mostly procured by banditti hunting them, not captured in war. He finished, "The Touaricks of Ghat formerly hunted for slaves in the Tibboo country, twice or thrice in the year, and in these razzia expeditions some would get a booty of three, or five, six, ten, and twenty, according as they were fortunate. Now they have other business on hand, the war with the Shânbah. The Touaricks of Aheer, those who bring the senna, are now the great slave-hunters." The Shereef showed me a Tibboo youth seized by the Aheer people. The Shereef's account of the Touarghee razzias in the Tibboo country is confirmed by the reports of our Bornou expedition, or rather the Shereef confirms the reports of our countrymen. Dr. Oudney says, "It is along these hills (the ranges which go as far as the Tibboo country) the Touaricks make their grassies (razzias) into the Tibboo country. These two nations are almost always at war, and reciprocally annoy each other by predatory warfare, stealing camels, slaves, &c., killing only when resistance is made, and never making prisoners." But, it must be observed, Touaricks are never made slaves; they may be murdered by the Tibboos. Not

six months ago the Aheer Touaricks captured a Tibboo village. The few who escaped fled to the Arabs, under the son of Abd-el-Geleel, imploring aid for the restoration of their countrymen and property. These Arabs, who themselves mostly live on freebooting, were glad of the opportunity for a razzia. They recaptured everything, and restored the poor Tibboos to their village, making also a capture of a thousand camels from these Kylouy Touaricks.

Enjoy better health in this journey, than on that from Ghadames to Ghat. Felt myself stronger, and hope yet to undertake the journey to Bornou before the summer heats.

15th.—Course to-day nearly east. Encamped just as the sun dipped down in the ruddy flame of the west. Strong wind, blanching the sooty cheeks of the poor slaves, who were borne down with exhaustion. They were literally whipped along. And the little fellow who refused a ride from me, got a whipping for sitting on the sand to rest himself. I now made him mount my camel, which his master, not a bad-natured man, thanked me for. All day we continued to traverse the vast plain, having on our right the same chain of hills, and, on the left, the sand groups, as far as the eye could see. These broad, now boundless plains, or valleys, are unquestionably the dry beds of former currents. Even now our people called them wadys or rivers. The chain of mountains and the chain of sand-hills are their natural banks. The tholh-tree was most abundant to-day. I never saw it so thickly scattered before. It was spread over all the plain, now in single trees, and now in forest groups, which were also magnified in the distance, and had a grateful and refreshing effect upon the vision, wearied with looking on stones or gravel, or

bare desert, or black rocks and glaring sand-hills. Unquestionably these trees of the African are as old as those of the American wilderness. The tholh-trees of the dry thirsty African plain are however but dwarfs compared with the giant trees of the American forest, watered by ocean rivers. The tholh would seem to live without moisture: it is fed by no annual or periodic rain, no springs. And yet it buds, opens its pretty yellow flowers, sheds its fine large drops of translucent gum, flourishes all the year round, and tempts with its prickly leaves as with richest herbage, the hungry camel. Indeed, about this part of the route the camels get nothing else to feed on. We have seen no living creatures these last five days. On one part of our route our people pretended to trace the sand-prints of the wadan, and others affirmed them to be the foot-marks of the wild-ox. I must except the sight of a few small birds, black all over but the tails. Some one or two had white heads, as well as white tails. People say these birds drink no water, as they say many animals of The Sahara drink no water. The little creatures certainly do not drink much water. Two or three dead camels thrown across the route of this day's march. The live camels usually turn off the way from them. Several Saharan mosques, the form of a cross being made in the Keblah on one of them, as seen in the diagrams.

The Shereef's ideas of the Touaricks are not so favourable as those of his uncle, the Governor of Ghat, and in some respects they are more correct. The Shereef says:—"The Touaricks are not of the Arabian race. They are the original inhabitants of Africa (Numidians). Their language is a Berber dialect. They are a race generally of bandits, and, when their food fails them, like famished wolves, they make irruptions into their neighbour's territory,

and plunder what is before them. This they do in small bodies, when camel's milk fails them at home. The Aheer Touaricks are of the same race as those of Ghat. Many of those of Aheer have no fear of God, and never pray like the rest of professed Mohammedans. Those of Ghat are perhaps the best of the Touaricks, and the most religious. The Touaricks of Touat encircle those of Ghat, lying across the route of Timbuctoo. Their Sultan's name is Bassa, a giant of The Desert. He eats as much as ten men. He is the terror of all. But Jabour knows him, and enjoys his friendship and confidence. The road from Ghat to Timbuctoo, through Bassa's territory, is extremely short. It is stony, through high mountains, and intensely cold. Springs of water abound there." Such are the ideas and opinions of the Shereef on the Touaricks. The mountains of the route alluded to, are the grand nucleus of the Hagar, which intersect and ramify through all Central Sahara. The Shereef, and some others travelling with us, delight in paradoxes, and maintain, in spite of Haj Ibrahim, who has been to Constantinople and seen the Sultan of the Turks, that there is no Sultan now, the administration at the Turkish capital being in the hands of Christians.

The Shereef now invited me to dine with him from bazeen, and when I sat down, kept addressing me:—"Eat plenty!" But only think of three grown men sitting down to a small paste dumpling, with a little melted butter poured over it, and the host crying out lustily to me:—"Eat plenty!" Such, indeed, was our repast! Of course, returning to my encampment, I ate my supper as if nothing had happened to me. And this little dumpling supper is the only meal in the day which our people eat. Well may they cry out about the cold, and pray for the heat. In a hot day a man is supposed to eat half the quantity which he

does in a cold day. I am, therefore, still of the same opinion as before expressed, that the sufferings of these people, who travel in Sahara, are enormously increased from their want of sufficient food and clothing. As to clothing, many of them, in this trying season, go half-naked.

Some of our Arabs, who make bazeen for a large party, have a scientific way for its cooking and preparation. On the Ghat route a young Arab was accustomed to fill up three parts of a large iron pot with water. This water he would boil, throwing into it the meanwhile peppers, sliced onions, and occasionally, as a luxury, very small pieces of dried meat, or scraps from which fat had been strained. The pot having boiled until the onions and peppers were soft, he now brings the meal, mostly barley-meal, but sometimes coarse wheaten flour. This he pours into the pot, forming a sort of pyramid in the boiling water. He then gets a stick, mostly a walking-stick, pretending first to scrape off the dirt, or rubbing it in the sand; with the stick so polished, he makes a hole in the centre of the pyramid of meal, through which the water bubbles up and circulates through the mealy mass, now fast cooking. He now gets two small pieces of stick, and puts them into the ears of the iron pot, which generally are burning hot. He removes with the pieces of stick the pot from off the fire, and places it on the sand. He now squats down over it, putting his two feet, or rather the great toes of the feet, one on each ear of the pot, which gives him a poise, or sort of fulcrum. And then, again, taking the long stick, he stirs it up with all his might, round and round and round again, until all the water is absorbed in the pudding-like meal, and the meal is thus well mixed into a sort of dough. However this dough is not unbaked paste, but a

bonâ-fide dumpling, cooked and ready for the sauce. Now comes the wash wherewith to wash it down. My young Arab friend takes the dumpling, or pudding, in a great round mass, and places it within a huge wooden bowl. He then goes off for the oil, or liquid butter, which is usually kept in a large leather bottle, or goat's-skin, with a long neck. He does not pour the oil out, but thrusts one of his hands into the oil, and, taking it out, with his other hand rubs or squeezes off the oil over the mass of dumpling. When he has got enough, he sets to and sucks his fingers, as the great reward of all his labour in preparing the supper of bazeen for his companions. Once he did not sufficiently squeeze off the oil from his hands, and his uncle scolded him for leaving so much on to suck. He protested to his uncle that the bazeen had taken him an unusually long time to prepare[36]. The supper is now ready. The party squat round it on their hams. They dig into the mass with their fingers, after saying aloud, as grace, *Bismillah*, "In the name of God," before they begin supper. Digging thus into it, they make small or large balls, according to the measure of their jaws, which are generally sufficiently wide, or according to the sharpness or dulness of their appetite. These balls they roll and roll over in the oil or sauce that is often made of a herb called hada, or âseedah, a pleasant bitter, and producing a yellow decoction, (whence the bazeen is sometimes called,) which enables the large boluses to slip quietly and gratefully down the throat. Meanwhile a jug of water is handed round, provided always there is any difficulty in getting down the balls; but mostly the water is handed round after the eating. It is drunk with a *bismallah*, and then a *hamdullah*, or "praise to God," the grace after meat, winds up and finishes the repast.

The business of the caravan and its affairs of encampment are always terminated before supper. So the dumpling or pudding-fed travellers now roll themselves up in their barracans, covering their faces entirely, and stretch themselves down on the ground to sleep, frequently not moving from the place where they ate their supper. There is generally a mat or skin under them, and they lie down under the shade of the bales of goods which their camels carry. The first thing on encamping is to look for the direction of the wind, and so to arrange bales of goods, panniers, and camel gear, as to protect the head from the wind. In this way one often lies very snug whilst the tempest howls through The Desert. People like to retain the taste of the pudding in their mouths, particularly if a little fat or oil be poured over it. I once gave an Arab some coffee after his pudding-supper, which he drank with avidity, but afterwards began to abuse me. "Yâkob, what is your coffee? I'm hungry, I'm ravenous. Why, before I drank your coffee, my supper was up to the top of my throat, but now I want to begin my supper again. I'll never drink any more of your coffee, so don't bring it here." A little more cuscasou is eaten on this route than on that of Ghat from Ghadames, the Fezzaneers and Tripolines preferring coarse cuscasou to bazeen if they can get it. The poor Arabs are often obliged to put up with zumeetah, which they eat cold. Haj Ibrahim eats his fine cuscasou, which he brought from Tripoli, but I do not consider him a *bonâ-fide* Saharan merchant. This is his first trip in The Desert.

6th.—Rose as the day broke, with a hazy yellow tint over half the heavens, and started early in order to reach the well before night. Very cold, and continued so all day long. Felt my nerves braced, and liked cold better than heat. In proportion as I liked the cold, all

my travelling companions disliked this weather; all were shivering and crumpled up creatures. The slaves suffered dreadfully, having shivering-fits and their eyes streaming with water. However, I could not help laughing at the Shereef and the Touatee, who kept crying out, as if in pain, "*Mou zain el-berd* (Not good is the cold!)" And, to make it worse, they both rode all day, by which they felt the cold more. On the contrary, I walked full three hours, and scarcely felt myself fatigued. Indeed, to-day, I was decidedly the best man of the caravan, and suffered less than any. I always walk an hour and a half every morning. But my Ghadames shoes, that I'm anxious to preserve, are fast wearing out, which spoils some of the pleasure. The small stones of Desert soon cut and wear out a pair of soles, which are made of untanned camel's skin. Observed to the Shereef, to tease him, "Why, you Mussulmans don't know what is good. Your legs and feet are bare. You have nothing wrapt tight round your chest. Your woollens are pervious to the cold air. You're half naked; but for myself, I'm clothed from head to foot, only a small portion of my face is exposed. You must go to the Christians to learn how to travel The Desert." "The Christians are devils," he returned, "and can bear cold and heat like the Father of the imps in his house (perdition)." "Mou zain, el-berd," cried the Touatee. Yesterday and this morning the slaves were oiled all over with olive-oil, to prevent their skin and flesh from cracking with the cold. This is a frequent practice, and reckoned a sovereign remedy. Hot oil is also often swallowed. Boiling oil is a favourite remedy in North Africa for many diseases. The poor slaves were again driven on by the whip. We reached the well just after sunset. Haj Ibrahim rode far in advance on his maharee to see that the well was all

right, our water being exhausted. Happily the weather prevented any great absorption of its water. When the slaves got up, having suffered much to-day from thirst, although so cold, they rushed upon the water to drink, kneeling on the sands, and five or six putting their heads in a bowl of water together. I myself had only drunk two cups of tea this morning, Said having given the slaves all the water we had left. To-day's march convinced me that thirst may be felt as painfully on a cold day as on a hot day.

Course, north-east, inclining to east. Met with some Fezzanee Touaricks, who were a very different class of people from those of Ghat and Aheer. They are simple shepherds, tending their flocks, mostly goats, in open Desert, which browse the scanty herbage of the plain. The mountain chain on our right continues north with us. We found in our route the blood and filth of a camel just killed. Dead or killed camels, are generally found near the wells on the last day's journey, after having made five or six days' forced marches to reach them. It is here they're knocked up, going continually and most patiently to the last moment of their strength, when they expire at once.

Teenabunda or "Well of Bunda," is a well of sweet delicious water. It is some thirty or forty feet deep. There is nothing to mark the site of the well from the surrounding plain, nor palm tree, nor shrub, nor herbage of any kind. An accident alone could have discovered this well. Some stones are placed about in the form of seats, and one can easily see where there has once been a fire from the sign or circumstance of three stones being placed triangularly, leaving a small space between them for the fire. These three stones also support the pot for cooking, as well as inclose the fire. This evening took some bazeen with

the Ghadamsee merchants. They are fond of showing me this little mark of hospitality. However the same thing was enacted as at the Shereef's supper. Three grown-up persons sat down to the one day's meal, a smallish dumpling, seasoned with highly peppered sauce of hada, and a little fat. It is quite absurd to call this a supper for three persons; it is mocking European appetite. How they live in this way I cannot comprehend.

17th.—Rose early, but did not start until the sun had two hours mounted the horizon. We usually start half an hour after sunrise. Weather fair and fine, a cool breeze and hot sun, which is suitable for the middle of the day. I do not feel it at all oppressive. Continued north-east. We now caught a glimpse of the palms of The Wady. But here we overtook our Tripoline friends, who had left Ghat ten days before us and were waiting for our arrival. They conducted us to their encampment. The party consisted of Mustapha, an Alexandrian merchant of Tripoli, and another merchant, having with them some sixty slaves. When our slaves arrived these ran out to meet them, welcoming them in a most affectionate manner as old friends. In fact, most of them had been companions in the route from Aheer to Ghat, sharing one another's burthens and sufferings, helping to alleviate their mutual pains. After being separated and sold to different masters, never expecting to see one another again, it is not surprising there should have been such a tender and affectionate meeting of the poor things. I shall not soon forget the sight of two little girls who unexpectedly met after being sold to different masters and separated some weeks. The little creatures seized hold of one another's hands, then each took the the head of each other with the palms of the hand, pressing its side, in the

meanwhile kissing one another passionately and sobbing aloud. And yet those brutal republicans of America,

> "Whose fustian flag of freedom, waves
> In mockery o'er a land of slaves—"

have the devilish cruelty to continue to stigmatize, by their laws of equality and liberty, the Africans as goods and chattels, depriving them of their divine right of sentient and intellectual beings, having all the tenderest and holiest affections of humanity. These poor little girls were quite unobserved by their masters or drivers, who were now occupied with the rakas or courier, who had brought letters from Tripoli in answer to ours sent some time ago. The news is good for the merchants; the Pasha will not exact the customs-dues of Fezzan on those who return this route, on account of the war between the Shânbah and Touaricks.

Near the well Haj Omer beckoned me to show me what he called, "water-courses of Christians," ancient irrigating ducts of the people of former times. These consisted of raised banks of earth, stretching across the road to the mountains on the right. Along these lines of embankment were large fields of cultivation, showing the country had declined in its agricultural industry, which, indeed, is manifest from every oasis I have yet seen in The Sahara. It is probable these earlier or ancient cultivators of the soil were colonies from the coast. Omer also pointed out at a distance, what he styled "The tombs of Christians," on the sides of the mountains, scattered miles along, showing The Desert to have been cultivated to a far greater extent in past times.

Our route from Ghat to Fezzan is good enough perhaps for man, being simple and plain, easily traversed, generally on level surfaces, but it is very bad for animals, there being scarcely any herbage, except at Serdalas, and the Ghat Wadys. Our camels had little herbage for seven days, which greatly tried their strength and endurance. The caravan we now joined had lost two camels, and I was afraid for my nagah. Water they had none for six days. The Soudan sheep also went without water those six long days. Our route is thus mentioned by Dr. Oudney: "There are several routes to Ghat (from Mourzuk); and the upper one, where we had to enter the hills, was last night fixed for us. There is plenty of water, but more rough than the lower, which is said to be a sandy plain, as level as the hand, but no water for five days." Travelling with slaves, a route is always extended one-fifth, at the very least: such was our case.

Afternoon, we encamped at the mouth of the wady, weary, thirsty, and exhausted, which forcibly brought to my mind that oasis of rest, (wearied and disgusted, as I felt with Saharan travel,) so divinely described in Desert pastoral style: ουδε μη πεσῃ επ' αυτους ὁ ἥλιος, ουδε παν καυμα .... και ὁδηγησει αυτους επι ζωσας πηγας ὑδατων. (Rev vii. 16, 17.) We have in these divine words the smiting and parching of Saharan sun and heat, and the Lamb-Shepherd leading the drooping flocks to the living life-giving springs of the oases of Desert.

Our people called the series of little oases, which we now entered, *El-Wady*. But this term is hardly sufficiently distinctive, and, I think in the general division of Fezzan, it is called *El-Wady Ghurby*—الوادي الغربي—or "The *Western* Valley," in contra-distinction

from *El-Wady Esh-Sherky*, "The *Eastern* Valley."

18th.—Entered fully into The Wady this morning. After so much Desert, was delighted to ecstasy with the refreshing sight of the distant forests of palms, crowd upon crowd in deepening foliage, their graceful heads covering the face of the pale red horizon, as with hanging raven locks of some beautiful woman. Saw a few huts of date branches, some wells, and here and there a villager. The huts were so blended with the date-palms, in colour and make, that it was with difficulty our eye could catch sight of them. I am often astonished how these slight, feeble tenements can protect the people from the sun and cold and wind. It is like living in open Desert. When we had continued our course some two hours, the Sheikh of the district came running out after us, demanding the customs-dues, and attempting to stop the slaves for payment. "What does this fellow want?" I said to our people, feeling myself now under the protection of the Tripoline government, and knowing the Sheikh to be subjected to the Bey of Mourzuk. They replied, "Oh, he wants some slaves to work at the water (by irrigation)." The Sheikh would not be said "nay." He demanded to see the teskera of the Pasha exempting us from the duties, which he could not, as Haj Ibrahim was gone to purchase dates. He then commenced seizing slaves, but our Arabs now attacked him, pushing and dragging him away. These people are mighty fond of a little scuffling. We encamped for the night in The Wady. More "Tombs of Christians" were pointed out to me. Many dwarf palms were scattered about, wild and producing no fruit. Water may be under the surface. Our people say these palms would all bear fruit if cultivated and watered. Undoubtedly many more could be cultivated. There are innumerable palms in

this wild dwarf state. My nagah growled and grumbled on seeing the palms, rightly concluding that we were arrived in an inhabited country. These melancholy-looking creatures are extremely wise. The other evening we had great trouble to get the nagah to eat herbage when she was brought to the encampment. She had for her supper every evening a few dates and barley for several successive days. Now we left off giving her them on arriving at The Wady, where there was abundant herbage. This she resented, and grumbled nearly all night, keeping us from sleeping, and would not eat the herbage. On encamping, the camels are allowed to stray and graze an hour or two, and are then brought up to the encampment for the night, the drivers cutting a little herbage for them to eat during the night, or in the morning before starting. Like us, more intelligent brutes, the camels don't like starting on a journey with an empty stomach.

Haj Ibrahim expressed surprise that I had with me religious books. He thought the English had "no books," (that is, religious books.) Some Christians in Tripoli (Roman Catholics) had told him the English people had no books. He then observed to me, that it was wrong to worship Mary, who was not God, or the mother of God, for God had no mother or father. And although the French and Maltese, in Tripoli, had told him the English had a bad religion, it could not, he observed, be a worse religion than this, that of worshiping a woman instead of God. Of Mary, he continued, "She was a good woman, and conceived without a husband. Mary merely wished to bear a child, and as it was a pious wish, God granted her request, and by a simple word she conceived and bore Jesus." Of slaves, the merchant, says:—"They are brought from all countries of Soudan, nearly a

thousand countries. Only a few slaves captured or brought to the Souk are Mussulmans, they're nearly all Pagans. Mussulmans make war against infidels to get prisoners, as we and you did formerly; the Maltese[37] and English made us slaves, and we made you slaves. Some of the slaves are Christians, (*i. e.* Pagans,) and some are Jews." I was much interested, and questioned the merchant about this latter remark, when a Negro slave, who had been lately to Soudan with his master, observed, "The black Jews keep the Sabbath, and get drunk on that day. They drink bouza (or grain liquor). They also circumcise as we Mohammedans." It is probable these Negro Jews are the corrupt descendants of the converts of Abyssinian Jews, who ages ago penetrated Central Africa *viâ* the provinces of Darfour and Kordofan, and the countries lying on the two great branches of the sources of the Nile. In the beginning of our era, we hear of the Eunuch of the "Queen of the South[38]," or of Abyssinia, who was a Jew, and converted by Philip to Christianity. There is therefore no manner of difficulty in accounting for the presence of these corrupt degenerate black Jews, amongst the tribes of Central Africa.

Two little girl-slaves were barbarously whipped this evening for eating hasheesh (herbage), which they picked up on the roadside. This was done to prevent them having diarrhœa, and eating poisonous herbs. It was nevertheless what they had been taught to do on the Aheer route, and there could not be very much harm in picking up a little fresh juicy herbage, to appease their thirst during the heat of the day's march. The slaves *en route* are only permitted to drink twice in the day, once at noon, and once in the evening. When our supply of water is scanty, only once a day.

19th.—This morning made but three hours' journey through The Wady Oases. We had not proceeded an hour *en route*, when the same farce was attempted to be played upon us as yesterday; three or four people coming galloping up to us to stop us, in order to collect the customs-dues. This they did a second time, after letting us go on once. I was determined now to show I was not a slave-dealer, and would not be stopped to suit their caprice, for we told them we had a teskera from the Pasha, exempting us from the gomerick. Proceeding forwards with Said, one of the party, a fellow on horse-back, stopped my nagah, seized her, and commenced beating Said. I instantly jumped off, exclaiming, "I'm an Englishman—a Christian, and not a slave-dealer; I have nothing on which to pay duties, and will not be stopped." Our people bawled out likewise, "The Christian has nothing for the gomerick, he has no slaves." The fellow gave Said another rap with his sword on his attempting to rescue our camel. Hereupon, losing all patience, I took the spear, and with the flat part of its head gave the fellow a tolerable blow on the shoulders. Now followed a desperate scuffle, the first I had had in The Desert. The fellow screaming out, suddenly maddened to fury, drew his sword, and made a thrust at me, but the blow was turned by the shaft of my lance. Our people now seized hold of him and me. A little more scuffling went on, and getting clear of the grasp of our people, I made off in advance, with Said, alone. After continuing half an hour through the palm-woods, we turned and saw the whole caravan coming up quickly after us. The party who stopped us had consented to let the caravan follow me. Haj Ibrahim, who had the Pasha's teskera, was again absent, having gone to purchase more dates. If the fellow had not been very impudent

and violent, inflicting blows on Said, I should not have committed this folly of forcing my way, for, after all, it was great imprudence on my part, and might have been attended with very serious consequences.

When the caravan came up, I said, in hearing of our people, to the fellow who was still following them, "If you had struck my servant in Tripoli, the Pasha would have put you in prison. This is not Touarghee country, but a country where there is a government. This country belongs to Tripoli and the Sultan. Your violence was equally improper and unnecessary." All applauded this, and our champion of the sword said nothing in reply. After arriving at the small district of Blad Marabouteen, or "a country of Marabouts," we encamped for the day. The fellow, who turned out to be an Egyptian, a petty officer of the Porte, and Kaed of the district through which we passed, now came to me, sat down by my side, and made it up. I then observed to him, "It's all nonsense." The Egyptian laughed and I laughed. He kept seizing me by the hand, and exclaiming with vehemence, "Gagliuffi! Gagliuffi! ah! that's a fine fellow! Gagliuffi at Mourzuk." Again the Egyptian laughed, and screamed with frantic gesticulations, and our people coming up were also merry with him. "Ah!" he continued, "Gagliuffi, a real cock of the dunghill, a noble fellow, Gagliuffi! Do you know Gagliuffi?" I said I did not. This he couldn't understand, and said, "Ah, Gagliuffi has got plenty of money, he's the Bashaw of Mourzuk. Every time you go to see him he gives you coffee." Another Fezzaneer, standing by, swore to this: "Gagliuffi is the Bey! Gagliuffi has got plenty of money." Afterwards I reported this affair to Mr. Gagliuffi, our Vice-Consul at Mourzuk. He was greatly amused and flattered at the report of his

wealth and consequence. He observed, "Although I'm poor enough, God knows, it's better that these people should think me rich." The Egyptian was commanding a small force of Arabs in The Wady. I learnt from him, the Vice-Consul had been sick lately, but was now better. In The Wady there is fever during summer, but not much now. The Kaed, I saw in conversing with him, had been drinking leghma, and was "elevated," which sufficiently accounted for his interrupting our march, and the violence of his conduct. Our people say, he wished us to encamp in his district, to amuse himself with us. They continued all the evening to praise my spirit for resisting the fellow's impertinence in his stopping us. "To-day you were a man, Yâkob," they kept repeating. I explained, "Fear, where fear is necessary, as in the Touarghee districts. There we must bow the head, for resistance would be dangerous. But here, in the country of the Sultan, why should we fear?" This speech greatly pleased our people, who themselves had not been detained by the Kaed, on account of my forcing the way. Upon the whole, this ludicrous affray raised my reputation for (physical) courage amongst the people. For moral courage I always take credit to myself. It is nevertheless, a very delicate thing in Saharan travel to know when and where resistance is to be offered against imposition: and perhaps, it is better to give way always than to resist, leaving the matters of dispute (of this sort especially) to be settled by the caravan with which you travel.

The united caravans will remain here some eight or ten days, to give rest to the slaves, as well as to obtain fresh provisions. To-morrow morning I go early to Mourzuk, which is two days from The Wady. Tripoli is distant from The Wady, fifteen, seventeen, or twenty days, according to the progress of the

caravan. The route lies direct *viâ* Shaty, four days' distant from this, and Mizdah, in the mountains (Gharian), ten or twelve days, and thence three days more to Tripoli. The route from El-Wady to Shaty consists of groups of sand-hills, of painful traverse. Shaty itself is a series of oases. Between El-Hasee and El-Ghareeah, which now follow, there is an immeasurable expanse of Desert plain. The Atlas Mountains then succeed with their bubbling fountains and green valleys, and olive-clad peaks. Mizdah in The Mountains consists of two large villages.

Saw several of the inhabitants of The Wady, and made acquaintance with the Fezzaneers, as they have been called. Some of them are as black as negroes, others as white as the Moors of the coast, others olive, yellow, brown, &c., and their features are various as the colour of their complexions. The Fezzaneers must be considered Moors and townspeople, rather than Arabs or nomades. Houses in The Wady are of palm-branches, and some of sun-dried mud-bricks, but mostly miserable hovels, the very picture of wretchedness. We passed a village entirely abandoned, (Kelah, as the people said,) apparently from the failure of water. Palms in The Wady are not very fine. There are many patches of cultivation of grain and vegetables. Water is found near the surface, and the wells are numerous.

20th.—I left our caravan early this morning for Mourzuk. On taking leave of my companions of travel they begged me to come back, and continue the route with them to Tripoli. Could only promise in the style of En-Shallah, "If God wills," for I had long made up my time not to return. Should the Bornou route be favourable, I might go up before the hot

weather came on; if not, I intend returning *viâ* Sockna to Tripoli, "the royal road," wishing to see as much as possible of the inhabitants of the oases of The Sahara, on which route were many centres of population. My companions, from whom I had received nothing but kindness, continued to call after me, "Come back, Yâkob," until our little company was out of sight. I thought this extremely friendly, and another instance of the unadulterated kindness of heart found in Saharan traders. Our course now lay somewhat back again, we proceeding south-east. We had to cut through the mountains which had been so long on our right. The range still continued north up The Wady, but how far I cannot tell. I believe no European whatever has travelled the route *viâ* Shaty and Mizdah, to Tripoli. As we ascended through the gorge or break in the chain, "the tombs of the Christians" were again pointed out to me, or rather the burying-places of the earlier inhabitants of these regions. All the early inhabitants, or those before the Mohammedan conquest of Africa, are vulgarly called Ensara by Moors. These tombs consist simply of circular heaps of stones, picked up from the rocks around. Some are large, perhaps a dozen yards in circumference. Mounting one, I found it hollow at the top; the stones had been merely heaped up in a circular ring. Within was a little sand settled, collected from the wind when it scatters the sand about. There was no appearance of bones, or any inscriptions. The whole mountain range of The Wady, I am told, has heaps of stones piled up in this way. There is no doubt but what they are the graves of former inhabitants.

The question to be solved is, why are these graves of this circular form? why heaps or rings of stones thus heaped up, so different from the long square graves

now met with in all North Africa and The Desert? The form of these tumuli evidently denote another people, or at least a people of another religion. Where there are tombs there are legends of the dead. My travelling companions now related to me, that there appears not unfrequently, and mostly at midnight, when the moon has but a narrow dim circlet, a solitary Christian, who flits mournfully through these solitudes, now and then sitting on the circular tombs, now peeping from within the rings of stones, his chin resting on the edge. His aspect is hideous, and he has one big burning eye-ball in the middle of his forehead. His skin (for he is naked) is covered with long hair, like a shaggy goat (a species of satyr), and two tusks come out of his mouth, like those of a wild boar. A holy Marabout once met him, and interrogated him courageously about his doleful doings amongst these graves. The spectre deigned this answer, "I mourn the fall of my fellow-Christians and the triumph of the Faithful over the Infidels. The Devil makes me come here. I shall wander until the appearance of Gog and Magog upon the earth, and then shall be yoked to their chariot, and go out and conquer the world, and kill the Faithful. But I shall be tormented afterwards. Such is my doom: I can't help it." It is said the Marabout pitied him, and prayed to God for him, but it was revealed to the holy man in a dream, not to pray for lost spirits, whom Heaven's decrees had irrevocably doomed to perdition.

There was also another legend related to me by the Fezzan Targhee, who was now my guide through this dreary gorge, full of the tombs of the dead. It is too long to repeat. Suffice it to say that, whilst his great-grandfather and other shepherds were tending their flocks on the subjected plains below, a troop of these

Christians broke loose from the dark caverns in the mountains, where they are chained, and began to abuse and banter the shepherds, because they did not say, "There are three Gods." The shepherds withstood the temptation and the terror of their countenances, although they, the shepherds, exceedingly quaked. The Christians, in their rage against the shepherds professing so constantly the Unity of God, dispersed their flocks, drove them into the caverns, and disappeared together with the flocks. But the angel Gabriel descended from heaven, and blessed the faithful shepherds, led them on many miles to a desert place, where there were three tholh-trees which had been planted by these reprobate Spirits in adoration to The Three Gods. Now the number of shepherds also happened to be three. The good Gabriel told them to cut down the trees, and burn them separately. The shepherds did so, and for their obedience, from beneath the ashes a great cake of molten gold came pouring out. "These cakes are the Gods of the Christians; there are three of these cakes," said Gabriel. "Take each one, and go, and trade to Soudan," added the angelical messenger; and then in a bright cloud ascended over the top of the mountains. It so happened that his great-grandfather thought three was a lucky number, and wished to become a Christian, whereupon God caused a troop of banditti to fall upon his caravan, who plundered him of everything, and reduced him again to beggary. Such are the tales of Marabouts of The Sahara, quite a match for the legends of our Monks of the good and happy olden times.

As these legends finished, we got up to the top of the range, when a cold bleak wind cut our faces, coming north-east over the plateau, which to my surprise now appeared. I expected to find a descent, or

another rounded side of the chain. But all east was a bare, bleak, black plateau, as hideous as desolation could render it, according well with the scenery of the desolate grave-stones we had just seen, and the woeful tales about them we had heard. It was the veritable beach of the river Styx. I turned with a chill of horror from the waste back again upon the valley which we had left. How different the view! Here we beheld the ten thousand fair waving palms, which cover the green bosom of The Wady,—a paradise encircled with ridges and outlines of the most frightful sterility. We now mounted our camels, for it was necessary to face also this new desert. I greatly perspired with the labour of the ascent, and now caught a cold, and had a bilious attack, the only time I was seriously unwell during my nine months in The Desert, and strange enough that it should be occasioned by cold. Our party consisted of myself and Said, the Targhee guide, and Mustapha, the Tripoline Moor, who was going to purchase provisions, and borrow money at Mourzuk. These merchants so ill manage their affairs, that they were nearly out of provisions for their some hundred and odd slaves, themselves and servants, and besides had no money to replenish their stock. Our course was now east verging to the south. On the plain I saw the last of the Touaricks, and it was a noble sight. This was a Targhee Scout, scouring The Desert in search of the Shânbah, well-equipped and mounted on his maharee. He was returning south-west to Ghat, taking the route over the mountains which we had just ascended.



After a few hours we again descended into a small shallow wady, where was a little herbage. We continued all day, and endeavoured to reach a part of the plateau, where were some Fezzan Touaricks tending their flocks, and where it was said we should get milk and a kid of the goat to kill and eat. The whole of the day it was cold, and the wind piercing, which I attributed to the elevated region we traversed. On arriving at a thin scattered forest of tholh-trees we stopped, but being most unusually exhausted by the fatigue of the ride, and the attack of the bile, I could not dismount from my camel, and was lifted off. We searched a long time for the shepherds, and at length their flocks were discovered. I took a little tea, and surrendered myself to rest and to sleep, not being able to eat anything. My companions pretended to seek out and purchase a kid, but unless you furnish the money, nothing of this luxurious sort is ever obtained in The Desert. I had no money, and we had no kid. Meanwhile our people, who had only brought with them dates, ate up my little stock of cuscasou. I had only laid in a

sufficient quantity for some fifteen days, from Ghat to Mourzuk. Passed a bad night, and greatly relaxed.

21st.—Up to this time I had always travelled through The Desert with a large number of persons. Our party was now only four. And yet I felt no fear, and went to bed last night in open desert with as much indifference as if I had been in a hotel in Europe. Such is the force of habit. The Desert itself now even begins to wear a homely face to me, and, indeed, for the present, I am obliged to make it my home. We rose early, and I found myself a little better. At the time I attributed my illness to the water of The Wady, but which was incorrect. Before starting, I obtained a bowl of sour milk. To my surprise I saw only women tending these flocks. I asked about their husbands. They were gone away to work in Ghat, Fezzan, and other parts. Here were three or four adult women, and a few children, wandering solitarily in Open Desert! Not a habitation was near for many miles round! I could not help exclaiming, "Are you not afraid of robbers?" "No," replied an aged woman, "I have been here all my life, and shall die here. Why go away? What better shall I find in Mourzuk or Ghat? Can they give me more than milk? More than milk I care not for. And God is here as elsewhere!" Let the reader picture to his mind's eye, three or four lone females, with a child or two, wandering over a sandy plain, tending amongst a thinly-scattered forest of gum-acacia trees a few small goats, without a house or even a hut to sleep under, only the shade of a straw mat suspended in the prickly trees, and, then, repeat and mark well the truth of Pope's fine lines,—

"Order is heaven's first law, and this
confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the
rest,—
More rich, more wise; but who infers from
hence
That such are happier, shocks all common
sense."

Our people observed to me, "This is a country of the Sultan, so the women fear nothing." But the environs of Ghadames are the country of the Sultan, which does not prevent the depredations of banditti. There is no water here, they go to Agath to bring their water for themselves and their flocks. Of course, the complexion of these shepherdesses is quite brown or brown-black, by exposure to the weather. I shall ever remember the modest air with which a nomade young woman came and presented us with a bowl of milk. It was modesty's self's picture! The shepherdess nymph stepped forward timidly, with her eyes averted, not presuming even to look at us; and as soon as she placed the bowl on the ground, a short distance from us, she escaped to the thicket of the tholh-tree, like a young roe of the timid trembling herd. On her glowing cheek,—

"Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove,
While browsing goats at ease around her
fed."

"And now she sees her own dear flock
Beneath verdant boughs along the rock—
And her innocent soul at the peaceful
sight
Is swimming o'er with a still delight."

Such a picture of pure heartfelt shyness and delicate modesty could only be witnessed in these solitudes, where this maiden shepherdess never perhaps speaks to any man but her own way-worn, severe, but honest-hearted father, when he returns from his little peregrinations, bringing a few blankets, a little barley and oil, the staple matters of existence for these lonely nomades. Nothing was given in return for the milk, for we had nothing to give. But if offered it would not have been accepted, by the laws of hospitality amongst these desert Arcadians. The reason now assigned for not giving us a kid, is, all the men are absent, and they cannot part with one, even if money be sent from Mourzuk for payment.

About 3 P.M., to my great joy, we arrived at the village of Agath. Our route was over a bare level plain, and our progress like at sea, when the masts of the ship are first seen, then the hull; so here we first saw the heads of the date-palms, then their trunks, and then the clusters of the hovels of the village. I was happy to learn our guide determined to pass the night here. The poor fellow was himself worn to a skeleton in travelling these wastes, with but one eye left, and that very dim. He was glad to "put up" for the night. When he started it was to have been a journey of a day and a half, it was now to be three days. We got into an empty hovel, and with palm-branches kindled a fire, which was kept up in a blaze to serve for a lamp. This is the usual practice, now and then putting on a piece of wood to make a light. Very few Saharans have the luxury of lamps or candles. I still suffered from bile, languor, and exhaustion, and once placed upon my mattress, I did not leave it till next morning. We had no provisions, for our party had eaten up all I had. We tried to get something from the Sheikh of the village, but only

succeeded in obtaining a few loaves of newly-baked bread, with a little herb sauce, hot with peppers, to pour upon the bread to moisten it. Mustapha attempted to make a great noise, and talked about reporting him to the Pasha of Mourzuk, and getting him bastinadoed for treating a Christian in this way. I discouraged these threats, and would have no imbroglio, for I knew the character of the Sheikh could not well be worse than that of Mustapha himself. Mustapha demanded meat, but I begged only a little flour and butter to make some bazeen in the morning. The Sheikh promised and took leave. In the morning the Sheikh fled, and we saw no more of him. He deserved to be reported at Mourzuk. Hospitality certainly does not flourish at Agath. It's odd, the only time I was seriously ill, and really wanted hospitality, I found it not. To-day we picked off several fine pieces of gum from the tholh. Many of the trees had their branches lopped off, first for allowing the goats to nibble the green leaves, and afterwards to use the dry branches for firing.

