

COLLECTION
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BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 1400.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A PILGRIMAGE TO
MECCA AND MEDINA BY R. F. BURTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

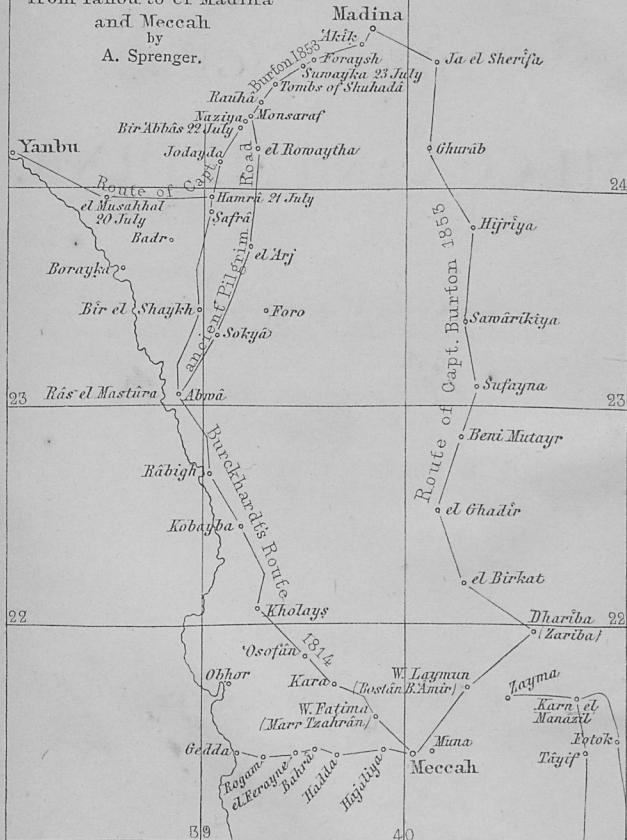
VOL. I.

“Our notions of Mecca must be drawn from the Arabians: as no unbeliever is permitted to enter the city, our travellers are silent.”

GIBBON, chap. 50.

The
Route of Capt. Burton
from Yanbu to el Madina

and Mecca
by
A. Sprenger.



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MECCA AND MEDINA BY R. F. BURTON.

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VOL. II.

COLLECTOR
BRITISH AUTHOR
TAUCHIZA EDITION
FOR 1401
PERSONAL HISTORY OF A TRAVELLER TO
INDIA AS IT IS NARRATED BY
THE TRAVELLER HIMSELF
FOR II

PERSONAL NARRATIVE
OF A
PILGRIMAGE
TO
MECCA AND MEDINA
BY
RICHARD F. BURTON.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1874.

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A PILGRIMAGE
TO
MECCA AND MEDINA.

CHAPTER I.

Through the Suburb of El Medinah to Hamid's House.

As we looked eastward the sun arose out of the horizon of low hill, blurred and dotted with small tufted trees, which gained from the morning mists a giant stature, and the earth was stained with purple and gold. Before us lay a spacious plain, bounded in front by the undulating ground of Nejd; on the left was a grim pile of rocks, the celebrated Mount Ohod, with a clump of verdure and a white dome or two nestling at its base. Rightwards, broad streaks of lilac-coloured mists, here thick with gathered dew, there pierced and thinned by the morning rays, stretched over the date groves and the gardens of Kuba, which stood out in emerald green from the dull tawny surface of the plain. Below, distant about two miles, lay El Medinah; at first sight it appeared a large place, but a closer inspection proved the impression to be erroneous.

Mecca and Medina. II.

A tortuous road from the Harrah to the city, wound across the plain, and led to a tall rectangular gateway, pierced in the ruinous mud wall which surrounds the suburb. This is the "Ambari" entrance. It is flanked on the left (speaking as a sketcher) by the domes and minarets of a pretty Turkish building, a "Takiyah," erected by the late Mohammed Ali for the reception of Dervish travellers; on the right by a long low line of whitewashed buildings garnished with ugly square windows, an imitation of civilised barracks. Beginning from the left hand, as we sat upon the ridge, the remarkable features of the town thus presented themselves in succession. Outside, amongst the palm trees to the north of the city, were the picturesque ruins of a large old Sebil, or public fountain, and between this and the *enceinte*, stood a conspicuous building, in the Turkish pavilion style—the Governor's palace. On the north-west angle of the town wall is a tall whitewashed fort, partly built upon an outcropping mass of rock; its ramparts and embrasures give it a modern and European appearance, which contrasts strangely with its truly Oriental history. In the suburb "El Manakhah" (the kneeling-place of camels) rise the bran-new domes and minarets of the Five Mosques, standing brightly out from the dull grey mass of house and ground. And behind, in the most easterly part of the city, remarkable from afar, is the gem of El Medinah—the four tall substantial towers, and the flashing green dome under which the Prophet's remains rest. Half concealed by this mass of buildings

and by the houses of the town, are certain white specks upon a green surface, the tombs that adorn the venerable cemetery of El Bakia. From that point southwards begins the mass of palm groves celebrated in El Islam as the "Trees of El Medinah." The foreground is well fitted to set off such a view; fields of black basalt, showing clear signs of a volcanic origin, are broken up into huge blocks and boulders, through which a descent, tolerably steep for camels, winds down into the plain.

After a few minutes' rest I remounted, and rode on slowly towards the gate. Even at this early hour the way was crowded with an eager multitude coming out to meet the Caravan. My companions preferred walking, apparently for the better convenience of kissing, embracing, and shaking hands with relations and friends. Truly the Arabs show more heart on these occasions than any Oriental people I know; they are of a more affectionate nature than the Persians, and their manners are far more demonstrative than those of the Indians. The respectable Maryam's younger son, a pleasant contrast to her surly elder, was weeping aloud for joy as he ran round his mother's camel, he standing on tiptoe, she bending double in vain attempts to exchange a kiss; and, generally, when near relatives or intimates, or schoolffellows, met, the fountains of their eyes were opened. Friends and comrades greeted one another, regardless of rank or fortune, with affectionate embraces, and an abundance of queries, which neither party seemed to think of

answering. The general mode of saluting was to throw one arm over the shoulder and the other round the side, placing the chin first upon the left and then upon the right collar bone, and rapidly shifting till a "jam satis" suggested itself to both parties. Inferiors recognized their superiors by attempting to kiss hands, which were violently snatched away; whilst mere acquaintances gave each other a cordial "poignée de mains," and then raising the finger tips to their lips, kissed them with apparent relish.

Passing through the Bab Ambari we defiled slowly down a broad dusty street, and traversed the Harat (Quarter) El Ambariyah, the principal in the Manakhah suburb. The thoroughfare is by no means remarkable after Cairo; only it is rather wider and more regular than the traveller is accustomed to in Asiatic cities. I was astonished to see on both sides of the way, in so small a place, so large a number of houses too ruinous to be occupied. Then we crossed a bridge—a single little round arch of roughly hewn stone, built over the bed of a torrent, El Sayh, which in some parts appeared about fifty feet broad, with banks showing a high and deeply indented water-mark. Here the road abuts upon an open space called the "Barr el Manakhah," or more concisely El Barr, "the Plain." Straightforward a line leads directly into the Bab el Misri, the Egyptian gate of the city. But we turned off to the right, and, after advancing a few yards, we found ourselves at the entrance of our friend Hamid's house.

The Shaykh had preceded us early that morning, in order to prepare an apartment for his guests, and to receive the first loud congratulations and embraces of his mother and the daughter of his uncle. Apparently he had not concluded this pleasing duty when we arrived, for the camels were kneeling at least five minutes at his door, before he came out to offer the usual hospitable salutation. I stared to see the difference of his appearance this morning. The razor had passed over his head and face; the former was now surmounted by a muslin turban of goodly size, wound round a new embroidered cap, and the latter, besides being clean, boasted of neat little mustachios turned up like two commas, whilst a well-trimmed goat's beard narrowed until it resembled what our grammars call an "exclamation point." The dirty torn shirt, with the bit of rope round the loins, had been exchanged for a Jubbah or outer cloak of light pink merinos, a long-sleeved Caftan of rich flowered stuff, a fine shirt of Halaili (silk and cotton), and a sash of plaid pattern, elaborately fringed at both ends, and, for better display, wound round two-thirds of his body. His pantaloons were also of Halaili with tasteful edgings about the ankles like a "pantilette's" and his bare and sun-burnt feet had undergone a thorough purification before being encased in new Mizz (inner slippers) and Papush (outer slippers) of bright lemon-colored leather of the newest and most fashionable Constantinopolitan cut. In one of his now delicate hands the Shaykh bore a mother-of-pearl rosary, token

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of piety, in the other a handsome pipe with a jasmine stick, and an expensive amber mouth-piece; the tobacco-pouch dangling from his waist, like the little purse in the bosom pocket of his coat, was of broad cloth richly embroidered with gold.

In course of time I saw that all my companions had metamorphosed themselves in an equally remarkable manner. As men of sense they appeared in tatters where they were, and when they wished to be, unknown, and in fine linen where and when the world judged their prosperity by their attire. Their grand suits of clothes, therefore, were worn only for a few days after returning from the journey, by way of proof that the wearer had wandered to some purpose; they were afterwards laid up in lavender, and reserved, as old ladies in Europe store up their state dresses, for choice occasions.

The Shaykh, whose manners had changed with his garments, from the vulgar and boisterous to a certain staid courtesy, took my hand, and led me up to the Majlis (parlour), which was swept and garnished, with all due apparatus, for the forthcoming reception ceremony. And behind us followed the boy Mohammed, looking more downcast and ashamed of himself than I can possibly describe; he was still in his rags, and he felt keenly that every visitor staring at him would mentally inquire "Who may that snob be?" With the deepest dejectedness he squeezed himself into a corner, and Shaykh Nur, who was foully dirty, as an Indian en voyage always is, would have joined him in his

shame, had I not ordered the “slave” to make himself generally useful.

It is customary for all relations and friends to call upon the traveller the very day he returns, that is to say, if amity is to endure. The pipes therefore stood ready filled, the Divans were duly spread, and the coffee was being boiled upon a brazier in the passage.

Scarcely had I taken my place at the cool windowsill—it was the best in the room—when the visitors began to pour in, and the Shaykh rose to welcome and embrace them. They sat down, smoked, chatted politics, asked all manner of questions about the other wayfarers and absent friends, drank coffee, and after half an hour’s visit, rose abruptly, and, exchanging embraces, took leave. The little men entered the assembly, after an accolade at the door, noiselessly, squatted upon the worst seats with polite congés to the rest of the assembly, smoked, took their coffee, as it were, under protest, and glided out of the room as quietly as they crept in. The great people, generally busy and consequential individuals, upon whose countenances were large-writ the words “well to do in the world,” appeared with a noise that made each person in the room rise reverentially upon his feet, sat down with importance, monopolised the conversation, and, departing in a dignified manner, expected all to stand on the occasion.

The Holy War, as usual, was the grand topic of conversation. The Sultan had ordered the Czar to become a Moslem. The Czar had sued for peace, and

offered tribute and fealty. But the Sultan had exclaimed, "No, by Allah! El Islam!" The Czar could not be expected to take such a step without a little hesitation, but "Allah smites the faces of the Infideis!" Abd el Mejid would dispose of the "Moskow" in a short time; after which he would turn his victorious army against all the idolaters of Feringistan, beginning with the English, the French, and the Arwam or Greeks. Amongst much of this nonsense—when applied to for my opinion, I was careful to make it popular—I heard news foreboding no good to my journey towards Maskat. The Bedawin had decided that there was to be an "Arab contingent," and had been looking forward to the spoils of Europe: this had caused quarrels, as all the men wanted to go, and not a ten-year-old would be left behind. The consequence was, that this amiable people was fighting in all directions. At least so said the visitors, and I afterwards found out that they were not far wrong.

The Samman is a great family in numbers, as in dignity; from 8 A.M. till midday therefore the Majlis was crowded with people, and politeness delayed our breakfasts until an unconscionable hour.

To the plague of strangers succeeded that of children. No sooner did the parlour become, comparatively speaking, vacant than they rushed in en masse; treading upon our toes, making the noise of a nursery of madlings, pulling to pieces everything they could lay their hands upon, and using language that

would have alarmed an old man-o' war's-man. In fact, no one can conceive the plague but those who have studied the "enfans terribles" which India sends home in cargoes. One urchin, scarcely three years old, told me, because I objected to his perching upon my wounded foot, that his father had a sword at home with which he would cut my throat from ear to ear, suiting the action to the word. By a few taunts, I made the little wretch furious with rage; he shook his infant fist at me, and then opening his enormous round black eyes to their utmost stretch, he looked at me, and licked his knee with portentous meaning. Shaykh Hamid, happening to come in at the moment, stood aghast at the doorway, chin in hand, to see the Effendi subject to such indignity, and it was not without trouble that I saved the offender from summary nursery discipline. Another scamp caught up one of my loaded pistols before I could snatch it out of his hand, and clapped it to his neighbour's head; fortunately, it was on half-cock, and the trigger was stiff. Then a serious and majestic boy about six years old, with an ink-stand in his belt, in token of his receiving a literary education, seized my pipe and began to smoke it with huge puffs. I ventured laughingly to institute a comparison between the length of his person and the pipe-stick, when he threw it upon the ground, and stared at me fixedly with flaming eyes and features distorted by anger. The cause of this "boldness" soon appeared. The boys, instead of being well beaten, were scolded with fierce faces, a mode of punishment which only

made them laugh. They had their redeeming points, however; they were manly angry boys, who punched one another like Anglo-Saxons in the house, whilst abroad they were always fighting with sticks and stones. And they examined our weapons—before deigning to look at anything else—as if eighteen instead of eight had been the general age.

At last I so far broke through the laws of Arab politeness as to inform my host in plain words—how inconceivably wretched the boy Mohammed was thereby rendered!—that I was hungry, thirsty, and sleepy, and that I wanted to be alone before visiting the Haram. The good-natured Shaykh, who was preparing to go out at once in order to pray before his father's grave, immediately brought me breakfast, lighted a pipe, spread a bed, darkened the room, turned out the children, and left me to the society I most desired—my own. I then overheard him summon his mother, wife, and other female relatives into the store-room, where his treasures had been carefully stowed away. During the forenoon, in the presence of the visitors, one of Hamid's uncles had urged him, half jocularly, to bring out the Saghareh. The Shaykh did not care to do anything of the kind. Every time a new box is opened in this part of the world, the owner's generosity is appealed to by those whom a refusal offends, and he must allow himself to be plundered with the best possible grace. Hamid therefore prudently suffered all to depart before exhibiting his spoils; which, to judge by the exclamations of delight which they elicited from

feminine lips, proved highly satisfactory to those concerned.

After sleeping, we all set out in a body to the Haram, as this is a duty which must not be delayed by the pious. The boy Mohammed was in better spirits—the effect of having borrowed from Hamid, amongst other articles of clothing, an exceedingly gaudy embroidered coat. As for Shaykh Nur, he had brushed up his Tarbush, and, by means of some cast-off dresses of mine, had made himself look like a respectable Abyssinian slave, in a nondescript toilette, half Turkish, half Indian. I propose to reserve the ceremony of Ziyarat, or Visitation, for another chapter, and to conclude this with a short account of our style of living at the Shaykh's hospitable house.

Hamid's abode is a small corner building, open on the north and east to the Barr el Manakhah: the ground floor contains only a kind of vestibule, in which coarse articles, like old Shugdufs, mats and bits of sacking, are lying about; the rest is devoted to purposes of sewerage. Ascending dark winding steps of ragged stone covered with hard black earth, you come to the first floor, where the men live. It consists of two rooms to the front of the house, one a Majlis, and another converted into a store. Behind them is a dark passage, into which the doors open; and the back part of the first story is a long windowless room, containing a Hanafiyah or large copper water-pot, and other conveniences for purification. On the second

floor is the kitchen, which I did not inspect, it being as usual occupied by the "Harem."

The Majlis has dwarf windows, or rather apertures in the northern and eastern walls, with rude wooden shutters and reed blinds—the embrasures being garnished with cushions, where you sit, morning and evening, to enjoy the cool air. The ceiling is of date sticks laid across palm rafters stained red, and the walls are of rough scoriæ, burnt bricks, and wood-work cemented with lime. The only signs of furniture in the sitting-room are a Diwan (divan) round the sides and a carpet in the centre. A huge wooden box, like a seaman's chest, occupies one of the corners. In the southern wall there is a Suffah, or little shelf of common stone, supported by a single arch; upon this are placed articles in hourly use, perfume-bottles, coffee-cups, a stray book or two, and sometimes a turban, to be out of the children's way. Two hooks on the western wall, placed jealously high up, hold a pair of pistols with handsome crimson cords and tassels, and half a dozen cherry-stick pipes. The centre of the room is never without one or more Shishehs (water-pipes), and in the corner is a large copper brazier containing fire, with all the utensils for making coffee either disposed upon its broad brim or lying about the floor. The passage, like the stairs, is spread over with hard black earth, and is regularly watered twice a day during the hot weather.

The household consisted of Hamid's mother, wife, some nephews and nieces, small children who ran

about in a half-wild and more than half-nude state, and two African slave girls. When the Damascus Caravan came in, it was further reinforced by the arrival of his three younger brothers.

Though the house was not grand, it was made lively by the varied views out of the Majlis' windows. From the east, you looked upon the square El Barr, the town walls and houses beyond it, the Egyptian gate, the lofty minarets of the Haram, and the distant outlines of Jebel Ohod. The north commanded a prospect of Mohammed's Mosque—one of the Khamsah Masajid, or the Five suburban Mosques, of part of the fort wall, and, when the Damascus caravan came in, of the gay scene of the "Prado" beneath. The Majlis was tolerably cool during the early part of the day; in the afternoon the sun shone fiercely upon it. I have described the establishment at some length as a specimen of how the middle classes are lodged at El Medinah. The upper ranks affect Turkish and Egyptian luxuries in their homes, as I had an opportunity of seeing at Umar Effendi's house in the "Barr," and the abodes of the poor are everywhere in these countries very similar.

Our life in Shaykh Hamid's house was quiet, but not disagreeable. I never once set eyes upon the face of woman there, unless the African slave girls be allowed the title. Even these at first attempted to draw their ragged veils over their sable charms, and would not answer the simplest question; by degrees they allowed me to see them, and they ventured their

voices to reply to me; still they never threw off a certain appearance of shame. Their voices are strangely soft and delicate, considering the appearance of the organs from which they proceed. Possibly this may be a characteristic of the African races; it is remarkable amongst the Somali women. I never saw, nor even heard, the youthful mistress of the household, who stayed all day in the upper rooms. The old lady, Hamid's mother, would stand upon the stairs, and converse aloud with her son, and, when few people were about the house, with me. She never, however, as afterwards happened to an ancient dame at Meccah, came and sat by my side. When lying during midday in the gallery, I often saw parties of women mount the stairs to the Gynæconitis, and sometimes an individual would stand to shake a muffled hand with Hamid, to gossip awhile, and to put some questions concerning absent friends; but they were most decorously wrapped up, nor did they ever deign to déroger, even by exposing an inch of cheek.

At dawn we arose, washed, prayed, and broke our fast upon a crust of stale bread, before smoking a pipe, and drinking a cup of coffee. Then it was time to dress, to mount, and to visit the Haram or one of the Holy Places outside the city. Returning before the sun became intolerable, we sat together, and with conversation, Shishehs and Chibouques, coffee, and cold water perfumed with mastich-smoke, we whiled away the time till our Ariston, a dinner which appeared at the primitive hour of 11 A.M. The meal, here called

El Ghada, was served in the Majlis on a large copper tray, sent from the upper apartments. Ejaculating "Bismillah"—the Moslem "grace"—we all sat round it, and dipped equal hands in the dishes placed before us. We had usually unleavened bread, different kinds of meat and vegetable stews, and at the end of the first course, plain boiled rice eaten with spoons; then came the fruits, fresh dates, grapes, and pomegranates. After dinner I used invariably to find some excuse—such as the habit of a "Kaylulah" (mid-day siesta) or the being a "Saudawi"—a person of melancholy temperament—to have a rug spread in the dark passage behind the Majlis, and there to lie reading, dozing, smoking or writing, en cachette, in complete déshabille all through the worst part of the day, from noon to sunset.

Then came the hour for receiving or paying visits. We still kept up an intimacy with Umar Effendi and Sa'ad the Demon, although Salih Skakkar and Amm Jemal, either disliking our society, or perhaps thinking our sphere of life too humble for their dignity, did not appear once in Hamid's house. The evening prayers ensued, either at home or in the Haram, followed by our Asha or "deipnon," another substantial meal like the dinner, but more plentiful, of bread, meat, vegetables, plain rice and fruits, concluding with the invariable pipes and coffee. To pass our soirée, we occasionally dressed in common clothes, shouldered a Nebút, and went to the café; sometimes on festive occasions we indulged in a Ta'atumah (or Itmiyah), a

late supper of sweetmeats, pomegranates and dried fruits. Usually we sat upon mattresses spread over the ground in the open air at the Shaykh's door, receiving evening visits, chatting, telling stories, and making merry, till each, as he felt the approach of the drowsy god, sank down into his proper place, and fell asleep.

Whatever may be the heat of the day, the night at El Medinah, owing, I suppose, to its elevated position, is cool and pleasant. In order to allay the dust, the ground before the Shaykh's door was watered every evening, and the evaporation was almost too great to be safe—the boy Mohammed suffered from a smart attack of lumbago, which, however, yielded readily to frictions of olive oil in which ginger had been boiled. Our greatest inconvenience at night time was the pugnacity of the animal creation. The horses of the troopers tethered in the Barr were sure to break loose once in twelve hours. Some hobbled old nag, having slipped his head-stall, would advance with kangaroo-leaps towards a neighbour against whom he had a private grudge. Their heads would touch for a moment; then came a snort and a whinny, a furious kick, and lastly, a second horse loose and dashing about with head and tail viciously cocked. This was the signal for a general breaking of halters and heel-ropes; after which, a "stampede" scoured the plain, galloping, rearing, kicking, biting, snorting, pawing, and screaming, with the dogs barking sympathetically, and the horse-keepers shouting in hot pursuit. It was

a strange sight to see by moonlight the forms of these "demon steeds" exaggerated by the shades; and on more than one occasion we had all to start up precipitately from our beds, and yield them to a couple of combatants who were determined to fight out their quarrel à l'outrance, wherever the battle-field might be.

The dogs at El Medinah are not less pugnacious than the horses.* They are stronger and braver than those that haunt the streets at Cairo; like the Egyptian, they have amongst themselves a system of police regulations, which brings down all the posse comitatus upon the unhappy straggler who ventures into a strange quarter of the town. They certainly met in El Barr upon common ground, to decide the differences which must arise in so artificial a state of canine society. Having had many opportunities of watching them, I can positively assert that they were divided into two parties, which fought with a skill and an acharnement that astounded me. Sometimes when one side gave way, and the retreat was degenerating into a *sauve qui peut*, some proud warrior, a dog-hero, would sacrifice himself for the public weal, and with gnashing teeth and howls of rage encounter the assaults of the insolent victors until his flying friends had time to recover heart. Such a one my companions called

* Burckhardt (*Travels in Arabia*, vol. II. p. 268) remarks that El Medinah is the only town in the East from which dogs are excluded. This was probably as much a relic of Wahhabism (that sect hating even to look at a dog), as arising from apprehension of the mosque being polluted by canine intrusion. I have seen one or two of these animals in the town, but I was told, that when they enter it in any numbers, the police-magistrate issues orders to have them ejected.

“Mubariz,” the single combatant, the champion of the Arab’s classical and chivalrous age. At other times, some huge animal, an Ajax of his kind, would plunge into the ring with frantic yells, roll over one dog, snap at a second, worry a third for a minute or two, and then dash off to a distant part, where a thicker field required his presence. This uncommon sagacity has been remarked by the Arabs, who look on amused at their battles. There are also certain superstitions about the dog resembling ours, only, as usual, more poetical and less grotesque, current in El Hejaz. Most people believe that when the animal howls without apparent cause in the neighbourhood of a house, it forebodes death to one of the inmates. For the dog they say can distinguish the awful form of Azrael, the angel of death, hovering over the doomed abode, whereas man’s spiritual sight is dull and dim by reason of his sins.