Footnotes:

[34] In the East Indies persons are known to become blind *for the night*, (something like the *night-blindness*, which we have before mentioned,) by the influence of the moon; or such is what people say.

[35] In the Koran it is intimated that God fattens the wicked in this world for the day of slaughter in the next. I forget the Surat. The Arabic is—سنسدرجهم—signifying, "*We* (God) *make them proceed by degrees*;" that is to say, We, God, give the wicked pleasures and enjoyments in this world, that we may punish them the more in the next world. This is a

most abominable sentiment, and intolerable to a right-thinking mind. But I believe such a blasphemous opinion has also been held by some mad-brained Christians.

[36] In the event of my publisher bringing out a new edition of the venerable Mrs. Glass, or Mrs. Rundall, I fervently hope he will not fail to avail himself of this receipt for the making of bazeen. I am also of the opinion of the former ancient dame, with regard to the necessity of catching a hare before it is dressed; and I think the meal likewise must be procured before it is made into bazeen. To be eaten with relish, it besides must be eaten in The Desert.

[37] The oath taken by the Knights of the Order of Malta, was—"*To kill, or make the Mohammedans prisoners, for the glory of God*."

[38] "And behold a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for worship."—(Acts viii. 27.)

CHAPTER XXV.

RESIDENCE AT MOURZUK.

Arrival at Mourzuk; and reported as a Christian Marabout from Soudan.—Meet Angelo, who conducts me to his Master, the British Vice-Consul.—Hearty Welcome from Mr. Gagliuffi.—Detail of the Slave-Caravans of The Wady.—Read the Newspapers;

Massacre of Jemâ-el-Ghazouat, and the Annexation of Texas.—Visit to the Bashaw of Mourzuk.—Visits to the Commandant of the Garrison and the Kady.—Poetical Scrap of European Antiquity.—Celebration of a Wedding.—Environs of Mourzuk.—Camera Oscura.—Mourzuk Couriers.—The Kidnapped Circassian Officer.—Old Yousef, the Renegade.—Dine with the Greek Doctor on a Carnival Day.—An Albanian's Revenge.—Greece and its Diplomatists.—Officials of Mourzuk.—An Arab's estimate of God and Mahomet.—What is Truth?—Improvements of the Commandant of the Troops.—How English Politics taste in The Desert.—Visit to the Grave of Mr. Ritchie.

22nd.—ROSE early, and got off again as well as I could, considering I had had little or nothing to eat for the last two days, and should have nothing till the evening, when we expected to reach Mourzuk. Course east and south-east. Still cold and windy. Palms scattered over all the route, from Agath to Mourzuk, but only a few of them cultivated. It was most refreshing to behold so many trees on our road, after traversing such treeless and sandy wastes. A few wells here and there, and a little corn cultivation. Arrived at Mourzuk at about 4 P.M.

I here thought of a squib which had been published in a rival paper at Malta, representing me as "The Consul of the Blacks at Mourzuk" in allusion to and satirizing my anti-slavery propensities. These things will come back to one's memory years and years after they have been forgotten. When I read the squib, I

little imagined I should ever visit Mourzuk, and yet the visit could be traced readily enough as resulting from my anti-slavery labours in Malta and the Mediterranean. Mustapha stopped at the gate to make his toilet, and I lent him my barracan to make on entering the city. Moors and all Saharan travellers dress themselves up before they enter any large or particular place, when on a journey, and they wonder why I do not follow their nice tidy example. On entering Mourzuk, I suppose I looked very queer, for it was immediately reported to the Bashaw, "A Christian Marabout is arrived from Soudan." We were stopped a few minutes at the gates, to see if I had any exciseable articles. This done, I made the best of my way to the residence of Mr. Gagliuffi. On the road I casually met the Maltese servant of the Vice-Consul. His face brightened up with joyful amazement, and he shook me eagerly by the hands. Englishmen arrive here once in half a century, or rather never, which sufficiently accounts for the excitement of the Maltese. Angelo took me direct to the Consul's house, and I found Mr. Gagliuffi at the door. The Consul was as astonished to see me as his servant. He stared at me as if I had just dropped from the clouds. He had heard of my going to Ghadames, Ghat, and Soudan, but did not expect to see me one while. I need not add, Mr. Gagliuffi gave me a most hearty welcome. I found the Consul in a very fine and spacious house for oases of Desert, with "all his English[39] comforts around him," as we say. Seven months had made me forget all these things, and I was now a Saharan entering into the domains of comfortable, if not civilized, life. The appearance of Mourzuk was not very pleasing to me, the major part of its dwellings being miserable hovels. The Castle looked dirty, and tumbling down. Nevertheless, the

presence of Turkish troops and officers in uniform about the streets, with a variety of people congregated from different towns and districts of Sahara, gave the place more the aspect of a city than any other town I had seen since I left Tripoli. I was extremely knocked up and unwell, and at once determined not to leave Mourzuk until my health should be restored. I found myself right as to the date of my arrival at Mourzuk, on comparing notes with Mr. Gagliuffi; but two days wrong as to the name of the day, having written down Friday instead of Sunday. As to the Moorish reckoning of Ghat and Ghadames, that was quite different from the name of the day, and the number of the day, as found in Mourzuk. Time is very badly and incorrectly kept in The Sahara.

Some few particulars must now be recorded of the slave-caravans which I left in The Wady. The united number was some one hundred and thirty slaves. Two-thirds were females, and these young women or girls. There were a few children. Necessity teaches some of the best as well as the sternest lessons. A child of three years of age rode a camel alone, and without fear. The poor little creature knew if it complained or discovered itself frightened, it would be obliged to walk through The Desert. The slaves were fed in the morning with dates, and in the evening with ghusub. Female slaves, after the style of Aheer people, pounded the ghusub in a large wooden mortar, just before cooking. But they had little to eat, and were miserably fed, except those who had the good fortune to be purchased by Haj Ibrahim. For some of these improvident stupid merchants had actually purchased slaves without the means of keeping them. On arriving at The Wady, they sent jointly, through Haj Ibrahim, to borrow a hundred

dollars of the Bashaw of Mourzuk. The messenger was Mustapha. His Highness kindly enough handed him over the money. All the masters carried a whip, but this was rarely used, except to drive them along the road, when they lagged from exhaustion. Thus it was administered at times when it could least be borne, when nature was sinking from fatigue and utter weariness! and therefore was cruel and inhuman. Yet only some twenty were sick, and two died. When very ill they were lashed upon the back of the camel. Some of the young women that had become favourites of their masters experienced a little indulgence. I observed occasionally love-making going on between the slaves, and some of the boys would carry wood for the girls. My servant Said had one or two black beauties under his protection. But everything was of the most innocent and correct character. Some groups of slaves were aristocratic, and would not associate with the others. Three young females under the care of the Shereef, assumed the airs and attitude of exclusives, and would not associate with the rest. Every passion and habit of civilized, is represented in savage life. A perfect democracy, in any country and state of society, is a perfect lie, and a leveller is a brainless fool. There is also an aristocracy in crime and in virtue, in demons and in angels. The slaves are clad variously. Haj Ibrahim tried to give every one of his a blanket or barracan, more or less large. Besides this, the females had a short chemise, and a dark-blue Soudan cotton short-sleeved frock. Many had only this frock. The poor creatures suffered more from the ignorant neglect of the Touaricks than the Tripoline merchants, and their complaints and diseases usually begin with their former masters. Yet I am assured by Mr. Gagliuffi, that the Touaricks of

Aheer are infinitely better and kinder masters than the Tibboo merchants of Bornou, or even many Tripolines. The Tibboos cannot bring a female child over The Desert of the tender age of six or seven, without deflowering her, whilst the Touaricks of Aheer shudder at such sensual brutality, and even bring maidens to the market of an advanced age. The brutal Tibboos besides bring their slaves quite naked, with only a bit of leather or cotton wound round their loins, whilst the Touaricks always furnish them with some little clothing.

23rd.—Felt better, but weak. The excitement produced in me by my new quarters and reading the journals, after four months elapsing since I saw the last, made all the people fancy I was already attacked with their Mourzuk fever. Mr. Gagliuffi treated me as such, and the Greek doctor was sent for, who approved of my being treated as attacked, and I took accordingly fever powders. But another night's rest restored me and I discovered no symptoms of fever, for which I could not be too thankful, as the fever nearly attacks all strangers journeying in Mourzuk. The news from Europe was exceedingly disagreeable to me, inasmuch as I read of crimes and events of a much darker shade than the things which I had seen in Desert amongst the Barbarians. The two events which arrested my attention were the massacre of five hundred French troops near Jamâ El-Ghazouat, and the annexation of Texas, as most relating to my present pursuits. The first was an evident retribution for burning alive a tribe of Arabs in the caverns of the Atlas. Some high personages in Paris deplored this massacre of their devoted and hapless countrymen, but the poor Arabs of the Atlas, the men, women, and children burnt or suffocated alive, were unpitied and unmourned[40], because they

happened to be resisting the placing of a foreign yoke on their necks. Such is the high tone of our political morality in Europe! No wonder the curse of God is upon us and afflicts us with famine and cholera! The annexation of Texas, for the extension of slavery and the slave trade, I hope will at once and for ever disabuse the minds of our wild democrats, who fancy that because people call themselves republicans and establish a republican form of government, therefore they are the friends of freedom. Better had America been bound hand and foot for ever to the aristocratic tyranny of the mother country, than that she should now become, as she is, the world's palladium of Negro slavery, and the huge breeding house of slaves to endless generations! We cannot but recommend to these trans-atlantic tramplers upon the freedom and rights of man, in defiance of all divine and human laws, the following lines of Mr. James—

"Oh, let them look to where in bonds,
For help their bondsmen cry—
Oh, let them look, ere British hands
Wipe out that living lie.

"Veil, starry banner, veil your pride,
The blood-red cross before—
Emblem of that by Jordan's side
Man's freedom price that bore,
No land is strong that owns a slave,
Vain is it wealthy, crafty, brave."

"The slaver's boastful thirst of gain,
Tends but to break his bondsman's chain."

24th.—Much better in health to-day. Sent off Said, with a man of this place, to fetch my trunk and other

baggage left in The Wady. Find Mr. Gagliuffi keeps up a friendly correspondence with the Vizier of the Sheikh of Bornou. Any one going to Bornou would derive great advantage from the Vice-Consul's letters of recommendation. Mr. Gagliuffi has also considerable influence over the population of Fezzan, and is on good terms with the Mourzuk Bashaw.

25th.—Felt well enough to-day to call upon the Bashaw. His Highness's full name and title is Hasan Bashaw Belazee. I was introduced to him by Mr. Gagliuffi, who previously insisted upon sprucing me up a bit, and removing my Maraboutish appearance by getting me a new red cap or *fez*. My *Christian* hat was left at Ghadames. It was impossible to wear it in Desert or towns, for people always said I looked like a Christian devil when I wore the European black hat. We found His Highness just recovered from a month's indisposition. He received us very politely, and Mr. Gagliuffi tells me he is really a very good sort of man. His Highness gave us pipes and tea, which is becoming now a favourite beverage amongst the Moors of East, as it has long been in West Barbary, amongst all races of the Maroquines, who have introduced the fashion of tea-drinking and teetotalism at Timbuctoo. His Highness was very talkative and affable. He was amazed at my audacity in going amongst the Touaricks without a single letter of recommendation, and looks upon my arrival at Mourzuk as an escape from death to life. His Highness confessed, however, that the Touaricks are people of one word, and that, after having told me they would protect me, I did right in confiding in their honour. He added, "If you go to Aheer hereafter I will assist you all I can." Mr. Gagliuffi pretends the Bashaw has considerable influence amongst all the Touarghee tribes, and the Touaricks always follow

strictly the recommendations which the Bashaw, as governor of the province of Fezzan, and a near neighbour, has taken upon himself to give them. Every person carrying a letter from His Highness to the Touaricks, has invariably been well received. His Highness is very fond of illustrating his conversation by similes, and related a little facetious palaver which he had with a Targhee of Aheer.

His Excellency thus to the Targhee:—"You always thought there was a great mountain separating you from us, protecting you from our armies. You besides always boasted of having an army of 100,000 warriors. But the other day there came to you a bee, and buzzed about your ears, and you all at once fled before the little bee. How is this? Where are your 100,000 unconquerable heroes?"

The Targhee thus to the Bashaw:—"Ah, ah, how amazing! it was just so."

H. E.—"But are you not ashamed of yourselves?"

The Targhee.—"Ah, ah, but we shall now go and fight them."

H. E.—"Well, we shall see your courage."

The Bashaw explained to us, how the Touaricks of Aheer were put to flight by the Weled Suleiman, whom he the Bashaw, and his master at Tripoli, only esteemed as so many troublesome little bees. This was the affair of the capture of the 1000 camels, when the Touaricks were carrying off the spoils of a Tibboo village, before mentioned. These Weled Suleiman have just joined the rest of the refugees under the son of Abd-El-Geleel. The Bashaw is the famous Moorish commander who captured and

beheaded Abd-El-Geleel, and who has sworn to extirpate not only the family of this Sheikh, but all the tribes subjected to his son. The Bashaw received the appointment of Bey or Bashaw of Fezzan, for his hatred to this family, and his services in capturing and destroying its chief. Belazee is a fresh-coloured Moor, and rather good-looking, with a dark, piercing, and cruel eye. He is about forty years of age and very stout. Of his courage there can be no question, and his reputation as a military man is very great in all this part of Sahara. Mr. Gagliuffi had instructed me diplomatically to boast of the attentions which I had received from the Touaricks, for observed the Consul, "If you say the Touaricks did not treat you well in every respect, the Bashaw will commiserate you before your face, but laugh at you behind your back, and tell his people how happy he is (and I'm sure he will be happy) you have been well fleeced by the Touaricks, of whom the Turks here are jealous in the extreme." Mr. Gagliuffi also volunteered a diplomatic hit of another kind on his own account: "My friend, your Excellency, on entering the gates of Mourzuk, and looking up at the Castle, thought he was entering a town of the dead, it looked so horribly dingy and desolate." I said to the Consul afterwards, "Why did you say so?" He replied, "I am trying my utmost to improve the city, and want the Bashaw to whitewash the Castle. He has promised me he will do it." The Bashaw addressed me, "Think yourself lucky you have escaped, but for the future you must be placed in the hands of the Touaricks by us as a sacred deposit, and then if anything wrong happens we shall demand you of all the Touaricks by force." I thanked him for the compliment; I believe he meant what he said at the time. But such an insulting message could not be

delivered to the brave, chivalric, and freeborn sons of the Touarghee deserts; they would trample your letter under their feet, or spear it with their spears.

Mr. Gagliuffi and myself then went to see the troops exercised. The commanding officer is trying to reduce them to order and discipline, and succeeds admirably. Before he arrived, great disorder reigned amongst them, and they were constantly found intoxicated in the streets. After the manœuvring, we visited the commander and his staff, who were all extremely polite. The Bashaw does not interfere with the discipline of the army. The Turks can well distinguish, if they please, between civil and military affairs. And it is wrong to consider the Turkish Government and people, like Prussia and other military nations of the north, as one great military camp. We afterwards visited the Kady, Haj Mohammed Ben Abd-Deen, an intimate friend of the Consul. He had under his care the Denham and Clapperton caravan, and is well acquainted with us English. I was surprised to find the Kady quite black, although his features were not altogether Negro. Mr. Gagliuffi says Mourzuk is the first Negro country. This statement, however, involves a very difficult question. Fezzan, Ghat, and other oases, contain many families of free Negroes, some perhaps settled formerly as merchants, and others the descendants of freed slaves. I do not think the real black population begins until we reach the Tibboos, although Ghatroun is mostly inhabited by Negroes. Certainly, the Negroes have never emigrated farther north in colonies. Mr. Gagliuffi has just received by the courier from Tripoli, several watches sent there for repair, belonging to the Sheikh of Bornou. They were given to the Sheikh by our Bornou expedition, twenty years ago. It is pleasing to see with what care

the watches have been preserved in Central Africa, for they looked as good as new.

26th.—I must now consider myself recovered from indisposition. At first, people talked so much about Mourzuk fever that I thought I must have it as a matter of course, and felt some disappointment at its not attacking me. Three-fourths of the Europeans who come here invariably have the fever. I speak of the Turks. It attacks them principally in the beginning of the hot, and cold, weather, or in May and November. Fortunately, I am here in February. Mourzuk is emphatically called, like many places of Africa, *Blad Elhemah*—بلاد الحمة—"country of fever."

Amongst the Christian and European curiosities and antiquities which I have discovered in this Mussulman and Saharan city, is the following poetical scrap, published by myself, some four or five years ago, upon that beautiful rock of Malta, or, according to the Maltese, *Fior del Mondo*, "The flower of the world."

SONNET.

"Hail, verdant groves! where joy's extatic
power
Once gave the sultry noon a charm
divine,
Excelling all that Phœbus or the Nine
Have told in glowing verse!—Youth's
radiant hour
Yet beams upon my soul,—while
memory true
Retraces all the past, and brings to view
The magic pleasures which these groves
have known,

When Hope and Love, and Life itself,
were new,
Delights which touch the SOUL OF TASTE
alone,
Taught by the many and reserved for
few!
O! busy *Memory*, thou hast touched a
chord
Recalling images, beloved,—adored,—
While Fancy keen still wields her knife
and fork,
O'er roasted turkey and a chine of pork!"

CLEMENTINA.

I found it flying about in one of Mr. Gagliuffi's old lumber rooms, and, being such a precious gem, I must needs reproduce it upon the page of my travels. Who is the author, and how I came by it, I cannot now tell. I only know it once adorned the columns of the "Malta Times," at a period which now seems to me an age ago.

There was a wedding to-day, and the bride was carried on the back of the camel, attended with the high honour of the frequent discharge of musketry. In order that I might likewise partake of these honours, the Arab cavaliers stopped before the Consul's house, and several times discharged their matchlocks. It was a gay, busy, bustling scene. The cavaliers afterwards proceeded to the Castle, and discharged their matchlocks, standing up on the shovel-stirrups, and firing them off at full gallop. But these cavaliers are nothing comparable to the crack horsemen of Morocco. Their horses are in a miserable condition, and they themselves ride badly. The horse does not do well in the Saharan oases. In Fezzan he is often obliged to be fed on dates, which

are both heating and relaxing to the animal. Meanwhile the discharge of musketry was rattling about the city, the lady sat with the most exemplary patience on the camel (covered up, of course), in a sort of triumphal car. A troop of females were at the heels of the animal loo-looing. The ceremony stirred up the phlegm of the Turks, and delighted the Arabs.

In the evening I visited one of the gardens in the suburbs. The corn was in the ear on this, the 26th day of February. In a fortnight more they will cease their irrigation, and it will be reaped quickly afterwards. We gathered some young green peas. The flax plant is here cultivated; the fibres and dried leaves are burnt, and the seed is eaten; no other use is made of it. Two crops of everything are obtained in the year, one now, in the spring, and the other in autumn. The irrigation by which all this cultivation is produced, rain rarely ever falling, cannot be carried on during the intense and absorbing heats of summer. A couple of asses and a couple of men, or a man and a boy, do all the business of irrigation. Fezzan water is brackish generally, and the wells are about fifteen of twenty feet deep. These are in the form of great holes or pits. The more distant suburbs present beautiful forests of palms, producing a fine reviving effect upon an eye like mine, long saddened by the ungrateful aspect of a dreary desert. The atmosphere and ambient air is less pleasing to view, presenting always a light dirty red hue, as if encharged with the fine sand rising from the surface. The soil of the Fezzan oases is indeed mostly arenose, and the dates are nearly all impregnated with fine particles of sand, which takes place when they are ripe, and very much lowers their value. But this sandy soil does not sufficiently account for the eternal dirty vermilion hue of the atmosphere of

Mourzuk. They say its site is very low, in the shallow of a plain, and to this cause they attribute its fever.

27th.—Health quite restored, and got up early. There are two or three round holes in the window-shutters of my bed-room; by the assistance of these, when the shutters are closed, in the way of a camera oscura, all the objects passing and repassing in the streets are most sharply and artistically drawn on the opposite wall. Here beautifully delineated I see the camels pass slowly along,—the ostriches picking and billing about, which are the scavengers of the street, instead of the pigs at Washington, (see Dickens,) and the dogs of Constantinople, (see all the tourists,)—the women fetching water,—the lounging soldiers limping by with their black thick shoes pulled on as slippers,—the slaves squatting in circles, playing in the dirt,—groups of merchants, black, yellow, and brown, bargaining and wrangling,—asses laden with wood,—the coffee-maker carrying about cups of coffee, &c., &c. Wrote letters for to-morrow's post, and very disagreeable to me, as announcing my tour broken up midway.

28th.—Post-day. The courier leaves every Saturday, but it requires nearly forty days to get the answer of a letter from Tripoli. The courier is eighteen days *en route*. A caravan occupies from twenty-four to thirty days. In the route of Sockna there is water nearly every day, but one or two places, the longest space three and a half, and four days. The Commander visited me again this morning, as also the Greek doctor, who calls every morning. The Major now came in. He is a young Circassian; by birth a Christian, but kidnapped and sold to the Turks. He is a very amiable young man, and deeply regrets that he was not brought up a Christian. It is high time

this infamous practice of selling the Christians of the East to the Turks, was put a stop to. It is to be hoped that Russia will atone for the wrongs which she has inflicted upon Poland, and offer some compensation for the blood which she is still shedding in Circassia, by abolishing this odious system of Christian slavery through all south-eastern Europe, as in western Asia. Notwithstanding our hatred to Russia's system, and its iron-souled Grand Council, we Englishmen (I presume to speak for all), are willing and happy to do justice to Russia in the efforts which she made, and the aid she rendered the Servians, in emancipating them from the galling yoke of Mussulman bigotry and Turkish tyranny[41]. Nicholas has a noble and mighty mission before him, not to subjugate Turkey, or infringe upon the liberties of Europe, but to civilize his vast empire, and the wild countries of Northern Asia. But the Czar does not seem to understand his destiny—or the task, more probably, is beyond his power. It must be left to his successor, or happier times. This Circassian tells me he has not had the fever in Mourzuk. He thinks the city healthier than formerly, and attributes the fever to people's eating dates, and their bad living. Dates are not only the principal growth of the Fezzan oases, but the main subsistence of their inhabitants. All live on dates; men, women and children, horses, asses and camels, and sheep, fowls and dogs.

Mr. Gagliuffi gives the following statistics of the slave-traffic *viâ* Mourzuk from Bornou and Soudan:—

In 1843	2,200
In 1844	1,200
In 1845	1,100

Total, 4,500

The two last years shows a diminution, and he thinks the trade to be on the decline. But this evidently arises from the Bornouese caravan being intercepted, or the traffic interrupted by the fugitive Arabs on the route. There has been no large caravan from Bornou for three years. And Mr. Gagliuffi considers the route at the present, so unsafe, as positively to refuse countenancing my going up to Bornou this spring. However, a couple of small slave-caravans have ventured stealthily down twice a year, conducted by Tibboos. The principal Tripoline slave-dealers who frequent Mourzuk are from Bengazi and Egypt. Slaves are besides brought occasionally from Wadai; and there is a biennial caravan from Wadai to Bengazi direct, leading to the coast a thousand and more slaves at once. Our Consul is frequently employed in administering medicine to the poor slaves, who arrive at Mourzuk from the interior, with their health broken down, and often at death's door. He makes frequent cures, but, alas! it is for the benefit of the ferocious Tibboo slave-dealer. The Consul naturally laments he cannot buy these miserable slaves, who, in this state of disease, are often offered at the market for five or six dollars each. He has no funds at his disposal, or he would procure them by some means, cure them, and give them their liberty.

This evening I called upon a Moor, an ancient renegade of the name of Yousef, who was well acquainted with all our countrymen of the Bornou expedition. His arm was set, after being broken, by Dr. Oudney, which he still exhibits as an old

reminiscence of the doctor. Yousef has lately given great disgust to his good neighbours, by purchasing a new concubine slave, to whom he introduced us, notwithstanding that he has his house full of women and children. This sufficiently proves that Mohammedans discountenance the unbridled licence of filling their houses with women. One of his old female slaves, by whom Yousef has had several children, said to Mr. Gagliuffi, "I won't speak to you any more, Consul. Don't come more to this house. Why did you give my master money to buy a new slave?" The Consul protested he did not. Old Yousef laughed, and drily observed:—"When this (pointing to the new slave), is in the family way, I must purchase another wife. If I can't keep my wives myself, I must beg of my neighbours to contribute a portion of the necessary expense." Old Yousef is a thorough-going scamp of a Moor.

1st March.—Occupied in writing down the stations of the Bornou route from the mouth of one of the Sheikh's couriers. There are now two of these couriers in Mourzuk, natives of Bornou. The Sheikh corresponds with Belazee as well as with Mr. Gagliuffi. Bornouese couriers travel in pairs, lest a single one should fail if sent alone. They are mounted on camels, and it requires them forty days to make the traverse from Mourzuk to Bornou. I tired the courier pretty well with dictating to me the route. It is extremely difficult to get an African to sit down quietly and attentively an hour, and give you information. If ever so well paid, they show the greatest impatience. Afterwards paid a visit to the young Circassian officer. He related to me how he was captured. It was in the broad day, when he was quite a child, playing by a little brook, and picking up stones to throw in the water. The officer says, that

in his dreams, he often sees the silvery bubbles and rings of the water rising after he had thrown the pebble into the brook; and, especially, does he see the ever-flown visions of his green and flowery pastimes of childhood, whilst he is out on duty in the open and thirsty desert, lying dozing under an intense sun, darting its beams of fire on his head. The kidnapper took him to Constantinople. His brother came up after to rescue him. But the master, to whom he was sold, terrified him, by threatening, if he should show the least wish to return, to cut him to pieces. The barbarous threat had its desired effect, and he submitted to his fate. This Circassian officer has still a hankering after Christians, and in his heart is no good Mussulman. He tries to adopt as much as possible Christian manners, and boasts of having all things like them. Such forced renegades deserve our most sincere sympathies.

Evening—Mr. Gagliuffi and myself dined with the Greek doctor. It was a carnival day with the doctor, and he prepared a befitting entertainment. An Albanian Greek dined with us, who had been brought up from Tripoli by Abd-El-Geleel, to make gunpowder for the Arab prince. When the Turks captured Mourzuk they found here the Albanian. He has nearly lost his sight, and is now charitably supported by the Doctor. We were waited upon by the Doctor's servant, an Ionian Greek, and the Maltese servant of the Consul, and so mustered six Christians, a large number for the interior of Africa. The dinner was magnificently sumptuous for this part of Africa. We had a whole lamb roasted. After dinner, its shoulder bones were clean scraped and held up to the light by the Doctor, in order to catch a glimpse of the dark future! This is an ancient superstition of the Greeks. Besides several Turkish

dishes, (for the Doctor lives half Turk, half Christian,) we had salmon and Sardinians. This was the first piece of fish I had seen or eaten for seven months. It was remarked when the large caravan from Bornou comes, expected in this summer, it will certainly bring dried fish from the Lake Tschad. In Central Africa, they dry fish, as meat, without salt, and it keeps well. We had bottled stout, table wines, Malaga, rosatas, and rum. We were all of course very happy, and the Albanian sang several of his wild mountain songs. He was very merry, and, swore he was obliged to keep himself merry, because, not like other people, he had an affair which rankled in his breast. We asked him what it was. The Albanian answered, greatly excited, both with his wine and his subject, "A man killed my brother, and I have not yet been able to kill him. The vengeance of my brother's blood torments me night and day. I pray God to return to my country to kill the murderer." This Albanian is an enthusiastic Greek, and wishes and prays to see his countrymen plant again the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia. "But many of you have turned Turk," I remarked. "Yes," observed the Albanian, "many of my countrymen have turned Turk, and I, who am less than the least of them all, I have not committed this folly. I can't comprehend how they could so trample on the name of their Saviour." In short, I found the Albanian possessed of all the fire, bigotry, ferocity and vindictiveness, for which his countrymen are so celebrated. I encouraged him, and said, "The Greek kingdom ought to have its bounds a little widened." The Greek jumped up wildly at this remark, and clenching my hand, began screaming one of his patriotic airs, and cursing the Turks, so that we became all at once a seditious dinner-party, under the shade of the pale

Crescent. Had we been in Paris, that pinnacle of liberty and civilization, we should all immediately have been conveyed off, without finishing our dessert and the wine which made us such patriot Greeks, to the sobering apartment of the Conciergerie. Happily we were in The Desert, under the rule of barbarians. Coletti was mentioned, but I forget what was said of him. In Jerbah, a Greek merchant protested to me, that the only way to regenerate Greece was to cut off the head of this Coletti, as well as all the present chiefs of parties. He observed "Another generation alone can regenerate Greece." The merchant added, "I should like also to hang up that Monsieur Piscatory."

It does seem a pity that diplomacy should be reduced to the most detestable intrigues, lying and duplicity, which if any other class of men were guilty of, they would be put out of the pale of society. But mankind would care little about these archpriests of falsehood, were it not for the serious consequences resulting from their works. Look at the state of Greece now, the handicraft of diplomatists! Such is the result of the good and friendly offices rendered to an infant state by these sons of the Father of Lies!

At this time there are some nine hundred Albanians in Tripoli, regular troops of the Porte, whose only occupation is lounging, lying and smoking about the streets. There were sixty or seventy Christians amongst them, but for some reason or other unexplained, the Bashaw sent them all back. The report is, the Sultan does not know what to do with these Albanians, and has sent them to Africa to decimate them. The massacreing Janissary days are past, and we have arrived at an age of the more humane policy of letting them die of fever on the

burning plains of Africa. Perhaps France has recommended the Porte this policy, having found it answer so well in the experiment made on malcontent regiments in Algeria. How very humane all our European Governments are getting! How kindly they treat their poor troops! Who would not be a soldier, and fight the battles of "glorious war?" But we must return to our host, who is a very different kind of Greek. Doctors are always pacific men. The Doctor observed laconically, "I eat the bread of the Turks, and whilst I do so I must be, and I am a good Ottoman subject." Mr. Gagliuffi speaks Greek and Turkish besides Arabic and Italian, and so he is at home with all these people. It is happy for the Consul he does, for after all, Mourzuk is but a miserable dirty place, and would kill with ennui, if fever were wanting, some score of English Vice-Consuls.

2nd.—The Consul received a visit from the Adjutant-Major, Agha Suleman. The Doctor came in and was very merry with the Adjutant, who is always trying to get himself reported sick, in order that he may return to Tripoli. The Adjutant observed to me, whilst he drew himself up, made a wry face, and heaved a deep sigh, as if his last, to persuade the Doctor he was greatly suffering, "I would not go to Bornou if you were to give me 100,000 dollars." But why should he? With what sort of feeling could he go there? The spirit of discovery, which once stirred up the Arabian savans to explore Nigritia, is now totally extinct both in Arabs and Turks. I learnt some items of the pay of Officials in Mourzuk. The Bashaw has 5,000 mahboubs per annum. The Adjutant-Major has 30 dollars per mensem; the Doctor 25 dollars; and so on of the rest, the commanding officer having perhaps 50 dollars per mensem. This amount of pay

is considered sufficient for expenses at Mourzuk. The officers have quarters with the Bashaw in the Castle. Mr. Gagliuffi related a characteristic anecdote of the ignorance prevailing amongst the Arabs as gross as that of Negroes. Mohammed Circus (or the Circassian) was a few years ago Bashaw of Bengazi whilst Mr. G. visited that place. The Bashaw was buying something of an Arab, and gave him but a third of its real value. Mr. G. took upon himself to say, "Why do you injure this poor man by giving him but a third of the value of his goods?" "Oh!" rejoined the Bashaw, "that is not a man, he is only a dog. Let me call him back and you shall see what he is." Immediately the Bashaw called the man back and asked him, "Who was the better, God or Mahomet?" The Arab bluntly answered, smiling with conceit, "Why do you ask me such a thing? What harm do I receive from Mahomet or what harm do others receive from our prophet? But God kills one man with a sword, hangs another, drowns another. All the evil of the world is from God, but Mahomet does nothing except good for us."

This poor ignorant fellow was filled with ideas of irresistible fate. Some Arabs and Moors ascribe only the good things to God, whilst others all things, the evil and the good. When this anecdote was being ended, a Moor came in, and being in a disputing humour, I asked him abruptly,—

"What is truth?"

"The Koran."

"Who told you the Koran is truth?"

"Mahomet."

"And who told Mahomet?"

"God."

"How do you know this?"

"Mahomet says so."

"What did Mahomet do to make you credit his word?"

"Plenty of things."

"What things?"

"Killed the infidels, sent us the camel into Africa, planted for us the date-palm, and worked many wonders."

"Is that all?"

"No, great many more things I cannot now recollect."

The camel, I think, was introduced into Africa about the third century. It is a mistake to say, Mahomet did no miracles. The people in North Africa and The Desert all relate miracles performed by Mahomet. The Prophet, however, repudiates miracles in the Koran. In Surats xiii. and xvii., in answer to miracles demanded, the Prophet replies by the knock-down argument, "All miracles are vain. Whom God directs, believes; whom he causes to err, errs." Our conversation passed to old Yousef Bashaw, whose family the Porte has deposed. Mr. Gagliuffi observed justly, and which so often happens in despotic countries, "Yousef established Tripoli and its provinces in one firm united kingdom, and in the early part of his life his power was respected and his people happy; but as the Bashaw declined in life, he again disorganized everything, and Tripoli was rent

in pieces." Went to visit a member of the Divan. All these despotic Bashaws consult or prompt a mute Divan. Let us hope the Consulta lately assembled by Pius IX. will turn out something better than these mute Divans, or a Buonaparte Senate. We were treated with coffee, and milk, sour milk (or leben), but not skimmed, which is considered a great luxury, and only presented to strangers of consequence.

3rd.—We received a visit from the Bey, as he is sometimes called, the commander of the troops, who is a very sociable kind-hearted little fellow. Mr. Gagliuffi related some of the atrocities which were committed by the troops previous to the commander's arrival. They killed a woman, committed rape on a child, were never sober, and always quarrelling with the inhabitants. They are now reduced to discipline and order. One day Mohammed Effendi said to Mr. Gagliuffi, "I am always at work, either making improvements in the town or exercising the troops, but who sees me here, no one recognizes my conduct in The Desert." The Consul endeavoured to console the desponding officer by observing, God saw him, and one day would reward him for his good works. So we see, the Turks are a part of the human race after all, and could lead on their fellow-creatures in the way of improvement if their energies were properly directed. Africa could be greatly benefitted by the Turks. Even at Mourzuk they are introducing things which will soon be imitated at Bornou. Not being infidels, the same objection does not exist against their innovations as against us Christians. Even in the little matter of gloves I saw an immense difference. The officers here wear gloves, and nothing is thought of it. People do not say to them as they have said to me at Ghat and Ghadames, "You have the devil's

hands." Mohammed Effendi actually went so far as to make this speech, "I shall go to England one day in order that I may learn something." The grand occupation of the Commander now is, the building of a guard-house within the city. This occupies his attention morning, noon, and night; and it certainly has a good appearance. There is not such a natty thing in Tripoli. The officer directs all the works, and is assisted occasionally by the friendly counsel of the Consul; so that a wonder of architecture will at last be reared amidst the crumbling-down places of this city of hovels.

My Said returned this afternoon, bringing the baggage from The Wady. Five more slaves of Haj Ibrahim are sick. His first slave adventure at Ghat is likely to turn out a bad speculation. Read an article or two from *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCXXX. The Consul has got a few stray numbers up The Desert. English politics read all stuff in Desert, like what a celebrated man was accustomed to say of his philosophy after dinner, "It's all nonsense or worse." So is reading English politics in this part of the world. How soon our tastes and passions change, with our change of place, and scene, and skies! An Englishman married a Malay woman at Singapore. In six years he lost all his English, nay, European feelings, and became as listless and stupid as the people whose habits and nationality he had sunken under.

Visited this evening the grave of Mr. Ritchie, who died at Mourzuk on November 20, 1819. He was buried by Capt. Lyon, his companion in African travel. The grave is placed about two hundred yards south of the Moorish burying-ground; it is raised eight or ten inches above the level of the soil, and is

large, being edged round with a border of clay and small stones. We were conducted by old Yousef, who told us the Rais (Capt. Lyon) chose the site of burial between three small mounds of earth, in order that the grave might be easily distinguished hereafter. Mr. Gagliuffi, had never visited the grave before my arrival, which I proposed to him as a sacred duty that we owed to our predecessors in African travel and discovery. The Consul promises now to have the grave repaired and white-washed, and I, on my part, promise, in the event of my return to the interior, to carry with me a small tombstone, to place over the grave, with name, date, and epitaph. If there were a thorough and *bonâ fide* Geographical Society in England, this little attention to the memory of that distinguished man of science would have been performed long ago. But our societies are instituted to pay their officers and secretaries, and not to promote the objects for which they are ostensibly supported by the public. The Moorish cemetery close by, is a most melancholy, nay, frightfully grotesque picture. No white-shining tombs and dome-topped mausoleums, no dark cypresses waving over them and contrasting shade with light, which mournfully adorn the cemeteries of the north coast. All is the grotesque refuse of misery! Here we see sticks of palm-branches driven down at the head of the graves, which sticks are driven through old bottles, pitchers, jugs, ostrich eggs, &c., so that at a distance the burying-ground has the appearance of a dull, dirty, desolate field of household rubbish, and old crockery-ware. I did not trouble myself to ask the reason of this trumpery of trumperies, but I imagine it is to distinguish one grave from another. The cemetery of Ghadames, where nothing is seen but stones, if it be a desert-looking place, yet has not this

trumpery appearance. I was glad to see the grave of Ritchie lying apart from this, though in its infidel isolation. There lies our poor countryman, alone in The Sahara! But, though without a stone or monument to mark the desert spot, still it is a memorial of the genius and enterprise of Englishmen for travel and research in the wildest, remotest regions of the globe. And, for myself, I would rather lie here, in open desert, than in the crowded London churchyard, amidst smoke, and filth, and resurrectionists, the pride and glory of our Cockney-land. Here, at least, the body rests in purity, the desert breeze, which sweeps its "dread abode" barer and barer, is not contaminated with the effluvia of a death-dealing pestilence; and though the ardent sun of Africa smites continually the lonely grave, the bones mayhap will rest undisturbed till reunited and refleshed at the loud call of the Trump of Doom! unkennelled, uncoffined by wild beast, or more ferocious man.

Footnotes:

[39] Although Mr. Gagliuffi is an Austrian, a native of Trieste, he has acquired all the English ideas of comfort, and speaks excellent English.

[40] As a remarkable exception, some one or two *French* papers did protest against this wholesale burning alive of an Arab tribe.

[41] See Mrs. Kerr's translation of the History of Servia.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RESIDENCE AT MOURZUK.

Mr. Gagliuffi's opinion of the Touaricks.—Amazonian White-Washers.—Visit, and take leave of the Bashaw.—Various Anecdotes related by His Highness.—Safe-conduct given to liberated Slaves in returning to their Country.—Character of the Tibboos, and particularly Tibboo Women.—Description of the Oases of Fezzan.—Leo's Account of these Oases.—Recent History of the Government of Mourzuk.—The Traitor Mukni.—Life and Character of Abd-el-Geleel.—The Civil War in Tripoli, and Usurpation of its Government by the Turks.—The Tyrant Asker Ali.—Skirmish of Hasan Belazee with the Town of Omm-Errâneb, and the Oulad Suleiman.—Retreat of the Oulad Suleiman to Bornou, and their Marauding Character.—My departure from Mourzuk with the Slave-Caravan of Haj Essnousee.—Establishment of British Consuls in The Great Desert and Central Africa.—Force of the new Slave-Caravan.

4th.—FEEL as well in health as when I left Tripoli, though housed in this city of fever. Mr. Gagliuffi has some ideas about the Touaricks which I have not acquired in Ghat. He pretends Touaricks are always afraid of their women, and are obliged to do whatsoever their wives tell them. The son never will go with his father, but always follows his mother. His

father he learns to hate the more he loves his mother. The Consul does not think the Touaricks of Aheer to be so numerous as represented. The same, indeed, may be said of all the kingdoms of Africa. The principal slave or servant (factotum) of the Sultan of Aheer is now in Mourzuk, transacting business for his master. The Bashaw offered to write to the Sultan for me through this man. He is called Hiddee, and paid me a visit this morning. En-Nour, the friend of Kandarka, is only a Sheikh. Hiddee is the slave whom the Bashaw has been quizzing so severely about the mighty armies of his master.

A number of women are now occupied opposite to us in white-washing or white-claying the Guard-house, this *chef-d'œuvre* of Mourzuk architecture. The women alone do this work, and as their privilege. There are about thirty of them so occupied, under the command of a queen white-washer. They all tremble at the sound of her Majesty's voice. Sometimes she gives them a crack over the head with a bowl, to make them look sharp about them. The white-washers prepare the wash in the usual way, and then lade it out in small bowls, throwing a whole bowl at once at the walls, using no brush, now and then only with their hands rubbing over a place not wet with the wash. This arises from the nature of the wash, it being merely a fine brown-white clay, or a species of pipe-clay. There is no lime in the oases near: people fetch it from Sockna. For this reason the Castle is so dirty. There is attendant on the women a band of Arab musicians, to cheer them on in their work. Every man who passes by gets a piece of white-wash clay thrown at him. If it hits him he has to pay, if not he escapes. On his non-payment, when so hit, he is tabooed from the privileges which he possesses in and over women. He can have no

communication with them, nor can he buy anything from them, or receive anything from their hands. If he does not pay in a few days, his fine increases with his delay. This custom prevails, and its stipulations are most religiously binding, whenever women are employed to white-wash Government houses and establishments. Once a Targhee received some money, which a woman thus employed offered to him, to entrap him. Immediately exclaimed the virago, "You cowardly rascal, instead of giving us money, you take money away from us." Then a mob of these Amazons followed him to his house, and, to save himself from being torn and scratched to pieces by the troop, he paid ten dollars, and was happy to escape so easily. The Amazonian white-washers like to have a shy at Mr. Gagliuffi or the Doctor, because they are down upon them for a good mulct or present. To save their respective dignities, Consul and Doctor take care to keep out of that quarter of the town where the work of the Amazons is going on.

We paid a visit to the Bashaw this afternoon previous to my departure to-morrow. We had tea and pipes again as before. His Highness was excessively civil, and related to me many anecdotes of the people of this part of the world, of which anecdotes and such chit-chat he is very fond. This Bashaw is a sort of chronicler of the Arabian Nights order, with the difference, that what His Highness relates are generally true stories. Mr. Gagliuffi instructed me in a little of his Desert diplomacy, and I accordingly observed, "Your Excellency must extend the Turkish rule in Sahara, and you ought to capture Ghat, for that is the centre of commerce in these parts." This was put forth as a feeler. The Bashaw deigned the following in reply:—"There was a boy left with his

father, whilst the mother and wife had gone to a neighbouring village on an errand. The boy, after a sleep of three hours, awoke, and, looking about him and not seeing his mother, began to cry for her. 'Oh,' said the father, 'you have begun to cry for your mother after three minutes, you blubbering urchin; whilst I have been waiting for my wife, with the most enduring patience, these three long hours."—"So it is with me," continued the Bashaw; "you are crying for Ghat after three months' residence here, and I have been crying for Ghat these three long years. I have been waiting every year, every month and day in the year, to go and take it, or destroy it, but the Sultan sends me no orders." I noticed the Fullan boy of the Bashaw, and observed to him that I had seen very few of the Fullan slaves. The Bashaw returned, "That boy is gold to me. When I was sick, he was the only one who waited upon me unceasingly, and never left my couch. I have also a Fullan girl; her hair is as long as your women's, and reaches down to her waist." Mr. Gagliuffi afterwards told me His Highness had been some while choosing a wife, that is, a substitute for his wife who is in Tripoli, and had at last found what he liked in this Fullan girl, of whose beauty and grace he said the Bashaw boasted to him (the Consul), a thing quite unusual amongst Mohammedans. The features of this Fullan boy were very regular, black eyes and a light olive complexion. Such were Fullan slaves of our caravan; and the most *recherchée* of all the females, fetching the highest price, was a Fullanah girl.

His Highness related several anecdotes of the Soudanese people. Slaves are told, on leaving Soudan, that white people will kill them and eat them; but when they get here, and see themselves kindly treated, they become reconciled to slavery. In

some of the Nigritian countries, when the people get old,—say seventy or eighty years of age,—their relatives and friends say to them, "Come, now you are very old, and are of no use in the world: it is better for you to go away to your fathers and to the gods. There you will be young again, eat and drink as well as ever, and be as beautiful and as strong as you ever were or can be. You will renew your young days like the young birds, and the young lions." "Very well," reply the aged decrepid creatures, "we will go." They then dress up their aged worn-out victim in his fine clothing, and make a feast. When in the midst of drums and horrible screams, during the height of the feast, they lay hold of the old man, and throw him into a large fire, and he is immediately consumed to ashes. The Bashaw did not particularize the country, but this barbarous rite has been witnessed in other parts of the world besides Africa.

The inhabitants of Wadai are a nation of drunkards. They can do nothing unless drunk. Amongst these people, the greatest mark of friendship is to present their friends with raw meat, with the bile of the liver poured on it as sauce or gravy. Wadai is in the neighbourhood of Upper Egypt and Abyssinia, and the tale reminds one of Bruce, and the live-meat eating Abyssinians. A Tibboo chief came to Mourzuk, and presented himself without introduction before His Highness, and thus harangued him:—"Oh Bey! I want to write to my son, the Bashaw of Tripoli. You must send my letter to my son." "Give it to me," said His Highness, most condescendingly. "There it is," cried the Tibboo, and flung it down at the feet of the Governor. The letter being opened, the contents ran thus:—"Son, be a good man, fear me and fear God. If you behave well, and acknowledge me as your father, I will send you three slaves and come and see

you." The Tibboo was allowed to depart from the Governor as a madman.

"See," said the Bashaw to me, "how ignorant and presumptuous are these Tibboo people."

I replied, "It was always so that ignorance and pride went together, and it always will be so."

His Highness.—"Are your people so?"

"Of course, all the world is so."

The Bashaw now came to the Touaricks. "The Touaricks detest cities. When they visit us, we cannot make them sleep within the walls." I observed, they have not confidence in the people of the towns they visit. The Bashaw thought that was a hit at him, and so it was, for the Touaricks sleep within the walls of their own cities, and even inside Ghadames. I occupied a house which they had tenanted just before my arrival. Therefore His Highness jumped from the Touaricks to the Ghadamseeah:—"The Ghadamsee people are a nation of Jews. I once had to escort them. One morning when I got up I found them all in separate groups, for they detest each other's society. (The Bashaw might have observed the separation of the two hereditary factions.) They were all in disorder. I got a whip and laid it on them one after another, as they whip their slaves. The next morning they were all ready to start before I was. This is the way to treat these Jews. The curse of God is upon them. When they die nothing is found in their houses, nor gold, silver, money, or goods, not even victuals. God punishes them thus because they are a nation of Jews and slave-dealers." Belazee forgets that his government is partly supported by the slave-traffic. But the Bashaw is a man of great

audacity, takes large views of things, assumes the air of lavish and magnificent pretensions, and hates the quiet, thrifty, and money-making character of the merchants of Ghadames. The Bashaw concluded his long string of anecdotes by asking me, on my return, to bring him a watch, but not to bring it if I did not intend to charge him for it, for he could not accept presents from me, since he had a fixed salary from the Sultan. He added, "I'm sorry you have not brought a letter from the Bashaw of Tripoli, for I can't show you the attention I would wish. But bring a letter when you return, and I'll write to all the princes of Africa for you." I answered, "Oh, I'll bring you a firman from the Porte, if that will do for you." At which His Highness laughed heartily.

Whatever ferocity of disposition Hasan Belazee may have shown in the decapitation of Abd-El-Geleeh, he certainly knows how to be polite and show hospitality to strangers. The British Consul-General tried to get him removed from Mourzuk, with the tyrant, Asker Ali, from Tripoli, but Belazee was the only man who could keep this province tranquil, and the trade with the coast uninterrupted. Mr. Gagliuffi tells me, as a proof of the Bashaw's influence in the interior, that His Highness wrote to the Touaricks of Aheer and Ghat to allow liberated slaves to return unmolested to their country, as an act acceptable to God, seeing the poor slaves had been liberated by their pious Mussulman masters, who invoked upon them the blessing of the Almighty on the day of their liberation. And it is said, that, in no case, when a freed slave took a letter from the Bashaw, did the slave fail to reach his native country. How different this Desert morality to that of the villanous Americans, who glory in recapturing freed slaves, or hanging them up by Lynch Law—and those poor

men have bought their freedom by the sweat of their brow! The Bashaw is also strong amongst the Tibboos, who are generally an immoral race of Africans. These Tibboos attacked a merchant of Tripoli and plundered him near their country. His Highness immediately clapped all the Tibboos then at Mourzuk in prison, until the merchant's goods were restored, and he himself brought safe to Mourzuk. Since this strong measure, the Tibboos have plundered no more Tripoline merchants.

Mr. Gagliuffi pointed out several Tibboos to me in the town, and amongst the rest one who called himself a Sultan. This chief came the other day to the Consul and thus addressed him:—

"My wife is coming here. I'm so glad. She is such a good wife. Oh, so good!"

"Why is she a good wife?" inquired the Consul.

"Oh, she has killed two women; first the daughter, then the mother; wretches who wanted to kill her. Isn't that a good wife?"

The Tibboo women secrete knives about them, as the Italian and Spanish ladies conceal the stiletto in their garters. It does not come within my province to describe the Tibboos, but I may say briefly of the social condition of those tribes, in that country it is "Man and his Mistress," and not "Woman and her Master." The Tibboo ladies do not even allow a husband to enter his own home without sending word previously to announce himself. A Tibboo lady once explained this matter in Mourzuk. "Why," said the Tibbooess, "should I not have two or three husbands, as well as my husband two or three wives? Are not we women as good as men? Of course, I

don't wish my husband to surprise me enjoying myself with my lovers." It is a notorious fact, that when the salt caravans go from Aheer to Bilma, the whole villages are cleared of the men, the Tibboo men escaping to the neighbouring mountains with provisions for a month. In the meanwhile, the Tibboo women and the strangers are left to themselves. The women transact all the trade of salt, and manage alone their household affairs. The Tibboo women, indeed, are everything, and their men nothing—idling and lounging away their time, and kicked about by their wives as so many useless drones of society. The women maintain the men as a race of stallions, and not from any love for them; but to preserve the Tibboo nation from extinction.

A brief description of the oases of Fezzan may be given, beginning with *Mourzuk*, (مرزوق). The capital is placed in 25° 54′ N. Lat., and 14° 12′ E. of Greenwich. It is a walled city, contained within the circumference of about three miles, having a population of about 3,500 souls. The area of the site was reduced to a third, on the south side, by Abd-El-Geleel, for the convenience of defence, when he held it against the Turks. On the west, is the Castle of the Bashaw, forming a separate division or quarter from the town. The Castle, which consists of many buildings and court-yards, contains the barracks. The town is formed of one large broad street, opening into a spacious square before the Castle, and several smaller narrower streets. Since the occupation of the Turks, many improvements have been made. A new mosque has been built, and a guard-house is being finished for the troops in town. Two or three coffee-houses and new shops have been fitted up, and the progress of building improvements continues. Mourzuk has three gates. The houses are mostly built

of sun-dried bricks, cemented with mud, very little stone and no lime being found in the environs. Altogether it is a clean place, for an interior African city. The suburbs already have been noticed, where in the gardens wheat, barley, ghusub, ghafouly, the flax plant, common vegetables and flowers, a few roses and jessamines, are cultivated, with the noble date-palm overshadowing all. Every garden has its well, or wells. Sweet water is scarce. The spring crops are six weeks in advance of those in Tripoli. The Bashaw, on my taking leave of His Highness, presented me with a handful of ripe barley to bring to Tripoli, as a rarity. One bushel or measure of seed-corn produces from twenty-four to twenty-eight bushels. A greater quantity of corn could be easily produced in all the oases. A man and boy with an ass can cultivate corn enough in a season to subsist three or four families during six months. There are two seasons and two crops. But the gardens near the city offer no features of beautiful vegetation. At a distance there are much finer specimens of Saharan cultivation.

The government of Mourzuk consists of a Bashaw, ostensibly assisted by a Divan of six persons, to whom is joined the Kady. Besides a Kady in this city, there are four Kadys in the rest of the province. The garrison consists of five hundred and fifty men and boys, about one-third only of whom are Turks, the rest being Arabs and Moors. Of the whole force, one hundred and fifty are cavalry. There is besides an irregular corps of a hundred Arab horse. The superior officers, including the commander-in-chief, are all Turks. The medical officer is a Greek. The Porte has very few Turkish doctors. The medical officer at Tripoli was the late Dickson, an Englishman. This inconsiderable force is sufficient to maintain all the

oases in tranquillity, and defend them from the hostile tribes.

The commerce of Mourzuk is at a low ebb on account of the rival Touarick city of Ghat, and especially from the disturbed state of the Bornou route during the last few years. However, there are caravans between Cairo and Mourzuk, which never frequent Tripoli. Many British and Levant goods come by this route, which are not brought by the ordinary route from Tripoli.

Saharan merchants divide Central Africa or Nigritia, into three divisions, according to the marts and routes of the interior commerce, viz.: Bornou, with which Mourzuk has the most direct relations; Soudan, or Bur-el-Abeed, ("Land of Slaves"), with which Ghat and Ghadames have direct and most frequent communications; and, finally, Timbuctoo, with which Ghat and Ghadames have likewise always relations. But Morocco is the country in North Africa which has the most constant relations with Timbuctoo; so much so, that in past times, the Emperors pretended to exercise sovereignty over this mysterious city of the banks of the Niger.

As before mentioned, Mourzuk is not healthy[42]. The Greek doctor calls the fever "*febre terziane*" (Ital.), apparently the ordinary intermittent fever, or perhaps the tertian ague, with local peculiarities. It usually begins in April and continues all summer. It recommences in October, and persons attacked in this month are sick during the whole of the month. About two per cent. die if they have medical assistance, but, without this assistance, a great number die. After it, comes the bile, "*gastrica bigliosa*." (Ital.) This disease has also fatal

consequences. The simple fever is often accompanied, when it presents itself, with worms; it then changes to intermittent fever, and if it does not, is usually fatal. Persons not cured of the fever often become dropsical. There are a few cases of consumption. Syphilis is very virulent, and prevails amongst the troops. Ophthalmia and rheumatism are common complaints. Thus Mourzuk is not quite one of those oases, or Hesperian gardens, where the happy residents quaff the elixir of immortal health and virtue. Contrarily, it is a sink of vice and disease within, and a sere foliage of palms and vegetation without, overhung with an ever forbidding sky, of dull red haziness.

The Turkish system of laxity of morals, as exhibited in all their garrison towns, has full force, free course, and scope in Mourzuk, beginning as an example with His Highness the Bashaw, and descending to the lowest soldiers. Yet they say, it was infinitely worse before the present commanding officer had charge of the troops. The officers have no legitimate wives, nor, of course the privates. The women of Mourzuk are therefore necessarily of bold aspect and depraved manners. All the lower classes of females are usually unveiled, and will commit acts of immodesty anywhere. In general these women are constantly being divorced and taking new husbands. In such a depraved state of society, love and affection are consequently unknown,

Here never—

> "Love his gold shafts employs;"

Never here—

"Waves his purple wings."

Mr. Gagliuffi thought one of the greatest obstacles to the suppression of the slave-trade was the facility which it afforded Moorish and Arab merchants to indulge in sensual amours. Although a merchant would get no profit by his long and dreary journeys over Desert, he would still carry it on for the sake of indulging in the lower passions of his nature. A slave dealer will convey a score or two of female slaves from Mourzuk to Tripoli, and change the unhappy objects of his brutal lust every night. This is, he considers, the summum bonum of human existence, and to obtain it, he will continue this nefarious trade, without the smallest gain, or prospect of gain, and die a beggar when his vile passions become extinct. "What is life without a slave?" says The Desert voluptuary. "Better to die than have no slaves!" But there are exceptions. A young lad is placed by his uncle, who lives in Tripoli, under the care of the Consul. His uncle wrote to the Consul, "To tell the lad, to send no more slaves to Tripoli, to abandon the traffic altogether," adding, in his letter, "In future, God deliver us from this shameful traffic!" But the Consul previously had written to the uncle that he would not take the boy under his care if he trafficked in slaves. Notwithstanding all this, some few Saharan merchants there are who really detest this traffic, and its attendant immoralities. Such I have found in my later peregrinations through North Africa.

Fezzan, as vulgarly computed, is said to contain one hundred and one towns and villages, or inhabited oases. The districts are, 1st. Mourzuk, the capital; 2nd. East side, including Hofrah, Shargheeah, and Foghah; 3rd. North side, Sebhah, Bounanees, Jofrah, and Shaty; 4th. West side, Wady Sharghee, Wady

Ghurby, and Wady Atbah; 5th. South side, Ghatroun. This division embraces twelve principal towns, where there are resident Kaeds. All the lesser towns have their subordinate Kaeds or Sheikhs. It will be seen that Sockna is not included in this enumeration, and it is not usually considered a part of the government of Fezzan. Of the rest, and all the towns, Zuela is the more interesting for its antiquities. Formerly the capital, as well as Germa, it was colonized by the Romans. Zuela contains some ancient inscriptions, and not long ago two store-rooms were discovered, full of indigo, supposed to have been a portion of the ancient commerce of the interior. Zuela is the principal town of the division of Shargheeah, or The East.

To the natural productions of Fezzan, already enumerated, may be added, the Trona[43], or "Sal Natrone" of Tripoline merchants. It is procured from the bottom of the lakes when the water evaporates during the summer season. Besides its use of being masticated in Barbary, it is exported to Europe in considerable quantities, for the manufacture of glass. A little gum-arabic is procured hereabouts, and the quantity is increasing.

Leo Africanus gives the following account of these oases, which, joining those of the Tibboos, connect almost in a straight line Northern with Central Africa:—

"Fezzen è similmente una grande abitazione, nella quale sono di grossi castelli e di gran casali, tutti abitati da un ricco popolo si di possessioni, como di danari; perciocchè sono ne' confini di Agadez e del diserto di Libia che confina con lo Egitto; ed è discosto dal Cairo circa a sessanta giornate; nè pel

diserto altra abitazione si truova, che Augela che' é nel diserto di Libia. Fezzen è dominata da un signore che è come primario del popolo, il quale tutta la rendita del paese dispensa nel comun beneficio, pagando certo tributo a' vicini Arabi. Similmente in cotal paese è molta penuria di pane e di carne; e si mangia carne di camello, la quale è tuttavia carissima."—(*Sixth Part, chap.* Liii.)

Formerly Fezzan was exceedingly rich and populous, but now it is become impoverished to the last degree, and many of its largest district populations are reduced to the starvation-point. Its inhabited oases would produce an infinitely greater amount of the materials of existence, if moderately cultivated, whilst many oases, once smiling paradisal spots in Desert, are altogether abandoned. The few merchants who have any money are those of Sockna, but which town, as before mentioned, does not properly belong to Fezzan, though its relations with these oases are intimate. Before the Turks and Abd-El-Geleel, Fezzan was governed by its own native Sultans, whose family was of the Shereefs of Morocco. But about thirty years ago one Mukhanee, or Mukni[44], as he is commonly called, entered into conspiracy with the Bashaw of Tripoli to seize the government of the native princes, who were thus deposed, and the usurped government continued in the hands of the Bashaw and his creatures, until it was seized in turn by the brave and enterprising Arab chieftain, Abd-El-Geleel. The immediate ancestors of this Sheikh were destroyed by old Yousef Bashaw, amongst whom Saif Nasser, grandfather of the Sheikh, and the head of the Oulad Suleiman, was a celebrated warrior. These chiefs and their tribes occupied the shores of the Syrtis (Sert سرت), and were originally from Morocco. They might claim some connexion with the deposed

Shereefian government. When all his ancestors, and especially his grandfather, Saif-Nasser, were butchered by the exterminating policy of Yousef Bashaw, Abd-El-Geleel, then a boy, was saved,—as an instrument of future vengeance in the hands of Providence—by the secret interference of the women of the Bashaw's family. As the boy, however, grew up, he could not fail to excite the suspicions of the Bashaw, for the old hoary-headed assassin saw in him, not darkly or dimly, the sword which was being drawn by avenging Heaven to cut off his family root and branch, perhaps his own head, and break up for ever his blood-cemented kingdom. These suspicions of a guilty conscience came at length to such a pitch, that the day arrived when the innocent youth was to be strangled, so snatching violently away the instrument of vengeance from the hands of inexorable justice! But, on that very day, the Bashaw received intelligence of a threatened invasion from Mehemet Ali, and old Yousef knew this aspiring young warrior to be the only man who could unite the scattered and disaffected tribes of the Syrtis, and repel the invasion. Abd-El-Geleel was therefore forthwith dispatched to muster the Arabs, and make all things ready to meet the invading enemy. However, the alarms of invasion soon died away, and the young Sheikh was sent up to the province of Fezzan to quell some insurrection of the Arabs.

But finding himself surrounded continually with suspicious agents and cut-throat spies, who might in a moment compass his assassination, whilst the Arabs *en route* were ripe for revolt, the wary Sheikh at once raised the standard of rebellion, and took possession, successively, of the town of Benioleed, the mountainous district of Gharian, the Syrtis, and the province of Fezzan, all which he held nine years

with the style and power of a Sultan. Then the day of his fate also began to hasten on. The old Bashaw's family, polluted with the most cruel and odious crimes, fell by its own intestine divisions, ending in a civil war, which war was closed by the usurpation of the Turks. Abd-El-Geleel was now called upon to submit to the Sultan of Constantinople, a new and a more formidable master. The Sheikh refused submission, and declared and carried on war with the Turks. At length, however, his intrepid brother, Saif Nasser, was killed in battle, and the Sultan-Sheikh became dispirited, lost his courage and presence of mind. Abd-El-Geleel madly surrendered himself, at the instigation of his own Sheikhs, who betrayed him to the Turks, and Belazee, the present Bashaw of Fezzan, who commanded the troops against him, on hearing of his voluntary surrender, sent word that the Arab prince was not to be brought alive into the camp. He was then instantly decapitated! This cruel assassination took place in 1842. The whole of the usurped districts held by the prince, now returned to the power of the Turks.

Asker Ali, the blood-thirsty tyrant then governing Tripoli, on hearing of this intelligence was drunk with joy. His insolence to the British Consul-General knew no bounds. The tyrant even boasted openly, that God would give into his hands his two other enemies, the British Consul-General, and the Vice-Consul of Mourzuk! The tyrant was fond of dipping in astrology and reading fate, and he was once surprised by his ministers, reading the certain destruction of these last two of his remaining enemies in a small portion of sand. The consequence of all this open violence naturally was his instant recal, Sir Stratford Canning threatening the Porte that, if it delayed his recal more than one hour, a

British squadron would depose the tyrant, and replace him by another Bashaw. The ancient Bey of Bengazi, an exile in Malta, and one of the Caramanly family, or of the old Moorish dynasty of Bashaws, would have replaced Asker Ali. This tyrant, like all tyrants, on receiving his recal, was unmanned, and became weaker than a child, for the performance of acts of the darkest cruelty and the most arrant cowardice, are quite compatible. The tyrant Asker Ali shed tears! on leaving the country, where he had exercised the most atrocious cruelties. However, he was fated to execute one act of justice, in the style of the Turk, against the betrayers of Abd-El-Geleel; for the tyrant strangled all the subordinate Arab chieftains who had conspired against their master, and delivered him into the hands of the Turks,—the just vengeance of heaven against traitors. Asker Ali returned to Constantinople, and as is the custom now-a-days, the Porte, imitating the recent policy of the French Government, which Government, whenever it disavows its agents, decorates them as a matter of course,—so that to be, or get decorated, is to do something contrary to international law and justice,—following such a good and honest maxim, such a discovery in the science of diplomacy, I repeat, the Porte, in its sympathy, immediately conferred on the tyrant a new Pashalic. Thence, after a short time, Asker Ali continuing his horrible trade of official murder, consulting his book of fate and atoms of sand, and hanging up the good subjects of the Porte "without judge or jury," got again recalled; and I have not heard more of this miscreant Pasha. Asker Ali is a bright jewel of native Ottoman ferocity.

The Chief Abd-El-Geleel figures in the Slave-Trade Reports of Tripoli, 1843, as an abolitionist. But,

according to M. Subtil, he was only bamboozling Col. Warrington[45]. This Subtil also pretends the chieftain was more inclined to French than English interests. Such a statement is probably a calumny of the sulphur-exploring adventurer in Tripoli, and was made to get himself popularity in France, or to help his schemes of Tripoli speculations. At any rate, it rests solely upon his very dubious authority. The Arab prince lost all by attempting too much. He reversed the maxim of "attempt much, and you will get a little." An arrangement was offered to the Sheikh, by which, on paying a contribution of 25,000 dollars per annum, and acknowledging the sovereignty of the Grand Signior, the usurped districts should be confirmed to him, and hereditarily to his family. But, like the ten thousand military chieftains, soldiers of fortune, who have gone before him, whose faith saw their star always in the ascendant, he sighed for Tripoli, and its Bashaw's Castle, and lost all.

The son of Abd-el-Geleel, on the assassination of his father, took the advice of Col. Warrington, and emigrated to Bornou, whose Sultan being of Arab extraction, received the emigrant hospitably as a brother, and assigned the unfortunate prince and his scattered followers, a district on the confines of Bornou, between the Tibboos and his own empire. Since then, the exiled prince has received a great accession of strength by a numerous reinforcement of the Oulad Suleiman, and is now strong enough himself to defend his newly acquired territory, should the Sultan of Bornou at any time be won over by the intrigues of the Turks, to cancel his concession of lands and attempt to expel the refugees. This movement of the Oulad Suleiman is connected with the further military exploits of Hasan Belazee.

About a twelvemonth ago, the inhabitants of the village of Omm-Errâneb ("mother of hares"), took it into their heads to revolt, and upon some frivolous pretext seized their neighbours' camels, as an intimation to the Bashaw of their seditious intentions. It is certain, however, from what followed in the course of events, that their revolt was concerted with the Oulad Suleiman. The villagers of Omm-Errâneb had not the shadow of excuse for their revolt, for they paid no contributions to the Bashaw, and merely acknowledged the Porte. This town is walled and consists of about two hundred houses, and at the time of the war had a population of some eight hundred souls, entirely Arab, but of the people only three hundred were armed. The Bashaw of Fezzan went out himself against the rebels, although extremely unwell, captured their city, and destroyed about one hundred and twenty of them. The Arab townsmen fought from house to house with the most determined bravery, obstinately retiring through their town from one gate to the other. The Bashaw would have slaughtered more of them, but he had no men to intercept their egress at the opposite gate of the town. His Highness lost only eight Turks and eight Arabs in the capture of this place. On the next day, to the astonishment of all, about six hundred of the Oulad Suleiman came up from the Syrtis, all fully armed, having left their families some two days' distance. The first thing they did was to capture a convoy of sick and wounded, in charge of the Greek Doctor, all of whom they immediately butchered in cold blood, with the one exception of the Doctor.

The account which the Doctor gives of his capture and escape is sufficiently characteristic.

The Assailant.—"May your father and mother be

cursed, and your wife prostituted, you dog of a Turk!" (raising the sword to strike him).

The Supplicant.—"Oh! have mercy upon me, I'm a doctor," (falling on his knees).

An Arab, aside.—"Strike! strike! he lies."

The Assailant.—"May all your children beg their bread, and the curse of God be upon them!" (seizing him by the turban to cut off his head).

The Supplicant.—"Oh! have mercy upon me, I'm the brother of the English Consul at Mourzuk, your friend."

The Arab, aside.—"Hold! hold! let him go."

But the Doctor did not get off until he had emptied his pockets of his dollars. In this way only he rendered his supplications effectual.

In warfare, both Turks and Greeks have been in the habit of taking what money they possess with them, to redeem them from slavery if captured, or for any other available purpose in the case of defeat[46]. The Oulad Suleiman then attacked the Bashaw with extreme ferocity, and His Highness was in great danger. He was so unwell at the time that he could not sit upon his horse. But, when the troops began to waver, the officers took the Bashaw and set him upon his horse to show him to the soldiers. The sight of the veteran commander rallied their sinking courage. His Highness had just strength enough to hold up his sword and point to the enemy, on seeing which his troops rushed on impetuously, and obtained a complete victory over the Arabs. The Arabs were, however, only dispersed a moment, and were allowed to reunite their scattered bands and

pursue tranquilly their way to Bornou, to the prince of their tribe. All the fugitives of the Omm-Errâneb accompanied them. On their march up, they ruthlessly sacked all the villages of Fezzan and the Tibboos, and arrived at the quarters of their compatriots laden with booty. The Bashaw returned weary and exhausted, having no sufficient force to follow up the pursuit of the Oulad Suleiman, whose march was that of conquerors rather than fugitives. Indeed, the Bashaw was glad enough of their retreat to Bornou. Whilst this fighting was going on, the greatest confusion reigned at Mourzuk, and many of the wealthy inhabitants deposited their money and valuables in the house of the English Consul, for to add to their miseries, some malicious persons had reported the capture of the Bashaw, with all his army. It is probable the Turks are exceedingly well satisfied with the emigration of these restless and indomitable Oulad Suleiman. There cannot be a doubt of their being devoted to the English, but they are of difficult treatment for us. At the present time, they are dispersed in marauding parties on the route of Bornou, and were even an English tourist to fall into their hands, he might be maltreated before he was recognized as a British subject, and as such received the protection of their prince. This was the main difficulty which prevented my going up to Bornou.

It would seem, however, the Oulad Suleiman are getting tired of the burning climate and fevers of Bornou, and are sighing for the cool airs and healthy breezes of the shores of Syrtis, with the refreshing sight of the dark-blue waters of the Mediterranean. For on my return to Tripoli, I found the British Consul in negotiation with the Bashaw to procure their return to the Syrtis: of which since I have heard

nothing. The Bashaw told the Consul they must write to the Sultan for pardon. The negotiation was placed in the hands of Mr. Gagliuffi, of whom they are passionately fond, and in whom they have the most implicit confidence. These malcontent Arabs were, of course, on friendly terms with the Touaricks of Ghat, as every attempt to resist the consolidation of the power of the Porte in Tripoli is viewed favourably by the Touaricks. But the marauding of the Oulad Suleiman in the interior, and the interruption of the commerce of Bornou, ill requite the asylum and hospitality afforded them by its Sultan, and for the sake of the commerce of The Sahara, the sooner they are back again to the Syrtis the better.

5th.—Rose early to write and prepare for my departure to Tripoli. Called on the Turkish officers to take leave. One and all observed, "Before you were going to h——, now you are going to heaven," alluding to my projected tour to Soudan. I was not of this opinion; for, after months and months in my dreams, night-dreams and waking-dreams, having acted over in my imagination all the dangers and privations of The Desert, and seen all the wonders of the mysterious regions of Nigritia, I set about my departure from Mourzuk with a heavy heart, lamenting my ill-starred luck and failure, seeing my mission abruptly cut off midway in its accomplishment. Mr. Gagliuffi arranged for my returning to Tripoli with the slave-caravan of Haj Essnousee, whom the reader will be pleased not to confound with my friend Essnousee of Ghadames, who had gone on to Soudan with the return caravan. Haj Essnousee had accompanying him two or three other traders, all of whom were natives of Sockna. Their slaves had not come from Ghat, but had been brought three months ago by the Tibboos from

Bornou.

I left Mourzuk late in the afternoon. I had heard the melancholy song of the slaves departing in the morning. I had now to overtake them this evening. Mr. Gagliuffi and the Doctor accompanied me outside the gates, and the Consul's Moorish servant conducted me to the first night's encampment, both of us riding horses. I do not regret turning off the direct route to Tripoli, and visiting Mourzuk before my return. For here I obtained a better idea of the Upper Provinces of Tripoli, and I am greatly indebted to the Vice-Consul for his assistance in my researches. I must acknowledge likewise the kind attentions of the Doctor and the Turkish officers. I bade Mr. Gagliuffi an affectionate farewell, who answered with the plain earnest old English of "God bless you!" I left the Consul in but indifferent health. Three times has he had the fever, yet he is determined to keep up to the last. When Mr. Gagliuffi first went to Mourzuk, he expected that Abd-El-Geleel, whose agent he was, as well as having the appointment of British Vice-Consul, would have been confirmed in his authority. But this Chief's assassination left the Consul to struggle against formidable difficulties, and Mr. Gagliuffi was obliged to apply to the British Government for pecuniary assistance, which has been tardily granted.

The appointment of Mr. Gagliuffi has fully answered all the objects originally projected. The traffic in slaves is well watched on this route, and reported upon. The Vice-Consul exercises a beneficial influence on the affairs of Mourzuk, and is useful both to the governing power and the governed. The population of Fezzan have great faith in the integrity of Mr. Gagliuffi as agent of the British Government.

The Consul assists them in various ways. Some twenty months ago he lent the people of Mourzuk money to meet the tribute demanded from them by the Government of Tripoli. His relations with Bornou have already been mentioned. The Vizier of the Sheikh lately, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, stopped at the Consul's house, and Mr. Gagliuffi transacted all his business. Most strangers go to the Consul, in preference to the Ottoman authorities, or the people of the town. A great Maroquine Marabout came this way from Mecca, and deposited all his money, whilst in Mourzuk, in the hands of the Consul. The people were jealous that a Marabout should trust a Christian in preference to themselves, and remonstrated with the Marabout, who very drily replied to them, "You are not of the Faithful: you are all robbers. I am obliged to trust this Christian."

Unquestionably the establishment of English Consuls and Vice-Consuls throughout The Desert, and all the great cities of the Interior of Africa, would be an immense benefit to humanity, whilst it would equally promote British trade and interests, and the commerce of the entire world. One day, in happier times, there may be a Minister wise enough and bold enough to undertake this great enterprize, and to make this application of our resources, which eventually would be no sacrifice, for the benefit of all mankind. It will, however, require sacrifices from individuals as well as from Government, for a residence in The Desert or Central Africa is no consular retreat, or diplomatic lounge for an invalid Minister. But if any sacrifice be made for foreign nations and countries, it surely should be made for Africa, on whose unhappy children we as a nation, in past times, have inflicted such enormous wrongs.

I shall only give one instance of the positive and material benefit which the people of Fezzan have derived from the establishment of the British Consul at Mourzuk. Mr. Gagliuffi induced the people to cultivate the tholh for collecting gums. Fifty cantars were collected the first year, and last year some two hundred. The whole of the population are now seized with a fit of gum-collecting, but they are not yet expert at making the incisions in the trees. In the course of time it will be a most profitable article of export for the people. This gum now sells for 10 or 12 mahboubs the cantar in Tripoli. Such has been entirely the "good work" of the English Consul.

We stopped at one of Mr. Gagliuffi's gardens to get some sweet water. This was a very nice plantation of palms overshadowing crops of corn. The Consul has several of these gardens, but all of a limited size. After sunset, we found the encampment at Terzah. It consisted of three merchants and their servants, about sixty slaves, most of whom were young women and girls, and twelve camels. Felt cold during the night—in fact caught cold, and not very well. Ought to have a tent. Said very happy in the prospect of returning to Tripoli, and as usual immediately made friends amongst the male and female slaves.