When the Damascus caravan entered El Medinah, our day became a little more amusing. From the windows of Shaykh Hamid’s house there was a perpetual succession of strange scenes. A Persian nobleman, also, had pitched his tents so near the door, that the whole course of his private life became public and patent to the boy Mohammed, who amused his companions by reporting all manner of ludicrous scenes. The Persian’s wife was rather a pretty woman, and she excited the youth’s fierce indignation, by not veiling her face when he gazed at her,—thereby showing that, as his beard was not grown, she considered

him a mere boy. "I will ask her to marry me," said Mohammed, "and thereby rouse her shame!" He did so, but, unhappy youth! the fair Persian never even ceased fanning herself.

The boy Mohammed was for once confounded.

CHAPTER II.

A Visit to the Prophet's Tomb.

HAVING performed the greater ablution, and used the tooth-stick as directed, and dressed ourselves in white clothes, which the Prophet loved, we were ready to start upon our holy errand. As my foot still gave me great pain, Shaykh Hamid sent for a donkey. A wretched animal appeared, raw-backed, lame of one leg, and wanting an ear; with accoutrements to match, a pack-saddle without stirrups, and a halter instead of a bridle. Such as the brute was, however, I had to mount it, and to ride through the Misri gate, to the wonder of certain Bedawin, who, like the Indians, despise the ass.

"Honorable is the riding of a horse to the rider,
But the mule is a dishonor, and the ass a disgrace,"

says their song. The Turkish pilgrims, however, who appear to take a pride in ignoring all Arab points of prejudice, generally mount donkeys when they cannot walk. The Bedawin therefore settled among themselves, audibly enough, that I was an Osmanli, who of course could not understand Arabic, and they put the question generally, "By what curse of Allah had they been subjected to ass-riders?"

But Shaykh Hamid is lecturing me upon the subject of the mosque.

The Masjid El Nabawi, or the Prophet's Mosque, is one of the Haramayn, or the "two sanctuaries" of El Islam, and is the second of the three most venerable places of worship in the world; the other two being the Masjid El Haram at Meccah (connected with Abraham) and the Masjid El Aksa of Jerusalem (the peculiar place of Solomon). A Hadis or traditional saying of Mohammed asserts, "One prayer in this my mosque is more efficacious than a thousand in other places, save only the Masjid El Haram." It is therefore the visitor's duty, as long as he stays at El Medinah, to pray the five times per diem there, to pass the day in it reading the Koran, and the night, if possible, in watching and devotion.

A visit to the Masjid El Nabawi, and the holy spots within it, is technically called "Ziyarat" or Visitation. An essential difference is made between this rite and Hajj or pilgrimage. The latter is obligatory by Koranic order upon every Moslem once in his life: the former is only a meritorious action. "Tawaf," or circumambulation of the House of Allah at Meccah, must never be performed at the Prophet's tomb. This should not be visited in the Ihram or pilgrim dress; men should not kiss it, touch it with the hand, or press the bosom against it, as at the Kaabah; or rub the face with dust collected near the sepulchre; and those who prostrate themselves before it, like certain ignorant Indians, are held to be guilty of deadly sin.

On the other hand, to spit upon any part of the Mosque, or to treat it with contempt, is held to be the act of an infidel.

Thus the learned and religious have settled, one would have thought, accurately enough the spiritual rank and dignity of the Masjid El Nabawi. But mankind, especially in the East, must always be in extremes. The orthodox school of El Malik holds El Medinah, on account of the sanctity of, and the religious benefits to be derived from, Mohammed's tomb, more honorable than Meccah. Some declare that the Prophet preferred his place of refuge, blessing it as Abraham did Meccah. Moreover, as a tradition declares that every man's body is drawn from the ground in which he is buried, El Medinah evidently had the honor of supplying materials for the Prophet's person. Others, like Omar, were uncertain which to prefer. The Wahhabis, on the other hand, rejecting the intercession of the Prophet on the Day of Judgment, considering the grave of a mere mortal unworthy of notice, and highly disgusted by the idolatrous respect paid to it by certain foolish Moslems, plundered the sacred building with sacrilegious violence, and forbade visitors from distant countries to enter El Medinah. The general consensus of El Islam admits the superiority of the Bayt Allah ("House of God") at Meccah to the whole world, and declares El Medinah to be more venerable than every part of Meccah, and consequently all the earth, except only the Bayt Allah. This last is a *juste milieu* view by no means in favour with the

inhabitants of either place. In the meanwhile the Meccans claim unlimited superiority over the Medani: the Medani over the Meccans.

Passing through muddy streets—they had been freshly watered before evening time—I came suddenly upon the Mosque. Like that at Meccah, the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy “enceinte,” others separated by a lane compared with which the road round St. Paul’s is a Vatican square. There is no outer front, no general prospect of the Prophet’s Mosque; consequently, as a building, it has neither beauty nor dignity. And entering the Bab el Rahmah—the Gate of Pity—by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan Temple, grand and simple—the expression of a single sublime idea. The longer I looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendor.

The Masjid el Nabi is a parallelogram about 420 feet in length by 340 broad, the direction of the long walls being nearly north and south. As usual in El Islam, it is a hypaethral building with a spacious central area, called El Sahn, El Hosh, El Haswah, or El Ramlah, surrounded by a peristyle with numerous rows of pillars like the colonnades of an Italian cloister. The arcades or porticoes are flat-ceilinged,

domed above with the small "Media Naranja," or half-orange cupola of Spain, and divided into four parts by narrow passages, three or four steps below the level of the pavement. Along the whole inner length of the northern short wall runs the Mejidi Riwak, so called from the reigning Sultan. The western long wall is occupied by the Riwak of the Rahmah Gate; the eastern by that of the Bab el Nisa, the "Women's Entrance." Embracing the inner length of the southern short wall, and deeper by nearly treble the amount of columns than the other porticoes, is the main colonnade, called El Rauzah, or the Garden, the adytum containing all that is venerable in the building. These four Riwaks, arched externally, are supported internally by pillars of different shape and material, varying from fine porphyry to dirty plaster. The southern, where the sepulchre or cenotaph stands, is paved with handsome slabs of white marble and marquetry work, here and there covered with coarse matting, and above this by unclean carpets, well worn by faithful feet.

But this is not the time for Tafarruj, or lionizing. Shaykh Hamid warns me with a nudge, that other things are expected of a Zair. He leads me to the Bab el Salam, fighting his way through a troop of beggars, and inquires markedly if I am religiously pure. Then, placing our hands a little below and on the left of the waist, the palm of the right covering the back of the left, in the position of prayer, and beginning with the dexter feet, we pace slowly forwards down the line called the Muwajihat el Sharifah, or "the

Illustrious Fronting," which, divided off like an aisle, runs parallel with the southern wall of the Mosque. On my right hand walks the Shaykh, who recites aloud the following prayer, making me repeat it after him. It is literally rendered, as, indeed, are all the formulæ, and the reader is requested to excuse the barbarous fidelity of the translation.

"In the Name of Allah and in the Faith of Allah's Prophet! O Lord cause me to enter the Entering of Truth, and cause me to issue forth the Issuing of Truth, and permit me to draw near to Thee, and make me a Sultan Victorious!" Then follow blessings upon the Prophet, and afterwards: "O Allah! open to me the Doors of Thy Mercy, and grant me Entrance into it, and protect me from the Stoned Devil!"

During this preliminary prayer we had passed down two-thirds of the Muwajihat el Sharifah. On the left hand is a dwarf wall, about the height of a man, painted with arabesques, and pierced with four small doors which open into the Muwajihat. In this barrier are sundry small erections, the niche called the Mihrab Sulaymani, the Mambar, or pulpit, and the Mihrab el Nabawi. The two niches are of beautiful mosaic, richly worked with various coloured marbles, and the pulpit is a graceful collection of slender columns, elegant tracery, and inscriptions admirably carved. Arrived at the western small door in the dwarf wall, we entered the celebrated spot called El Rauzah, or the Garden, after a saying of the Prophet's, "Between my Tomb and my Pulpit is a Garden of the

Gardens of Paradise." On the north and west sides it is not divided from the rest of the portico; on the south lies the dwarf wall, and on the east it is limited by the west end of the lattice-work containing the tomb.

Accompanied by my Muzawwir I entered the Rauzah, and was placed by him with the Mukabbariyah* behind me, fronting Meccah, with my right shoulder opposite to and about twenty feet distant from the dexter pillar of the Prophet's Pulpit. There, after saying the afternoon prayers, I performed the usual two bows in honor of the temple, and at the end of them recited the 109th and the 112th chapters of the Koran—the "Kul, ya ayyuha'l Kafiruna," and the "Surat el Ikhlas," called also the "Kul, Huw' Allah," or the Declaration of Unity; and may be thus translated:

"Say, He is the one God!"

"The eternal God!"

"He begets not, nor is He begot,"

"And unto Him the like is not."

After which was performed a single Sujdah of Thanks, in gratitude to Allah for making it my fate to visit so holy a spot.

This being the recognised time to give alms, I was besieged by beggars, who spread their napkins before us on the ground sprinkled with a few coppers to

* This is a stone desk on four pillars, where the Muballighs (clerks) recite the Ikamah, the call to divine service. It was presented to the mosque by Kaid-Bey, the Mamluk Sultan of Egypt.

excite generosity. But not wishing to be distracted by them, before leaving Hamid's house I had changed two dollars, and had given the coin to the boy Mohammed, who accompanied me, strictly charging him to make that sum last through the Mosque. My answer to the beggars was a reference to my attendant, backed by the simple action of turning my pockets inside out, and whilst he was battling with the beggars, I proceeded to cast my first coup-d'œil upon the Rauzah.

The "Garden" is the most elaborate part of the Mosque. Little can be said in its praise by day, when it bears the same relation to a second-rate church in Rome as an English chapel-of-ease to Westminster Abbey. It is a space of about eighty feet in length, tawdrily decorated so as to resemble a garden. The carpets are flowered, and the pediments of the columns are cased with bright green tiles, and adorned to the height of a man with gaudy and unnatural vegetation in arabesque. It is disfigured by handsome branched candelabras of cut crystal, the work, I believe, of a London house, and presented to the shrine by the late Abbas Pasha of Egypt. The only admirable feature of the view is the light cast by the windows of stained glass in the southern wall. Its peculiar background, the railing of the tomb, a splendid filagree-work of green and polished brass, gilt or made to resemble gold, looks more picturesque near than at a distance, when it suggests the idea of a gigantic birdcage. But at night the eye, dazzled by oil-lamps

suspended from the roof, by huge wax candles, and by smaller illuminations falling upon crowds of visitors in handsome attire, with the richest and the noblest of the city sitting in congregation when service is performed, becomes less critical. Still the scene must be viewed with Moslem bias, and until a man is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the East, the last place the Rauzah will remind him of, is that which the architect primarily intended it to resemble—a garden.

Then with Hamid, professionally solemn, I resumed the position of prayer, and retracted my steps. After passing through another small door in the dwarf wall that bounds the Muwajihah, we did not turn to the right, which would have led us to the Bab el Salam; our course was in an opposite direction, towards the eastern wall of the temple. Meanwhile we repeated, “Verily Allah and His Angels bless the Prophet! O ye who believe, bless him, and salute him with Honor!” At the end of this prayer, we arrived at the Mausoleum, which requires some description before the reader can understand the nature of our proceedings there.