Footnotes:

[42] Our former tourists say: "The opinion of everybody, Arabs, Tripolines, and our predecessors (Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon), were unanimous as to the insalubrity of its air." And "Every one of us, some in a greater or less degree, had been seriously disordered; and amongst the inhabitants themselves, anything like a healthy-looking person was a rarity."

Denham observes also that to account for the sickliness of Mourzuk was a very difficult matter, and required a wiser head than his.

[43] *Trona*, الطرون, and ترونه "Carbonate of Soda." The great *Trona* lake is near Germa or Garama.

[44] مُخني

[45] See "Histoire d'Abd-el-Geleel, Sultan de Fezzan, assassiné en 1842." *Revue de L'Orient*, Sept., 1844.

[46] The Doctor afterwards recovered his money, the Arab who captured him having fallen in the skirmish.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM MOURZUK TO SOCKNA.

Well of Esh-Shour.—Village of Dillaim.—Tying up a Female Slave to the Camel.—Village of Gudwah.—Well of Bel-Kashee Faree.—Melancholy Songs of the Slaves.—Reflections on the Slave Trade; Christian Republicans, and the Scottish Free Kirk.—Well of Mukni.—El-Bab.—She-Camels with Foals.—How American Consuls justify Slavery.—Arrival at Sebhah, and description of the People.—Cruelty of a Moorish Boy to the young Female Slaves.—Prohibited Food in matters of Religion.—The Taste of a Locust.—Anecdotes related by the Bashaw of Mourzuk and Mr. Gagliuffi.—Divinations of

the Tyrant Asker Ali.—Continual delays.—Altercation with a Moor about Religion.—The Songs of the Female Slaves interpreted.—Version of Mr. Whittier, the American Poet.—The *Amor Patriæ* of the Negroes.—Primitive Style of playing Draughts.—Games and Wine prohibited by the Koran.—Sebhah, a City of the Dead.—Oases and extent of the Sebhah district.—Fezzanee Palms bear Fruit without Water.—Town of Timhanah.—Bad Odour of the Turks in these Oases.—Essnousee, an atrocious Slave Driver.—Stroke of a Scorpion.

6th.—ROSE early, and made a long day. Passed a few dwarf wild palms. Country about here is mostly sandy, and in hollow flats. Encamped by the well of Esh-Shour. Our course east and north-east. We passed by the small village of Dillaim. One of the Moors travelling with us said to me, "Oh, master, how could you think of going to Soudan! How you would have suffered!" I returned, "No noble enterprizes are achieved without great mental and bodily suffering." This remark impressed him in my favour, and we continued great friends all the route to Tripoli.

This morning Haj Essnousee, being on foot, called out for his camel to stop, in a tone which denoted he had some important business on hand. I turned to see what was the matter, and so did all, as if something peculiar was about to happen. I then saw Essnousee bringing up a slave girl about a dozen years of age, pulling her violently along. When he got her up to the camel, he took a small cord and began tying it

round her neck. Afterwards, bethinking himself of something, he tied the cord round the wrist of her right arm. This done, Essnousee drove the camel on. In a few minutes she fell down, and the slave-master, seeing her fallen down, and a man attempting to raise her up, cried out, "Let her alone, cursed be your father! you dog." The wretched girl was then dragged on the ground over the sharp stones, being fastened by her wrist, but she never cried or uttered a word of complaint. Her legs now becoming lacerated and bleeding profusely, she was lifted up by Essnousee's Arabs. She then, however, continued to hold on, the rope being also bound round her body so as to help her along. Thus she was dragged, limping and tumbling down, and crippled all the day, which was a very long day's journey. Whether she feigned sickness, or sulked, or was exhausted, I leave the reader to judge. Neither I nor her cruel master could tell. Indeed, such is the nature of the Negro character it is impossible to tell. A slave may sulk, and may not; whilst also ill and dying, they may be flogged on the point of death, as Haj Ibrahim flagellated his dying victim. No doubt, at times these wretched slaves, when worn down and exhausted, play some innocent tricks to get a ride. Nevertheless, such is the power of sullen insensibility which slaves can command, that the brutal masters may flog them to death without finding out whether they are really ill, or only sulky.

7th.—On our return from a difficult journey, everything is, or appears to be easy. We think little or nothing of it, especially if we have got with us a new supply of matters of equipment and provisions. So I rose early with the most profound indifference of the month's journey before me, as if travelling in old England, and I must likewise add, with less

anxiety for the safety of my baggage. Desert baggage-stealers there are indeed none, and pickpockets and pilferers are as rare as the birds, which now and then are seen hopping about the wells, picking up what they can chance to find.

Our course is north, over an undulating sandy soil. About 11 A.M. we had in view Ghudwah, and in an hour more we reached the village. Ghudwah is a cluster of wretched mud hovels, rendered tolerable by being placed amidst a wood of palms. The squalor of these humble dwellings is, in truth, forgotten amongst the patches of beautiful green corn, some already in the ear, and the graceful, towering, all-over-hanging palm-trees. In a wady on the left were also forests of palms. The oases of Fezzan are, in fact, but a series of these palm forests. Unquestionably a great body of water must be under and near the surface. But we must keep to the designation of oases in describing the province of Fezzan, of which we had a convincing proof this morning; for, during four or five hours we traversed a country in every respect desert, covered with small black stones, defying all attempts at cultivation, and this desert land apparently surrounds and intersects the entire series of the oases of Fezzan.

When we got clear of Ghudwah we halted for the day, about 2 P.M., near a well called Bel-Kashee-Faree. I was glad to halt, both for the sake of the slaves, and myself. To-day the same girl was not tied to the camel, but a younger one. She also, poor thing, was dragged along, limping as she went, and whenever she stopped a moment to tie up her sandals, she had the greatest difficulty to reach again the camel. I was annoyed to see none of her sister-slaves give her a lift and help her on to get up to the

camel, so that she might continue to be assisted by its march. Some of the poor things, however, have their intimate friends in their fellow bondswomen. The girl dragged on yesterday, had her faithful companion, bringing her water and dates. But in spite of all their sufferings, the poor bondswomen keep up well. The young women sing and sometimes dance on the road, while the boys ape the Turkish soldiers whom they had seen exercise in Mourzuk, walking in file, holding up sticks on their shoulders, and crying out "Shoulder arms!" or words to that effect. The guileless lads of Africa think these two magic words to be the quintessence of Turkish and European civilization, and that which renders the white men superior to their sable fathers. Two of the boys are dressed in old soldiers' jackets and look very droll. So we journey along as well as we can.

But whilst surveying the march of this troop of human cattle for the market, I can't but think how dreadful a trade is this of buying and selling our fellow creatures! The Moors and Arabs of the ghafalah are civil enough. They discover great curiosity at seeing me write, and not a little surprise, like all I have met with, to find me writing Arabic, whilst some of themselves cannot. They are all of Sockna.

It is now near sunset, but I am not going to write a description of a Saharan sunset, which this evening offers nothing but sheets of bright yellow flame. Towards the east, the palms, underwood, and herbage make me fancy myself in the midst of a boundless circle of cultivation, for I see no "darksome desert" through the pale skyey openings of the thick verdure. My feelings thus would be soothed and gratified, were it not that the sounds—always to me

so melancholy—of the Negroes' song, as they clap their hands and sing and dance their native sports, are heard near my encampment. Then again I feel happy in the reflection that God gives moments of joyous happiness even to slaves. Why not be soothed to hear this song of slaves? What a mysterious thing is Providence! Not to the masters of these slaves, who are now stretched in dreamy listlessness on the ground, gives God such jocund innocent delights; not to the wiser and wisest, to the stronger or strongest, (as "the battle is not to the strong,") gives God happiness; but to the poorest, weakest of mortals, the forlorn, helpless female slave! As I have mentioned, I heard this same song—to me so melancholy and disheartening—as the slaves were departing from Mourzuk. I was then quietly writing, but as the mournful accents broke on my ear, I started from my usual propriety of feeling, and the courage which carried me over The Desert gave away under the pressure of these strange Nigritian sounds of the poor black children, the desolate daughters of the banks of the mysterious Niger. The tears rushed to my eyes, but I stopped them in their lachrymal sluices, and called it folly, for to weep I cannot, I will not. Rather let me curse the slave-dealers of every land and clime. Yes, let this foolish sensibility be turned to exasperation; let me curse those proud Republicans, in whose heart there is no flesh, whose flag bears impiously against Heaven the stripes and the scars of the slaves! These I cursed, and those who in the hypocrisy of their souls, and their sanctimonious pretensions to Church freedom, received the gold tainted with the blood of the slave, to build up their Free Kirk! But why curse? What impotence! Why not leave the avenging bolt of wrath to that God, who "hath made of one blood all the nations of men, for

to dwell on all the face of the earth?"

8th.—Rose at sunrise and started with the day. Route north and north-west, over an undulating gravelly plain. A few tholh trees, and one solitary tholh by the road-side, which at a great distance forms a very conspicuous object. A single tree in The Desert always excites more interest in the mind of the reflective traveller than a forest. Solitary palms are often seen near the coast. At noon, reached the well called Beer Mukhanee, after the distinguished traitor, who dug it, but who betrayed and ruined this country. Many a tyrant and traitor has left behind him some monument of utility, to relieve the weight of his infamous name with posterity. The well is very deep and the water good, but we did not take in any, as wells are frequent hereabouts. Continued our course until sunset, a long day, and encamped at the base of a small mountain, called Babān, or "Two Doors," and by others, El-Bab, or "The Door." The Door and the Gate, like the famous "Iron Gate" in Algeria, are frequent names of rocky hills and mountains in this part of Africa. Ghaljeewan, a mountainous district of the south-eastern part of Aheer, is called "the door of Aheer." On the Danube there is a reef of ugly and huge rocks, over which the current of the river dashes furiously. The Turks call this "The Iron Gate" of the Danube.

On the road the camels had no herbage to eat. Some of them ate the dried dung of camels and horses. We have a young camel with us about four months old; it continues to suck. It has no frolic or fun in its actions, and is as serious as its mother. The foal of the camel frolics in awkward antics a few days after its birth, but apparently soon loses all its infant mirth. In the first place, the foal has to walk as long

a day as its mother, enough to take all the fun out of the poor little thing; then, it sees all its more aged companions very serious and melancholy, and soon imbibes their sombre spirit, assuming their slow solemn gait. The mother-camel never licks or shows any particular fondness for its young beyond opening her legs for the foal to suck. At best, the camel, as an animal, is a most ungainly and unlovely creature. What surprises me most are the bites of the male-camel. He bites his neighbour, without passion or any apparent provocation, and simply because he has nothing else to do *en route*, or nothing arrests his attention.

To write in the open Desert is no sinecure. When I go under the shade from the sun the wind blows unpityingly, when in the sun the flies torment me. Our grand slave-driver Haj Essnousee, is most determinedly bent on showing himself a perfect master in his profession. This afternoon he set to work beating one poor girl most shockingly for not keeping up with the rest. Nearly all got whipped along to-day. Gave a ride to one little fellow, hardly five years of age, who limped sadly. There was no sulk in him. He was cheerful with all his sufferings. Our road is strewn with chumps of petrified wood.

Was thinking to-day, for whilst travelling with slaves the subject is most disagreeably pressed upon you, even to nausea, of the reasons offered by American Consuls in vindication of slavery in the United States. Mr. P—— thus apologized:—"I once spoke to a male slave who earned plenty of money. I said, 'Do you want to be freed?' 'Oh no,' he replied, 'I get fifty dollars a month. I give my master forty and keep ten for myself. Why should I wish to be free?'" Mr. M—— said to me one day, "My wife has slaves, but they are

well taken care of. They each have two new suits of clothes per year, and the doctor's bill for each comes to two or three dollars also per year." To such miserable drivelling as this are men, of some education and standing in society, and the representatives of the free as well as the slave States, driven to bolster up the nefarious system of holding in bondage their fellow creatures! In the one case, a man robs his brother of the rightful fruits of his labour. This robbery is perpetrated coolly and deliberately through a series of years. In the other case, the taking care of a slave, as every humane man must take care of his horse, and give him good beans, hay, and a warm stable, is made the corner stone of "the living lie" of liberty on the southern transatlantic plains.

9th.—Rose with the sun, throwing his orient beams of gold athwart all the plain, and purpling the rocky block of El-Bab. I mounted the rock, and saw Sebhah in the north, where we were to rest in the afternoon. There was a huge stone balancing on a ledge of the rock, which apparently wanted but a feather's weight to throw it down. Bent on mischief, I was going to heave it down, when the people called to me to desist. On descending, they told me the stone had fallen from the clouds and caught there; it was unlucky to touch it. A demon sits upon it every night and swings himself as a child is swung in a swing. Continued our route over a sandy plain, until we arrived at a line of palms stretching east and west, as far as the eye could see. At 11 A.M., we entered the suburbs of the town. After a little rest I went to see what sort of a place it was. Found it a tolerably well-built place; the houses are constructed of stone and mud-mortar; some have even got a touch of lime or pipe-clay wash. Several of the streets are covered in

at the top like those of Ghadames. Very few people stirring about, being occupied in the suburban gardens. Fell in with a cobbler, a tailor, and an old pedagogue with an ABC board. Discussed the politics of the place with them all. They took me at first for a Turkish Rais coming from Mourzuk. When they found I was not a Turk, they began to abuse the Turks. "The Turks," said they, "take all our money and leave us nothing to eat but dates. The curse of God be upon them!" Whenever Turkish officers stop here they levy contributions. The town is walled in with mud and stone-work, and there are several towers around it forming part of the wall, pierced with loopholes for firing musketry therefrom. Most of these towns are built for protecting the people against the Arabs, who can do nothing against a wall, even were it only a brick thick. One small piece of cannon would be enough to batter down every one of these Saharan-fortified towns. A part of this town is placed on a small hill, like Ghat. Sebhah has a dull dingy appearance at a distance. There is no lime-wash to give it that agreeable aspect which many Moorish towns have, although always very delusive when one enters their gates.

This forenoon, a slave-girl was sadly goaded along. An Arab boy of about the same age was her goad, who was whipping her and goading her along with a sharp piece of wood. Sometimes the young rascal would poke up her person. I could not see this without interfering, although I am afraid to interfere. She had got far behind, and the boy was thus tormenting her like a young imp. I made him take one hand, and I the other. But we could not get her up to the camel on which she might lay hold by means of a rope, and so get dragged along. We then set her upon a donkey, but she was too unwell to

ride, and fell off several times, the cruel rogue of a boy beating her every time she fell. What annoyed me more, her companions in bondage, those hearty and well, set up a loud yell of laughter every time she fell off. I'm sick at heart of writing these shocking details. But the reader will not be surprised that the Moors make bad slave-masters, when they have such an early training as this little reprobate boy, the nephew of Haj Essnousee. I often wondered how this boy, who was some thirteen years of age, and fully capable of the sentiment of love, in a climate like Africa, could torment these poor girls of his own age with such brutality. If he found one lagging behind, and at some distance from the grown-up men, he would strip her, throw her down, and begin tormenting her in the way I have already mentioned. I spoke to his uncle about it, but without avail. I then refused to carry on my camel some choice dates, which he had in his charge for Tripoli. But it was of no use, the boy was the worthy pupil of his uncle, a little fiend of ferocity.

My Sockna companions of travel chat with me, but their conversation offers nothing new or remarkable. "There is no money in Fezzan. Our city (Sockna) only has a few merchants. Mukhanee was originally a merchant, and a member of the Divan of Mourzuk. He ruined Fezzan." One of the people of this place said to me, "Better if you were a Mussulman, and ate and drank like us." I replied, "I eat everything good, and never fast to make myself ill." This plain speech amazed them. But one said, somewhat to my surprise, "That only which is not good, and not fit to eat, is haram (prohibited)." I immediately said "Amen" to this, for generally the Moors maintain that pork and other things of the kind prohibited, are not good because they are prohibited, and not on

account of any intrinsic badness in the things themselves. They, of course, asked me what sort of places were England and London. It's little use to answer such questions; they cannot realize the idea or forms of an European city, even in imagination. Describing the riches of London, one observed ill-naturedly, "Oh, God gives the infidels peace in this world, and fire in the next." I then thought it time to leave off my description. Whilst we were chatting, a locust was caught and roasted. I tasted it, and found it not a bad shrimp. The locust requires salt and oil to make it palatable. The Arabs swear the locusts have a king, which perfectly agrees with—Καὶ ἔχουσιν ἐ φ' αὐτῶν βασιλέα: (Rev. ix. 11.) The name given to this insect monarch as perfectly corresponds with their migratory devastations, Απολλυων, "destroyer," for before their march are smiling fields of verdure and fruitfulness, whilst behind them are desert and devastation.

I find in this part of my journal several anecdotes of the Bashaw of Mourzuk and Mr. Gagliuffi, which seem to have come to my recollection *en route*. The Tibboo chief before mentioned, whose jurisdiction extends over a wretched village, observed one day to the Bashaw, "The Sultan of the Tibboos (himself) inquires after the health of the Sultan of the Turks. But I am well, therefore the Sultan of the Turks is well; and if I am not well, then the Sultan of the Turks is not well." His Excellency replied, menacingly, "You're right, but take care you don't get unwell, for by G—d if you do get unwell, and so make my Sultan unwell, I'll come and cut all your people's throats, and burn down your city." The Tibboo chief, feeling the force of the argumentum ad hominem, started out of the audience-chamber in a fright, and made off from Mourzuk as quick as

possible. Before, indeed, he could get off, he began to fancy himself ill, and was ill with fright, and expected every moment to be within the clutches of the Bashaw. I related to the Bashaw the story of the Governor of Ghat, having the sword of his ancestors amongst the trophies at Constantinople. The facetious Bashaw observed to me:—"You ought to have said, 'I'll fetch you the sword, Haj Ahmed, if you'll promise like a good little boy not to cut your fingers with it.'"

Mr. Gagliuffi was well acquainted with the tyrant Asker Ali. The tyrant once dreamt he should kill Abd-El-Geleel, and his brother, and some other chiefs, but one would escape. The escaping Sheikh was Ghoma, now an exile at Trebisonde. This dream was actually related and retailed in Tripoli two years before the events happened. One day Mr. Gagliuffi called on the tyrant, and found him very thoughtful divining in the rumel ("sand"). "What's the matter?" asked the Consul. His Highness exclaimed, "Oh, I'm much troubled. An Arab chief has come here professing allegiance to my government. But he's a great villain, for such I have found him in the sand." The next day the unfortunate Arab was assassinated. Many an honest man was murdered by the fortuitous throw and fall, and scattering of these atom sands, in the cruel fingers of the tyrant. Who will deny after this that the events of our life are (to us) so many accidents? A Touarghee Sheikh once proposed to Mr. Gagliuffi to sell his country to the Sultan of the English. The Consul, who took this as serious, ought to have considered it a joke of the grave Touarghee. The Touaricks can tell the most funny stories, and make the most cutting gibes at their neighbours, without moving a single muscle of the face.

10th.—We are to stay here to-day and to-morrow, in order that our slave-masters may obtain provisions. These people can do nothing without losing an enormous quantity of time. It breaks my heart to lose so much precious time. I could have got up to Soudan before I shall get down to Tripoli. A Touarghee once talked to me of travelling, and on my telling him I was going to The East, to the New World (America), and many other places, he exclaimed, "Allah Akbar, thou fool, thy life isn't long enough." And certainly it would not were we to travel at the rate of our Saharans. They never measure a man's life and what he can do in it. The day present, and its evils, is with them enough. The proverb quoted by the great teacher of Christianity, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is much better adapted to ancient than modern society, or rather to Oriental and African than European society. The European is obliged to think of the morrow, and take thought for the morrow, or he would not be able to live; in these days of restless and overpowering competition he would die of starvation. One of the Moors tried to write the name of Mahomet in Roman letters. I have seen several Moors attempt this; one did it pretty well.

At noon, had a strong altercation with a Moor of the town about religion, who introduced the subject and was very insulting. Being out of the hands of the Touaricks I have less delicacy on these matters, and so I boldly contradicted his notions. I told him, with all frankness, "It was impossible for a good Christian ever to become a Mussulman: a bad Christian might, one who had robbed, or murdered, or run away from his country. Such were the Spaniards who run away from the prisons of exile in Morocco. Mahomet witnessed that Jesus was a true prophet; and Jesus

witnessed that Moses was a prophet, and Moses prophesied of Jesus. But neither Jesus, nor Moses, nor any other prophet, witnessed to the truth of the mission of Mahomet." This amazed him excessively. Seeing this, I added, "Never attempt to convert a Christian, or speak to him about religion; for in the end you are sure to be dissatisfied." The zealot immediately changed the conversation. Several of the people of the town listened to our argument, but they made no observation, except one old man, who observed laconically, "Mahometans, Jews, and Christians, are all rogues; but God is merciful." This, I think, is about the truth.

This evening the female slaves were unusually merry and excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask Said what they were singing about. As several spoke the language of his own country, Mandara and Bornou, he had no difficulty in answering the question. I had often asked the Moors about the merry songs and plaintive dirges of the negresses, but could never get a satisfactory answer.

Said replied at first, "Oh, they're singing of Rubbee (God)."

"What do you mean?" I rejoined impatiently.

"Oh, don't you know," he continued; "they ask God to give them the Atkah[47]."

I.—"Is that all?"

Said.—"No; they say, 'Where are we going to? The world is large, O God! Where are we going? O God! Shall we return again to our country?'"

I.—"Is that all, what else?"

Said.—"They call to their remembrance their own country and say, 'Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things, but this is a bad country and we are miserable, and are ready to sink down.'"

I.—"Do they say anything more?"

Said.—"No, they repeat these words over and over again, and add, 'O God! give us our âtkah, let us go to our dear home.'"

I am not surprised the Moors never gave me a satisfactory answer respecting the songs said and sung by their slaves. Who can assert that the above words are not an appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their present woeful condition? And what language could have given us a more favourable opinion of the feeling and intellect of the African? May pitying Heaven hear the prayers of these poor creatures, give them their liberty, restore them to their country! It is not to be wondered at, these poor bondswomen should cheer up their hearts with words and sentiments like these; but, oftentimes, their sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and the silence of the dreadful Desert was many days unsubdued, uninterrupted by these mournful strains!

I take this opportunity of noticing the several love ditties and songs about gallant chiefs and warriors returning from battle, the lovers of the sable maidens, attributed to these poor female slaves *en route* over The Desert, as found in some books of travel, which, I believe, are the invention of slave-masters, embellished by the traveller. No; their song is, and was, and always will be, because the spontaneous voice of distressed nature, appealing to the justice and help of the Author of all being!

"O God! give us our freedom. Where are we going? The world is large and terrifies us.

"Shall we return again to our dear homes, where we lived happily and enjoyed every blessing?

"But we are in a horrible country; all things frown upon us; we suffer, and are ready to die.

"O God! give us our freedom[48]."

Mr. J. G. Whittier, the distinguished American poet, has rendered these words into verse. He says:—

"The following is an attempt to versify this melancholy appeal of distressed human nature to the help and justice of God. Nothing can be added to its simple pathos.

SONG OF THE SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

Where are we going? Where are we
going?
Where are we going, Rubee?
Hear us! Save us! Make us free;
Send our Atka down from thee!
Here the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Tell us, Rubee, where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou! Bornou! Where is Bornou?
Where are we going, Rubee?
Bornou-land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food;
Bornou-land we see no longer,
Here we thirst, and here we hunger,
Here the Moor man smites in anger;

Where are we going, Rubee?

Where are we going? Where are we
going?
Hear us, save us, Rubee!
Moons of marches from our eyes,
Bornou-land behind us lies;
Hot the desert wind is blowing,
Wild the waves of sand are flowing!
Hear us! tell us, Where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?"

Some freed slaves passed to-day on their return to Bornou, their native land. This reminded me of what Mr. Gagliuffi related respecting a female slave, who, after being brought to Mourzuk, was taken back by her master to Bornou. When her master first told her of his intention, she simply replied, "No, you will not take me back." She always persisted in the same reply, when the subject was ever mentioned. At length the time came, and she was mounted on a camel and started off. But her master, on returning, having changed the first part of the route from that which he came, her suspicions and unbelief were at once confirmed. However, a few days elapsed and the old route was resumed, and seeing, at last, from various indications of the road that she was really returning, she burst into convulsions of joy, and with no ordinary care her life was saved. She never properly recovered from the effect of these convulsions of transport. What can be stronger than such feelings of *amor patriæ*, what more marked proof of intelligent sensibility, allying the negro with the whole human, race? For,

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

'This is my own, my native land.'"

If Dr. Pritchard's argument be good in religion, by the existence of which sentiment in the breast of every portion of humankind he proves that all men are of one species, and of one original race or stock, the argument is equally true of patriotism. I have found, however, some Moors, like some of our philosophers, denying the Negro to be of the same race as the white man. But such Mahometan detractors of the Negro character are extremely rare. The greatest champion of this class was a slave-dealer, and, indeed, it is a convenient opinion for men-stealers of every nation.

The Moors have a primitive way of making a draught-board. A person of the town brought an apron full of sand. This he threw upon a stone bench, and spread it over, making a number of holes for the white and black squares of the board. This done, they then brought a certain number of pieces of stones with a corresponding number of dried balls of camel's dung, (and which, it may be remarked, are very small in comparison to the size of the animal). The whole was now complete and the parties set to work. All the Islamites whom I have seen are passionately fond of gaming and games of chance; and, curious enough, thousands who could not be prevailed upon to drink wine (or eat pork), will game all day long, notwithstanding that gaming is prohibited in the very sentences of the Koran, in which wine is condemned. "They will ask thee (Mahomet) concerning wine and lots. *Answer.*—In both there is great sin." "Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred amongst you, by means of wine and lots," &c. (Surat ii. and v.) How the commentators have quieted the consciences of the

Faithful on the point of lots and not about wine, I cannot imagine. Such is the absolute folly of matters of this sort, the "clean" and the "unclean" in religion.

11th.—The sky is overcast this morning, and, what a wonder! we have had a few precious drops of rain. Rain, like gold, is valuable according to circumstances. Wind from N.W. No heat is now felt here. Sebhah is the very abode of dead men, the catacombs of the living. Here, at mid-day, you might sit in the lonely streets, and lecture on the immortality of the soul, to the few people, who, at long intervals, pass flitting by, like spectres of the dead. The melancholy appearance of the place so horrifies me that I don't go into it. When and where the inhabitants rendezvous and gossip is a complete mystery. To the palms and huts of palm-leaves without the town, I return, to convince myself I am in the land of the living. Visited some of the suburban gardens. Irrigation is the support of all vegetable life here. People were employed in weeding the corn-fields; besides the weeds, they picked up the small blades of corn, those not likely to be ripe with the rest of the crop, which are given to the sheep and horses. I have seen, however, no horses here. It is reported amongst the people of the town, that the Touaricks attacked me and took away all my money. As this continues to spread amongst the oases, I shall soon be murdered by the helping imagination of the people, at any rate, before I arrive at Tripoli. A gardener tells me, many palms grow and bear fruit without being watered, or having any water running under them.

The Sebhah district embraces four villages besides its town, viz., Ghortah, Hajrah, Marwees, and Hafat. The population are Moors and Arabs mixed

occasionally with Negro blood; but no black population begins at these or the oases hereabouts, as foolishly stated on the map of Capt. Lyon.

12th.—We leave to-day to pursue our journey. Oh, what is life! In the wilderness or the abode of civilization, it is one weary way: but soon, thank God! to end. This morning I was convinced, that, however bad the condition of a people may be, it may still be worse. A poor wretched woman of Sebhah came to beg dates from the slaves! from their scanty allowance. As it mostly happens, the poor give more than the rich in proportion to their means, so these poor slaves gave the beggar woman a most disproportioned quantity of their miserable allowance. A little vanity there may have been in this, for however badly off we are ourselves, we are not displeased to see some people still worse off, and are gratified in laying them under some miserable obligation. Left Sebhah about 8 A.M., and after three hours' ride came in view of a forest of date-palms. This wood of palms is out of the line of route, and extends from Sebhah to Timhanah, a day's journey. Essnousee observed, on arriving at the palms, "See, these are all young palms, lately planted; they are never watered but bear plenty of dates. It is only in Fezzan the palms bring dates without water." Our route is north, and, as before, over an undulating gravelly surface. Several heaps of stones in a part of the road, evidently to clear it, as it is next to impossible to miss the way in this part of Sahara. No stones were added to these heaps by us. Our precursors, in past times, were much more attentive to clearing routes than ourselves.

I am sorry to record the nasty feelings of the people of these Fezzanee towns towards Christians. I found

the people a most inhospitable set, and could not get from them a drop of milk for love or money. As, however, they sent plenty of prepared food every evening to the people of the ghafalah, Essnousee was kind enough to give me a dish or two. I attribute this inhospitality to their hatred of the Turks, and the English being considered as the friends of the Turks.

Reached Timhanah at 3 P.M. I was grievously attacked with the tooth and ear-ache, produced by the strong cold wind which had been blowing nearly all day. Got some rum and doctored myself, and by sunset I was enabled to read a little of my Greek Testament. I did not go into the town of Timhanah, being so disgusted with the people of Sebhah. Apparently Timhanah is half the size of Sebhah, and walled with mud and stones. The country around offers the usual prospect of palms and patches of corn cultivation, with wells in each field for irrigation. These oases are most annoyingly alike, and one description must serve for all. The inhabitants fancy I am a Turk, and ask me to speak Turkish. Others shun me as such; and since the Turks, in passing these oases, levy upon the inhabitants hospitality by force, this may be the cause of the little good feeling manifested by them to strangers. Essnousee, for whom I am beginning to entertain the most intense disgust, amused himself this evening with most unmercifully beating his slaves. I could not find out the cause. The females usually catch it most. I cannot tell the reason, except it be, they are more difficult to reduce to a regimen, or system of travelling, and are always fond of playing some innocent pranks. The lively things certainly make more noise and botheration than the males. We are to purchase dates here, they being cheap and of good quality. The townspeople come to

see me write, but I lose patience with them, knowing them to be such a nasty set. Bad rulers make bad subjects. The Turks would make any people suspicious and inhospitable. However, when I left the place, some of them came forward to lend a hand in loading the camel, a mark of friendship, which showed me they would be hospitable if their hospitality were not abused by the Turks. To my surprise, this morning a lad of our ghafalah was struck by a scorpion. I did not expect to see scorpions this time of the year. The scorpion was killed instantly. It was a small one, and its stroke feeble, for the lad complained very little, and I heard no more of the matter. In the Apocalypse, locusts are represented as striking a man like scorpions, although they are by nature harmless, so far as wounding humankind is concerned. It is well to observe, the Saharan people always speak of scorpions as not stinging but striking a man, the verb used being ضرب, "to beat," "to strike." So in chap. ix. 5, it is said, καὶ ὁ βασανισμὸς αὐτων ὡς βασανισμὸς σχορπίου, ὅταν παίδῃ ἄνθρωπον ("and their torment [i. e., *inflicted by locusts*] was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man").

Footnotes:

[47] *Atkah* is the freedom document. On the liberation of a slave, this is signed by the Kady, in the presence of two witnesses. A freed slave has it generally about him. But after he is known, and has resided long in one place, it is no longer thought of. When a batch of slaves are liberated on the death of their master, they follow him to his burial, carrying the âtkah tied at the top of long rods.

[48] The prayer to God is a chorus sung by the whole troop. When not fatigued, and in good health, the Negresses will sing from morning to night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM MOURZUK TO SOCKNA.

Continued delays.—Confidence of the Slaves in the Kafer (myself).—Supply them with Water.—Negro Youths exhibit Sham-Fighting.—Commissions recorded in Journal. —Missionary Labour in Central Africa.—Beer Tagheetah.—Palms of Ghurmeedah.—A Fezzanee's description of his Country.—Reading on the Camel's Back.—Arrive at the Village of Zeghen.—French Patent Soup.—Young Camels broken in.—Omm El-Abeed.—Essnousee sermonizes on "What is Good in this World."—Various Races of Fezzan.—My

extreme exhaustion.—The Flogging of the Mandara Slave by Essnousee.—Illusions of Desert Sands.—Plateau magnifying objects.—Horrid Waste.—How restored from Fatigue.—Digging a Well by the order of the Turks.—Slaves benighted.—Gibel Asoud.—Well of Ghotfah.—Meet Reinforcements of Arab Cavalry.—Arrival at Sockna.

13th.—TO-DAY we came but a short distance, leaving late and encamping about half-past 2 P.M. Our object is to allow the camels to feed well, for there will now be little or no herbage for them until we arrive at Sockna, a distance of some six days. Respecting all these delays, I can say with the most heartfelt sincerity, "Here is the patience of (travellers)." The poor slaves know by instinct the encampment of the Kafer to be a friendly one, notwithstanding the Moors and Arabs persist ungenerously in teaching these poor things to call me kafer, or infidel, and to look upon me with a species of horror. For water, they come to us continually. To deposit a little bazeen, or flour-pudding, in the evening until the morning, they come to us, finding it secure in our hands. Not to be beaten, they come to us, crouching down by me, and getting out of the way of the whip behind my back. In this way the poor things show their confidence in the man whom their masters teach them to look upon as an enemy of God! Although the wells are numerous, only a certain supply of water is carried, and a small quantity is served out to the slaves. They frequently require a little water before the time of departing arrives, and come to me, looking up wistfully, putting their fingers to their parched and cracking lips. Said looks

after them, and gives them as much of our water as he dares, fearing we shall be short ourselves.

"Should ye ever be one of a fainting band,
With your brow to the sun, and your feet
to the sand,
Traverse The Desert, and then you can
tell,
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then you may reckon what water is
worth."

The Negro youths are practising some of their wild sports and warrior tricks. Three on one side and three on the other set to work to bring off a sham-fight. The youths made arrows of the branches of the palm, and, holding up a portion of their clothes for a shield, they throw these palm-branch arrows with great force and precision, almost always hitting one another. This they continued for some time. As the arrows are thrown by the party of one side they are picked up by the other. When a man falls by a slip or otherwise, the opposing combatants fight over his body with great obstinacy and animation. This was the prettiest scene of the wild fight. The real arrow used in the interior is usually poisoned. The Negroes are expert in discovering and preparing vegetable poisons, as men of all countries are in inventing weapons for their own destruction. The Negroes have their Captain Warners as well as we. Bundles of these poisoned arrows were exposed for sale at Ghat, together with bullocks'-hide shields. Whilst the lads are thus passing their time, the lasses are combing, dressing, and oiling their hair, or washing and cleaning, or decorating themselves, or playing with their little trinkets of glass beads and chains; thus

clearly defining the tastes of the male and female Negro animal. It is much the same amongst us civilized brutes. Men fight and quarrel one way or the other, and the women flirt and dress. The occupation of the women is the more harmless. Perhaps we are getting a little better. Men begin to think there is more noble employment in the world than cutting one another's throats, and deifying the wholesale assassins who destroy them; women, too, seem disposed to prove that they have something else to attend to, besides setting off and conserving their beauty. We have with us a youth sent for sale to Tripoli by the Bashaw of Fezzan, who it seems must dabble in slave-dealing, notwithstanding his imprecations against the merchants of Ghadames for the same crime. He is from Mandara, and was kidnapped by the Tibboos. This is the captain of all the sham-fighters, and the leader and prompter of all other sports on the way. There is always one who assumes superiority over the rest, in every troop of human beings; so it was in the beginning, and so it will ever continue to be.

I see by my notes I have various commissions to execute—if—if—if I return to Mourzuk *en route*. First for the Sheikh of Bornou, I am to bring a small coining-machine to make a copper-currency, replacing the present inconvenient system of pieces of cotton called Ghubgha[49]. Next, I am to bring Congreve-rockets, by which the Sheikh may set on fire the straw-hut cities of his enemies; but I should think a good drill-serjeant would be better than rockets. Finally, some instructions, in the Arabic language, for preparing indigo, and bees'-wax, and tanning leather. This last memorandum of the commission is infinitely more grateful to one's feelings, as promoting the useful arts in Central

Africa, than either establishing a base currency, or multiplying the weapons of destruction. For the Bashaw of Fezzan is to be brought a splendid gold watch. The Greek Doctor wants an Italian Medical Dictionary, and a small case of surgical instruments; and for Mr. Gagliuffi I am to bring everything which may be useful to him. The Consul very justly recommends, the teaching Negroes the useful arts as the only means of permanently extinguishing the traffic in slaves. He also recommends the introducing of Missionaries into the Pagan countries, Mandara and Begharmy, beyond and neighbouring to Bornou, as an important means of civilizing Africa. But, it is to be understood, that the Missionaries should go as merchants, and, like Paul, work with their own hands at mechanical trades. It must not be a wild-goose chase of empty declamation, but a thoroughly conscientious project, wrought out according to the circumstances of the country, with discretion and courage. In this way it would, with the blessing of Providence, succeed admirably. The Moravians alone have successfully applied themselves to this kind of Missionary labour.

Passed a well this morning, on our left, called Beer Tagheetah. There is water in many places where no attempt is made to cultivate the cultivable soil. I asked an Arab of Timhanah why more land was not cultivated? "We have no bullocks, no asses; we cannot draw up the water—we want money," was the reply. This sort of answer is applicable to almost every country in Europe. Our encampment is at the place called Ghurmeedah. Here are only two or three untenanted huts, where the date-watchers sleep or repose during the season. This small forest of palms belongs to Zeghen. Took a little cuscasou with some Arabs who have joined us, being hired by Essnousee

to carry dates for the slaves. Giving an account of their country, they say, "Fezzan is a country of poor people; it always was so: we have only the date-palm. This is our riches. If the sea came up to Fezzan, then we would ship dates for Tripoli; but as it is, they are too heavy—they don't pay the expense of carrying to Tripoli. We have besides, a little corn, but not cattle enough to draw water to increase this cultivation. Many of the people live only on dates and hasheesh (herbs). We eat the ghoteb." In the abandoned huts I found three or four women just come from Zeghen. They were collecting and boiling the ghoteb, which they sell in their town; it eats very cooling and pleasant with dates. If I recollect, it is something like the barilla-plant. I tasted the herb, but could make nothing of it. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of Fezzan are apparently healthy and happy. Providence blesses this poor dish of herbs, and makes it palatable and nourishing.