The Hujrah or “Chamber” as it is called, from the circumstance of its having been Ayisha’s room, is an irregular square of from 50 to 55 feet in the S.E. corner of the building, and separated on all sides from the walls of the Mosque by a passage about 26 feet broad on the S. side, and 20 on the E. The reason of this isolation has been before explained, and there is a saying of Mohammed’s, “O Allah,

cause not my Tomb to become an Object of Idolatrous Adoration! May Allah's Wrath fall heavy upon the People who make the Tombs of their Prophets Places of Prayer!" Inside there are, or are supposed to be, three tombs facing the south, surrounded by stone walls without any aperture, or, as others say, by strong planking. Whatever this material may be, it is hung outside with a curtain, somewhat like a large four-post bed. The outer railing is separated by a dark narrow passage from the inner, which it surrounds, and is of iron flagree painted of a vivid grass green, —with a view to the garden—whilst carefully inserted in the verdure, and doubly bright by contrast, is the gilt or burnished brass work forming the long and graceful letters of the Suls character, and disposed into the Moslem creed, the profession of unity, and similar religious sentences.

On the south side, for greater honor, the railing is plated over with silver, and silver letters are interlaced with it. This fence, which connects the columns and forbids passage to all men, may be compared to the baldacchino of Roman churches. It has four gates: that to the south is the Bab el Muwajihah; eastward is the gate of our Lady Fatimah; westward the Bab el Taubah (of repentance), opening into the Rauzah or garden, and to the north, the Bab el Shami or Syrian gate. They are constantly kept closed, except the fourth, which admits, into the dark narrow passage above alluded to, the officers who have charge of the treasures there deposited, and the eunuchs who

sweep the floor, light the lamps, and carry away the presents sometimes thrown in here by devotees.

In the southern side of the fence are three windows, holes about half a foot square, and placed from four to five feet above the ground; they are said to be between three and four cubits distant from the Prophet's head. The most westerly of these is supposed to front Mohammed's tomb, wherefore it is called the Shubak el Nabi, or the Prophet's window. The next, on the right as you front it, is Abubekr's, and the most easterly of the three is Omar's.

Above the Hujrah is the Green Dome, surmounted outside by a large gilt crescent springing from a series of globes. The glowing imaginations of the Moslems crown this gem of the building with a pillar of heavenly light, which directs from three days' distance the pilgrims' steps towards El Medinah. But alas! none save holy men (and perhaps, odylic sensitives), whose material organs are piercing as their spiritual vision, are allowed the privilege of beholding this poetic splendor.

Arrived at the Shubak el Nabi, Hamid took his stand about six feet or so out of reach of the railing, and at that respectful distance from, and facing* the Hazirah (or presence), with hands raised as in prayer, he recited the following supplication in a low voice,

* The ancient practice of El Islam during the recitation of the following benedictions was to face Meccah, the back being turned towards the tomb, and to form a mental image of the Prophet, supposing him to be in front. El Kirmani and other doctors prefer this as the more venerable custom, but in these days it is completely exploded, and the purist would probably be soundly bastinadoed by the eunuchs for attempting it.

telling me in a stage whisper to repeat it after him with awe, and fear, and love.

"Peace be upon Thee, O Prophet of Allah, and the Mercy of Allah and his Blessings! Peace be upon Thee, O Prophet of Allah! Peace be upon Thee, O Friend of Allah! Peace be upon Thee, O best of Allah's Creation! Peace be upon Thee, O pure Creature of Allah! Peace be upon Thee, O chief of Prophets! Peace be upon Thee, O Seal of the Prophets! Peace be upon Thee, O Prince of the Pious! Peace be upon Thee, O Prophet of the Lord of the (three) Worlds! Peace be upon Thee, and upon Thy Family, and upon Thy pure Wives! Peace be upon Thee, and upon all Thy Companions! Peace be upon Thee, and upon all the Prophets, and upon those sent to preach Allah's Word! Peace be upon Thee, and upon all Allah's righteous Worshippers! Peace be upon Thee, O Thou Bringer of Glad Tidings! Peace be upon Thee, O Thou Bearer of Threats! Peace be upon Thee, O Thou bright Lamp! Peace be upon Thee, O Ruler of Thy Faith! Peace be upon Thee, O Opener of Grief! Peace be upon Thee! and Allah bless Thee! and Allah repay Thee for us, O Thou Prophet of Allah! the choicest of Blessings with which He ever blessed Prophet! Allah bless Thee as often as Mentioners have mentioned Thee, and Forgetters have forgotten Thee! And Allah bless Thee among the First and the Last, with the best, the highest, and the fullest of Blessings ever bestowed on Man, even as we escaped

Error by means of Thee, and were made to see after Blindness, and after Ignorance were directed into the Right Way. I bear Witness that there is no god but Allah, and I testify that Thou art His Servant, and His Prophet, and His Faithful Follower, and Best Creature. And I bear Witness, O Prophet of Allah! that Thou hast delivered Thy Message, and discharged Thy Trust, and advised Thy Faith, and opened Grief, and published Proofs, and fought valiantly for Thy Lord, and worshipped Thy God till Certainty came to Thee (*i. e.* to the hour of death); and we Thy Friends, O Prophet of Allah, appear before Thee Travellers from distant Lands and far Countries, through Dangers and Difficulties, in the Times of Darkness, and in the Hours of Day, longing to give Thee Thy Rights (*i. e.* to honor thee by benediction and visitation), and to obtain the Blessings of Thine Intercession, for our Sins have broken our Backs, and Thou interce^dest with the Healer. And Allah said,* 'And though they have injured themselves, they came to Thee, and begged Thee to secure their Pardon, and they found God an Acceptor of Penitence, and full of Compassion.' O Prophet of Allah, Intercession! Intercession! Intercession! O Allah, bless Mohammed and Mohammed's Family, and give Him Superiority and high Rank, even as Thou didst promise Him, and graciously allow us to conclude this Visitation. I deposit on this Spot, and near Thee, O Prophet of God, my everlasting Profession (of faith) from this

* This is the usual introduction to a quotation from the Koran.

our Day, to the Day of Judgment, that there is no god but Allah, and that our Lord Mohammed is His Servant, and His Prophet. Amen! O Lord of the (three) Worlds!"

After which, performing Ziyarat for ourselves, we repeated the Fatihah or "opening" chapter of the Koran.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!

"Praise be to Allah, who the (three) Worlds made.

"The Merciful, the Compassionate.

"The King of the Day of Faith.

"Thee (alone) do we worship, and of Thee (alone) do we ask Aid.

"Guide us to the Path that is straight—

"The Path of those for whom Thy Love is great, not those on whom is Hate, nor they that deviate.

"Amen! O Lord of Angels, Jinns, and men!"*

After reciting this mentally with upraised hands, the forefinger of the right hand being extended to its full length, we drew our palms down our faces and did alms-deeds, a vital part of the ceremony. Thus concludes the first part of the ceremony of Visitation at the Prophet's tomb.

Hamid then stepped about a foot and a half to the right, and I followed his example, so as to place myself exactly opposite the second aperture in the

* I have endeavoured in this translation to imitate the imperfect rhyme of the original Arabic. Such an attempt, however, is full of difficulties: the Arabic is a language in which, like Italian, it is almost impossible not to rhyme.

grating called Abubekr's window. There, making ^a sign towards the mausoleum, we addressed its inmate, as follows:—

“Peace be upon Thee, O Abubekr, O Thou Truthful One! Peace be upon Thee, O Caliph of Allah's Prophet over his People! Peace be upon Thee, O Companion of the Cave, and Friend in Travel! Peace be upon Thee, O Thou Banner of the Fugitives and the Auxiliaries! I testify Thou didst ever stand firm in the right Way, and wast a Smiter of the Infidel, and a Benefactor to Thine own People. Allah grant Thee through His Prophet Weal! We pray Almighty God to cause us to die in Thy Friendship, and to raise us up in Company with His Prophet and Thyself, even as he hath mercifully vouchsafed to us this Visitation.”

After which we closed one more step to the right, and standing opposite Omar's window, the most easterly of the three, after making a sign with our hands, we addressed the just Caliph in these words:—

“Peace be upon Thee, O Omar! O Thou Just One! Thou Prince of True Believers! Peace be upon Thee, who spakest with Truth, and who madest Thy Word agree with the Strong Book! (the Koran), O Thou Faruk! (the Separator). O Thou Faithful One! who girdedst Thy Loins with the Prophet, and the First Believers, and with them didst make up the full Number forty,* and thus causedst to be accomplished

* When the number of the Ashab or “Companions” was thirty-nine, they were suddenly joined by Omar, who thus became the fortieth.

the Prophet's Prayer, and then didst return to Thy God a Martyr leaving the World with Praise! Allah grant Thee, through His Prophet and His Caliph and His Followers, the Best of Good, and may Allah feel in Thee all Satisfaction!"

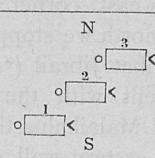
Shaykh Hamid, after wrenching a beggar or two from my shoulders, then permitted me to draw near to the little window, called the Prophet's, and to look in. Here my proceedings were watched with suspicious eyes. The Persians have sometimes managed to pollute the part near Abubekr's and Omar's graves by tossing through the aperture what is externally a handsome shawl intended as a present for the tomb. After straining my eyes for a time I saw a curtain, or rather hangings, with three inscriptions in long gold letters, informing readers, that behind them lie Allah's Prophet and the two first Caliphs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is moreover distinguished by a large pearl rosary, and a peculiar ornament, the celebrated Kaukab el Durri, or constellation of pearl, suspended to the curtain breast high. This is described to be a "brilliant star set in diamonds and pearls," placed in the dark that man's eye may be able to bear its splendors: the vulgar believe it to be a "jewel of the jewels of Paradise." To me it greatly resembled the round glass stoppers, used for the humbler sort of decanters, but I thought the same of the Koh i Nur. Moreover I never saw it quite near enough to judge fairly, and I did not think fit to pay an exorbitant sum for the privilege of entering the inner passage of

the baldaquin. Altogether the coup-d'œil had nothing to recommend it by day. At night, when the lamps hung in this passage shed a dim light upon the mosaic work of the marble floors, upon the glittering inscriptions, and the massive hangings, the scene is more impressive.

Never having seen the tomb, I must depict it from books,—by no means an easy task. Most of the historians are silent after describing the inner walls of the Hujrah. El Kalkashandi declares “in eo lapidem nobilem continere sepulchra Apostoli, Abubecr et Omar, circumcinctum peribole in modum conclavis fere usque ad tectum assurgente quæ velo serico nigro obligatur.” This author, then, agrees with my Persian friends, who declare the sepulchre to be a marble slab. Ibn Jubayr, who travelled A.H. 580, relates that the Prophet's coffin is a box of ebony (*abnus*) covered with sandal-wood, and plated with silver; it is placed, he says, behind a curtain, and surrounded by an iron grating. El Samanhudi, quoted by Burckhardt, declares that the curtain covers a square building of black stones, in the interior of which are the tombs of Mohammed and his two immediate successors. He adds that the tombs are deep holes, and that the coffin which contains the Prophet is cased with silver, and has on the top a marble slab inscribed “Bismillah! Allahumma salli alayh!” (“In the name of Allah! Allah have Mercy upon Him!”)

The Prophet's body, it should be remembered, lies, or is supposed to lie, stretched at full length on the

right side, with the right palm supporting the right cheek, the face fronting Meccah, as Moslems are always buried, and consequently the body lies with the head almost due West and the feet due East. Close behind him is placed Abubekr, whose face fronts the Prophet's shoulder, and lastly Omar holds the same position with respect to his predecessor. The places they are usually supposed to occupy, then, would



be thus disposed. But Moslem historians are not agreed even upon so simple a point as this. Many

prefer this position, in line ; some thus in unicorn,

  , and others the right angle,   . The vulgar story of the suspended coffin has been explained in two ways. Niebuhr supposes it to have arisen from the rude drawings sold to strangers. Mr. William Banks (Giovanni Finati, vol. II. p. 289) believes that the Sakhrah or rock popularly described as hanging unsupported in the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem was confounded by Christians, who could not have seen either of these Moslem shrines, with the Prophet's Tomb at El Medinah.

It is popularly asserted that in the Hujrah there is now spare place for only a single grave, reserved for Isa bin Maryam after his second coming. The historians of El Islam are full of tales proving that though many of their early saints, as Osman the Caliph and Hasan

the Imam, were desirous of being buried there, and that although Ayisha, to whom the room belonged, willingly acceded to their wishes, son of man has as yet been unable to occupy it.