14th.—Rose with the sun's rising, and started with the first scattering of the bright orient beams. Course over an undulating surface of mostly sandy soil, but firm to the camel's foot. In various places is scattered a great quantity of the common black volcanic shingle, and which, indeed, covers a fifth of The Sahara I have traversed. Essnousee tells me this stone contains iron, for so, reported our countrymen of the two former expeditions in Fezzan. The Turks of Mourzuk assert the same thing, though not very great authorities in geology. This shingle has certainly a most ferruginous appearance. About three hours after leaving our encampment we passed the town of Semnou on our right. Our people read on the camel's back. Essnousee pretends to devotional reading. I never attempted reading on the camel, in order to preserve my eyes, though by no means

difficult. An European who has to traverse these Saharan solitudes might supply himself with a few entertaining books, in large type, and while away many lonely and tedious hours, when riding on the camel's back. Only one of the slaves is sick, to whom I give a ride every morning. The rest go pretty well—in fact, our short days' journeys, during these last several days, are a trifle to us all.

Arrived at Zeghen at 2 P.M. Don't feel very strong. Ought to eat more, but can't get meat. Had a good drink of camel's milk this morning. Tired of cuscasou, and now like bazeen better. Several of the people come to see me, apparently more hospitable than those of Sebhah. They are all very poor, scarcely existing, ground down to the dust of The Desert. Went into the town. People got talking of religion. The presence of a person of another faith always suggests the subject to these unsophisticated people. I declared to them, that as the Great God was "The Most Merciful," every good man of every nation, be he Mahometan, Christian, or Jew, might expect the Divine favour. This doctrine was too liberal for some, others approved. Moors, in all these discussions, speak a good deal about hell-fire. They think, at least, this will shake a Christian's courage. They are very sensible to corporal torments themselves, like all barbarians or semi-civilized people. But, poor idiots, they don't know that we denounce them as the future inhabitants of the same place,—"Companions of The Fire." A Marabout came and listened, who evidently was one of the fools so kindly and humanely taken care of by Barbary people. The idiot had ostrich feathers round his breast, and a circlet of large beads in his hands, which he kept telling with a vacant stare. He begged of me, but I gave him nothing, having nothing to

give. Population of Zeghen, about a third or fourth-rate town of these oases, is estimated at 200 men, 300 women, and 700 children and slaves. There are always a few more women than men in these Saharan towns. This surplus of women is kept up by importing female slaves from Central Africa. There the men perish in wars, or otherwise are enslaved for the Western Coast, and a surplus of women is left for the North.

This evening arrived the courier from Mourzuk, who took charge of a small packet of French patent soup, which I left behind. Mr. Gagliuffi had had this soup three years, and it was still very good. It is preserved in thin pieces like dried glue. It requires only boiling with a little salt, and then is pretty good. In long Desert journeying it would be easy to take a supply of this sort of preserved soup, as well as potted meat. On the address of the packet was, "Signore Richardson—Mr. Gagliuffi—God bless him."

15th.—This morning, at starting, I was very much amused at seeing two young camels loaded for the first time with a few trifling things, to break them in. They are only one year old. The little reprobates cried and groaned, and grumbled most piteously; one would have thought they were about to be killed, with the knife at their throats. The Arabs, to prevent their crying, throw some sand into their open mouths. By this little bit of barbarity, the poor young things were obliged to cease crying to chew the unwelcome bolus of sand. When laden, they started off as mad, trying to throw off their load. Do they know, by their powerful and foreseeing instinct, that this was the beginning of their painful labours and journeyings? and do they thus resist the imposition of burthens with all their youthful ardour and

strength? A young camel remains with its mother and sucks a whole year. It is five years before the camel attains maturity of growth and strength.

Our route is north, over what the French call *la terre accidentée*. It was the *bonâ fide* Sahara, and wore its rugged face of desolation. But, after continuing five hours, we encamped at the Omm-El-Abeed, or "Mother" or "Country of Slaves," so called probably because the slave-caravans stop here to take in a good supply of water for four days on the highway of Tripoli. Whatever its name, this is a fair spot, abounding with excellent water near the surface. There are two wells, and both full to overflowing. The water is slightly impregnated with iron. Herbage around is abundant, and wild palms give it the appearance of an oasis. Essnousee, who is a sagacious fellow, justly remarked to me:—"If this country were in the hands of Christians, they would make it a fruitful garden, palms would be planted, corn sown, and houses built." The Moorish merchants can appreciate the superior industry and intelligence of Europeans. Undoubtedly, the presence of abundant good water, and a soil composed of a mixture of sand and earth, (the essential ingredients for a fruitful oasis,) would, in other hands, soon render this spot a paradise in Desert. It rejoices my heart to contemplate the future—if perchance that future come—when this Saharan region shall fall into the hands of another Government, be invaded, circumscribed, and reduced on every side, and such a conquest over The Desert made by the hand of industry, as to render it a garden of the Hesperides, and to blossom as the rose. In another century, or a century after that, this may be the case. Even Moors, the worst people of the world in looking forward to improvements, have in many of these oases planted

young palms, and already reaped the benefit in an increasing crop of dates, although, unfortunately, more from necessity than forethought have they been actuated. What may then be expected from men who adopt the principle of progress! Oftentimes I have connected, in imagination, the shores of the Mediterranean with the banks of the Niger, by a series of uninterrupted palmy oases, with jutting fountains, and silvery streams of living water, and cool shady resting-places for weary caravans. Hope is still my consolation in travelling through this thirsty dreary wilderness. Better to feed the mind with these expectations, even should they be illusory, than sighing and groaning over the desolations of Africa.

This evening took a little cuscasou with Essnousee. After supper the eternal subject of religion was brought forward by this slave-driver. He cannot comprehend my travelling, and thinks I must have some secret mission. He was more surprised when I told him I should visit the New World after exploring Africa, for this shifted his suspicions from Mahometan countries. Essnousee, like others of his countrymen, cannot comprehend notions of enterprise and discovery in travel. How should he? What country has a Moor? What purposes of renown and glory can fill him with a patriotic ambition? Nevertheless, a Moor has three passions, those of gain—sensuality—and religion, which latter sentiment often at, or even before, the close of life, absorbs the other two, yet itself degenerating into superstition and fanaticism. These passions make up the end and compass of the being of a Moor, the objects of all his pursuits through life. On the latter of these sentiments or passions, Haj Essnousee, a thoroughly bad man himself, took the liberty of addressing me these words, in reply to my demand of

"What is good in this world?" "If you wish to do a good thing," said the slave-driver, "do this, abandon your country and your friends. Forget you were born a Christian. Go to Egypt—there turn Mussulman. Then go to Mecca. There read and study all the day, and all the days of your life. See and hear the time of prayers announced from El-Kaaba[50]. Pray at Fidger, Subah and Aser, Mugreb and Lailah[51]. Observe well the burying-place where the body of the Prophet is laid, and be assured that if you are buried there, you will rise up at the Resurrection to Paradise. This is the good work I counsel you to do, but you won't do it." I smiled at this fine speech, and asked the slave-merchant to give up his trade, go to Mecca, and carry out that which he so eloquently recommended me to do. This turning the thing on himself displeased him, and the zealous preacher dropped his sermon in a moment.

Fezzan, with its numerous and large oases, offers for investigation to the physiologist, the three distinct species or varieties of the human race which overspread all Central Africa, viz., The Arabs and Moors, the Touaricks, and the Negroes,—and these all mixed and blended together, of all shades of colour, stature, and configuration. The Arabs and Moors abound this side Mourzuk. Sebhah and Zeghen are all Arabs and Moors. The Touaricks are found in the Wady Ghurbee, and are occupied chiefly in a pastoral life, leading their flocks through open Desert. Some live in the villages of The Wady. But these Touaricks are not subjects of the chieftains of Ghat. The Negroes begin at Mourzuk, and extend south in all the districts of Fezzan, as far as the Tibboos. Ghatroun, I am informed, has an entire population of coloured people, under the protection of a Marabout.

16th.—Another day lost. We stop here to-day to take in water, (as if we did not arrive soon enough yesterday to take in water for a hundred times our number,) and to let the camels feed. Felt, however, excessively weak, and very nervous to-day. At one moment, I seemed as if I were placed in an exhausting-receiver, and was about to give up the ghost. It's perhaps as well for my health, we don't go on quicker. According to the report of the Fezzaneers, there is fever in every oasis during the summer, and considerable mortality. Eating dates continually in the summer must create a great deal of heat in the system, and thus it is not surprising that fever prevails.

Evening, just at sunset, the Mandara slave came near to my encampment and mumbled something to my Negro servant. Looking at him, I saw he asked Said to beg me to do something on his behalf. In a few minutes, a slave belonging to another master came up to him and began to console him, saying, "Go, go." They both then took up handfuls of sand and scattered it upon their foreheads and chins, as if performing some incantations to avert an impending evil. This done, they both burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. By this time, I learnt from Said that Haj Essnousee had sent for the Mandara slave to beat him. I then asked, "For what?" The slaves replied, "For nothing." This I could not believe. Looking towards the encampment of Essnousee, I saw the slave-driver greatly excited, and heard him call to two other slaves, "Fetch him, fetch him." These slaves, (I almost cursed them in my heart,) came running to my encampment like two bloodhounds, and seized the wretched slave, their brother in bondage, and dragged him off to the enraged slave-driver. The poor fellow, from fear and trembling,

could not stand upon his legs, and was held up by his captors. The Mandara slave being brought to Essnousee, and the two captors having pinned him down, this ferocious Moor took him aside and flogged him with a huge slave-whip until The Desert was literally filled with his cries! continuing to flagilate his bare body until he (Essnousee) was himself exhausted by administering the brutal flogging. The Arabs of our caravan, who were near, got upon their legs, from sheer annoyance at the sound of the whip and the cries of the slave, but, like dastardly wretches, contented themselves with looking on, silent and motionless. I felt, at the time, extreme contempt for what are called "the brave and gallant sons of The Desert." I was not near enough, on my journey to Tripoli, to justify any effectual interference on my part. Afterwards I went up to Haj Essnousee and asked him, why he had flogged the slave? He answered still greatly excited, "He'll not eat; he's a devil; it is necessary there should be one devil amongst my slaves." His nephew observed, as a hopeful pupil of his merciless uncle, "He's a thief, he robs us." This is the only satisfaction I could get; but from the rest of the caravan I learnt that the poor Mandara slave was flogged for no other reason except to gratify the capricious cruelty of Essnousee. This Sockna Moor was born to be a slave-dealer and slave-driver, a cunning ferocity and genuine Moorish sensuality being impressed upon his Cain-like countenance. I was enabled to study his character on our way, but study was scarcely requisite to discover the mark of the first murderer stamped on his brow. When too indolent to beat his slaves he would throw stones at them; when flogging the female slaves, if he could not succeed in rousing their sensibilities as they dropped from exhaustion in The Desert, he

would poke up their persons with a stick. This Saharan villain was thoroughly imbued with the principle of an English duke, "That he (Haj Essnousee) had a right to do what he liked with his own," and did not scruple to mutilate a slave to satisfy his demoniac caprice, in spite of its losing half of its price or value in the market. Poor miserables are those pro-slavery writers, who argue that a man will take care of his slaves because they are his own property! Why did not the imperial tyrants of Rome defend the liberties of their people, because they were their own people? Neither human nor divine law can permit any man, even a good man, to have absolute property in his fellows, much less a bad man or a tyrant. But Haj Essnousee is not altogether an unmixed monster; he has something of enterprise and an active intelligence about him, to redeem him from complete execration. Seeing me disconcerted about his whipping the slave, he observed,

"There are two fine wells here, have you written them? You must give a good account of everything to your Sultan."

I then returned to the other slave-masters, owners of seven slaves, and said, "Why do you let a poor wretch be flogged to death in this way and not interfere?"

They replied, "Oh, you yourself should interefere; we're frightened at Haj Essnousee."

I.—"You then wish me to interfere,—I, who am a Christian, and an Englishman, and we English have no slaves,—and you wish me to meddle with your business?"

Another Moor said, "Ah, Yâkob, we know if it had

been a Christian flogging a Christian, you would have interfered. But we are an accursed race, our merchants fear not God. And when one does wrong, another will not speak to him, and tell him he does wrong to himself and God."

After this we had no more flogging to Sockna. I hinted to these people, something might be said by the English Consul to the Bashaw of Tripoli about this flogging work. The remark was probably reported to Essnousee. I made up my mind, if the poor fellow was flogged again, to get him to run away at Tripoli, or into a consulate, and then divulge the affair. It may be mentioned here, that two days before arriving at Sockna, I turned to look at one of the female slaves, who was last of all, and being driven along by the whip, with several others, and thought I saw symptoms of insanity marked in her face. "Why," I observed to the driver, "this woman is mad!" "Mad!" he replied; "No, she went blind yesterday." On examining her, I found she was both blind and mad from over-driving. What a happiness if the poor creature had died or been flogged to death! She would then have escaped two of the heaviest of human calamities, as well as the curse of slavery.

17th.—On leaving Omm-El-Abeed, after a couple of hours, we traversed some sand hillocks, all dismounting to lighten the camels. The sand deceived my vision frequently in walking. Looking at some heaps over which I was pacing, I imagined them at a considerable distance off, when, to my amazement, I found them under my feet in an instant. It might be partly owing to the dizziness of riding. The sand was a deep shining red. At another time a hillock of sand seemed projecting near my

face, and putting out my hand to feel it, I found nothing but thin air. More sand encumbers this route than that between Ghadames and Ghat. After a couple of hours of sand we ascended an elevated rocky plateau, continuing our route north till night. This was a long, long day, full of weariness and misery. Nothing for the camels to eat, and we were obliged to give them dates. The poor slaves drooped and were dumb. The frown of God was stamped on this region! For—

"Here rocks alone and trackless sands are
found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl
around."

18th.—Continued our course over the plateau. It was now become hard sun-baked earth, and bare of herbage. As upon the plain of the celebrated Tenezrouft, objects here become greatly magnified in the distance, exceeding the most powerful magnifying lens. In the simple and bold language of our camel-drivers, "A man becomes a camel, and a camel becomes a mountain." Some bones of a camel, at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, looked like a living camel going along with several people, the white bones representing the burnouses of the men. A small white stone, not ten inches high, appeared to be several feet in height, at the distance of a quarter of an hour's ride. And so of the few other discernible objects on this wide expanse of optical delusion. Mirage was seen at times, but nothing pretty. We encamped late, midway through the vast plateau, when shadowy night began to establish her sable throne, in "rayless majesty," over this silent, sombre Desert. On such a horrid waste as this, when crime and murder shall have depopulated the world,

the last man will breathe his last sigh! Another long and weary day was this. With difficulty could I descend from my camel, and when I did, I was unable to stand. My plan is, immediately on descending from the camel to take a table-spoonful of rum and swallow it neat. This restores me to a consciousness of the objects around me, and then I lie down an hour, whilst supper is preparing. An hour's rest generally enables me to get up and walk. If restored sufficiently, I go to chat half an hour with my companions of travel; if not, I never rise till the next morning. I found the rum of essential advantage in restoring me to consciousness. I am indebted to the Greek Doctor for it. One bottle lasted me from Mourzuk to four days within reaching Tripoli.

19th.—Continued the route of the plateau till the afternoon, when with a low range of mountains on our left, we entered a hilly undulating country, having stones, some good sized blocks, scattered thick over all the surface of the ground. In the small intervening valleys were a few acacias, and a little herbage for our camels. But behold a wonder! At noon, we passed through one of these small valleys, when to my thorough and complete amazement, we found a few men and a tent pitched. Doing what? Oh, wonder of wonders! These men were digging a well at the command of the Turks! Formerly the Turks in Barbary did nothing but fill up the wells, or let them be filled up. Another day has dawned over "the spirit of their dream." The Ottomans now begin to see that they must step forward in the march of improvement, or be blotted out of existence, as a nation of the earth. This is the most difficult part of the route in coming up from Tripoli to Mourzuk, and the object of digging the well is to reduce the distance where water may be taken in to two and a

half or three days, instead of four or five, which is now the case. The new well is already dug very deep, and I am sorry this extraordinary enterprise of the Turks, that of digging a well in The Desert, has not yet been crowned with success. Water would be found at last, but I have my misgivings about their perseverance. The French scientific officers, who have examined the Saharan districts of Algeria, are of opinion, that Artesian wells might be bored through every part of The Desert, and all these vast solitudes be linked together with chains of wells. Nothing is too great for the enterprising genius of man!

We encamped late in one of these valleys. The male slaves went to fetch wood. They were benighted, and could not return, or find their way back. A horse-pistol was fired three times, and these reports brought them into the encampment. Our Moors recommend me, when at any time benighted in The Desert, never to move, but wait for some sign or signal, or report of firearms, or until a person be sent in pursuit of me. This the slaves did, and were enabled to return. Had they wandered about, they would probably have got a long way out of the track, or from the encampment, and not heard the report of the pistol. To show the improvidence of our Moors, we had only just powder enough for these three discharges.

20th.—Continued through the undulating country until we got fairly amidst massy mountainous groups of considerable altitude. These mountains are covered with small blocks of black (iron) stone, and ferruginous shingle. These immense groups are called Gibel Asoud, "Black Mountain." I went, on foot, with Essnousee and his slaves, "the short-cut," or mountain

foot-path of Nifdah, leaving the camels to go round by the other, or camel route, of En-Nishka. I found, however, this "short-cut" a very long one, and dreadfully fatiguing. I recommend all travellers never to believe in the short-cuts of the Arabs, for they are sure to be deceived. These people have no ideas of distance or time. Only conceive a weak and exhausted traveller, like myself, climbing up and down groups of mountains for two weary hours. At length we descended into the valley where is the well of Ghotfa. We only remained an hour to rest, and drank a little water, not encamping at the well. We proceeded to meet the camels by the camel route. On overtaking them, we encamped at night-fall. This was another long and weary day, and made our fourth from Omm-El-Abeed. Our slaves were exhausted to the uttermost; their song, with which they were wont to cheer themselves, was never heard: their plaintive choruses never broke over the silence of Desert! It was to-day, whilst threading the precipitous mountain-path, I observed the unhappy negress, who went blind and mad by overdriving. Our route to-day is graphically described by Denham, and the passage being short, I shall copy it. "We had now to pass the Gibel Asoud, or Black Mountain. The northernmost part of this basaltic chain commences on leaving Sockna. We halted at Melaghi (or place of meeting); immediately at the foot of the mountain is the well of Agutifa (Ghotfa,) and from hence, probably, the most imposing view of these heights will be seen. To the south, the mountain-path of Nifdah presents its black overhanging peaks, the deep chasm round which the path winds, bearing a most cavern-like appearance. A little to the west, the camel-path, called En-Nishka, appears scarcely less difficult and precipitous, the

more southern crags close the landscape, while the foreground is occupied by the dingy and barren Wady of Agutifa, with the well immediately overhung by red ridges of limestone and clay, the whole presenting a picture of barrenness not to be perfectly described either by poet or painter." By this craggy gorge the plateau above-mentioned is entered, and it is frequently by such gorges, which seem to be the buttresses of the plateaus, that the elevated Saharan plains are approached.

About noon we met a reinforcement of Arab cavalry on the way to Mourzuk, to intercept the son of Abd-El-Geleel, in the event of his returning during the spring to Egypt or the Syrtis. I found the reputed six reduced to two hundred men, and most *triste* cavaliers, mounted on still more miserable horses. The stories which we have read of the fondness of the Arab for his horse were sadly belied by the fact of the condition of this troop. Indeed, an Arab treats his horse much in the same way as his wife—most miserably bad. This *triste* troop, worthy the command of the Knight of La Mancha, was a faithful picture of the wretched condition of the province of Tripoli. On passing me, some saluted, and others stared. Said met a former fellow-slave of the island of Jerbah going under the protection of this escort. The freed slave gave a confused account of the last act of abolition of the Bey of Tunis. He was on his way to Begharmy, his native country. I observed a Turkish officer, having a sort of sedan-chair, swinging on the back of a camel, a good thing for an European female travelling in these countries, and not a bad thing for a worn-down emaciated tourist like myself. I envied him this Desert luxury.

21st.—Started with the first solar rays, and as we

journeyed on, the valley of Ghotfa widened, till we found ourselves traversing an immense plain, at the extreme north of which, and on the west, we saw the palms of Sockna. We had seen them yesterday indistinctly from the peaks of Gibel Asoud. We continued our route for four hours, when we arrived at Sockna. There is still a goodly number of palms, notwithstanding the thousands destroyed by Abd-El-Geleel when besieging this place. The trunks of the destroyed palms still remain, and look like a leafless forest in winter, or as if blasted with lightning. But these Arabs, either in building up or in throwing down, never do their work effectually. Tired of their work of destruction, they thus, happily, left the inhabitants a considerable number of palms, affording a good stock of dates. We were met near the gates of the city by the friends and relatives of our people. Some of them gave me a salute, but I am now so half-Moorishly dressed, or Turk-like, that I am not readily distinguished as a Christian. When within the walls, the heat and the refraction of the sun's rays from the stone walls were so intense, that I really thought my face would have been burnt up. With a little patience we were domiciled in the dark room of an empty house, where I went to bed at 3 P.M., and did not get up till the evening of the next day. During these hot sultry glaring days in Desert, how grateful is darkness,—how much better than light. On arriving at a station, I find it the best thing possible to lie down an hour or two, and, if in a town, where we are to remain a few days, to go to bed at once. This is the only way to recover effectually, and far better than food or stimulants. Since leaving Tripoli I have not performed a more arduous journey than these last five days. Our days' journeys were at least fourteen or fifteen hours long.

In summer it requires seven days, or five short days and five long nights. On the road, there were no animals or living creatures, except a few lizards, starting from under the camel's feet, as if to look who we were, and ask why we had come to disturb their solitary basking in the sun; and a few swallows, which seemed to follow us to the well, or to the shores of the Mediterranean, whence they will now skim their airy way to the more temperate clime of Europe. I think, also, we saw two birds not unlike snipes. But we shall soon get within the region of birds and beasts.

Footnotes:

[49] A *ghubgha* is a measure of six feet long, and measures pieces of cotton six feet long (and three inches broad), from which circumstance the currency is thus named. Four ghubghas form a rottol or pound, and thirty rottols are of the value of a Spanish dollar. This was the exchange in 1845.

[50] The Sanctum Sanctorum of the Temple of Mecca.

[51] The names of the five times of the day when Mussulmans pray.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RESIDENCE IN SOCKNA.

Visit to the Turkish Kaed of Sockna.—The Concubine of His Excellency.—Convoy of

Provisions for the Troops of Mourzuk.—The number of Palms destroyed at Sockna by Abd-El-Geleel.—Population of Sockna, and position of the Oasis.—Visit to the Sockna Maraboutess.—The Lady honoured with "*Stigmata*," or "Holy Marks."—Propriety or impropriety of assuming the Moorish Character and the Mahometan Religion whilst Travelling in Sahara.—Gardens of the Environs.—Find several old Charms in my Lodgings.—Commerce and Merchants of Sockna.—Second Visit to the Maraboutess; her Character and Occupation—Visit the Kaed; he compliments Christians.—Panoramic view from the Castle of Sockna.—Description of the Castle.—Third Visit to the Maraboutess.—Few Children in Sahara.—The little Turk or Kaed suffering under the power of Epsom, and very unwell.—Arrival of another Convoy.—Rain in North Africa.—Parallel Ideas between The East and Africa.

22nd.—GOT up to write a little of my journal; found myself greatly recovered. Essnousee called, and we went to see the Turkish Governor in the evening. The Governor is called Kaed, Bey, and generally Mudeer Suleiman, by the people. We found his Excellency in the midst of his business, squatting tailor-like upon a raised bench of mud and lime, covered with a carpet. The Mudeer seemed happy enough, his secretary sitting below at his feet. He was very glad to see me, "For people," he observed, "don't see Christians every day in this horrid country." The Mudeer made me mount his throne by his side, giving me his superfine cushion to repose on, talking all the time; "Foolish

men, you Christians, to come to these horrible countries." From this elevated position I was enabled to survey his Excellency's receiving apartment, with the adjoining one. It was a rich and varied scene; only Dickens could do justice to any description of these state-rooms of the Castle of Sockna. We had first the Mudeer, a little dirty mean-looking Turk, most shabbily attired, with some fifty or sixty winters on his Ottoman brow, but with a sufficiently good-natured face. The Mudeer has been only two months in Sockna. He was sent from Mourzuk, and enjoys the confidence of Hasan Belazee. Before him there was another Turkish Kaed of Sockna. The continual jealousies and rivalries in these towns prevent the Pacha from appointing them one of their native Sheikhs. The Mudeer has been four years in Barbary, but, like all the Turks, speaks Arabic very badly, with a most detestable accent. The apartment of the Kaed is a portion of the Castle, the passages to which are a mass of ruins, and you are afraid of the walls or ceilings of dilapidated rooms tumbling on your head. Sockna, like Mourzuk, has its Castle, separated from the town. The Mudeer's room is a wretched dirty barn, with a large mud fire-place in the centre. Around it are now seated a number of Moors, talking violently and quarrelling. The Kaed cannot understand them, and calls out, "What is it? what is it?" "Oh, nothing," they scream out in turn, "we're only talking amongst ourselves." The Turk turns to me:—"Christian, I am a Kaed of beasts, not men, Drink your coffee now." There is always a great mixture of freedom and awe, as it may happen, in the intercourse between the Turks and Moors. But the prime feature of the scene now under consideration, is the Sockna doxy, whom the little dirty Turk has closeted in an adjoining room. At first

she peeps out, but seeing only a Christian has come in, she becomes more familiar, and at last sallies out boldly, and begins romping with the Kaed's Negro lad. This is a great lout of a fellow, who can't keep from grinning. The Nigger lout is dressed in the clothes of the new Turkish troops, and, as might be expected, there is a rent behind, from which issues his dirty linen, in all its nasty splendour. This the doxy now seizes hold of, to the infinite amusement of his Excellency the Governor, his Secretary, and various courtiers, as likewise myself. The lady herself is not quite a Desert maiden, skipping like a young roe over the mountains, in untutored innocence or coyish bashfulness. She is young, it is true, but full-blown and bloated, very big about, and excessively dirty and nasty. The favourite of the Mudeer is besides almost as black as a Negress, with a pock-marked face. After dodging about with the Negro clown some ten minutes, her eye catches the shape of a huge ill-looking Turkish fellow, walking heavily into our apartment, or hall of audience, and the Moorish damsel immediately retires to her private boudoir.

I was not aware of the presence in Sockna of another Turk. He is in charge of a convoy of provisions for the troops of Mourzuk, consisting of eighty camels laden with oil, and rice, and mutton fat, boiled down. The convoy has been detained ten days for want of camels. The officer had been on as far as Ghotfa Wady, and returned, his miserable camels dropping and dying. These provisions are conveyed at the expense of the principal towns through which the convoy passes. The discussion going on to-day between the Kaed and the Sockna people, was about obtaining the requisite number of camels. The Kaed I now heard exclaim, "By G—d, after to-morrow the

camels must go!" The people, "Impossible! they will die, they will die." I could obtain no news from the Turk escorting the convoy. He was an ignorant beast. But, curious enough, the fellow was dressed as much like an European as he could well be so travelling, with neckcloth, jacket, trousers strapped over black shoes, and a large pair of leather gloves, which he told me he found very useful in keeping the sun from burning his hands.

During my interview, the circumstance of Abd-El-Geleel cutting down the palms of the suburbs because the Sockna people would not surrender to his summons, or acknowledge his authority, was mentioned. The number cut down, by the besieging Sheikh, from 20,000 was now raised to 120,000. Of course, this is exaggeration. Unfortunately, however, the Sheikh destroyed nearly all the best palms, those bearing most delicious fruit, and which palms have rendered Sockna dates so celebrated, whilst he left all the worst to spite the people. It will require seven years merely to replace them as fruit-bearing palms, and thirty or fifty years to mature palms yielding fruit of the quantity and quality of those destroyed. This it is which fills all Sockna people with a thirst of vengeance to extirpate root and branch the family of Abd-El-Geleel. The people themselves have offered Government to defray the expense of an expedition to Bornou, to cut off his son and all the Oulad Suleiman. Essnousee, a good patriot, swears he will not rest until he has had vengeance upon the Oulad Suleiman; yet he is afraid to go to Bornou again whilst they are there. He says:—"We (Sockna people) muster 2,000 men, all fighting men, not women or chickens, like the people of Ghadames. We fight like the French. Our country is like France. The Bashaw sends no troops to our assistance. He knows we can

defend ourselves." It is a fact they have no troops here, although Sockna is the most important town of these upper provinces. Since the conquest of Algiers by the French, the Moors think France the greatest military nation upon the face of the earth. If we reckon the adult males of Sockna at the half of Essnousee's estimate, the general population will be something like this amount:—

Men	1,000	souls
Women	1,500	"
Children and slaves	3,000	"
Total	5,500	"

Sockna is often spoken of as distinct from the districts of Fezzan, and so it really is; but others include both it and Bonjem within the circle of these clusters of oases, forming one province. The Turkish Kaed is more or less dependant on the Bashaw of Mourzuk. His salary is not very extravagant, twenty-five dollars per mensem. His Excellency may make a little besides on his own account, for this is hardly enough to keep him. Sockna is placed in 29° 5′ 36″ north latitude, and has always been an emporium of trade on the ancient line of communication between Northern and Central Africa. In many respects Sockna is like Ghadames. The principal inhabitants are a few rich merchants; provisions are scarce, everything being imported, as the gardens afford but a scanty supply of edible products, and all things are extremely dear. Leo mentions that, in his times, both Ghadames and Fezzan were dear places, and food scarce.

23rd.—Much better to-day in health, and rose early.

Wrote several letters, which were not sent on, curiosities in their way, and scarcely now legible. Afternoon sent a letter by the Shantah (courier) to Mr. Gagliuffi. It will reach Mourzuk in eight days. A letter is also eight days getting to Tripoli, in the opposite direction. This evening all the town was occupied in buying a few sheep. What people for business are these Moors! The sheep were brought out, one by one, and bid for, as at an auction. They were cheap, from two and a half dollars to three each.

Called upon some Sockna ladies, whose acquaintance I made through the nephew of Essnousee. They were his relations, and received us very kindly, *en famille*. These ladies were occupied with worsted embroidery, at which they earn a few paras. One is a Maraboutah, or Maraboutess. She reads and writes a little, and this, with a mind prone to religious ideas, constitutes her a saint. Few are the Moorish or Arab female saints, for woman is hardly dealt with by the Mahometan faith. There is a celebrated tutelary goddess, or Maraboutah, near the city of Tunis, who is invoked by all the women of the country, and a pilgrimage is made to her shrine every morning. The remarkable circumstance about this Sockna Maraboutess is, that she is very weak about the loins and cannot walk upright, being frequently carried about. She says, and the people confirm her testimony, she has "holy marks" upon her, imprinted by some supernatural being; I think the angel Gabriel was mentioned. This reminds me of the "Stigmata" of Saint Francis of Assisi, for doubting which "canonical fact," Pope Ugolino was very near anathematizing the Bishop of Olmutz. I therefore shall not doubt this prodigy, equally well authenticated, lest I incur the excommunication of the good people of Sockna. I

had not the pleasure of seeing the "holy marks" of the Maraboutess, they being imprinted on an unobserved portion of her body, but I cannot question their existence. It is wonderful (a far greater prodigy!) what are the analogies of religion and superstition. How like the feeling and the sentiment! and in this case the very corporal marks of the body! I asked the Maraboutess if she would prefer the use of her limbs to these "holy marks." She answered very quietly and properly, "As God wills, so I will." The Sockna saint then put to me this question, "If the English knew and worshipped God?" How many times has this question been asked! And yet we, in the pride of our conceit, imagine that we monopolize all religion, as well as all virtue and science, presuming all the world knows it, and recognizes our superiority. My Maraboutess was pleased to hear that the English knew God.

24th.—Copied a letter or two. Since my return, looking over the published journal of the Bornou expedition, I find this paragraph under the rubric of Sockna. "And in this way we entered the town: the words Inglesi! Inglesi! were repeated by a hundred voices from the crowd. This, to us, was highly satisfactory, as we were the first English travellers in Africa who had resisted the persuasion that a disguise was necessary, and who had determined to travel in our real character as Britons and Christians[52]," &c. "In trying to make ourselves appear as Mussulmans, we should have been set down as real impostors." This is a most extraordinary passage. The reader will hardly believe, or really cannot believe after this, that these very parties themselves were circumcised and attended the mosques. But such was the case; I had it from unquestionable authority. This is altogether too bad.

A little decorating of an incident, or a conversation, I imagine, is allowed to the traveller, but this circumstance can hardly be passed by without animadversion. However, when this was written, the most conscientious man of the party (Oudney) was dead. Clapperton did not write this portion of the journal: for its composition Denham alone seems to be responsible. I shall add no more, thanking God, that, with all my follies, I did not commit such a folly, as first to ape the Mussulman, and then repudiate it in print before the world.

25th.—Took a walk and went to see the Kaed. His Excellency was sitting outside, washed and clean shaved, for once whilst I saw him, with a thin white burnouse thrown over his shoulders. It was a saint's day with him. His Excellency presented to me a cup of coffee without sugar, but, Turk-like, when indulging in their dreamy taciturnity, did not open his lips. However I had nothing to say to him, nor he to me. Afterwards I strolled through the suburbs to botanize. Visited the nearest garden, and found the slaves occupied in irrigating it. An old Moor gave me a little horticultural information. It requires twelve years for growing a good fruit-bearing palm; but, he admitted, a palm might bear fruit within seven or eight years. Observed a male palm. Instead of white flowers which the female palm has at this season, the male has enormously long broad hard pods, but also contains flowers. When the flowers are fit for germination the pods will burst. The flowers are then thrown over the female palm to produce impregnation. The madder-root is here cultivated; it is watered every third day. The leaves are cropped often, but the root requires three years to come to perfection. Wheat and barley are watered in Sockna every other day. Observed the tree called gharod, or

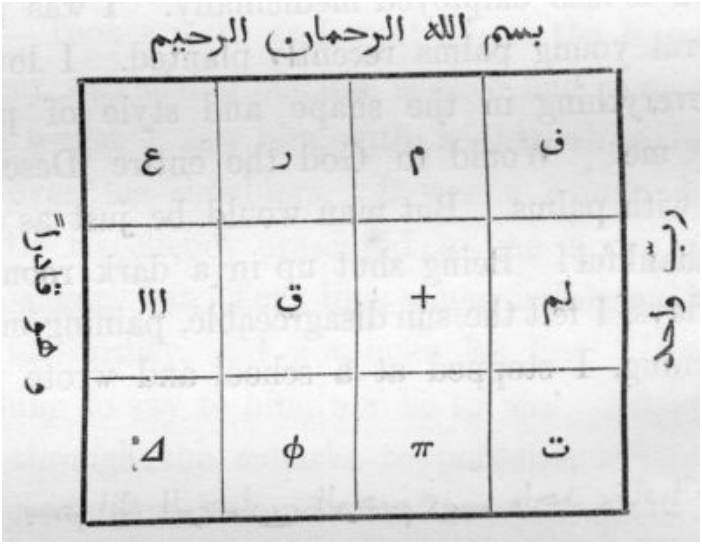
gharoth, or gurd; it bears a seed-pod which is used in tanning leather, from its great astringency. In all the Sockna gardens this tree abounds. It is a species of mimosa, with a yellow flower, and small delicate leaves like the acacia. It is a pretty tree, high, and spreading, perhaps twenty feet in height. The seed-pod is sold one quarter dollar the Fezzan kael, or measure, half a peck or so. The gurd is also employed medicinally. I was glad to see several young palms recently planted. I love progress; everything in the shape and style of progress delights me. Would to God the entire Desert was covered with palms. But man would be just as corrupt and unthankful! Being shut up in a dark room three or four days, I felt the sun disagreeable, paining my eyes. In returning, I stopped at a school and wrote for the boys,

بسم الله الرحمان الرحيم ربّ واحد وقادراً

which delighted them beyond measure.

A man, ran away to-day with his three camels, not liking Government work, which is usually performed by Moors and Arabs for the Turks at a price less than nothing. Some of the Kaed's officers went in pursuit of him. Evening, called on the Kaed, and found his flaming concubine extended at her full length upon his elevated seat of authority. His Excellency himself, meanwhile, had stepped out of the Castle to look after the camels. The Bashaw of Mourzuk has sent him a wigging letter for the delay in sending up the convoy of provisions. Picked up several old charms in my room to-day. They had been placed over the threshold of the door to keep out the Evil One. Sometimes they are tied round the necks of camels, and even placed on trees, especially at the time when

bearing fruit, for the purpose of preserving the camel from mange, or the tree from blight. These talismans usually have a diagram of this and other shapes, with certain Arabic signs, letters, words, and sentences, written within and without.



It will be seen that some of the signs are Greek letters. I brought with me three of these charms from The Desert; one to obtain me a good reception from the English Sultan on my return; another to conduct me safely to Timbuctoo, should I be disposed to attempt the journey; and the third to procure for me a pretty wife. My charms have not yet compassed these various interesting objects, but they infallibly will do so. The taleb who wrote them gets his living by writing charms, and is very successful in his craft. His paper squibs rarely miss fire, and when they do it is not the fault of the charms but that of the person who wears them. It is necessary to kiss them frequently and fervently, and repeat over them the name of God[53].

26th.—We were to have started to-day, but, as usual, delay. Time is not the estate of these people; rather it is their lavish, valueless waste. Called early on his Excellency. Coffee without sugar. His Excellency very merry, because he had sent off the oil, grease, and rice caravan. What a pother it was—it was like the starting of an expedition to conquer all Central Africa! His Excellency's concubine still occupies the seat of honour, where she frequently goes to sleep. The courtiers of his Excellency wink at this little peccadillo. Essnousee remarked to me it was all right; "The Mudeer must have some sort of a wife." Had some conversation with an intelligent Moor on the trade of Sockna. It appears the merchants are in the same predicament as those of Ghadames. They are all without capital, and are virtually commission-agents of the Jewish and Christian merchants in Tripoli. They receive their goods on giving bills for six, nine, and twelve months. These goods they carry to Mourzuk and Ghat, exchanging them for slaves and other produce of the interior. Afterwards they return to Tripoli, sell their slaves and goods, pay off their old debts, and contract new engagements. Meanwhile they have scarcely a para to call their own. Therefore European merchants, aided by native Jews, are the *bonâ fide* supporters of the traffic of slaves in Sahara.

Visited my dearest lady-saint, or Maraboutess, this evening.

The Saint.—"In a short time I am going to *Beit Allah* ('house of God,' or Mecca)."

"Indeed!" I replied.

"Yes, there I shall repose under the shadow of the Holy Place, resting my poor broken limbs and

spending my days in fervent prayer, preparing myself for heaven:" continued the pious lady.

The Traveller.—"What shall you do in Paradise?"

The Lady.—"I shall eat and drink well, and be dressed in silk."

The Traveller.—"Shall you have a husband?"

The Lady.—"Yes."

The Traveller.—"Shall you bear children!"

The Lady.—"No."

The Traveller.—"Where is Paradise?"

The Lady.—"God knows, you don't know[54]."

This good amiable lady is somewhat *spirituelle* for a Mooress, and makes lively and apposite remarks on other things, as well as religion. The Maraboutess may be twenty-five or thirty years of age, not good-looking, neither disagreeable. A dark complexion, a prominent aquiline nose, a fine gazelle-like eye, and hard-looking features are overshadowed with a *triste* and melancholy expression, from the circumstance of her being continually an invalid. I saw the poor thing was so weak that she could not stand upright. The saint said, with a heavy sigh, as she attempted to move about, "If I were to go to Tripoli, would you give me a ride on your camel?" I answered, "Every morning a couple of hours," during which time I always walk. She then complained of her poverty. She did not know how she should get money enough to go on her pilgrimage to Mecca. If God had given her the strength of others, she would have walked bare-foot over The Desert. I consoled her by saying, that, being a saint, all the pious Moslems would

relieve her. She would get a ride from one and another, and God would soon help her over the dreary Desert. The Maraboutess was busy embroidering in coloured worsted, chiefly the bodies of frocks, which are worn by brides on their marriage-days, as well as by lady Mooresses on other festivals. In ten days she earns two shillings, the price of one embroidered frock. She has always more than she can do, for the women of Sockna consider garments made by her, "holy robes," and keep them all their life-time. For the rest, she, poor thing, lives on alms. She asked, of course, many questions about women in Christian lands, and was very much surprised to hear that the supreme ruler of England was a woman. The Maraboutess observed, however, in her character as such, "What a pity she (the Queen of England) was not the daughter of Mahomet, like Fatima!" The saintess then asked if Her Majesty had any children, and was glad to hear she had so many. Three or four children is a good number for women in these oases. She was puzzled to know why I was not married. I told her I could not carry about a wife in Sahara. Another woman, listening, observed, "Why, you foolish one, leave her at home till you return." These ladies then spoke of religious rites, and asked me if a Christian, when he was buried, was placed on his knees. This notion they have got from our habits of prayer. Moslems never kneel, properly speaking, at prayer. Their attitudes at prayer are in style and essence, prostration. The ladies, growing bolder, began to speak of the "Bad Place," the *ultima thule* of Moorish discussion with Christians, imitating the fire of perdition with their hands and mouth, wafting the air with those, and blowing and puffing with this, and then asked me how I should like "The Fire" (النار). But I returned,

"Christians say all Mohammedans will go into that fire." This greatly shocked them, and they asked if I thought so likewise. I replied, "All who fear God, and are good to their neighbour, may expect to see Paradise, if there be one." "Ah, that's good!" these proselyting ladies exclaimed. The Maraboutess was, however, more thoughtful. "Do you doubt there is a Paradise?" she asked, looking me full in the face.

I.—"There must be such a place, at least let us hope so; for this is a bad world, and everybody in it is miserable—Sultans and Dervishes."

"God is great!" exclaimed the Maraboutah. She then begged for medicine to cure her, for although she had stigmata like St. Francis, she would rather be cured of them. I recommended her the baths in Tripoli, and to put herself under the treatment of the English doctor. "Oh," she added, "send me some medicine, and I'll give you some milk." Then the poor thing, groaning with an attack of pain, continued, "Do, make haste." I could do nothing for the poor sufferer. On returning to my house, I sent her some cream-of-tartar, and received from her some milk immediately, showing her high sense of gratitude.

27th.—Visited the little dirty Kaed. He gave me dates' syrup to drink. It was more delicious than honey This syrup is made by pouring fresh water on fresh dates, and covering up the bowl in which they are placed, allowing it to stand a night. Only one of the species of the Sockna dates, but that of the most exquisite quality, will produce this Saharan ambrosia.

Generally, if dates are steeped in water, they will not produce syrup, and only get a little soft. People never wash dates. They say it deprives them of their fine

fresh and peculiar date-flavour. When the Mudeer handed me the bowl to drink the syrup, he observed to the Moors and his precious doxy, sitting wantonly by his side, "The Christians are fine people. If in Sockna you give them a cup of coffee, or a few dates, and see them afterwards in Tripoli they will make you many compliments, and be very kind to you." This remark was made spontaneously, having no selfish end. The old Turk was too much of a gentleman in his way to allow such a sordid calculation to enter his mind at the time. I may mention here, a woman observed when I visited the Maraboutess, (addressing me), "You must send the medicine, for a Christian *mou yakidtheb* (never lies)." It is a pity that these people, who have discernment enough to see at times the moral superiority of Christians, should not look a little below the surface and inquire into its cause. Not, however, that all Europeans, (or myself,) deserve these high compliments of gratitude and love of truth, although, compared to Moors and Arabs, we are certainly far their superiors in morals. The little dirty Turk had as usual his fair concubine installed on the seat of honour. Sockna people say, "She has no husband," and others, "She is the Kaed's wife," to make the best of a bad appearance.

28th.—Shut up writing during the morning, but in the evening paid a visit to the little nasty dirty Turk, and found the little nasty dirty fellow very civil. His Excellency complained of being very sick. I returned immediately to fetch him some medicine. Afterwards we mounted together to the top of the Castle. From this eminence, we had a splendid view of the environs, and the various little oases of Sockna and its neighbouring desert. The distant mountains form an unbroken circular line on the pale margin of the

sky, except on the east, where it is indented a little, but of several heights and colours, giving a fine and more varied effect to The Desert scene. Within this circle, at the base of the various groups, are black-green palms, scattered in little forests, casting shades on the now white, now light red, and now purple mountain sides, as if to set off the perspective of The Desert picture. Here and there are garden-huts or lodges in the wilderness, so many black spots within little squares of pale-green patches of corn cultivation. There is a string of moving dots. What is that? A caravan winding along its weary way. Not a bird is seen to wing the ambient air. The atmosphere generally is a pale unpolished yellow, inclining in some cloudy flakes to red. The Saharan sun now fast descends, with a feeble heat and exhausted lustre, showing the near approach of the dull and drowsy step of shadowy night. There is something about Saharan views which is peculiar to them and to Africa; every object is so smoothed down and smoothed over, that the scenery of Desert looks at a distance more like paint and picture-work, than the stern realities of the Wasteful Sahara. And yet these smoothed-down picture-objects are so well defined and sharply prominent—all the lines traced in the most absolute manner—no blending of shapes or even colours. Mist and misty objects are not frequent in the African Desert.

The Castle of Sockna would be considered by us a ruined building, and condemned as unsafe to be inhabited, but here it is always "The Castle." It does not contain a single good room; all is tumbling to pieces, and if you don't take care, you will fall through some of the floors, gaping open with large holes at your feet to let you in. Only one miserable piece of cannon was mounted, and two other pieces

of ordnance were lying "below stairs," corroding most delightfully in rust. But the Turks never pretend that this place can make any serious defence against an enemy. Were indeed a good piece of ordnance fired from the top of The Castle, the concussion would knock down all the part of the building where it was placed. As it is, a portion of the outer walls has fallen down, and the rubbish is scattered up to the doors of the neighbouring shops. No effort is made to clear away this rubbish. "Why should it not remain where God has allowed it to fall?" says the fate-believing Moslemite. The owners of the shops creep to their magazines of merchandize as they best may. I remarked to the little dirty Turk, who sat with a dreamy stare looking over The Desert, smoking very unpolitely with his back to the sun, "This country without question was formerly in a much better state, and The Castle in good repair." His Excellency shook his head negatively. The Turks detest this country, hating its inhabitants with the most cordial hatred. Yet the lust of rule, (the object of a fatal ambition in all Moslemite countries,) and the right and power of bastinading a man when they please, reconciles them to The Desert, and to its weary, dreary, blank mode of existence. For what toys do men sacrifice the best days of their life, and the most noble faculties of their being!

Glad to get away from the dirty old Turk. Called later to see my dearest Maraboutess, with whom I was almost inclined to fall in love. It is a positive relief to find something, and somebody amiable in this Desert of human affections. The saint had many visitors, and is evidently held in high respect by the inhabitants. Her female associates sitting by her, asked me, what has been so often asked before, if the Christian women brought three or four children at a

birth. From some cause or other, polygamy, obesity in the women, or the abuse of the marriage-bed, Saharan females have very few children. There were five elderly men in our caravan; all were married, of course, for every man marries amongst Mahometans. These old gentlemen had not more than two children each, and one of them none. I set the Sockna ladies right, telling them, some of our women had twins, and now and then three, but that one was the rule. Every thing about us Christians is exaggerated. The people of these towns think us a distinct race from themselves. Such is the effect of religion when misapplied; it estranges men from one another instead of drawing them together with the cords of brotherly affection. An Arab present with us, changing the subject, asked why I did not go to Bornou, for all the Oulad Suleiman (Arabs of the Syrtis) up at Bornou were friends of the English, and one and the same with them? He continued, "But let them come here to cut down again our palms, and we will not leave one of them alive." I gave the poor Maraboutess a few paras, received her blessing, and bade her an affectionate adieu. Happy would be many, if with such bodily afflictions they could amuse themselves with such blissful visions!

His Excellency presented me with half a pound of coffee, and told me to beware of the Sockna people, who would rob me of it if they could.

29th.—Called early to visit the "Grand Turk" of the Castle, and administered to his Excellency a full dose of genuine Epsom. In turn, he gave me a basin of coffee with milk,—quite a novelty in The Desert,—which I thought a splendid exchange. I had a good deal to do to get him to swallow the Epsom. On calling to see him in the afternoon, I found his

Excellency racing about like a real jockey of Epsom, running out at times very abruptly, to the great amusement of his Sultana, who admired the effects of the Epsom. Called again in the evening to see my patient, and found his Excellency suffering from what he called dysentery, and administered a couple of small opium pills. The Turk observed, with something of a grin, that Christian doctors knew more of the inside than the outside of a man.

30th.—Another Turk arrived this morning with another convoy of provisions from Tripoli. He is twenty days from that city. He complains of the camels. Certainly I never saw worse camels than these of the Tripoline Arabs. The Turk brings good news. Rain has fallen copiously in The Mountains. It is the "*latter* rain" in the Scriptural phrase, ὑετον οψιμον. The "*early* rain," ὑετον πρωϊμον, falls in North Africa about September and October. The "*latter* rain" continues to April, and sometimes falls in May. In December and January there is often dry weather, and the finest season in the year for Europeans. Want of rain in Fezzan and Sockna is compensated for by the abundance of springs. These rains in The Mountains will establish the rule of the Turks. It is only a question of provisions. The want of rain for several years has brought Tripoli to the verge of ruin, and the Sultan is tired of supporting this Regency. If a few good harvests come, Tripoli will support itself. Wrote to Mr. Gagliuffi by this caravan, to tell him where I was on the 30th of March! He expects me by this time to be at Tripoli. We are to leave this evening.

Amused myself again by noticing several parallel ideas between The East and Africa, as found in our Scriptures.

In these countries there is always some one great river; for this reason, Moors will always have the Nile and the Niger to be "one great river." Mr. Cooley, in his "Negroland of the Arabs," proposes, for the various names given by ancient and modern geographers to the Niger, the simple epithet of "The Great River." In The East, we have, τὸν ποταμὸν τὸν μεγαν τὸν Εὐφράτην (Rev. xvi. 12), "The Great River Euphrates." It is not to be supposed the prophets and evangelists were instructed in geography beyond their age. The vial of wrath is not poured upon Ganges, or Mississippi, or Amazon, but on Euphrates, the great river of that age and time, although not of our age and times.

Καλαμον χρυσοῦν (Rev. xxi. 15), "a golden reed." The term καλαμον, the root of which are the three consonants κλμ, is the same as قلم, "a reed" first, and afterwards, "a pen made of a reed." It is difficult sometimes to get reeds in The Desert, and they are carried about from oasis to oasis. On the salt plains of Emjessem, near Ghadames, there is a fine lagoon of reeds, of which pens are made. It is probable the angel *wrote* the measurement of the "Holy Jerusalem" with a reed pen, and not *measured* it with a reed, as represented in our version.

Και ἡ γυνη εφυγεν εις την ερημον (Rev. xii. 6), "and the woman fled to the Wilderness." The Wilderness, or Desert, in ancient times, as now, in this part of the world, was always a place of refuge; but, as the world becomes civilized, the Wilderness will offer no resource to the fugitive, and the back-woods of the new colonies will no longer shelter the runaway, or outlaw of society, or the innocent patriot fleeing from the pursuit of his country's tyrants. Gibbon gives an affecting description of the

fugitive Roman, who found Rome's omnipresent tyrant in every clime whither he fled, on every soil paced by his trembling foot. Before this time arrives, let us hope liberty will have settled down, with its outspread eagle wings sheltering every country of the habitable globe.

Εὰν ὁ Κύριος θελήσῃ, καὶ ζήσωμεν, καὶ ποιήσωμεν τοῦτο ἢ ἐκεῖνο. (James iv. 15.) Mahomet and his disciples have made enough of this divine injunction, which, indeed, ought to be more practised by Christians. By the Moslems, however, it is carried to a superstitious excess, and the *En shallah*—ان شاء الله—"*Deo Volente*," is continually in their mouths. They cannot even say, "Yes," to anything, although *la, la*, "no, no," is heard frequently enough. The *aywah*, ايوه, "yes," means rather "well done," than "yes." But it is a pity they have not adopted, with the same superstitious strictness, the ομνὺετε, "swear not," of the same writer; for no people in the world swear so much, and by such sacred names, as the Arabs and Moors.

Φόβος ὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τῇ ἀγάπῃ, ἀλλ' ἡ τελεία ἀγάπη ἔξω βάλλει τὸν φόβον, ὅτι ὁ φόβος κόλασιν ἔχει. (1 John iv. 18.) "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." I have never yet heard the Arabs or Moors speak of "*loving* God." They say either, "He *knows* God," or, "He *fears* God." Nevertheless, such phrases agree with our expression of religious sentiment. Besides knowing and fearing God, our religion requires that we *love* God. This the Saharan Mussulman does not well understand. All his religious system is: "To know that there is a God, to be feared and dreaded as an earthly Prince or Sultan, who at times rules them with a rod of iron." So all

their actions, motives, impulses, whether religions or secular, spring the rather from fear than love. And so it is, that whenever they speak to a Christian about religion, their first and last argument is, "The torments of the Lost," as I have already so often mentioned; and the fear of the fire of perdition, it may be added, is their continual "torment." The Koran helps them out, in their dread of corporal torments. I need not refer to the celebrated passage, which represents the wicked in the regions of the lost as "gnawing their fingers and knuckles in the rage and agonies of their pain." But in Rev. xvi. 10, we also have—εμασσωντο τας γλωσσας αὐτων εκ του πονου "they gnawed their tongues for pain." In both cases the picture is too terrible to be calmly contemplated. It is a true observation of philosophy, that the pictures of the future state of man, as delineated in the sacred books of different religions, are, the greater part of them of a painful and horrible character. But the Koran surpasses all these books, in wire-drawn and elaborately wrought descriptions, the most mournful, the most disgusting, the most terrible, of the torments of the damned. Is it because, men generally can only be moved by fear, and not by love, to the practice of virtue and religious observances? But in Sahara the principle of fear is carried into the minutest relations of social life. The child fears and venerates, not loves, his father; he approaches his parent with awe, not with the confidence of love. The wife always fears, rarely loves, her husband. Connubial pleasures are not the embraces of love and confidence, but of lust and rule; and the woman slavishly submits to the caprices of the man, as bound by an absolute and resistless contract, and not from affection or any inclination. So it was in earliest times,—the weaker

went to the wall, and the stronger was the master; might was right. Peter ungallantly reminds the women of his age of κύριον αὐτον καλοῦσα, "(the wife), calling him (the husband) lord," as the practice of the women of a still remoter age. Nothing flatters an African husband so much as to hear his wife call him "lord," and "master." But it was not the intention of the first propagators of our religion to disturb the social customs and (Oriental habits of) society. Besides, the apostles, being Jews and Asiatics, would naturally introduce into their new doctrine the old despotic notions of the East regarding women. When Christianity spread west and north, these notions of despotism over women were resisted in Greece[55] and Rome, and by the Germanic tribes, amongst whom especially women were treated as dignified and responsible agents, enjoying equal rights with men. Nevertheless, the condition of women has improved everywhere with the spread of the pure morality of Christianity.

Near Sockna, or one and a half hour east, is Houn; and two hours north-east, is Wadan. The water of these two towns is brackish.

Footnotes:

[52] This is probably an allusion to the following observations of Captain Lyon, in justification of his assuming the Mahometan religion:—"It may be necessary before I take leave of Mourzuk, and indeed of Tripoli, to explain that our adoption of the Moorish costume was by no means a sufficient safeguard in either of those places, or in traversing the interior of Africa; for, though it might, to a casual observer, blind suspicion, yet when we had occasion to remain for a time

at any place, or to perform journeys in company with strangers, we found that it was absolutely requisite to conform to all the duties of the Mohammedan religion, as well as to assume their dress. To this precaution I attribute our having met with so little hindrance in our proceedings; for had we openly professed ourselves Christians, we might, in Fezzan, have experienced many serious interruptions; whilst farther in the interior, even our lives would have been in continual jeopardy. The circumstance of our having come from a Christian country, which we always acknowledged, frequently rendered us liable to suspicion; but by attending constantly at the established prayers, and occasionally acknowledging the divine mission of Mahomet; or, more properly, by repeating, 'There is no God but God, Mahomet is his Prophet,' we were enabled to overcome all doubts respecting our faith." It must be added, in justice to Messrs. Ritchie and Lyon, that since 1821 a vast change has been wrought in the minds of the Moors of North Africa, and especially with regard to Englishmen. When even Denham and Clapperton visited Mourzuk, they were not allowed to reside in the town, but kept in the castle, under the special protection of the Bashaw, lest anything should befall them from the prejudices of the people.

[53] As a suitable accompaniment of Mussulman charms, I add in a note, the following specimen of a Christian charm, which I found in the letter of the *Times'* Swiss correspondent.—(See *Times*, 10th Dec., 1847): —

"More—I have seen some curious little brass amulets, with the effigy of the Virgin on one side and the Cross on the other, which were

sold in great numbers to the people as charms against all possible injuries in battle. Those sold at seven and ten batzen (about 10*d.* and 15*d.* of our money) were efficacious against musket and carbine balls; those at twenty batzen (about half-a-crown) were proof against cannon shot also! The purchasers of these medals were also presented with a card, of which the following is a *verbatim* transcript, capitals, italics, and all:—

'O MARIE
CONCUE SANS PECHE,
PRIEZ POUR NOUS QUI AVONS RECOURS A VOUS!

'*Quiconque*, portant une médaille miraculeuse, recite avec piété cette invocation, se trouve placé sous la protection spéciale de la Mère de Dieu; c'est une promesse de Marie Elle Même.'

Which, being interpreted—if indeed I may be excused for profaning the honest English tongue with such blasphemy—is,

'Oh Mary!—conceived without sin—pray for us who have recourse to you. *Any one* carrying a miraculous medal, who recites with piety the above invocation, becomes placed under the especial protection of the Mother of God. This is a promise made by Mary herself.'"

[54] This is the tiresome, frequently-recurring phrase of the Koran.

[55] So we find Paul declaiming that he will not suffer a woman to speak in the churches. It was the Greek women who wished to assert the dignity of woman by teaching in the assemblies of the saints.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM SOCKNA TO MISRATAH.

Well of Hammam.—Innocent game of the Negresses.—Baiting at noon.—Bird's-nests and Birds in Sahara.—Ghiblee or the *Simoum*; its terrible effects on our Caravan.—Delusions of Desert, and bewilderment of our People.—Disastrous Fate of the Young Tuscan.—Snakes.—Small capital of some Slave-Merchants.—Arrival at Bonjem.—Visit the Roman Ruins of Septimius Severus.—The newly created Oasis.—Regulations to mitigate Saharan Slave-traffic.—My Imbroglio with Essnousee.—Imbroglio of an Arab with the Kaed of Bonjem.—Description of the Fort of Bonjem.—The Disease of the *Filaria Medinensis*, and its Cure.—My Journal confused and fragmentary.—Route from Bonjem to Misratah.—Enter the regions of Rain and Open Culture.—*Bughalah*, or the Rock, where Abd-El-Geleel was assassinated.—Wells of Daymoum and Namwah.—Sudden changes of Temperature in North Africa.—Well of Saneeah Abd-El-Kader.—Stream of Touwarkah.—Ecstatic joy on arriving near the Sea.—How diminutive all things are become in comparison with the Vast Sahara.—Arrival at Misratah.

IN the afternoon, about three, we left Sockna *en route* for Tripoli; we arrived at Hammam in a couple of hours. On the road, we met not less than three

hundred camels laden with provisions and ammunition for the troops at Mourzuk, shewing evidently the dread which the Turks have of the Arabs under the son of Abd-El-Geleel, and any sudden attack by them on Fezzan. This is a bad speculation for the Turks. Fezzan can never pay at such a rate.

Hammam, is a collection of small sand-hills grouped together, around and upon which are palms. There is also a well of tolerably good water. The name Hammam ("hot-spring"), is derived from the circumstance of there being here a hot-spring; but now said to be covered up by the sand-hills. This is what the people have received by tradition. Very hot this evening; the sun burnt us most extraordinarily. We felt it more after having been shut up some days in Sockna; we took in a supply of water at Hammam in preference to the waters of Sockna. This evening, the Negresses played their usual sweet innocent little game. They form an alley by taking hands, blocked up at the end. At the top enters one of their number backwards. As she passes along the opposite pairs, each couple put their hands across and form a sort of seat for her, by which she is bumped backwards from one seat to another seat of hands, through the whole alley. When arriving at the end, she falls into the chain of hands. Another now enters, being bumped backwards on her broad bustle like her predecessor, and caught by the hands stretched across the alley. I don't know whether this is intelligible, but the game is very simple and full of mirth. The point of tact is, their always sitting down on the hands, and not falling back on the ground, when, like every body who attempts to sit down on a chair and suddenly finds himself on the floor, they would look very foolish. But as the Devil leaped over the fold of

Paradise, so he may be expected to creep in everywhere, and the Negro lads are always peeping about, at a respectful distance, to see what they can see, when these falls take place; and I imagine the zest of the thing, both amongst the lads and the lasses, turns upon this naughty circumstance. So much for poor innocence, and innocent games.

31st.—Started, as the sun shewed his broad face above the horizon. Route till the afternoon, over a sandy, gravelly plain; then entered some hilly country, where we came to the well of Temet-Tar. Excessively hot again to-day, apparently the precursor of the Simoum the following day. In this Fezzanee caravan, it is our practice to halt at noon, or thereabouts, to take a little refreshment. I am informed all the caravans of this route do so. The Ghadamsee caravans, on the route of Ghat, never halt in the day-time, continuing from morning to night. Our people carry a few dates in a bag, or on the camel's back, all ready for the luncheon. These they throw down upon a portion of a barracan spread on the sands. Sometimes a piece of bread is broken over the dates. They then squat round this repast in groups. The slaves save from their previous day's supper, or from the morning, a few dates for this time of the day, and are allowed each a drink of water. Noticed a bird's nest on a furze of The Desert. This is only the second I have ever seen in Sahara. A few small birds are now hopping about on the line of route. But I have observed the colour of the birds to vary with the region through which we pass. Now they are yellow, now black, now black and white, and all as small as linnets. These birds have no song, only chirping and twittering about. A few larks I have seen where water and palms and other trees abound. We encamped about 4 P.M. The water of the

well is by no means sweet, but not being brackish, it quenches thirst sufficiently.

1st April.—Rose early and started early. A terrible day! A *ghiblee* in all its force[56]. The wind is directly from south (قبلي "south"). It is quite dry, unlike the *sirocco* which blows at Malta. Sirocco is damp and most enervating, and south-east in its direction. Probably, however, it is the same wind, but sweeping over the sea it attracts moisture, and changes to south-east. I was praying for, and prophesying all the morning, up to 9 A.M., a cool day. The reverse has happened, as so often happens in answer to our most ardent wishes. I never was so astonished as when I saw the negroes on this day. Mr. Gagliuffi had said to me, "If you have ghiblee, the slaves can't go." But I could hardly believe a hot wind to be so injurious to these children of the sun. They seemed as if they could bear any cold better than a hot south wind. They got behind the camels or stooped under their bellies; they held up their barracans, taking it by turns to hold them up, by which means they sheltered five or six together; they concealed their faces and their bodies with their tattered garments; they invented all sorts of expedients to shelter themselves a moment against The Desert simoum. I could not help observing how superior the white man was to the black man in his physical make. Our Arabs and Moors kept up erect, facing this furnace blast, and bore the heat and burthen of the day a thousand times better than the Negroes—these children begotten by the sun from the slime of the Niger, on whose swampy plains heat reigns eternally with all its fiery fervour! I had always thought the Negro, being naturally a chilly creature, could not be affected with a hot wind. We all drank plentifully today, ten times as much as on other days. But this

being a ghiblee day, it was necessary to drive on the slaves quick, and with violence, the camels not carrying a sufficiency of water for a couple of days of this sort. Essnousee now showed how eminently qualified he was for this infernal traffic. He did drive them on most furiously, while as to one wretched Negress, I thought he would have left her dead on the spot, flaying her most unmercifully. The miscreant Essnousee was only prevented from the perpetration of this horrid crime by the main-force interference of Mohammed Azou, another slave-dealer travelling with us, with seven slaves, and who, I must record, was a humane man, though a dealer in the flesh and blood of his fellow creatures. I have not observed him even once beating his slaves, which is saying a great deal. The conduct of this humane Moor proved that it was not absolutely necessary to beat slaves when driving them over Desert. The Touaricks of Aheer, indeed, know this, and never lay a finger on their poor captives. We, at length, got through this day of horrible heat and thirst, for God gives an end to all things. Never will be effaced from the tablet of my memory the prayer of a poor Negress girl, who, in the height of the simoum came running up to me, her eyes bloodshot, her face streaming with tears, "Buy me, Yâkob, O, buy me! I am very good, I will be good wife to you, and sleep with you. O, I'm dying! take me, buy me, buy me, Yâkob. The wind kills me."

We encamped on a vast plain, having ranges of low mountains on our right and left. The carcases of two camels were left on the road, which had broken down from the large caravan we had passed; and, a thing unusual, the Arabs had left part of the flesh on the bones; some of our slaves immediately devoured it raw. Hunger's the thing to give you a relish.

2nd.—Rose at Fidger, a little before day-break, or at the point of day, in fright of another ghiblee. Necessity has, indeed, in such a case, no law, and no compassion on the unfortunate. But, to-day, God sent the poor slaves a little fresh north wind, for "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The north wind increased towards the evening, we journeying on very well. Course, north and north-west, over the vast expanse mentioned yesterday. Quantities of bits of marble, pieces of fine quartz, and shining felspar, are strewn over the plain, which contrasting with its dark ground-work, look at times as if we were traversing some enchanted carpet. But our brains reeled, and we all suffered from thirst. People seemed all mad to-day. One called to me, "Yâkob, listen." I listened, but being hard of hearing, I thought there might be some sounds. Another camel-driver pretended he heard sweet melodious sounds. On inquiring what music it was, he replied, "Like the Turkish band." Then another came running to me, "Yâkob, see what a beautiful sight." I turned to look, but my eyes were so weak and strained, that I could see nothing upon the dreary face of the limitless plain. Essnousee swore to seeing a bright city of the Genii, and actually counted the number of the palaces and the palms. I believe our people were delirious from the effects of yesterday's simoum, for I did not observe mirage. The beautiful words of Cowper recurred to me when I had the power of calm reflection, in the evening of the day:—

"So in The Desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste,
(As ancient fables say,)
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the traveller meet,

And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
'Twas but enchanted ground."

Not much sand on the plain, but gravel occasionally. Some sand hills appear in the distance, a line of waving dazzling white on the horizon. Encamped late in the evening. The well of Nabah is not in the line of route.

At the site of this well happened a sad event two years and a half ago, and which now, suffering as I was with thirst, came with redoubled force to my mind. Mr. Gagliuffi, on his appointment to be Consul at Mourzuk, took with him a young Tuscan as secretary. The vivacious Italian soon quarrelled with the Consul, and immediately determined to return to Tripoli, during the height of summer (August), in spite of the warnings of everybody. However, with care and due preparation, this route, and all Saharan routes, can be and are travelled in every season of the year; as is sufficiently proved by my own journey to Ghadames. Two days after the Tuscan left Sockna, came on a terrible ghiblee, but infinitely more intense and stifling than any south wind could be in this season. The Tuscan was travelling with a caravan of a few people, who determined to bring up for the day, about 2 P.M., although having but a small supply of water. They were then about seven hours from the well of Nabah. The distance was tempting to the rash European. With a little courage and dispatch could not the well be reached before night? Why not? thought he. The youth was self-willed and peremptory. He knew better than the old Arab camel-drivers, traversing this route all their

life-time. The Tuscan had also with him a horse. But what does he do? Having about a bucket of water left, he gives it to the horse; and then starts, taking off with him a young Arab, apparently as foolish as himself. They proceeded on their last journey, the Tuscan riding the horse, the poor Arab boy going on foot, as guide to the well. The caravan weathers out the ghiblee—the men covering up their faces and mouths from the scorching blast, afraid to breathe the killing air of the simoum—the camels moaning in death-like tones, prophetic of the fate of those who had just gone! But night comes, and brings some relief to the wasting, if not dying animals. Then the morning breaks with a refreshing breeze, and the exhausted caravan has enough strength left to seek the well. Near the well, not a quarter of a mile distant, they first find the young Italian stretched dead, a little farther off the horse, and a little farther off the Arab. They had perished at the well's mouth! There cannot be a doubt, these unhappy youths perished by their own folly. The European had even water enough to last him a whole day, but gave it to his horse, and braved wildly the death-gale of The Desert. The poor Arab, I am told, was forced away against his will to guide the mad-cap Tuscan to their fatal end. By such folly, have also perished unnumbered caravans in the Saharan regions.

Our people who went to Nabah for water, found the well too late to return, and came back at day-light in the morning, about two and a half hours' distance from the line of route.

3rd.—We held on our course northward, weary and exhausted, but the wind freshened from north-west, and we did not suffer from heat. We now entered into groups of small mountains. At 4 P.M., seeing the

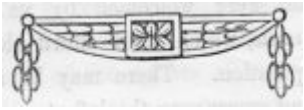
sandy hills of Bonjem, our merciful slave-master, Essnousee, determined we might now encamp, and go fresh and early next day to the Fortress. Observed two small snakes to-day in open Desert, the first time I have seen them in Sahara. So much for the snakes, asps, adders, basilisks, cockatrices, and fiery flying serpents of The Desert! We have with us one old gentleman who joined us at Sockna. He is conveying *one* slave to Tripoli. Greatly surprised at this, I asked him how he could travel these horrid wastes with such a miserable stake in commerce as a single slave! The Saharan veteran replied, "You are right. It would be better for me to remain in Sockna, and spend my days in prayer and poverty like a dervish. But I have another slave in Tripoli. This is the whole of my property. I shall return again, after I have sold them, to Mourzuk, and buy and sell. Such is the will of God, what can I do?" And so the traffic in human beings goes on. It is quite certain, from this case, nothing but main force can put an end to the slave-trade, for the Moors will carry it on at all risks, and under any circumstances. How induce men to give up a traffic, who will travel a month over Desert with a capital of a couple of slaves!

4th.—Rose early, and was astonished and alarmed to find my bed-clothes and all my wearing apparel wet with a thick heavy dew. This I had not experienced through all my journeyings in Desert, for, as the ancient Arabian writers have styled this country, it is a "Dry Country," from Egypt to the Atlantic. But new things always surprise—often alarm us. We soon got used to dewy nights and heavy dews. We were now also entering or near to the regions of rain. I dried my clothes at the fire, and felt no ill effects from this heavy night dew. All were travelling without tents, except the female slaves, who, unless sheltered

during the night, would soon have died from cold. Day-time our female slaves were poorly clad, having on only a piece of woollen wrapper, besides a black cotton frock, and some not even a piece of wrapper to cover their heads and shoulders. Bonjem people say these dews are perpetual, covering all the sandy soil of the country round with fresh green herbage, which our poor camels now cropped with a voracious delight. In two hours and a half we entered the new town of Bonjem. It is the site of the ancient Roman station, or town, called Septimius Severus. A fort has recently been built from the ancient ruins, with a few small miserable houses in the shape of a village. The fort, or burge, is however strong and commodious, and has quarters for the accommodation of five hundred troops. The present garrison consists of about thirty raw Arabs, relieved every two months. They have no pay or allowance, except their rations. The object of the Pasha in the erection of this fortress, was to connect militarily The Mountains with the large and important oasis of Sockna. A few gardens have been laid out, several wells dug, and these, with the homely hovels, the very picture of "the day of small things," are still infinitely preferable to the naked desolation of Sahara. On proceeding upwards, water is here taken in for three or four days. The water is very good, although it has a fetid odour, rendering it disagreeable when drinking. Walked about the village. There may be forty or fifty houses, mere square boxes of mud or plaster, mixed with old Roman stones, about twelve feet high, and containing perhaps a hundred inhabitants. Being new, the houses have a clean appearance. There are two streets, and a fondouk, or caravanserai. To build such a village and a fortress, some rather fine Roman

ruins received their final stroke of demolition.

Afternoon,—went to see the ancient Roman station of Septimius Severus. It lies east of Bonjem at a quarter of an hour's walking. Of the fort or castle, there remains still a sufficient quantity of blocks of stone to point out the four gates, and some rude pillars seven or eight feet high, denoting the site of a temple, or other public building, within the castle. We visited three of the gates, but found only one inscription, cut on a single block deeply imbedded in sand, and covered with other blocks of stone. The letters were Roman, and, pretty freshly chiselled, but we could not move the other stones so as to decipher the words in their full length. Some blocks of stone were shaped into arches, others lay scattered in single blocks, on one of which was this plain device.



This is the sole result of my antiquarian visit. Not a bit of fine marble or a coin was picked up. The stone of the ruins was a dark grey granite, almost black, of very coarse grain. It must have been brought some distance, for I have seen no stone like it in the neighbourhood. The walls of the castle were very thick, and built in the usual Roman style, with cement and small stones, the mortar being now nearly as hard as the stone itself. These walls were also faced with the blocks of stone mentioned. The walls of the city had merely cement and small stones. These latter are extensive. The *ensemble* of the ruins makes one deeply regret to see The Sahara has gone back ages in the arts and civilization, for such is evident from these *debris* of Roman Saharan culture.

This fact, even the Moors themselves accompanying me, acknowledged by such exclamations as *wasâ*, "wide!" and *kebir*, "great!" But the impression with them is fleeting, and anything unconnected with their religion, and the history of the conquests of Islamism, I have always observed is accounted nothing by these people. Half a day west of Bonjem, the people tell me there is a few scattered ruins of another ancient city. On our way we found two wells, lately dug, and the Taleb-Kaed says, water is every where found near the surface, and always good, in spite of the disagreeable gaseous exhalation when drunk. A few tiny palms are also planted about these wells, in this Turkish attempt to upraise Septimius Severus. The little sprigs of palm pleased all, and were welcomed by us as the germ of the future oasis, which shall afford shade and fruit to a large population. There may be a dozen wells already dug, and every year the infant oasis shows more signs of life, and a little, little more progressive existence. The prevailing soil is sandy, but good for grain and palms.

This evening had an imbroglio or row with Essnousee, who attempted to impose upon me by charging for two or three suppers which he furnished me in the way of hospitality at his native place of Sockna. I had lent him all my money to purchase food for his slaves. He now refused to refund, on this and other pleas.

During the road from Sockna to Bonjem, I thought of two or three regulations which might mitigate the evils of Saharan slave-traffic, as well as limit its operations, if our Government could prevail upon the Turks to adopt them. If we can't stop the trade at once, we may try to lessen its miseries. We English

did the same in the case of our own slave-trade.

1st. That no Tripoline, or other Ottoman subject, should purchase a slave out of the provinces of Tripoli.

2nd. That the slaves *en route* for Tripoli should be accompanied by a Government officer, who should watch over them and see that they are not over-driven or inhumanly flogged.

3rd. That for every slave dying *en route*, or in any of the towns *en route*, for the markets of the Coast, whatever may be the cause, the owner of that slave should be fined a sum equal to the duty paid for it to Government.

The first rules would lessen the operations of the traffic, and prevent slave-merchants from purchasing and speculating in Soudan, and always put them under the eye and surveillance of the agents of Government. The second would in a great measure prevent over-driving and inhuman flogging, if faithfully followed out. The third would, at least, always insure the slaves having food enough to preserve them in good health.