After the Fatihah pronounced at Omar's tomb, and the short inspection of the Hujrah, Shayhk Hamid led me round the south-east corner of the baldaquin. Turning towards the north we stopped at what is commonly called the Mahbat Jibrail ("Place of the Archangel Gabriel's Descent with the Heavenly Revelations"), or simply El Malaikah—the Angels. It is a small window in the eastern wall of the mosque; we turned our backs upon it, and fronting the Hujrah, recited the following prayer:—

"Peace be upon You, Ye Angels of Allah, the Mukarrabin (cherubs), and the Musharrifin (seraphs), the pure, the holy, honored by the Dwellers in Heaven, and by those who abide upon the Earth. O beneficent Lord! O Long-suffering! O Almighty! O Pitier! O Thou Compassionate One! perfect our Light, and pardon our Sins, and accept Penitence for our Offences, and cause us to die among the Holy! Peace be upon Ye, Angels of the Merciful, one and all! And the Mercy of God and His Blessings be upon You!" After which I was shown the spot in the Hujrah where Sayyidna Isa shall be buried by Mohammed's side.

Then turning towards the west, at a point where there is a break in the symmetry of the Hujrah, we arrived at the sixth station, the sepulchre or cenotaph

of the Lady Fatimah. Her grave is outside the *enceinte* and the curtain which surrounds her father's remains: so strict is Moslem decorum, and so exalted its opinion of the "Virgin's" delicacy. The eastern side of the *Hujrah*, here turning a little westward, interrupts the shape of the square, in order to give this spot the appearance of disconnection with the rest of the building. The tomb, seen through a square aperture like those above described, is a long catafalque, covered with a black pall. Though there is great doubt whether the Lady be not buried with her son Hasan in the *Bakia* cemetery, this place is always visited by the pious Moslem. The following is the prayer opposite the grave of the amiable Fatimah:—

"Peace be upon Thee, Daughter of the Messenger of Allah! Peace be upon Thee, Daughter of the Prophet of Allah! Peace be upon Thee, Thou Daughter of Mustafa! Peace be upon Thee, Thou Mother of the Shurafa! (seed of the Prophet). Peace be upon Thee, O Lady amongst Women! Peace be upon Thee, O fifth of the Ahl El Kisa!*" Peace be upon Thee, O Zahra and Batul! (pure and virgin). Peace be upon Thee, O Daughter of the Prophet! Peace be upon Thee, O Spouse of our Lord Ali El Murtaza! Peace be upon Thee, O Mother of Hasan and Husayn, the two Moons, the two Lights, the two Pearls, the two Princes of the Youth of Heaven, and Coolness of the

* The "people of the garment," so called, because on one occasion the Prophet wrapped his cloak around himself, his daughter, his son-in-law, and his two grandsons, thereby separating them in dignity from other Moslems.

Eyes (*i. e.* joy and gladness) of true Believers! Peace be upon Thee and upon Thy Sire, El Mustafa, and Thy Husband, our Lord Ali! Allah honor His face, and Thy Face, and Thy Father's Face in Paradise, and Thy two Sons the Hasanayn! And the Mercy of Allah and His Blessings!"

We then broke away as we best could from the crowd of female "askers," who have established their Lares and Penates under the shadow of the Lady's wing, and, advancing a few paces, we fronted to the north, and recited a prayer in honor of Hamzah, and the martyrs who lie buried at the foot of Mount Ohod. We then turned to the right, and, fronting the easterly wall, prayed for the souls of the blessed whose mortal spirits repose within El Bakia's hallowed circuit.

After this we returned to the southern wall of the Mosque, and, facing towards Meccah, we recited the following supplication:—"O Allah! (three times repeated) O Compassionate! O Beneficent! O Requiter (of good and evil)! O Prince! O Ruler! O ancient of Benefits! O Omniscient! O Thou who givest when asked, and who aidest when Aid is required, accept this our Visitation, and preserve us from Dangers, and make easy our Affairs, and expand our Chests (gladden our hearts), and receive our Prostration, and requite us according to our good Deeds, and turn not our evil Deeds against us, and place not over us one who feareth not Thee, and one who pitieh not us, and write Safety and Health upon us and upon Thy Slaves,

the Hujjaj (pilgrims), and the Ghuzzat (fighters for the faith), and the Zawwar (visitors to the tomb), and the Home-dwellers and the Wayfarers of the Moslems, by Land and by Sea, and pardon those of the Faith of our Lord Mohammed One and All!"

From the southern wall we returned to the "Prophet's Window," where we recited the following tetrastich and prayer.

"O Mustafa! verily, I stand at Thy Door,
A man, weak and fearful, by reason of my Sins:
If Thou aid me not, O Prophet of Allah!
I die—for, in the World there is none generous as Thou art!"

"Of a Truth, Allah and His Angels bless the Prophet! O Ye who believe, bless Him and salute Him with Salutation! O Allah! verily I implore Thy Pardon, and supplicate Thine Aid in this World as in the next! O Allah! O Allah! abandon us not in this Holy Place to the consequences of our Sins without pardoning them, or to our Griefs without consoling them, or to our fears, O Allah! without removing them. And Blessings and Salutation to Thee, O Prince of Prophets, Commissioned (to preach the Word), and praise to Allah the Lord of the (three) Worlds!"

We turned away from the Hujrah, and after gratifying a meek-looking but exceedingly importunate Hindi beggar, who insisted on stunning me with the Chapter Y, S., we fronted southwards, and taking care that our backs should not be in a line with the Prophet's face, stood opposite the niche called Mihrab Osman. There Hamid proceeded with another supplication. "O Allah! (three times repeated), O Safe-

guard of the Fearful, and Defender of those who trust in Thee, and Pitier of the Weak, the Poor, and the Destitute! accept us, O Beneficent! and pardon us, O Merciful! and receive our Penitence, O Compassionate! and have Mercy upon us, O Forgiver!—for verily none but Thou can remit Sin! Of a Truth Thou alone knowest the hidden and veilest Man's Transgressions: veil, then, our Offences, and pardon our Sins, and expand our Chests, and cause our last Words at the Supreme Hour of Life to be the Words, 'There is no god but Allah, and our Lord Mohammed is the Messenger of Allah!' O Allah! cause us to live according to this Saying, O Thou Giver of Life; and make us to die in this Faith, O Thou Ruler of Death! And the best of Blessings and the completest of Salutations upon the sole Lord of Intercession, our Lord Mohammed and His Family, and His Companions One and All!"

Lastly, we returned to the Garden, and prayed another two-bow prayer, ending, as we began, with the worship of the Creator.

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Unfortunately for me, the boy Mohammed had donned that grand embroidered coat. At the end of the ceremony the Aghas, or eunuchs of the Mosque, a race of men considered respectable by their office, and prone to make themselves respected by the freest administration of club-law, assembled in El Rauzah to offer me the congratulation "Ziyaratak Mubarak"—"Blessed be thy Visitation,"—and to demand fees.

Then came the Sakka, or water-carrier of the Mosque well, Zem Zem, offering a tinned saucer filled from the holy source. And lastly I was beset by beggars,—some, mild beggars and picturesque who sat upon the ground immersed in the contemplation of their napkins; others, angry beggars who cursed if they were not gratified; and others noisy and petulant beggars, especially the feminine party near the Lady's tomb, who captured me by the skirt of my garment, compelling me to ransom myself. There were, besides, pretty beggars, boys who held out the right hand on the score of good looks; ugly beggars, emaciated rascals whose long hair, dirt, and leanness entitled them to charity; and lastly, the blind, the halt, and the diseased, who, as Sons of the Holy City, demanded from the Faithful that support with which they could not provide themselves. Having been compelled by my companions, highly against my inclination, to become a man of rank, I was obliged to pay in proportion, and my almoner in the handsome coat, as usual, took a kind of pride in being profuse. This first visit cost me double what I had intended—four dollars—nearly one pound sterling, and never afterwards could I pay less than half that sum.

Having now performed all the duties of a good Zair, I was permitted by Shaykh Hamid to wander about and see the sights. We began our circumambulation at the Bab el Salam—the Gate of Salvation—the south-western entrance pierced in the long wall of the Mosque. It is a fine archway handsomely in-

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crusted with marble and glazed tiles; the many gilt inscriptions on its sides give it, especially at night-time, an appearance of considerable splendor. The portcullis-like doors are of wood, strengthened with brass plates, and nails of the same metal. Outside this gate is a little Sabil, or public fountain, where those who will not pay for the water, kept ready in large earthen jars by the "Sakka" of the Mosque, perform their ablutions gratis. Here all the mendicants congregate in force, sitting on the outer steps and at the entrance of the Mosque, up and through which the visitors must pass.

About the centre of the western wall is the Bab el Rahmah—the Gate of Mercy. It admits the dead bodies of the Faithful when carried to be prayed over in the Mosque; there is nothing remarkable in its appearance; in common with the other gates it has huge folding doors, iron-bound, an external flight of steps, and a few modern inscriptions.

The Bab Mejidi, or Gate of the Sultan Abd el Mejid, stands in the centre of the northern wall; like its portico, it is unfinished, but its present appearance promises that it will eclipse all except the Bab el Salam.

The Bab el Nisa or Gate of Women, is in the eastern wall opposite the Bab el Rahmah, with which it is connected by the "Farsh el Hajar, a broad band of stone, two or three steps below the level of the portico, and slightly raised above the Sahn or the hypæthral portion of the Mosque. And lastly, in the

southern portion of the same eastern wall is the Bab Jibrail, the Gate of the Archangel Gabriel.

All these entrances are arrived at by short external flights of steps leading from the streets, as the base of the temple, unlike that of Meccah, is a little higher than the foundations of the buildings around it. The doors are closed by the attendant eunuchs immediately after the night prayers, except during the blessed month El Ramazan and in the pilgrimage season, when pious visitors pay considerable fees to pass the night there in meditation and prayer.

The minarets are five in number; but one, the Shikayliyyah, at the north-west angle of the building, has been levelled, and is still in process of being rebuilt. The Munar Bab el Salam stands by the gate of that name: it is a tall handsome tower surmounted by a large ball or cone* of brass gilt or burnished. The Munar Bab el Rahmah, about the centre of the western wall, is of more simple form than the others: it has two galleries with the superior portion circular, and surmounted by the conical "extinguisher" roof so common in Turkey and Egypt. On the north-east angle of the Mosque stands the Sulaymaniyah Munar, so named after its founder, Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent. It is a well-built and substantial stone tower divided into three stages; the two lower portions are polygonal, the upper cylindrical, and each terminates in a platform with a railed gallery carried

* By some wonderful process the "Printer's Devil" converted, in the first edition, this ball or cone into a "bull or cow."

all round for the protection of those who ascend. And lastly, from the south-east angle of the Mosque, supposed to be upon the spot where Belal, the Prophet's loud-lunged crier, called the first Moslems to prayer, springs the Munar Raisiyah, so called because it is appropriated to the Ruasa or chiefs of the Muezzins. Like the Sulaymaniyah, it consists of three parts: the first and second stages are polygonal, and the third a cylinder is furnished like the lower two with a railed gallery. Both the latter minarets end in solid ovals of masonry, from which project a number of wooden triangles. To these and to the galleries on all festive occasions, such as the arrival of the Damascus caravan, are hung oil lamps—a poor attempt at illumination, which may rationally explain the origin of the Medinite superstition concerning the column of light which crowns the Prophet's tomb. There is no uniformity in the shape or the size of these four minarets, and at first sight, despite their beauty and grandeur, they appear somewhat bizarre and misplaced. But after a few days I found that my eye grew accustomed to them, and I had no difficulty in appreciating their massive proportions and lofty forms.