I think I see the free-trader smile at these restrictions, and hear him say, "What humbug!" But first, it is here a question to regulate a nefarious traffic which the Porte, our ally, is not yet prepared to abolish. Until the free-trader can prove to me that the traffic in slaves is a legitimate commerce, I shall advocate the crippling of it by restrictions, let these restrictive regulations be ever so puerile. But we have the fact, that since Mr. Gagliuffi persuaded the Ottoman authorities to lay a tax of ten dollars per head on each slave, the traffic has diminished

considerably. So at any rate the merchants themselves tell me. This was the object of the Vice-Consul, and he accomplished his object. On the other hand, it could be represented to the Porte, that the first regulation would bring the commerce of the interior within their territories, a great advantage for the Regency of Tripoli.

5th.—Not so much dew as yesterday morning. The imbroglio with Essnousee continues about refunding the money I lent him. To-day it assumed a formidable shape, not only all our caravan was involved in it, but the whole of the town, and the Kaëd at their head. I agreed to give the slave-merchant a fair price for his suppers, but for the rest, insisted on being paid back the money which I lent him, and which he promised to refund at Sockna. On arriving at Sockna, Essnousee found money scarce, and thought he would bamboozle me out of my money. The Taleb-Kaëd saw the justice of the plea, as did all the people, and the merchant was ordered to give me the balance of the few dollars. The money was requisite to purchase a little milk, or butter, or fresh provisions. My vanity, however, came in the way of my stomach. So when I got the dollars, to show I did not carry on this imbroglio for selfish purposes, but solely for the sake of common justice between man and man, I ordered, with great pomposity and an air of immense benevolence, the money to be distributed to the poor of the town. This ostentation greatly pleased all the Moors and Arabs, save and except the crest-fallen chagrined Essnousee; it only increased the bitter misery of his defeat. I was wicked enough to be glad to humiliate the unfeeling slave-dealer in this way, for he had no money and was obliged to borrow to pay, which sadly lessened his consequence.

Afterwards went to see the Moorish Secretary Kaëd, installed in the Castle. This functionary is placed here principally for the dispatch of the mails backwards and forwards. The secretary does not interfere with the Sheikh who commands the garrison, and only attends to couriers and the little affairs of the village. For this work he has the large salary of three dollars per month. It seemed as if imbrogliamento was the order of the day, for here I witnessed a row as violent as my own. An old Arab, very crusty and obstinate, had arrived from Sockna on Government business. He was to receive money from the Kaed, and pay money to him. The Kaed would not pay, and he would not pay. The old gentleman sat down before the irritated functionary, and holding the teskera and a new Turkish passport in his hand, said, "Give me my rights. Why rob you a poor man? Is it because I am poor and old you rob me? Fear I the Sultan? Why should I fear you or the Sultan? I fear alone God." The excited Kaed could no longer restrain himself. He seized the papers out of the hands of the Arab and tore them to pieces, exclaiming, "Go out, you dog!" Besides this the Kaed threatened the bastinado. The hangers-on of his Excellency carried the old man out of the apartment until the wrath of their dwarf tyrant had cooled down. The affair afterwards ended by both parties accepting and paying their mutual claims. The Arabs are greatly exasperated about these passports, which, indeed, are of no possible use, and are only used by these petty functionaries to extort money from the poor people. An Arab said to me, showing the animus of the question hereabouts, "Before our Sultan became a Christian we never heard of these teskeras. Now that he is become an infidel, he sends us these accursed things to take away our money,

and rob our children of bread." The poor Sultan, in fact, if he can get hold of any detestable thing of European civilization, is sure to adopt it, to torment his subjects.

Spent the rest of the day within the Castle, gossiping with the Arab soldiers, their Sheikh, and the Kaed. To-day I was thankful for two things, for having inflicted a salutary lesson on the iniquitous slave-driver, and for being sheltered from the sun and wind. The Castle has three towers at three of its corners, but not rising much higher than the upper terrace walls. The outer walls are about twelve or fifteen feet high, and as usual pierced with holes for musketry. I did not see any mounted ordnance. Within is a fine court yard, and there is a detached breast-work of defence over the entrance. It is very comfortable in many of its apartments, affording a most effectual shelter from wind and heat. The short time of service makes the Arab soldiers cheerful, and they are pretty well fed and enjoy good health. There is no fever, but they tell me there are a few cases of the *Enghiddee* of Soudan, a fine silken worm formed under the cuticle of the body, mostly on the legs and arms, already described under the name of Arak-El-Abeed[57]. Arabs do not catch this disorder so much as merchants going to Soudan. The only arms these troops have, is the matchlock or musket, on some of which the bayonet is mounted. From the top of the Castle the surrounding country presents an unbroken mass of desert, and more distantly low ridges of mountains and sand hills. The Kaed assures me, however, that in seven years he will have a fine plantation of palms. He has planted several, and is about to fetch some choice shoots from Tripoli. With toil and care The Desert, in truth, can not only be rendered habitable and tractable, but even

comfortable, as the building of this fort well proves. It has been built since Mr. Gagliuffi passed this way to Mourzuk, and I am the only European who has seen this bran-new town of Bonjem. The Bashaw of Tripoli boasts of it as his work, and on my return begged me to give him a sketch of it, which I did, but for which I received no thanks. A few snakes are often seen coiling themselves on the shrubs, gazelles, aoudads, and wild oxen, skip and bound and run about, now and then an ostrich races past or sails along, half in heaven and half on earth, and deebs (wolves) come down to drink at the pits during the night. But the Arabs are not allowed to hunt, nor garden or dig; their duty is to spend the live-long day in "strenuous idleness," or doing nothing but sleep and lounge. To-day was hot and sultry. The female slaves were very busy in washing themselves. They afterwards had a good race stark naked, running after me and grinning. It is very seldom they commit such breaches of modesty. In general, the Negress is very modest in her manners, more so than Mooresses.

I congratulated myself in having a comfortable sleep under roof to-night. I felt glad also for a rest here of a couple of days. In travelling through Sahara, one or two days greatly relieve you without making you feel that you have been stopping when you again mount the camel, whilst a rest of a week often makes a new journey and a new tour, and you feel all the pain and misery of beginning again.

6th to the 11th.—My journal gets very fragmentary, confused, and enigmatical. Many of the memorandums I cannot recal to mind. I find I was getting at this time much exhausted, and weary of writing. My health, indeed, was being greatly

undermined, and suffering was become my daily solace! Often I could not stand when lifted off my camel. Sometimes I was senseless for an hour or two after we had encamped. I expected "to get used to it." Vain thought! I was just as tired and stiff with riding the last day as the first day when I started on the tour, besides having my health and strength essentially impaired.

We directed our course to Misratah, instead of Benioleed, on account of there being more water in the former route. Benioleed, or Ben Waleed—بن وليد—lies to the north-west of Bonjem, but Misratah nearly due north. I was disappointed in not seeing Benioleed, on account of its Hesperian valley of olives, and other fruit-trees scattered in paradisal beauty and profusion. The valley, in which the town is situate, lies at the base of some of the lofty ridges of the Tripoline Atlas, and contains a population of about three thousand souls. I was glad to hear there were some Europeans now employed in improving the wells of the town, sent by the Bashaw, all which denotes progress in the Turk. Benioleed is six good days' journey from Bonjem, and four or five from Tripoli.

Nothing remarkable occurred in our route from Bonjem to Misratah. Before arriving at Bonjem, I saw, by the nature of the country, that we were approaching the regions of rain, herbage and shrubs increasing on every side. The country also assumed a more even, though an undulating surface; and I lost sight of those low, dull, dreary, and monotonous ridges which characterize the desolations, of the African Wilderness. However, I expected to see the eastern terminations of the Tripoline Atlas. Continuing our six days' route, now west, now north-

west, now north, and now north-east and east, wriggling in serpentine style about, we arrived at length within open-culture lands, where were two or three small patches of barley, mostly in ear, not being irrigated, but left to the free rains of heaven. The sight of these made my heart bound with joy: now I knew I had got without the bounds of the dry and desolate Sahara! There seemed to be something so fresh and natural about barley-fields, depending for life and growth on the fattening rains of heaven, in comparison with the garden patches of grain I had witnessed for months cultivated by the hand of man. All our people seemed equally affected by the sight of these natural corn-fields; and Essnousee, to show his respect for property thus left to the mercy of every camel-driver, ordered the camels not to be driven through the standing barley. The camels heeded little the command, and managed to get large mouthfuls; our Soudan sheep fed to their full; a good deal was also destroyed. I observed, nevertheless, the camels preferred the green tender herbage, to the corn in the ear, and picked it out carefully between the rows of straggling barley. With the increase of herbage and water,—for water was not found in all the route from Bonjem,—the animals increased. Gazelles bounded before us, at times in small herds of six or seven; and hares were constantly started from under the camels' feet. We had no sportsmen with us, and no game was shot or taken. The Arabs ran frequently to the bushes whence the gazelles bounded, in order to find young ones. Birds now increased to full flights. Here were numbers of little birds with yellow body and brown back. This part of The Sahara had its particular bird, as the rest. The little black and white fellow higher up was now succeeded by the little yellow and brown fellow.

Other birds were flying about, but not so numerous as this species. But the bird that now caught my attention was the gull. At first I was perplexed to know how this bird could be found so far up The Desert, but I recollected we had but six or seven days from Bonjem to Misratah, near the coast. The gull suggested to my drooping spirits sea-breezes to restore my shattered frame, and gave me new life. As we neared Misratah the country increased in comeliness (because after so much desert), and near Misratah the hills were actually green and flowery, so long black and hideously bare. But indeed, it was the best time of Spring. We passed on every side scattered Arab tents,—to us pavilions of pleasure,—with their flocks and herds: all denoting open-culture and the presence of rain.

Scarce a ten-thousandth part of this country is reduced to cultivation. Here and there only are some few corn-fields, where the seed, when sown, is left to get ripe as it may, the only manure being the burning of the stubble of the previous year. We must, indeed, say more or less of the coast of all North Africa, and express the same hope for the future in the words of one of the prophets: "And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste, and desolate, and ruined cities are become fenced, and are inhabited." (Ezek. xxxvi. 34, 35.) North Africa was once the garden as well as the granary of the world. A series of disastrous revolutions has successively reduced this once so fair and fertile region, to waste, barrenness, and barbarism; the Mahometan fate-doctrine meanwhile hugging and conserving its ruins and dilapidations. We may perhaps hope, the French are doing

something for the Algerian coast. The Turks may yet do something in Tripoli. Tunis and Morocco have more cultivated lands than Tripoli or Algeria, and reforms are agitating both countries. Once the spirit of improvement gets fairly into this region, it may resume its ancient celebrity of being "like the garden of Eden." Near Misratah, I observed, for the first time in my tour, the hawthorn-tree: it was reddened over with nice ripe haws.

On the evening of the *6th*, we passed the spot where Abd-El-Geleel was decapitated, called Bughalah ("mule"). This was a small piece of mountain, looking abruptly over a wady, or deep valley. On this mountain block the Sheikh concentrated all his military forces, collecting as well the families of his tribe. Here he skirmished with the Turks for many days, he winning and they winning a battle, as it happened; but they, at length hemming him round, and isolating him on the rock, where there was not a drop of water to be had, the Sheikh finally was obliged to surrender. His retiring to this hideous rock was only matched in folly by his confiding in the faith of a Turk. Truly, when men are to be destroyed, their evil genius inspires them with madness.

On the *8th*, we took in water from the well of Daymoum. Around were the remains of a fortified camp, and stones were placed in a large circle. This camp was erected by Hasan Bashaw, Commander-in-Chief of the Regency, when he was at war with Abd-El-Geleel. It looks not unlike a Druidical circle.

On the *9th* we took in a little water from the well of Namwah. Several sea-gulls were here flying about. To-day I have to mention a fact which shows to what extraordinary changes of temperature the Great

Desert is subject, as well as Barbary generally. About nine in the morning a strong ghiblee got up, increasing till it became so violent that we encamped at once, not venturing to expose the slaves to this killing simoum. Covering up my face and mouth, I put my head into a pannier. I was almost suffocated it is true, still it was better than exposing myself to the searching flame of this furnace wind. What became of the slaves I cannot tell, I was too busy with myself. Here I lay gasping for an hour, when Said came and called to me, "Now *Bahree* (بحري)," or north. "How, bahree!" I answered astonished. "Bahree! bahree!" he continued, "the caravan is going." I got up, and felt sensibly and convincingly enough it was bahree. The wind had made a whirlwind sweep in the space of an hour, it was now blowing as hard from the north as it had done from the south. But strange yet natural enough, columns of hot air were blown back into our faces from the north for some time, until, towards the evening, the wind became as cold, bleak, and biting, as it had been hot and stifling. These sudden changes are terrific, and are often attended with most serious consequences in The Desert. Asking our people how long a simoum or ghiblee would blow in The Desert, they replied, "Never violently more than a couple of days." I do not recollect it once to have continued a whole day, but light south winds have prevailed for several days. As an instance of the calamitous effects of sudden changes of weather in North Africa, I may mention that, in the Spring of 1845, when Sidi Mohammed, "Bey of the Camp" in the Regency of Tunis, was returning from the Jereed, he lost, on one day, some Turks and other troops from the heat, and, on the very next day, several perished from the cold. Some hundred camels also died from the cold at the

same time. A recent expedition in Algeria, during which some hundred French troops were frozen to death, must recur to the recollection of the reader, having happened from the same cause of a sudden change of temperature.

On the *10th* we came to the well of Saneeah Abdel Kader, ("Garden of the slave of the Most Mighty," or God). At this place was a ruined fortress, looking over an immense district of country, a great quantity of which was under cultivation, presenting light-green and orange-brown patches of grain. We passed the stream of Touwarkah, a name apparently derived from Touwarick, or Touarick. The bubbling running stream was looked upon as a wonder by our slaves. They rushed into it, and washed and bathed themselves, like so many mad things; indeed, after so much dry desert, the stream was a wonder to us all. I had almost begun to think I should never see again a large running stream. But I have seen the negresses wash their faces, hands and legs, on the coldest morning. An Arab or a Moor hardly washes himself once a month. These habits of cleanliness the negresses bring from the banks of the Niger. We had the village of Touwarkah on our right, to which was attached a forest of palms, nearly half a day's journey in length. I had scarcely spoken a word to Essnousee during these last five days, but, on the morning of the 11th, he entered voluntarily into conversation with me, informing me there was an English quarantine agent at the port of Misratah. The slave-driver, getting nearer to the coast, had cunningly abated his ardour for beating the slaves. He now began to fear he might get reported to the Bashaw. Sometimes, however, he would throw a stone at the poor things, that is, when too idle to go and flog them. I looked about in vain for the Atlas chain, or

the last of its eastern links; one mass of undulating country stretched to the sea-shore. What feeling of excessive joy thrilled through my nervous frame when our people talked of the sea, for though not visible to us, we were near enough to breathe its invigorating air. Now, indeed, all was changed, and new life took possession of the entire caravan. The green and pleasant spring cultivation, the darkly fair verdure of several young olive-trees, here and there a graceful palm, now broad leafy shadowy fig-trees, the delicate almond and the pretty pomegranate, all the treasures of the gardens of Misratah, raised our joy to ecstasy. I myself often thought I should never see again Tripoli, or the sea; now they seemed restored to me, and I to them, as if at one time they had been hopelessly lost! But how small had all objects become, how diminutive, how confined, limited and contracted their dimensions, and how pretty yet how petty, compared to the vast huge and limitless lines of existence, which form and circumscribe the Great Saharan Regions! where I had travelled so many long months. When I first arrived in Africa, I looked upon the dark and purple mountains of the coast with a species of mysterious feeling, as if such mountain groups were boundless in extent, unfathomable and unsearchable in their stronghold foundations. But now, returning again to the regions of Atlas, the chains of this celebrated range in Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria, seemed like old familiar faces to me, or so many contracted domestic objects. My eye had been so accustomed to gazing day after day over plains without an apparent bound, on mountain ridges running along weeks and weeks of Desert journeying, that it could now only regard all the African coast scenery as so many pretty little painted landscapes, which might be reduced and

easily accommodated to stage scenery at a minor theatre.

On the arrival of our ghafalah at Misratah, I was introduced to the quarantine agent, Signor Francesco Regini, an Italian born in Tripoli, but under British protection, and having a Maltese wife. Regini begged me to put up in his house, and I accepted his kindly proffered invitation, when his wife cooked me a fowl and I dined like a prince. I now thought I would return to Tripoli by sea, to get a little bracing sea-air, but afterwards I determined to continue with the caravan of slaves to Tripoli, to see the last of the poor things, or accompany them till their arrival at the Tripoline market of human flesh.

Footnotes:

[56] As the description of the *Simoum* ("poisoned" wind, from سمّ "poison"), given by the following writers, is the account of men, who were *bonâ fide* Saharan travellers, I shall take the liberty of transcribing their various relations:—

"Nothing can be more overpowering than the South wind (Ghibee,) or the East, (Shirghee), each of which is equally to be dreaded. In addition to the excessive heat and dryness of these winds, they are impregnated with sand, and the air is darkened by it, the sky appears of a dusky yellow, and the sun is barely perceptible. The eyes become red, swelled and inflamed; the lips and skin parched and chapped; while severe pain in the chest is generally felt, in consequence of the quantities of sand unavoidably inhaled. Nothing, indeed, is able to resist the unwholesome effects of this wind. On opening our boxes, we found the

many little articles, and some of our instruments which had been carefully packed, were entirely split and destroyed. Gales of the kind here described, generally continue ten or twelve hours."—LYON.

"I derived some benefit from fastening a strip of cotton over my eyes, and another over my mouth, to keep off the burning air which parched my lungs. The burning East wind which was beginning to blow rendered the heat insufferable, and the scorching sand found its way into our eyes, in spite of the precautions which we took to exclude it. Tepid water was distributed, which we thought delicious, though it had little effect in quenching our thirst. My thirst was so tormenting that I found it impossible to get any sleep. My throat was on fire, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I lay as if expiring on the sand, waiting with the greatest impatience for the moment when we were to have our next supply of water. I thought of nothing but water—rivers, streams, rivulets, were the only ideas which presented themselves to my mind during this burning fever. In my impatience I cursed my companions, the country, the camels, and for anything I knew, the sun himself, who did not make sufficient speed to reach the horizon."—CAILLIE.

"The Simoum felt like the blast of a furnace. To describe this awful scourge of The Desert, defies all the powers of language. The pencil assisted by the pen might perhaps afford a faint idea of it, winged with the whirlwind and charioted with thunder, it urged its fiery course, blasting all nature with its death-fraught breath. It was accompanied by a line of vivid light, that looked like a train of fire,

whose murky smoke filled the whole wide expanse, and made its horrors only the more vivid. The eye of man, and the voice of beast were both raised to heaven, and both then fell upon the earth. Against this sand tempest all the fortitude of man fails, and all his efforts are vain. To Providence alone must we look. It passed us, burying one of my camels. As soon as we rose from the earth, with uplifted hands for its preservation, we awoke to fresh horrors. Its parching tongue had lapped the water from our water-skins, and having escaped the fiery hour, we had to fear the still more awful death of thirst."—DAVIDSON.

[57] This disease is the *Filaria Medinensis*, or Guinea Worm. The rude Arabs give a sort of Shakesperian witches' receipt for the cure of this disease, such as the liver of a vulture, the brains of an hyæna, the dung of the ostrich, mixed with other wonderful ingredients. This reminds me of the receipt of my Ghadamsee Doctor for the cure of *Night Blindness*, which here followeth:—"*Description of a remedy by which affliction (or blindness) of the sight is cured at night.* Take the liver of a goat, or the liver of a camel, and cut off a piece of it, mince it small, and take also a couple of سحر? and reduce it to a fine powder, and rub them together, and place them on the fire so that the water boils or simmers, and then drop (or pour) the water on the eye, and *it will straightway see*."

CHAPTER XXXI.

FROM MISRATAH TO TRIPOLI.

The Establishment of Signor Regini.—Visit the Acting Kaed of Misratah.—Shabby Conduct of Mehemet Pasha to Regini.—Description of the Villages comprised within the Jurisdiction of Misratah.—Population and Condition of the Jews in Misratah and Tripoli.—Regini sighs for the honour of hoisting the Union Jack.—Village of Zeiten.—Leghma; and the tapping of the Date-Palm.—Corn Fields and Grain Culture in North Africa.—Manipulation.—Sahel or Salhin; its splendid Gardens.—The Eastern *Terminus* groups of Mount Atlas.—Ruins of Lebida; and other Ancient Ruins.—Monosyllabic Old Moor.—Meet the Bey of Misratah.—Wad Seid, and plain of El-Jumr.—The Sand-Storm.—Our Slaves' first sight of the Sea.—Said left behind.—Essnousee foiled in attempting to beat one of his Slaves.—Trait of the Tender Passion in our Troop of Slaves.—Result of my Observations on the Saharan Slave Traffic.—Gardens of Tajourah.—The Gardens of the Masheeah.—Distance, Time, and Expenses of my Tour.—Disposal of Said, and the Camel.

12th.—EASTER SUNDAY. It is a grand *festa* with Signor Regini, and his family are dressed out in their best. They are the only family of Christians in this town, but keep the *festa* with as much religious zest and zeal as if in Malta or Rome. Poor Regini gets only twelve dollars a month from the Pasha of Tripoli for his employment of quarantine agent, and is obliged to look after three ports, for Misratah has three ports, at a considerable distance from each

other, as well as several hours' ride from the town. Visited with Regini the acting Kaed or Governor of this place, and brother of the Bey, now in Tripoli. The Kaed stared stupidly at me whilst relating to him some things about the Touaricks. He was astonished they treated me so well, instead of murdering me, as he thought they had a right, or ought to have done. This Moorish beast finished by consulting me respecting his health, and begging physic, but which I refused to give him, seeing his indisposition proceeded from sheer indolence. His people, or officers of the place, were all amazed at my travelling as I was, and wondered what I could be doing. Mr. Regini heard one say, "The Christian has written the country; the English are coming to take all this land." Another observed, "This Englishman is a dervish, and is mad. His friends send him here to get rid of him." I took no interest whatever in the interview, feeling thoroughly tired of my tour and the people. The Kaed had heard some merchants say, "The Touaricks are a people of one word," which he now repeated, and which was a good satire upon himself and his Moorish brethren, "A people of ten thousand words." The Kaed informed me of the safe arrival of Haj Ibrahim, and the rest of his party, at Tripoli.

Regini's house is a constant resort of visitors and idlers. Amongst the objects of attraction, is Mr. R.'s pretty little daughter, who turns the heads of all the Moors. Mr. R. says the Pacha is going to build him a larger house, and allow it him rent-free, as an increase of salary. This His Highness, indeed, promised to do. But Mehemet Pasha showed the usual and insulting duplicity of the Turk, for the Consul-General heard afterwards that, instead of giving Regini a new house, he increased the rent of

his old one. This unhandsome conduct of the Pasha so enraged Colonel Warrington, that, on hearing it, after he had invited the Bashaw to dine with him at his garden, the Colonel determined to withdraw the invitation, or rather not give the dinner. So the Pasha's dining at the British garden did not come off, much to my annoyance, for I wished to have been present at the dinner. These little bits of Turkish duplicity irritate and annoy our Consuls more than acts of tyrants like Asker Ali.

Visited the environs in the evening. Picked up some chamomile flowers, which abound in the lanes and highways. The barilla plant is also very common; it is collected and burnt, and the ashes exported in considerable quantities. Several ponds of water are found during winter in this neighbourhood, which are frequented by numerous flights of wild-duck, affording capital game for the hungry sportsman. Date-palms are now in blossom, whose flowers are all at first encased in a pod. Essnousee tells me, Abd-El-Geleel destroyed the palms of Sockna by simply cutting off the tops or heads of the palms, in the same way as people do when they tap palms for leghma. Some of them grow again, others do not, it being all a matter of chance. The date-palm is most abundantly cultivated on the Tripoline Coast, supplying the people with a full third of their food.

13th.—Misratah is an aggregate or series of villages, scattered about to an extent of a full day's journey, containing about 12,000 inhabitants, two-thirds Moors, the rest Arabs, Negroes, and Jews. The houses and other buildings make but a mean appearance, built of mud and stones, and some of lime-mortar. There are a few Marabets shining beautifully white in the sun, with light and chaste cupola tops. A

drawing of one of these is given, that of Sidi Salah. The Marabet is a common, but fair and picturesque, feature in coast scenery. The bazaar, or market of Misratah, is held three times a week, but in different places of the villages included within this circle of jurisdiction. The principal port is three or four hours from the central village, the inhabitants not enjoying an immediate view of the sea, so delightful on the North African Coast. The grand cultivation is dates, but not of good quality, then barley and wheat (the most of the former), olives, figs, and some other fruit-trees. Oxen, goats, and sheep, are in numbers, and there is a considerable export trade in hides and wool. The markets are pretty well stocked with provisions, and cheaper than in Tripoli. Nevertheless, the villages of Misratah are choked full of very poor destitute people, and during the past year, in the midst of comparative abundance, many of them lived almost entirely on herbs. These wretched creatures congregate in Misratah from all the neighbouring districts, the Gharian and Gibel mountains, the village of Touarghah, and other places. The same system of spoliation by Government is going on here as in other provinces of Tripoli, the inhabitants being reduced gradually to most complete beggary. Every year the number of poor increases, whilst the taxes on land, under the curse of Turkish oppression, as fatally increase, reducing all to serfdom, leaving not an acre of land in the hands of the people, excepting those lands protected by the sanctuaries of religion. The civil power in this country has no conscience; the people are alone protected from annihilation by their religion.

Fifty families of Jews are located in these villages, occupied as brokers and petty traders, or in making essences. They pay a poll-tax of a hundred mahboubs

per annum to the Pasha. They have two synagogues, and a Rabbi superintending them. Rabbi Samuel says he has heard there are Jews in Soudan. Lyon has mentioned the same report, and locates Jews south from Timbuctoo, supposing them to have gone originally from Morocco. Many of the Tripoline mountains contain Jews, and in Misratah there are a hundred families. As a specimen of the state of Biblical learning and literature amongst these Jews, I give the following conversation I had with Rabbi Samuel. He explained the 53rd chap. of Isaiah as referring to another and a past suffering Messiah, the Messiah of Ephraim, the son of Ephraim, and not the son of David, who is to be the future and conquering Messiah. To Philip's question, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" &c. (Acts viii. 34), he candidly answered, acknowledging that the prophet spake not of himself, but the suffering Messiah. The epithets אל גבור and אבי־עד, in Is. ix. 6, 7, the Rabbi explained, as denoting the reign of Messiah to be full of peace and happiness for all mankind, quoting Psalm lxxii., observing properly, the words first refer to Solomon, and then to the Messiah. Asking him for a passage of the Pentateuch, referring to the future state, he replied;—"Moses did not speak at all of a future state; Moses intended to have done so when he got to Jerusalem, and settled the people in the Holy Land; but having offended God, he was not permitted to enter there, and was prevented from communicating knowledge about the future world. But you will find in the commentaries all the information you require." He could not tell where the future state was spoken of in the prophets, so I pointed out to him Daniel xii. 2, 3. Rabbi Samuel now bestowed on me the honorary title of English Marabout, earnestly recommending me to call on Rabbi Jacob at Tripoli,

the mighty scholar of the Regency. He added:—"The Mussulmans say that our Messiah will conquer them first; but afterwards, they (the Mussulmans) will recover their strength and dominion, and destroy us and our Messiah. You see they are idiots." So much for Jewish learning in Tripoli.

Signor Regini is an original in his way. Speaking of an old man about taking a young wife, he observed, "Growing old, he became young." Of himself, he says, "*Noi siamo molto respetati qui* (We are much respected here)."

"So you ought to be," I replied, "for I would not live here to be despised."

"Stop, Signore Inglese," he rejoined abruptly, "I am the first man here. You are a learned man, and have travelled all over the world, and you know Latin; '*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*,' that's my motto. I only want the flag here. Get me appointed British Consul. I don't want a salary. Then shall I be a greater man than the Bey of Misratah."

I promised, as in duty bound, after this sally of modest ambition, to mention his wish to the Consul-General. The fact is, Regini is a very deserving man, and could he hoist the Union Jack, might benefit British subjects and promote British interests at the same time that he gratified his own Cæsar-like ambition.

This afternoon we left Misratah for Tripoli, our last stage. We found the gardens of Misratah very agreeable, getting clear of them by night, and encamping in a hilly country, covered with the delicious green of spring, with nibbling snowy flocks scattered and feeding, and Arabs' tents pitched,

"black, but comely." But I was surprised to see so few Arabs' tents and douwars in this Regency. In fact, the Arabs of Tripoli are nearly all located and confined to The Mountains.

14th.—Afternoon, arrived at *Zeitin*, a small village. The palm is abundant as usual, and the gardens are full of olive and other Barbary fruit-trees. On encamping, I purchased some *Leghma*—لقمة—according to some philologists, "tears" of the palms, and others "foam," from the fermenting quality of the sap. At this season many trees are tapped, being, indeed, the tapping season. When a tree is tapped, a small hut of palm-branches, cut from off the tapped palm, is set up close to it, which is turned into a sort of *tap*-room, or boozing-place, for drinking the leghma, and half a dozen Moorish louting fellows are always seen idling and skulking about the hut, or sweltering with intoxication inside, as long as the tree yields the spirituous juice. A tree, if a good one, will yield its sap for two months, and sometimes a few days more. You can purchase a tree, tap it and drink of its sap at your pleasure, for only a couple of dollars. And for this trifle, people will often destroy their best palms. The leghma is pleasant when quite new or fresh; when a few days old it becomes very strong and acrid drinking, continually fermenting. Moors do not understand drinking leghma, wine or spirits, for their health, considering the object of drinking fermented liquor is not attained until they become intoxicated. In these palm-booths, or huts, the Moors occasionally bring their provisions, and here they will pass night and day for weeks together in dreamy drunken musings, each sot, shut up in himself, making himself by a drunken and delirious imagination, Kady, or Sheikh, or Sultan, or some mighty warrior, and all mankind his slaves and

ardent worshippers, as the bent of mind wildly leads him. Moderation Moors cannot comprehend, they can neither drink moderately, nor eat moderately; they must either abstain altogether or eat or drink like beasts. Of course I speak of their general character. But such is the case with too many amongst us, as well as these semi-barbarians.

We encamped amidst palms and barley-fields. High wind from the east. The barley was getting ripe very fast, in some places being reaped. All these crops of grain are thin, the stalk of the barley short, the ears small—not the barley or wheat of England certainly. No part of North Africa furnishes such fine and heavy corn-fields as my own native county, Lincolnshire; I might, perhaps, add, no place in the world. The plains of Morocco furnish thousands of acres of barley[58], but all straggling and thinly growing. The wheat is the same. Add to which, you will find a North African corn-field full of weeds, herbs, and wild flowers.

15th.—Helping up my little Negro to a ride this morning, as the camel ascended a hillock he was pitched off in a summerset. A slave immediately got hold of him and began to stretch his neck for fear it was broken, and otherwise pull and manipulate him, holding him up by the head and neck. Manipulation and pulling and stretching are favourite appliances of remedy in all this part of Africa. Manipulation is frequently used at the baths, and is attended with surprising cures. Every muscle of the body is stretched, and rubbed, and *coaxed*. To burning, bleeding, and charms, some Moorish doctors add manipulation, as the fourth sovereign remedy. Early, we reached Sahel (Salhin?). These cultivated lands are a continuation of Zeiten; but Sahel is in a much

higher state of cultivation. The golden harvest is nodding over Afric's sunny plains. Fields of ripe barley are waving in the wind, overshadowed with splendid palms of young and vigorous growth. Besides there are most beautiful olive plantations all around us. Essnousee, who now became a little more familiar, kept crying out to me with spontaneous admiration, "This is the new world (*Dunyah Jedeed*)!" The slave-driver had heard me praise the vast fields of fertility in America. Sahel, in fact, is a country of most vigorous and teeming fertility. But, to-day, from the camel's back, I saw the sea. How rejoiced I was, after nine months *Ocean* Desert-travelling, over sands and rocks, and naked sultry plains, suffering all sorts of privations and hardships, to see once more the world of waters! And this, notwithstanding it had been so often unfriendly to me in my various travellings by land and water. I kept straining (and pumping) my lungs to breathe its pure cool air. Sahel is of considerable extent, but has no nucleus of houses in the shape of a town, consisting merely of a series of small villages and detached houses, like our cottage groups and farms, but, of course, in Moorish style. Extremely warm to-day, though near the sea. Cleared the Sahel the afternoon, and, at night, encamped amidst the last groups of the Atlas, spreading and stretching eastwards. I had observed we were about to enter these terminus groups and links of the eastern Atlas chain, whilst at some distance, and easily distinguished them from those of the Saharan groups and ridges. Their appearance is strikingly different, being wooded and bristling on the sides, shooting up in craggy heights, hoary and white on the uppermost peaks and ridges, as if bitten by the cold and frost, and bared by the bleak winds of the sea. The Great Desert ranges, on the contrary,

are naked as nakedness can be, dull, dreary, and dead, smoothed over as velvet, of black and purple hues, and look more like mountains which children might paint than the sterile realities of Old Sahara. Here, amidst the mountainous scenery of the coast, I could recognise many of the features of Virgil's description. (Æneidos b. iv.)

"Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua
cernit
Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice fulcit:
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
Piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri;
Nix humeros infusa tegit; tum flumina
mento
Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida
barba."

But this grand portrait of Old Atlas, whose brawny shoulders support our various globe, can only be realized (during winter) in the Morocco chain of the Atlas, whose highest peak is Miltsin, in Jibel Thelge, or "Mountain of Snow." This peak, some 15,000 feet in height, is near the city of Morocco itself. Dr. Shaw, who never visited Morocco, was puzzled to apply this classic description to the Algerian chains of Atlas. The Atlas Chain, which here terminates eastward, strikes out into the ocean just below Santa Cruz, in Morocco, being its western termination; but, in Tunis, at many places, it is interrupted in its connecting links. I was delighted to find a number of beautiful fruit-gardens, so many Hesperian spots, in the small valleys of these Atlas groups, observing for the first time the vine cultivated in vineyards. Several pleasant fields of the vine adorned the valleys. But the date-palm disappears in these mountains, whilst the olive increases, crowning the lower groups of Atlas, or spreading in large fields in the valleys. Patches of wheat and barley are also cultivated on the mountain sides. Arab stone-built villages are seen scattered through the rising groups and valleys. I am told these gardens belong to people in Tripoli. They are the sweetest, prettiest, loveliest little things which I have seen in all my nine months'

tour. Oh, that these valleys were full of them!

At noon, we passed the ruins of Lebida (or Lebdah) on our right, situate on the sea-shore, several miles out of the line of route. What nonsense to believe Cicerones in these parts. Regini told me I should be sure to see Lebida, for it was in the road—that is to say, five or six miles off, behind sand-hills. The whole of the ground, from Sahel to these first groups of Eastern Atlas, is scattered over with Roman and Greek ruins, and, as it happens, there is a huge piece of an ancient building in the road itself, apparently a temple. I was too weak, however, to descend from the camel, to look closely at it. Many of these mountain-ridges are crowned with ancient forts, and farther on, when we arrived close by the sea-shore, we observed the remains of a Roman road,—a firm broad layer of cement and small stones embedded in the shifting sands. This was making a road in a business-like, dominion-like style, and worthy of those once mighty masters of the world. In our traverse of the mountains we met the Bey of Misratah returning from Tripoli, full of the confidence of his Turkish master the Pasha, and very splendidly attired though *en route*, with some dozen mounted Moors, all very gay, showing themselves off on their prancing barbs. Essnousee, with all our people, descended from their camels to pay their respects to these big-wigs, and made them a present of some crushed Sockna dates, called Krum. Here new cavalry horses were feeding, attended by the Nitham, or new troops. The Turks in Tripoli have but one small troop of horse.

The old Moor with one slave, and I frequently had some serious talk together, but I could seldom draw him out. I spoke to him about Said to-day.

Myself.—"I don't know what to do with Said. If I take him to my country, the cold will hurt him, and perhaps he'll die."

Old Moor.—"Rubbee (God)!"

Myself.—"I thought of giving him my camel, and letting him turn camel-driver; but the Arabs are such thieves, they will soon steal the camel from him."

Old Moor.—"Rubbee (God)!"

Myself.—"He's such a goose, too, he gives away all he has."

Old Moor.—"Rubbee (God)!"

Myself.—"Perhaps I shall leave Said at Tripoli."

Old Moor.—"If it please God."

16th.—All the morning we continued to traverse the Atlas groups. I found the lesser summits of these groups also strikingly contrasted with the Saharan ridges. Here were heights crowned with fresh and green cultivation. On the contrary, the Saharan mountain tops are covered with lava and columnar green stone, and overstrewn with other loose stones, forming an extensive black and dreary plain. At noon, we got upon undulating ground, a great part of which was under cultivation, with here and there sheep and cattle grazing. Encamped in the Wady Seid (Zag). This undulating ground is sometimes called the fertile plain of El-Jumr. Wady Seid is now quite dry, but evidently has a strong and large current during the winter rains. In the course of this day's march, crossed many small but deep dry ravines, all of which have water in the winter. No hares or gazelles were started in these few days' journey from

Misratah, the country being generally populated, but birds increased on every side. Noticed here, as in Tunis, a great variety of beetles. North Africa, indeed, is the classic land of beetles; also a few snakes and many lizards were observed. Our people now all shaved their heads and washed, changing their linen in preparation for our entering Tripoli to-morrow or next day. A Moor will wear a shirt three months, an Arab, six months or a year. They cannot comprehend the necessity of the frequent changes of linen by Europeans. And yet, Moors will take a bath once or twice a day, whilst they re-put on their linen for three months together.

17th.—When we started this morning we fully expected to reach Tripoli in the evening, at least I did, leaving the ghafalah at Tajourah. But, after we had marched a few hours, the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind blew until it became a horrible tempest—

"Sudden the impetuous hurricanes
descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies
play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains
away."