Equally irregular are the Riwaks, or porches, surrounding the hypæthral court. Along the northern wall there will be, when finished, a fine colonnade of granite, paved with marble. The eastern Riwak has three rows of pillars, the western four, and the southern, under which stands the tomb, of course has its columns ranged deeper than all the others. These supports of

the building are of different material; some of fine marble, others of rough stone merely plastered over and painted with the most vulgar of arabesques—vermillion and black in irregular patches, and broad streaks like the stage face of a London clown. Their size moreover is different, the southern colonnade being composed of pillars palpably larger than those in the other parts of the Mosque. Scarcely any two shafts have similar capitals; many have no pedestal, and some of them are cut with a painful ignorance of art. I cannot extend my admiration of the minarets to the columns—in *their* “architectural lawlessness” there is not a redeeming point.

Of these unpraisable pillars three are celebrated in the annals of El Islam, for which reason their names are painted upon them, and five others enjoy the honor of distinctive appellations. The first is called El Mukhallak, because, on some occasion of impurity, it was anointed with a perfume called Khaluk. It is near the Mihrab el Nabawi, on the right of the place where the Imam prays, and it notes the spot where, before the invention of the pulpit, the Prophet, leaning upon the Ustuwanat el Hannanah—the Weeping Pillar—used to recite the Khutbah or Friday sermon.

The second stands third from the pulpit, and third from the Hujrah. It is called the Pillar of Ayisha, also the Ustuwanat el Kurah, or the Column of Lots, because the Prophet, according to the testimony of his favourite wife, declared that if men knew the value of the place, they would cast lots to pray there: in some

books it is known as the Pillar of the Muhajirin or Fugitives, and others mention it as El Mukhallak—the Perfumed.

Twenty cubits distant from Ayisha's Pillar, and the second from the Hujrah and the fourth from the pulpit, is the Pillar of Repentance, or of Abu Lubabah. It derives its name from the following circumstance. Abu Lubabah was a native of El Medinah, one of the Auxiliaries and a companion of Mohammed, originally it is said a Jew, according to others of the Beni Amr bin Auf of the Aus tribe. Being sent for by his kinsmen or his allies, the Benú Kurayzah, at that time capitulating to Mohammed, he was consulted by the distracted tribe: men, women and children threw themselves at his feet, and begged of him to intercede for them with the offended Prophet. Abu Lubabah swore he would do so: at the same time, he drew his hand across his throat, as much as to say, "Defend yourselves to the last, for if you yield, such is your doom." Afterwards repenting, he bound himself with a huge chain to the date-tree in whose place the column now stands, vowing to continue there until Allah and the Prophet accepted his penitence—a circumstance which did not take place till the tenth day, when his hearing was gone and he had almost lost his sight.

The less celebrated pillars are the Ustuwanat Sarir, or Column of the Cot, where the Prophet was wont to sit meditating on his humble couch-frame of date-sticks. The Ustuwanat Ali notes the spot where the fourth caliph used to pray and watch near his father.

in-law at night. At the Ustuwanat-el Wufud, as its name denotes, the Prophet received envoys, couriers, and emissaries from foreign places. The Ustuwanat el Tahajjud now stands where Mohammed, sitting upon his mat, passed the night in prayer. And lastly is the Makam Jibrail (Gabriel's place), for whose other name, Mirba'at el Ba'ir, "the Pole of the Beast of Burden," I have been unable to find an explanation.

The four Riwaks, or porches, of the Medinah Mosque open upon a hypæthral court of parallelogrammic shape. The only remarkable object in it is a square of wooden railing enclosing a place full of well-watered earth, called the Garden of our Lady Fatimah. It now contains a dozen date-trees—in Ibn Jubayr's time there were fifteen. Their fruit is sent by the eunuchs as presents to the Sultan and the great men of El Islam; it is highly valued by the vulgar, but the Olema do not think much of its claims to importance. Among the palms are the venerable remains of a Sidr, or Lote tree (*Rhamnus Nabeca*, *Forsk.*), whose produce is sold for inordinate sums. The enclosure is entered by a dwarf gate in the south-eastern portion of the railing, nearer the well, and one of the eunuchs is generally to be seen there: it is under the charge of the Mudir, or chief treasurer. These gardens are not uncommon in Mosques, as the traveller who passes through Cairo can convince himself. They form a pretty and an appropriate feature in a building erected for the worship of Him "who spread the Earth with Carpets of Flowers and drew shady Trees from the

Mecca and Medina. II.

dead Ground." A tradition of the Prophet also declares that "acceptable is Devotion in the Garden and in the Orchard."

At the south-east angle of this enclosure, under a wooden roof supported by pillars of the same material, stands the Zem Zem, generally called the Bir el Nabi, or "the Prophet's well." My predecessor declares that the brackishness of its produce has stood in the way of its reputation for holiness. Yet a well educated man told me that it was as "light" (wholesome) water as any in El Medinah,—a fact which he accounted for by supposing a subterraneous passage which connects it with the great Zem Zem at Meccah. Others, again, believe that it is filled by a vein of water springing directly under the Prophet's grave: generally, however, among the learned it is not more revered than our Lady's Garden, nor is it ranked in books among the holy wells of El Medinah.

Between this Zem Zem and the eastern Riwak is the Stoa, or Academia, of the Prophet's city. In the cool mornings and evenings the ground is strewed with professors, who teach the young idea, as an eminent orientalist hath it, to shout rather than to shoot. A few feet to the south of the palm garden is a moveable wooden planking painted green, and about three feet high; it serves to separate the congregation from the Imam when he prays here; and at the north-eastern angle of the enclosure is a Shajar Kanadil, a large brass chandelier which completes the furniture of the court.

After this inspection, the shadows of evening began to gather round us. We left the Mosque, reverently taking care to issue forth with the left foot and not to back out of it as is the Sunnat or practice derived from the Prophet, when taking leave of the Meccan Temple.

To conclude this long chapter. Although every Moslem, learned and simple, firmly believes that Mohammed's remains are interred in the Hujrah at El Medinah, I cannot help suspecting that the place is doubtful as that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It must be remembered that a tumult followed the announcement of the Prophet's death, when the people, as often happens, believing him to be immortal, refused to credit the report, and even Omar threatened destruction to any one that asserted it. Moreover the body was scarcely cold when the contest about the succession arose between the fugitives of Meccah and the auxiliaries of El Medinah: in the ardour of which, according to the Shiah, the house of Ali and Fatimah, —within a few feet of the spot where the tomb of the Prophet is now placed—was threatened with fire, and Abubekr was elected caliph that same evening. If any one find cause to wonder that the last resting-place of a personage so important was not fixed for ever he may find many a parallel case in El Medinah. To quote no other, three several localities claim the honor of containing the Lady Fatimah's mortal spoils, although one might suppose that the daughter of the Prophet and the mother of the Imams would not be

laid in an unknown grave. My reasons for incredulity are the following:

From the earliest days the shape of the Prophet's tomb has never been generally known in El Islam. For this reason it is that graves are made convex in some countries, and flat in others: had there been a Sunnat, such would not have been the case.

The accounts of the learned are discrepant. El Samanhudi, perhaps the highest authority, contradicts himself. In one place he describes the coffin; in another he expressly declares that he entered the Hujrah when it was being repaired by Kaid Bey, and saw in the inside three deep graves, but no traces of tombs. Either, then, the mortal remains of the Prophet had—despite Moslem superstition—mingled with the dust, a probable circumstance after nearly 900 years' interment, or, what is more likely, they had been removed by the Shiah schismatics who for centuries had charge of the sepulchre.*

And lastly, I cannot but look upon the tale of the blinding light which surrounds the Prophet's tomb, current for ages past and still universally believed upon the authority of the attendant eunuchs, who must know its falsehood, as a priestly gloss intended to conceal a defect.

I here conclude the subject, committing it to some future and more favored investigator. In offering the

* Note to Third Edition. I have lately been assured by Mohammed el Halabi, Shaykh el Olema of Damascus, that he was permitted by the Aghawat to pass through the gold-plated door leading into the Hujrah and that he saw no trace of a sepulchre.

above remarks, I am far from wishing to throw a doubt upon an established point of history. But where a suspicion of fable arises from popular "facts," a knowledge of a man and of his manners teaches us to regard it with favoring eye.*

* In these pages I have often translated *Rasul Allah* by the popular "Prophet of Allah." The reader, however, is warned that the word means "one sent," *i. e.* an Apostle, and that Mohammed repeatedly and absolutely disclaimed powers of prophecy and of miracle-mongering. Those who call him the "false prophet" little know his character.

CHAPTER III.

An Essay towards the History of the Prophet's Mosque.

IBN ABBAS has informed the world that when the eighty individuals composing Noah's family issued from the ark, they settled at a place distant 10 marches and 12 parasangs (36—48 miles) from Babel or Babylon. There they increased and multiplied and spread into a mighty empire. At length under the rule of Namrud (Nimrod), son of Kana'an (Canaan), son of Ham, they lapsed from the worship of the true God: a miracle dispersed them into distant parts of the earth, and they were further broken up by the one primæval language being divided into seventy-two dialects. A tribe called Aulad Sam bin Nuh (the children of Shem), or Amalikah and Amalik, from their ancestor Amlak bin Arfakhshad bin Sam bin Nuh, was inspired with a knowledge of the Arabic tongue: it settled at El Medinah, and was the first to cultivate the ground and to plant palm trees. In course of time these people extended over the whole tract between the seas of El Hejaz (the Red Sea) and El Oman (north-western part of the Indian Ocean), and they became the progenitors of the Jababirah (Tyrants or "Giants") of Syria as well as the Fara'inah (Pharaohs) of Egypt. Under these Amalik such was

the age of man that during the space of 400 years a bier would not be seen, nor could "keening" be heard in their cities.

In this wild tradition we find a confirmation of the sound geographical opinion which makes Arabia "*une des pépinières du genre humain*" (M. Jomard). It must be remembered that the theatre of all earliest civilisation has been a fertile valley with a navigable stream, like Sind, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. The existence of such a spot in Arabia would have altered every page of her history; she would then have become a centre, not a source of civilisation. Strabo's Malothes River in Yemen is therefore a myth. As it is, the immense population of the peninsula—still thick, even in the "deserts"—has, from the earliest ages, been impelled by drought, famine, or desire of conquest, to emigrate into happier regions. All history mentions two main streams which took their rise in the wilds:—the first set to the north-east, through Persia, Mekran, Beluchistan, Sind, the Afghan Mountains, as far as Samarcand, Bokhara, and Tibet; the other, flowing towards the north-west, passed through Egypt and Barbary into Etruria, Spain, the Isles of the Mediterranean, and southern France. There are two minor emigrations chronicled in history, and written in the indelible characters of physiognomy and phrenology. One of these set in an exiguous but perennial stream towards India, especially Malabar, where, mixing with the people of the country, the Arab merchants become the progenitors of the Moplah race.

The other was a partial emigration, also for commercial purposes, to the coast of Berberah, in Eastern Africa, where, mixing with the Galla tribes, the people of Hazramaut became the sires of the extensive Somali and Sawahil nations. Thus we have from Arabia four different lines of emigration, tending N.E. and S.E., N.W. and S.W.

At some future time I hope to develop this curious but somewhat obscure portion of Arabian history. It bears upon a most interesting subject, and serves to explain, by the consanguinity of races, the marvellous celerity with which the faith of El Islam spread from the Pillars of Hercules to the confines of China—embracing part of Southern Europe, the whole of Northern and a portion of Central Africa, and at least three-fourths of the continent of Asia.

The last king of the Amalik, "Arkam bin el Arkam," was, according to most authors, slain by an army of the children of Israel sent by Moses after the Exodus, with orders thoroughly to purge Meccah and El Medinah of its Infidel inhabitants. All the tribe was destroyed, with the exception of the women, the children, and a youth of the royal family, whose extraordinary beauty persuaded the invaders to spare him pending a reference to the Prophet. When the army returned, they found that Moses had died during the expedition, and they were received with reproaches by the people for having violated his express command. The soldiers, unwilling to live with their own nation

under this reproach, returned to El Hejaz, and settled there.

Moslem authors are agreed that after the Amalik, the Benú Israel ruled in the Holy Land of Arabia, but the learned in history are not agreed upon the cause of their emigration. According to some, when Moses was returning from a pilgrimage to Meccah, a multitude of his followers, seeing in El Medinah the signs of the city which, according to the Taurat, or Pentateuch, should hear the preaching of the last Prophet, settled there and were joined by many Bedawin of the neighbourhood who conformed to the law of Moses. Ibn Shaybah also informs us that when Moses and Aaron were wending northwards from Meccah, they, being in fear of certain Jews settled at El Medinah, did not enter the city, but pitched their tents on Mount Ohod. Aaron being about to die, Moses dug his tomb, and said, "Brother, thine hour is come! turn thy face to the next world!" Aaron entered the grave, lay at full length, and immediately expired, upon which the Jewish lawgiver covered him with earth, and went his way towards the Promised Land.

Abu Hurayrah asserted that the Benú Israel, after long searching, settled in El Medinah, because, when driven from Palestine by the invasion of Bukht el Nasr (Nebuchadnezzar), they found in their books that the last Prophet would manifest himself in a town of the towns of Arabiyah, called Zat Nakhl, or the "place of palm trees." Some of the sons of Aaron occupied the city; other tribes settled at Khaybar, and in the

neighbourhood, building "Utum," or square, flat-roofed, stone castles for habitation and defence. They left an order to their descendants that Mohammed should be favourably received, but Allah hardened their hearts unto their own destruction. Like asses they turned their backs upon Allah's mercy,* and the consequence is, that they have been rooted out of the land. The Tarikh Tabari declares that when Bukht el Nasr, after destroying Jerusalem, attacked and slew the king of Egypt, who had given an asylum to a remnant of the house of Israel, the persecuted fugitives made their way into El Hejaz, settled near Yasrib (El Medinah), where they founded several towns, Khaybar, Fadak, Wady el Subu', Wady el Kura, Kurayzah, and many others. It appears, then, by the concurrence of historians, that the Jews at an early time either colonised, or supplanted the Amalik at, El Medinah.

At length the Israelites fell away from the worship of the one God, who raised up against them the Arab tribes of Aus and Khazraj, the progenitors of the modern Ansar. Both these tribes claimed a kindred origin, and Yemen as the land of their nativity. The circumstances of their emigration are thus described. The descendants of Yarab bin Kahtan, bin Shalik, bin Arfakhshad, bin Sam, bin Nuh, kinsmen to the Amalik, inhabited in prosperity the land of Saba. Their sway extended two months' journey from the dyke of Mareb, near the modern capital of Yemen, as far as Syria,

* When the Arabs see the ass turn tail to the wind and rain, they exclaim, "Lo! he turneth his back upon the mercy of Allah!"

and incredible tales are told of their hospitality and the fertility of their land. As usual, their hearts were perverted by prosperity. They begged Allah to relieve them from the troubles of extended empire and the duties of hospitality by diminishing their possessions. The consequence of their impious supplications was the well-known flood of Irem. The chief of the descendants of Kahtan bin Saba, one of the ruling families in Yemen, was one Amru bin Amin Ma-els-Sama, called "El Muzaykayh" from his rending in pieces every garment once worn. His wife Tarikah Himyariah, being skilled in divination, foresaw the fatal event, and warned her husband, who, unwilling to break from his tribe without an excuse, contrived the following stratagem. He privily ordered his adopted son, an orphan, to dispute with him, and strike him in the face at a feast composed of the principal persons in the kingdom. The disgrace of such a scene afforded him a pretext for selling off his property, and, followed by his thirteen sons,—all borne to him by his wife Tarikah,—and others of the tribe, Amru emigrated northwards. The little party, thus preserved from the Yemenian Deluge, was destined by Allah to become the forefathers of the Auxiliaries of his chosen Prophet.

All the children of Amru thus dispersed into different parts of Arabia. His eldest son, Salabah bin Amru, chose El Hejaz, settled at El Medinah, then in the hands of the impious Beni Israel, and became the father of the Aus and Khazraj. In course of time,

the new comers were made by Allah an instrument of vengeance against the disobedient Jews. Of the latter people the two tribes Kurayzah and Nazir claimed certain feudal rights (well-known to Europe) upon all occasions of Arab marriages. The Aus and the Khazraj, after enduring this indignity for a time, at length had recourse to one of their kinsmen, who, when the family dispersed, had settled in Syria. Abu Jubaylah, thus summoned, marched an army to El Medinah, avenged the honor of his blood, and destroyed the power of the Jews, who from that moment became Mawali, or clients to the Arabs.

For a time the tribes of Aus and Khazraj, freed from the common enemy, lived in peace and harmony. At last they fell into feuds and fought with fratricidal strife, until the coming of the Prophet effected a reconciliation between them. This did not take place, however, before the Khazraj, at the battle of Buas (about A. D. 615), received a decided defeat from the Aus.

It is also related, to prove how El Medinah was predestined to a high fate, that nearly three centuries before the siege of the town by Abu Jubaylah, the Tobba el Asghar marched northward, at the requisition of the Aus and Khazraj tribes, in order to punish the Jews; or according to others, at the request of the Jews to revenge them upon the Aus and Khazraj. After capturing the town, he left one of his sons to govern it, and marched onwards to conquer Syria and El Irak. Suddenly informed that the people of

El Medinah had treacherously murdered their new prince, the exasperated Tobba returned and attacked the place, and when his horse was killed under him, he swore that he would never decamp before razing it to the ground. Whereupon two Jewish priests, Ka'ab and Assayd, went over to him and informed him that it was not in the power of man to destroy the town, it being preserved by Allah, as their books proved, for the refuge of his Prophet, the descendant of Ishmael. The Tobba Judaized. Taking 400 of the priests with him he departed from El Medinah, performed pilgrimage to the Kaabah of Meccah, which he invested with a splendid covering,* and, after erecting a house for the expected Prophet, he returned to his capital in Yemen, where he abolished idolatry by the ordeal of fire. He treated his priestly guests with particular attention, and on his death-bed he wrote the following tetrastich:—

“I testify of Ahmed that he of a truth
Is a prophet from Allah, the Maker of souls.
Be my age extended into his age,
I would be to him a Wazir and a cousin.

Then sealing the paper he committed it to the charge of the High Priest, with a solemn injunction to deliver

* If this be true it proves that the Jews of El Hejaz had in those days a superstitious reverence for the Kaabah; otherwise the Tobba, after conforming to the law of Moses, would not have shown it this mark of respect. Moreover there is a legend that the same Rabbis dissuaded the Tobba from plundering the sacred place when he was treacherously advised so to do by the Benu Hudayl Arabs.

I have lately perused “The Worship of Baalem in Israel,” based upon the work of Dr. R. Dozy. “The Israelites in Mecca,” By Dr. H. Oort. Translated from the Dutch, and enlarged, with Notes and Appendices, by the Right Rev.

the letter, should an opportunity offer, into the hands of the great Prophet; and that if the day be distant, the missive should be handed down from generation to generation till it reached the person to whom it was addressed. The house founded by him at El Medinah was committed to a priest of whose descendants was Abu Ayyub the Ansari, the first person over whose threshold the Prophet passed when he ended the flight. Abu Ayyub had also charge of the Toba's letter, so that, after three or four centuries, it arrived at its destination.

El Medinah was ever well inclined to Mohammed. In the early part of his career, the emissaries of a tribe called the Benú Abd el Ashhal came from that town to Meccah, in order to make a treaty with the Kuraysh, and the Prophet seized the opportunity of preaching El Islam to them. His words were seconded by Ayyas bin Ma'az, a youth of the tribe, and opposed by the chiefs of the embassy, who, however, returned home without pledging themselves to either party. Shortly afterwards a body of the Aus and the Khazraj came to the pilgrimage of Meccah; when the Prophet began preaching to them, they recognised the person so long expected by the Jews, and swore to him an oath which is called in Moslem history the "First

John William Colenso, D.D. (Longmans). I can see no reason why Meccah or Beccah should be made to mean "A slaughter," why the Kaabah should be founded by the Simeonites, why the Hajj should be the Feast of Trumpets, and other assertions, in which everything seems to be taken for granted except etymology which is tortured into confession. If Meccah had been founded by the Simeonites why did the Guebres and the Hindus respect it?

Fealty of the Steep." After the six individuals who had thus pledged themselves returned to their native city, the event being duly bruited abroad caused such an effect that when the next pilgrimage season came, twelve, or according to others forty persons, led by Asad bin Zararah, accompanied the original converts, and in the same place swore the "Second Fealty of the Steep." The Prophet dismissed them in company with one Musab bin Umayr, a Meccan, charged to teach them the Koran and their religious duties, which in those times consisted only of prayer and the profession of unity. They arrived at El Medinah on a Friday, and this was the first day on which the city witnessed the public devotions of the Moslems.

After some persecutions Musab had the fortune to convert a cousin of Asad bin Zararah, a chief of the Aus, Sa'ad bin Ma'az, whose opposition had been of the fiercest. He persuaded his tribe, the Benú Abd el Ashhal, to break their idols and openly to profess El Islam. The next season, Musab having made many converts, some say seventy, others three hundred, marched from El Medinah to Meccah for the pilgrimage, and there induced his followers to meet the Prophet at midnight upon the steep near Muna. Mohammed preached to them their duties towards Allah and himself, especially insisting upon the necessity of warring down infidelity. They pleaded ancient treaties with the Jews of El Medinah, and showed apprehension lest the Prophet, after bringing them into disgrace with their fellows, should desert them and return to

the faith of his kinsmen the Kuraysh. Mohammed, smiling, comforted them with the assurance that he was with them, body and soul, for ever. Upon this they asked him what would be their reward if slain. The Prophet replied "Gardens 'neath which the streams flow"—that is to say, Paradise.

Then, in spite of the advice of El Abbas, Mohammed's uncle, who was loud in his denunciations, they bade the preacher stretch out his hand, and upon it swore the oath known as the "Great Fealty of the Steep." After comforting them with an Ayat, or Koranic verse, which promised heaven to them, Mohammed divided his followers into twelve parties, and placing a chief at the head of each, dismissed them to their homes. He rejected the offer made by one of the party—namely, to slay all the idolaters present at the pilgrimage—saying that Allah had favored him with no such order. For the same reason he refused their invitation to visit El Medinah, which was the principal object of their mission, and he then took an affectionate leave of them.

Two months and a half after the events above detailed, Mohammed received the inspired tidings that El Medinah of the Hejaz was his predestined asylum. In anticipation of the order, for as yet the time had not been revealed, he sent forward his friends, among whom were Omar, Talhah, and Hamzah, retaining with him Abubekr and Ali. The particulars of the Flight, that eventful accident to El Islam, are too well known to require mention here, besides which they belong

rather to the category of general than of Medinite history.

Mohammed was escorted into El Medinah by one Buraydat el Aslami and eighty men of the same tribe, who had been offered by the Kuraysh 100 camels for the capture of the fugitives. But Buraydat, after listening to their terms, accidentally entered into conversation with Mohammed, and no sooner did he hear the name of his interlocutor, than he professed the faith of El Islam. He then prepared for the Prophet a standard by attaching his turban to a spear, and anxiously inquired what house was to be honored by the presence of Allah's chosen servant. "Whichever," replied Mohammed, "this she-camel is ordered to show me." At the last halting-place, he accidentally met some of his disciples returning from a trading voyage to Syria; they dressed him and his companion Abubekr in white clothing, which it is said caused the people of Kuba to pay a mistaken reverence to the latter. The Moslems of El Medinah were in the habit of repairing every morning to the heights near the city, looking out for the Prophet, and when the sun waxed hot they returned home. One day, about noon, a Jew, who discovered the return from afar, suddenly warned the nearest party of Ansar, or Auxiliaries of El Medinah, that the fugitive was come. They snatched up their arms and hurried from their houses to meet him. Mohammed's she-camel advanced to the centre of the then flourishing town of Kuba. There she suddenly knelt upon a place which

Mecca and Medina. II.

is now consecrated ground; at that time it was an open space, belonging, they say, to Abu Ayyub the Ansari, who had a house there near the abodes of the Benú Amr bin Auf. This event happened on the first day of the week, the twelfth of the month Rabia el Awwal, in the first year of the Flight: for which reason Monday, which also witnessed the birth, the mission, and the death of the Prophet, is an auspicious day to El Islam.