We got safely over Wady Rumel, whose bed is covered with reeds, having besides a good deal of stagnant water. My nagah forded the river as well as any of the camels, if not better. We now entered the sands of the sea-shore, and after two hours sat down to eat a few dates. We resumed our march through the sands which line the margin of the sea, the wind meanwhile blowing a perfect gale.

Now I witnessed what I had not seen in my nine months' Saharan travel, a veritable sandstorm. The wind so filled the air with sand, that we could hardly see, or get on groping our way, and we were obliged to hold on our camels, for fear of being blown off. Our poor slaves shrunk back aghast from the tempest, whilst the sea now and then broke open upon them through the sand groups, showing, to their amazement, its most tempestuous aspect.

Assuredly this, their first sight of the sea, will be associated in memory hereafter with the greatest and most cruel sufferings of our poor slaves, for to-day they suffered unusually from the wind and cold—the tempest of sand blinding them, and the miserable creatures falling continually on the wayside. I secured my eyes and face from the sand by tying round them a dark silk handkerchief, through which I saw my way without getting eyes, ears, and mouth full of sand. All our animals, as well as our people, had a thick coating of sand round their eyes, the cold and wind making their eyes run, and the water collecting the sand. Unable to proceed farther, we were obliged to encamp about 2 P.M., close by the sea-shore, under the shadow of a great cliff, the spray of the waves washing our feet and resting-place, and the noise of their chafing and roaring stunning our ears, whilst the sand-storm worked its way of desolation over our heads. The slaves surprised by this new sight of the sea, lashed into its wildest form, stared with wonder and horror at the tempest-tossed waters; some grinned and chattered with their teeth; others looked savage and moody, as if asking, "Whether the devils of the white men inhabited these waters?" whilst others, cowered down and sinking, hid their faces under their tattered clothes. I love to look upon the sea in its

wildest shape, possessed by the tempest, and am disposed to be very poetical about it, but, mind you, rather from the land, than pitching over its briny foamy billows. We had some rain, and the cold was intense during the night. In very deed, it seemed as if heaven and earth were conspiring against the wretched, slaves the nearer they approached the end of their sufferings! Still there was an end of this, as of all things, and God sent us fair weather the next day. I was grievously afflicted about Said this night. He had suddenly disappeared during the sandstorm, and what had become of him I could not tell. I kept asking myself, "Whether he was doomed to perish at the gates of Tripoli, on his return, after his painfully wearying journey?" I sent out people on all sides. No tidings were brought of him. All was a blank..... We called, and called..... No answer.

18th.—Started early, but without Said. I began to be overwhelmed with sadness at his unaccountable disappearance. My impression was, when more calm, that he had overslept himself during the day, whilst we rested an hour to eat a few dates on the sand, and the slaves walking with him, or his companions, allowed him to sleep on without waking him. I missed him immediately, but was told he was a short way behind and would soon be up to us. As he was in the habit of loitering behind in this way, I saw no reason for not believing what the slaves said. However, I lectured the slaves and all the people, knowing he could not have been left behind without some trick, or connivance on their part, threatening to bring them up before the Pasha. This startled them, and they were all uneasy. Before, they seemed to care no more about it than if a dog had been left behind. But at noon, Said was brought up by an Arab who had found him on the roadside, lost and

wandering about. He pretended he had been sick and stayed behind voluntarily, afraid to accuse the slaves to me of their unkindness in leaving him sleeping on the sands. Said knew very well we had fed them and clothed them often *en route*, and the sick had often been placed on my camel, whilst I walked wearily over Desert. I really felt deeply wounded at this ingratitude of the slaves, but I believe it was a trick planned by Essnousee, to give us annoyance. Poor Said had slept all night in open Desert, amidst sand and wind, and cold and rain, with nothing to eat. His lips were blanched and his eyes streamed with water. I got him placed on a camel.

The wind continues to blow high, and the storm still lingers late, scattering about sand. Several of the female slaves are placed on the camels from utter exhaustion. Others are cruelly driven on. Just as we arrive at Tajourah, a negress of tender age falls down from exhaustion, bleeding copiously from the mouth. The Arabs on foot cannot get her along. Essnousee, seeing this, called out, "Beat her, beat her." But the people not obeying his brutal orders, he immediately jumped off the camel, taking with him a thick stick to beat her. As soon as he did this, not being able to restrain myself, I instantly also jumped off my camel, and ran after him, taking with me a stick, a match for his. When I got up to him, surrounded with a group of people, some of whom were from the neighbouring village, all striving to save the girl from his stick, I called out, "Now, stop, stop your stick, we are now in Tripoli; no more whipping on the road," holding up my stick and assuming a threatening attitude, determined to resist the slave-driver at all risks. Seeing this, he cowered back at once, and screamed out, "Oh, it's a she-devil!" The people now took courage against the monster, and

said, "No, no, she's exhausted with fatigue (with the way)." Essnousee then had her carried on the back of a camel to the village, and afterwards she continued riding to Tripoli. I was just in the humour for giving this miscreant slave-driver a thrashing, and taking on him satisfaction (but a millionth part indeed), for the torments he had, during forty days inflicted upon these wretched slaves, and should have done so had he attempted to beat the poor exhausted bleeding negress. I felt myself secure enough at the entrance of the gardens of Tripoli, and could well stand the risk of being brought up before the Pasha for flagellating an honourable man-dealer.

We sat down under some olives a minute, ate a few dates, drank a little water, and then entered the gardens of Tajourah, which offered nothing new, except that they were more richly cultivated than most of those we had seen on our way. Threading our way amidst the mud garden walls, I was gratefully soothed with the sight of increasing culture, and population. A sweet trait of the tender passion must be here recorded as taking place amidst this havoc of human cruelty, perpetrated on our sable brothers and sisters. At the side of my camel were two young things, a lad and a girl, who every now and then, when the Moors turned their heads, watching their opportunity, kept locking one another's fingers together. The lad now started off as if shot from a bow, and instantly brought some beans from a neighbouring garden, and these he presented gracefully to his lady-love. With such a little innocent incident, and there were many of the kind, I bid an eternal farewell to this slave caravan, by stating succinctly the results of my observations on the traffic in slaves, as carried on in The Great Desert of Sahara.

1st.—The slave-traffic is on the increase in The Great Desert; (though temporarily decreasing on the route of Bornou).

2nd.—Many slaves are flogged to death *en route* from Ghat to Tripoli, and others are over-driven or starved to death.

3rd.—The female slaves are subjected to the most obscene insults and torments by the Arab and Moorish slave-drivers; whilst the youngest females (children of four or five years of age) are violated by their brutal masters, the Tibboos, in coming from Bornou to Ghat, or Fezzan.

4th.—Slave children, of five years of age, walk more than one hundred and thirty days over The Great Desert, and other districts of Africa, before they can reach the slave-markets of Tripoli to be sold.

5th.—Three-fourths of the slave-traffic of The Great Desert and Central Africa, are supported by the money and goods of European merchants, resident in Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, and Egypt.

6th.—A considerable traffic in slaves is carried on in the Southern Provinces of Algeria, under French protection, by the Soufah and Shânbah Arabs.

7th.—At present there are no wars carried on in Central Africa, except those for the capture of slaves, to supply the markets of Tripoli and Constantinople; (so far as my information goes).

8th.—Slaves are the grand staple commerce of the Soudan and Bornou caravans, and without slaves this commerce could hardly exist. Twenty years ago, the Sheikh of Bornou reiterated to our countrymen; "You say that we are all the sons of one father; you say

also, that the sons of Adam should not sell one another; and you know every thing. God has given you great talents. What are we to do? The Arabs who come here will have nothing else but slaves. Why do you not send us merchants?"

The gardens of Tajourah are about one and a half hours' ride. There was then the break of an hour, where are pools of stagnant salt-water, with snipes running about. Afterwards we entered the gardens of the Masheeah, amongst which is the British garden, or residence of Colonel Warrington. The Masheeah is a series of mud-walled gardens, or small fields of corn, fruit, and vegetable cultivation, and houses within the enclosures. Some of them not unlike town farms. The whole stretches some ten miles along the sea-shore. The population of the Masheeah, including Tajourah, is equal to that of the city of Tripoli itself, if not greater. These suburban villages have their mosques and religious establishments. They have besides a separate Governor from that of the town, and their inhabitants exercise great political influence during a revolution. In the last, these people supported one Bashaw, or pretender against the other, or that of the city. The Masheeah is two-thirds of a mile from the gates of Tripoli. The houses and gardens being situate mostly on the east and southeastern suburbs of the city.

We arrived in the neighbourhood of the British Consul's garden an hour before sunset. On the road, near it, are great gaping holes, very convenient for tumbling in on a dark night. These holes were dug years ago to store grain in. The Tripoline Government thinks it not worth while to fill them up. Immense fig-trees have grown up in some of these holes. I deemed it prudent to wait near the Consular

Gardens till dark, having rather a dervish appearance, and being without an European hat, cap, or shoes. Whilst waiting in a neighbouring garden, a Moor came up to me and talked, and then brought me a little cuscasou. I felt sensibly this trifling manifestation of hospitality on my return.

It is now just eight months and a half since I left Tripoli for Ghadames. I have passed eighty days, or nine hundred and sixty hours, out of this on the camel's back, and made a tour in The Sahara of some one thousand six hundred miles. I reckon my distances and days thus, averaging one with another: —

Days' Journey.

From Tripoli to Ghadames	15	days
From Ghadames to Ghat	20	"
From Ghat to Mourzuk	15	"
From Mourzuk to Tripoli	30	"
Total	80	"

These eighty, days, at the rate of twenty miles per day, make 1600 miles. I walked every day, one day with another, about two hours, which, at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, makes the distance of four hundred miles that I went on foot through the Great Desert.

I wore out two or three pairs of shoes, but not one suit of clothes. My Moorish articles of dress I gave to Said, except the burnouse, which I gave away afterwards in Algeria. My whole expenses, including servant, camel, provisions, lodging, Moorish clothes,

&c., &c., for the nine months' tour, did not exceed fifty pounds' sterling, and nearly half of this was given away in presents to the people and the various chieftains, who figure in the journal. I am sure, for I did not keep an exact account, my expenses did not exceed the round number of fifty by more than half a dozen pounds. I hope, therefore, I shall not be blamed for want of economy in Saharan travelling, especially when it is seen that the Messrs. Lyon and Ritchie expedition cost Government three thousand (3000) pounds' sterling, whose journey did not extend further south than mine, nor did they, indeed, penetrate so completely into The Sahara as I have done. Capt. Lyon likewise writes, that without "additional pecuniary supplies," he could not think of proceeding farther into the Interior, and accordingly returned. But were a person to ask me these questions, "Did you spend enough? Did you supply all your necessary wants? Could you safely recommend others to follow your example?" I must reply negatively to them all. This tour, to have been performed properly, as undertaken only by a private individual, ought to have cost at least one hundred pounds. The reader will, perhaps, be inquisitive to know, at whose expense the journey was accomplished. On this score, I am also disposed to be as communicative as on other points, for I do not wish this or that patronage to be suspected, although certainly the spending of fifty or sixty pounds' sterling is not a very mighty business. Well, then, the expenses were paid out of the funds of a salary granted for correspondence by one of the London newspapers. So much for the aid supplied by the Fourth Estate for the prosecution of philanthropic objects and discoveries in Africa. Let our printers' devils have their due in these days of universal

patronage and pretension.

I now lay down and stretched myself at full length upon the fresh herbage under a sheltering palm, watching with a silent melancholy the last departing rays of the sun. I then thought over all my journey, beginning with the beginning and ending with the end, all the incidents of the route from first to last, and all the privations and sufferings I had undergone —praying to and thanking the Almighty for having delivered me from every ill and every danger.

POSTSCRIPT.—Said, on my leaving Tripoli, was committed to the care of Signor Merlato, the Austrian Consul, who promised to find him employment, or keep him in his own service. My poor camel, for which, were I a poet, I would chant a plaintive strain of adieu! I was obliged to sell. The Bengazi Arab who bought her promised me, however, to treat her lightly, and only to use her to ride upon.

"The world and I fortuitously met,
I owed a trifle, and have paid the debt."

Footnotes:

[58] On the plains of Angadda the French troops, at the battle of Isly, passed two or three days together through fields of barley.

THE END.

LONDON: HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS, 45, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TRAVELS IN THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA, IN THE YEARS OF 1845 AND 1846 ***

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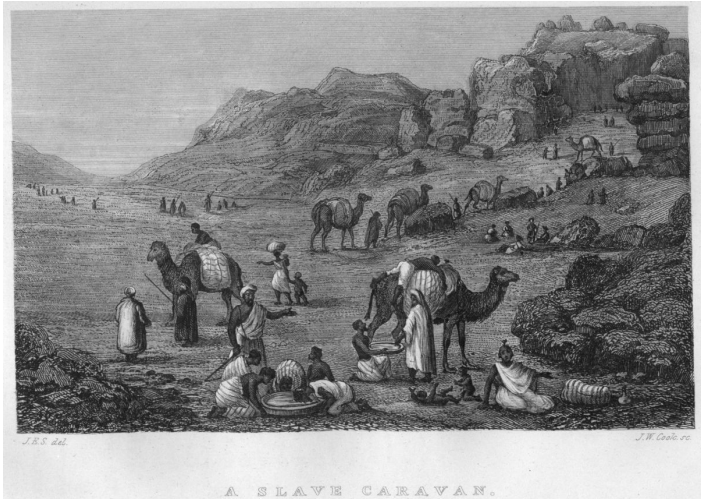
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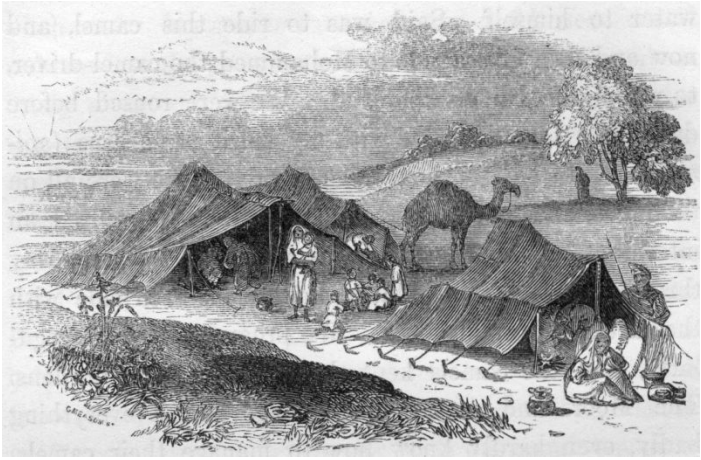
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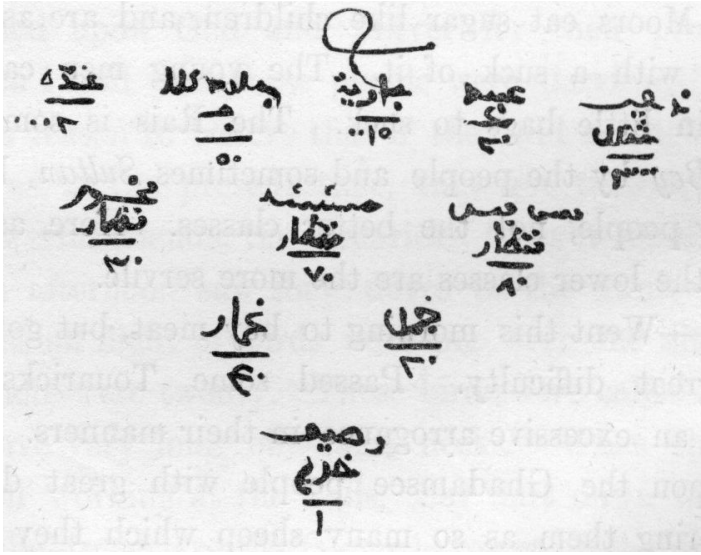
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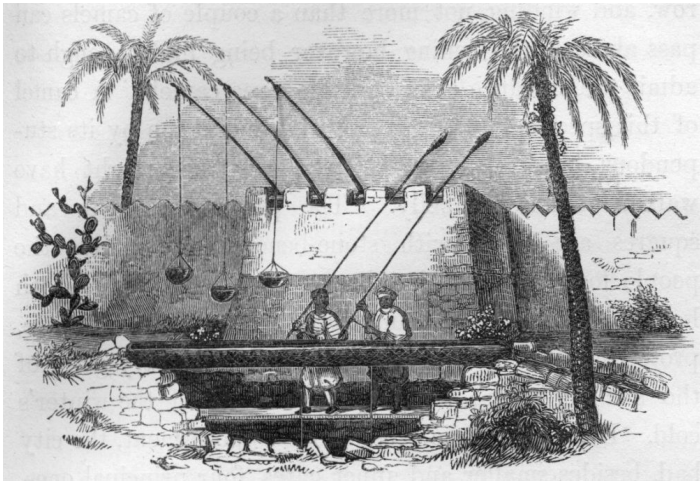
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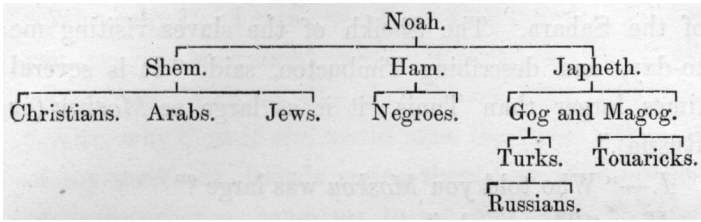
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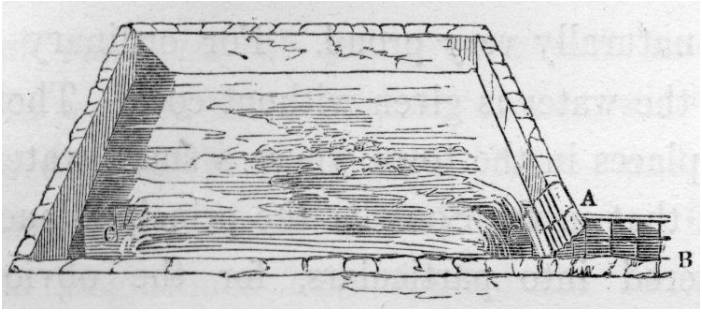
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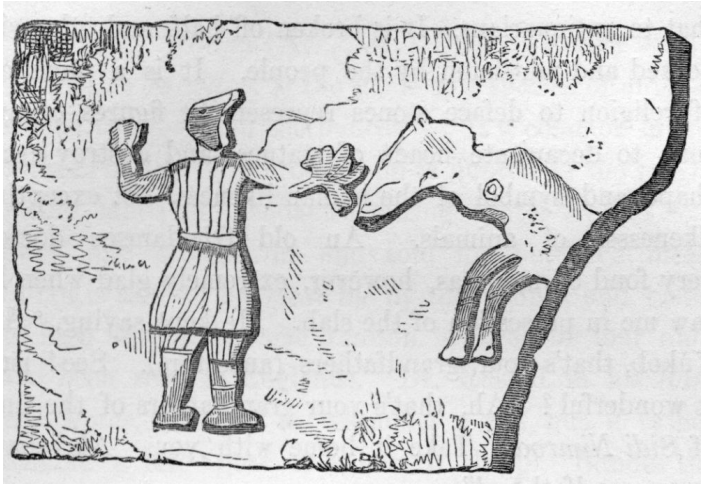
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Noah.
Shem.
Ham.
Japheth.
Christians.
Arabs.
Jews.
Negroes.
Gog and Magog.
Turks.
Touaricks.
Russians.

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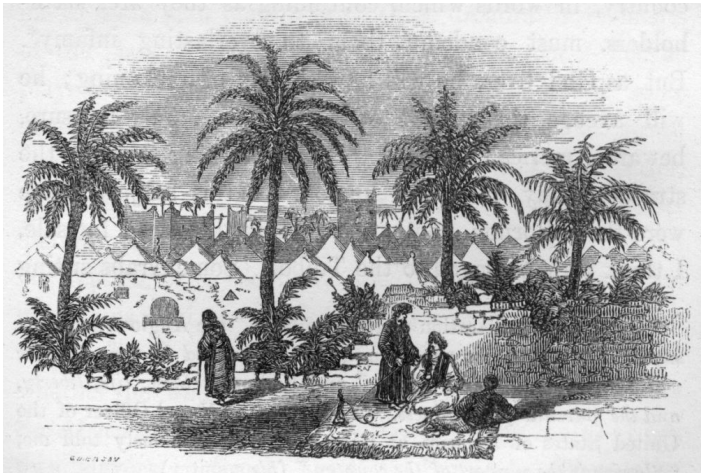
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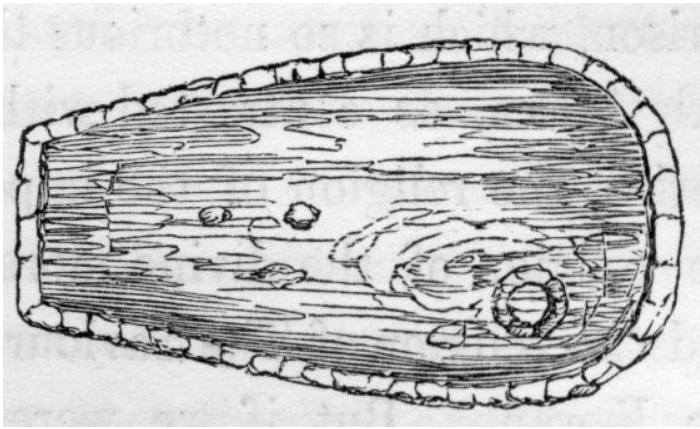
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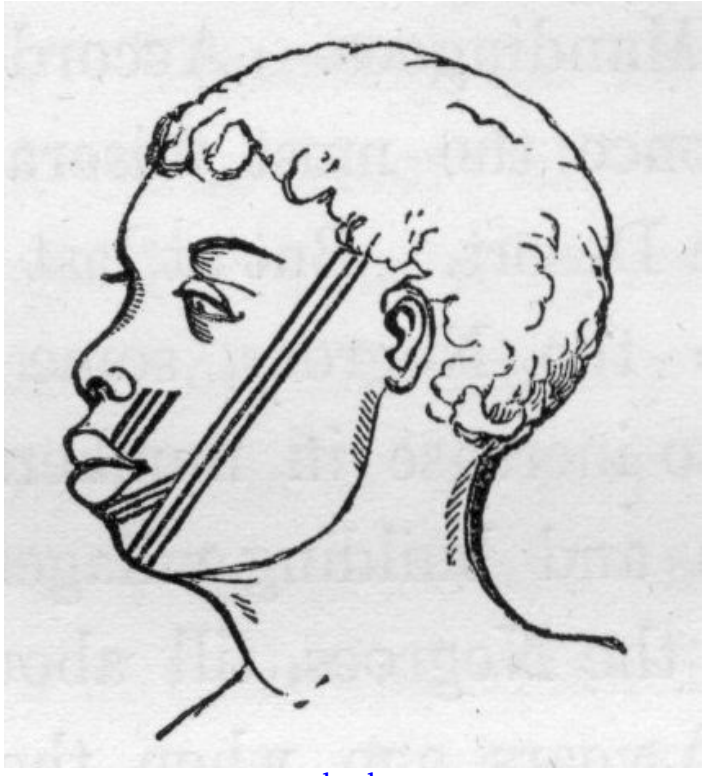
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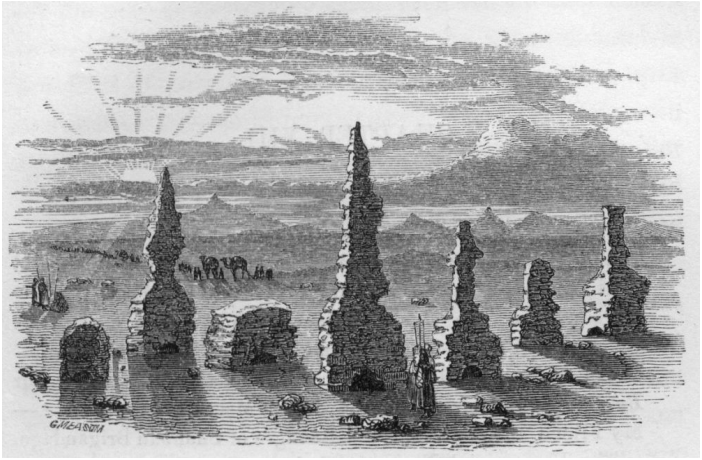
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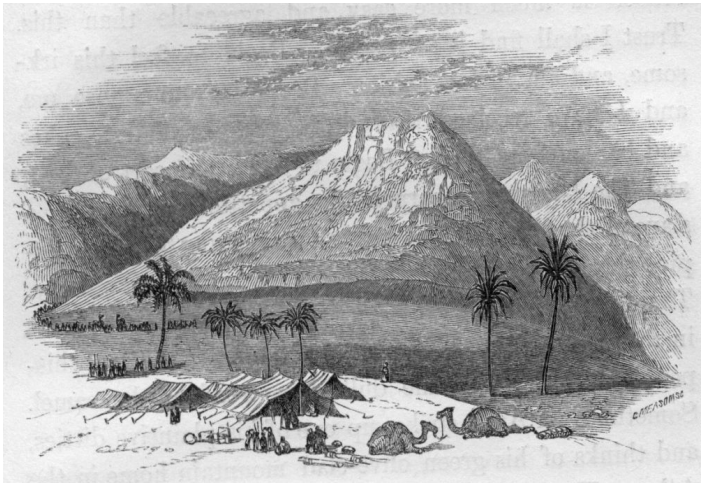
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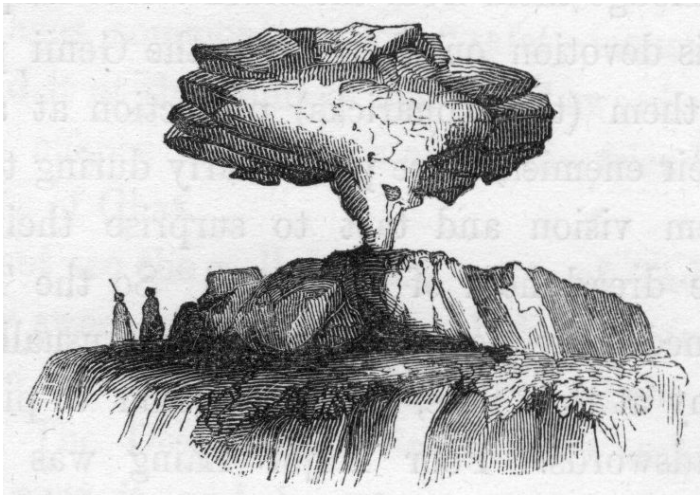
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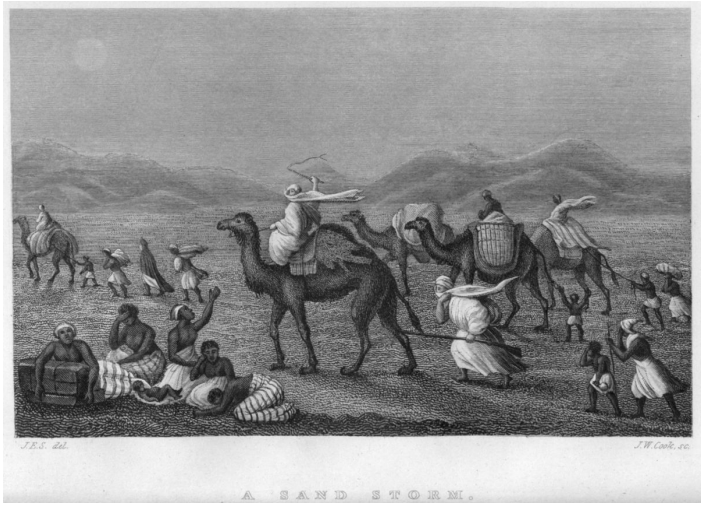
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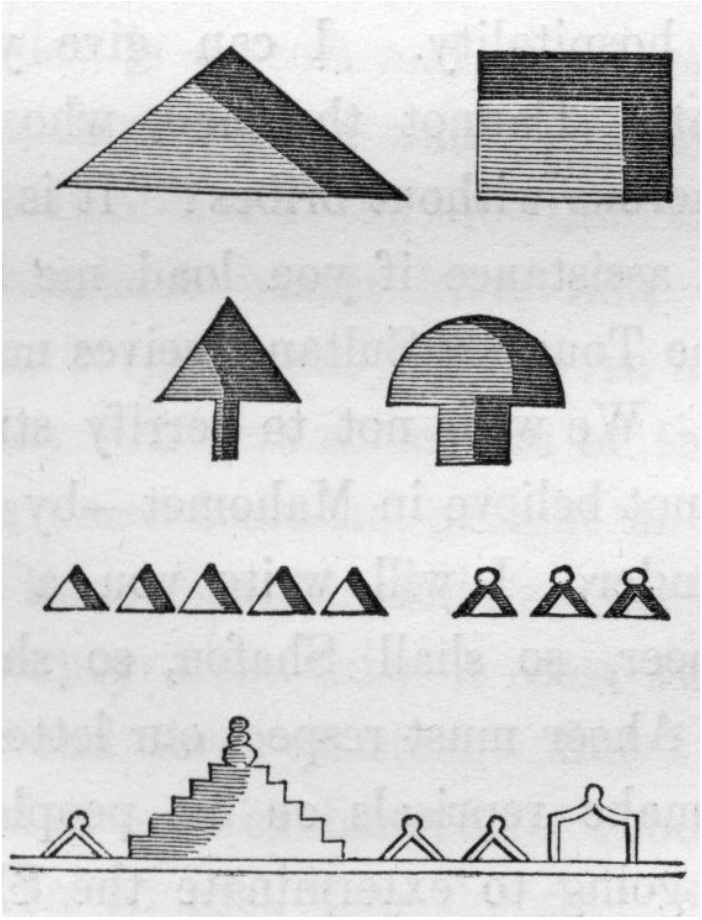
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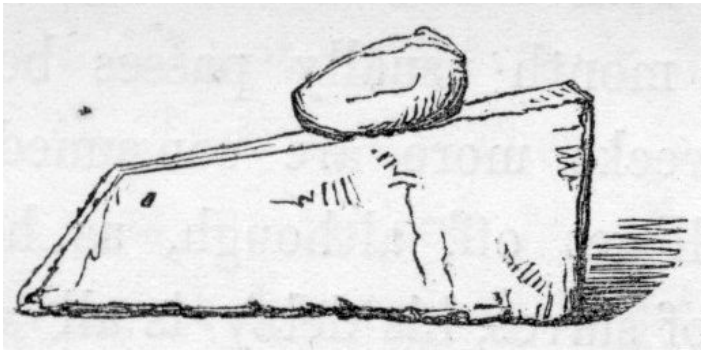
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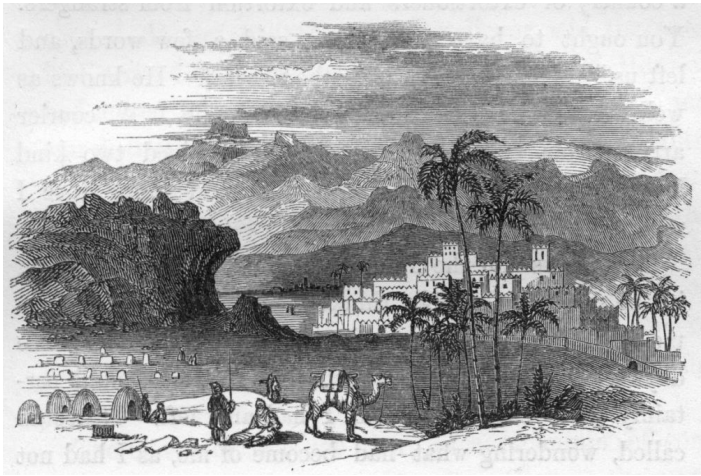
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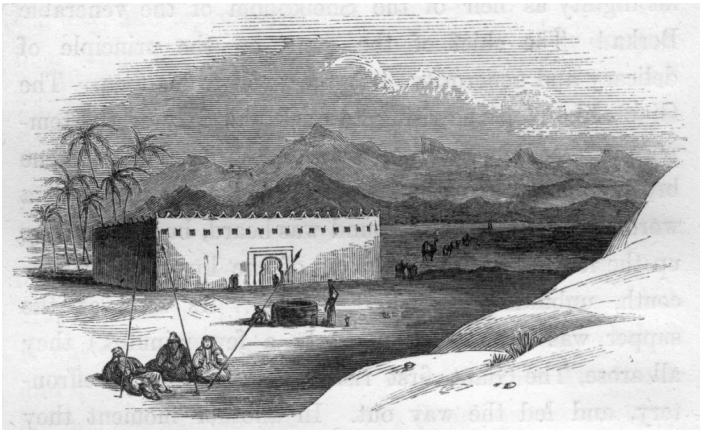
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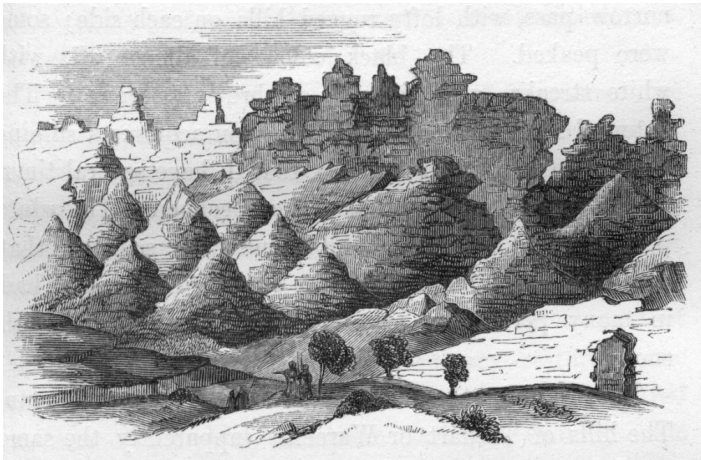
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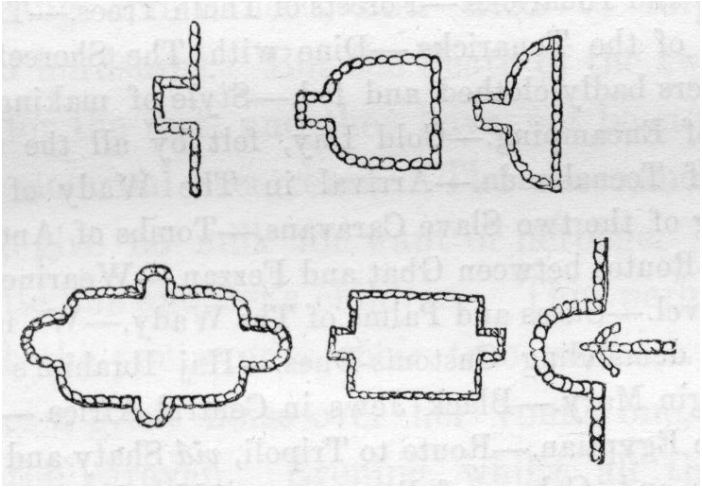
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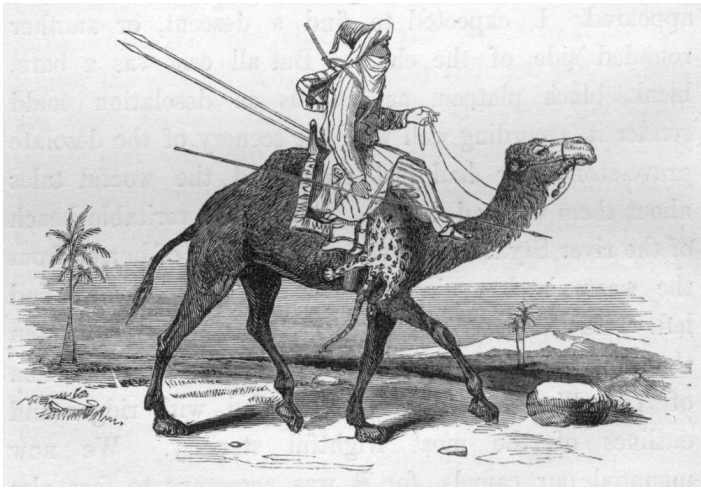
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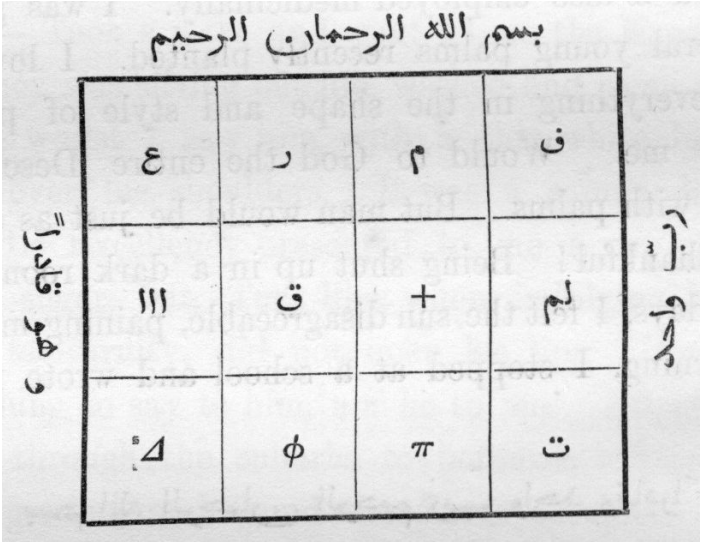
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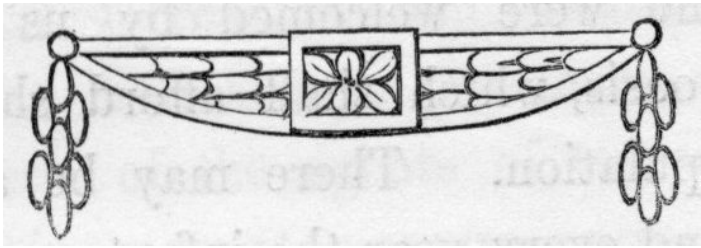
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