After halting two days in the house of Kulsum bin Hadmah at Kuba, and there laying the foundation of the first Mosque, upon the lines where his she-camel trod, the Prophet was joined by Ali, who had remained at Meccah, for the purpose of returning certain trusts and deposits committed to Mohammed's charge. He waited three days longer: on Friday morning (the 16th Rabia el Awwal, A.H. 1 = July 2nd, A. D. 622), about sunrise, he mounted El Kaswa, and, accompanied by a throng of armed Ansar on foot and on horseback, he took the way to the city. At the hour of public prayer, he halted in the wady or valley near Kuba, upon the spot where the Masjid el Jumah still is, performed his devotions, and preached an eloquent sermon. He then remounted. Numbers pressed forward to offer him hospitality; he blessed them, and bade them stand out of the way, declaring that El Kaswa would halt of her own accord at the predestined spot. He then advanced to where the Prophet's pulpit now stands. There the she-camel knelt, and the rider exclaimed, as one inspired, "This

is our place, if Almighty Allah please!" Descending from El Kaswa, he recited, "O Lord, cause me to alight a good Alighting, and Thou art the Best of those who cause to alight!" Presently the camel rose unaided, advanced a few steps, and then, according to some, returning, sat down upon her former seat; according to others, she knelt at the door of Abu Ayyub el Ansari, whose abode in those days was the nearest to the halting-place. The descendant of the Jewish High Priest in the time of the Tobbas, with the Prophet's permission, took the baggage off the camel, and carried it into his house. Then ensued great rejoicings. The Abyssinians came and played with their spears. The maidens of the Benú Najjar tribe sang and beat their kettle-drums. And all the wives of the Ansar celebrated with shrill cries of joy the auspicious event; whilst the males, young and old, freemen and slaves, shouted with effusion, "Allah's Messenger is come! Allah's Messenger is here!"

Mohammed caused Abu Ayyub and his wife to remove into the upper story, contenting himself with the humbler lower rooms. This was done for the greater convenience of receiving visitors without troubling the family; but the master of the house was thereby rendered uncomfortable in mind. His various remarks about the Prophet's diet and domestic habits, especially his avoiding leeks, onions, and garlic, are gravely chronicled by Moslem authors. Mohammed never would eat these strong-smelling vegetables on account of his converse with the angels, even as

modern "Spiritualists" refuse to smoke tobacco; at the same time he allowed his followers to do so, except when appearing in his presence, entering a Mosque, or joining in public prayers.

After spending seven months, more or less, at the house of Abu Ayyub, Mohammed, now surrounded by his wives and family, built close to the Mosque, huts for their reception. The ground was sold to him by Sahal and Suhayl, two orphans of the Benú Najjar,* a noble family of the Khazraj. Some time afterwards one Harisat bin el Nu'man presented to the Prophet all his houses in the vicinity of the temple. In those days the habitations of the Arabs were made of a framework of Jerid or palm sticks, covered over with a cloth of camel's hair, a curtain of similar stuff forming the door. The richer sort had walls of unbaked brick, and date-leaf roofs plastered over with mud or clay. Of this description were the abodes of Mohammed's family. Most of them were built on the N. and E. of the Mosque, which had open ground on the western side; and the doors looked towards the place of prayer. In course of time, all, except Abubekr and Ali, were ordered to close their doors, and even Omar was refused the favour of having a window opening into the temple.

Presently the Jews of El Medinah, offended by the conduct of Abdullah bin Salam, their most learned

* The name of the tribe literally means "sons of a carpenter;" hence the error of the learned and violent Humphrey Prideaux, corrected by Sale.

priest and a descendant from the Patriarch Joseph, who had become a convert to the Moslem dispensation, began to plot against Mohammed. They were headed by Hajj bin Akhtah, and his brother Yasir bin Akhtah, and were joined by many of the Aus and the Khazraj. The events that followed this combination of the Munafikun, or Hypocrites, under their chief, Abdullah, belong to the domain of Arabian history.

Mohammed spent the last ten years of his life at El Medinah. He died on Monday, some say at nine A. M., others at noon, others a little after, the twelfth of Rabia el Awwal in the eleventh year of the Hijrah. When his family and companions debated where he should be buried Ali advised El Medinah, and Abubekr, Ayisha's chamber, quoting a saying of the deceased that prophets and martyrs are always interred where they happen to die. The Apostle of El Islam was placed, it is said, under the bed where he had given up the ghost, by Ali and the two sons of Abbas, who dug the grave.

With the life of Mohammed the interest of El Medinah ceases, or rather is concentrated in the history of its temple. Since then the city has passed through the hands of the Caliphs, the Sheriffs of Meccah, the Sultans of Constantinople, the Wahhabis, and the Egyptians. It has now reverted to the Sultan, whose government is beginning to believe that, in these days when religious prestige is of little value, the great Khan's title, "Servant of the Holy Shrines," is purchased at too high a price. As has before been

observed, the Turks now struggle for existence in El Hejaz with a soldiery ever in arrears, and officers unequal to the task of managing an unruly people. The pensions are but partly paid, and they are not likely to increase with years. It is probably a mere consideration of interest that prevents the people rising en masse, and reasserting the liberties of their country. And I have heard from authentic sources that the Wahhabis look forward to the day when a fresh crusade will enable them to purge the land of its abominations in the shape of silver and gold.

The Masjid el Nabi, or Prophet's Mosque, is the second in El Islam in point of seniority, and the second, or according to others the first in dignity, ranking with the Kaabah itself. It is erected around the spot where the she-camel, El Kaswa, knelt down by the order of Heaven. At that time the land was a palm grove and a Mirbad, or place where dates are dried. Mohammed, ordered to erect a place of worship there, sent for the youths to whom it belonged and certain Ansar, or Auxiliaries, their guardians; the ground was offered to him in free gift, but he insisted upon purchasing it, paying more than its value. Having caused the soil to be levelled and the trees to be felled, he laid the foundation of the first Mosque. In those times of primitive simplicity its walls were made of rough stone and unbaked bricks: trunks of date-trees supported a palm-stick roof, concerning which the Archangel Gabriel delivered an order that it should not be higher than seven cubits, the elevation

of Moses's temple. All ornament was strictly forbidden. The Ansar, or men of El Medinah, and the Muhamirún, or Fugitives from Meccah, carried the building materials in their arms from the cemetery El Bakia, near the well of Ayyub, north of the spot where Ibrahim's Mosque now stands, and the Prophet was to be seen aiding them in their labours, and reciting for their encouragement,

“O Allah! there is no good but the good of futurity,
Then have mercy upon my Ansar and Muhamirún!”

The length of this Mosque was fifty-four cubits from north to south, and sixty-three in breadth, and it was hemmed in by houses on all sides save the western. Till the seventeenth month of the new æra the congregation faced towards the northern wall. After that time a fresh revelation turned them in the direction of Meccah—southwards: on which occasion the Archangel Gabriel descended and miraculously opened through the hills and wilds a view of the Kaabah, that there might be no difficulty in ascertaining its true position.

After the capture of Khaybar in A.H. 7, the Prophet and his first three successors restored the Mosque, but Moslem historians do not consider this a second foundation. Mohammed laid the first brick, and Abu Hurayrah declares that he saw him carry heaps of building material piled up to his breast. The Caliphs, each in the turn of his succession, placed a brick close to that laid by the Prophet, and aided him in

raising the walls. El Tabrani relates that one of the Ansar had a house adjacent which Mohammed wished to make part of the place of prayer; the proprietor was promised in exchange for it a home in Paradise, which he gently rejected, pleading poverty. His excuse was admitted, and Osman, after purchasing the place for 10,000 dirhams, gave it to the Prophet on the long credit originally offered.

This Mosque was a square of 100 cubits. Like the former building it had three doors: one on the south side, where the Mihrab el Nabawi, or the "Prophet's niche," now is; another in the place of the present Bab el Rahmah, and the third at the Bab Osman, now called the Gate of Gabriel. Instead of a Mihrab or prayer niche, a large block of stone directed the congregation; at first it was placed against the northern wall of the Mosque, and it was removed to the southern when Mecca became the Kiblah.

In the beginning the Prophet, whilst preaching the Khutbah or Friday sermon, leaned when fatigued against a post. The Mambar, or pulpit, was the invention of a Medinah man of the Benú Najjar. It was a wooden frame, two cubits long by one broad, with three steps, each one span high; on the topmost of these the Prophet sat when he required rest. The pulpit assumed its present form about A.H. 90, during the artistic reign of El Walid.

In this Mosque Mohammed spent the greater part of the day with his companions, conversing, instructing,

and comforting the poor. Hard by were the abodes of his wives, his family, and his principal friends. Here he prayed, at the call of the Azan (devotion-cry), from the roof. Here he received worldly envoys and embassies, and the heavenly messages conveyed by the Archangel Gabriel. And within a few yards of the hallowed spot, he died, and found a grave.

The theatre of events so important to El Islam could not be allowed—especially as no divine degree forbade the change—to remain in its pristine lowliness. The first Caliph contented himself with merely restoring some of the palm pillars, which had fallen to the ground: Omar, the second successor, surrounded the Hujrah, or Ayisha's chamber, in which the Prophet was buried, with a mud wall; and in A. H. 17, he enlarged the Mosque to 140 cubits by 120, taking in ground on all sides except the eastern, where stood the abodes of the "Mothers of the Moslems"—Mohammed's fifteen widows. Outside the northern wall he erected a Suffah, called El Batha—a raised bench of wood, earth, or stone, upon which the people might recreate themselves with conversation and quoting serious poetry, for the Mosque was now becoming a place of peculiar reverence to men.

The second Masjid was erected A. H. 29, by the third Caliph, Osman, who regardless of the clamors of the people, overthrew the old walls and extended the building greatly towards the north, and a little towards the west; but he did not remove the eastern

limit on account of the private house. He made the roof of Indian teak (Saj), and the walls of hewn and carved stone. These innovations caused some excitement, which he allayed by quoting a tradition of the Prophet, with one of which he appears perpetually to have been prepared. The saying in question was, according to some, "Were this my Mosque extended to Safa—a hill in Meccah—it verily would still be my Mosque;" according to others, "Were the Prophet's Mosque extended to Zu'l Halifah—a place five miles from El Medinah—it would still be his." But Osman's skill in the quotation of tradition did not prevent the new building being in part a cause of his death. It was finished on the 1st Muharram, A.H. 30.

At length, El Islam, grown splendid and powerful, determined to surpass other nations in the magnificence of its public buildings. In A. H. 88, El Walid the First, twelfth Caliph of the Benú Ummayah race, after annexing and converting the noble "Jami el Ammawi" (cathedral of the Ommiades) at Damascus, determined to display his liberality at El Medinah. The governor of the place, Umar bin Abd-el-Aziz, was directed to buy for 7000 Dinars (ducats) all the hovels of raw brick that hedged in the eastern side of the old Mosque. They were inhabited by descendants of the Prophet and of the early Caliphs, and in more than one case, the ejection of the holy tenantry was effected with considerable difficulty. Some of the women—ever the most obstinate on such occasions—refused to take money, and Umar was forced to the

objectionable measure of turning them out of doors with exposed faces in full day. The Greek Emperor, applied to by the magnificent Caliph, sent immense presents, silver lamp chains, valuable curiosities, forty loads of small cut stones for pietra-dura, and a sum of 80,000 Dinars, or, as others say, 40,000 Miskals of gold. He also despatched forty Coptic and forty Greek artists to carve the marble pillars and the casings of the walls, and to superintend the gilding and the mosaic work. One of these Christians was beheaded for sculpturing a hog on the Kiblah wall, and another, in an attempt to defile the roof, fell to the ground, and his brains were dashed out. The remainder Islamized, but this did not prevent the older Arabs murmuring that their Mosque had been turned into a Kanisah—a Christian idol-house.

The Hujrah, or chamber, where, by Mohammed's permission, Azrael, the Angel of Death, separated his soul from his body, whilst his head was lying in the lap of Ayisha, his favourite wife, was now for the first time taken into the Mosque. The raw-brick enceinte which surrounded the three graves was exchanged for one of carved stone, enclosed by an outer precinct with a narrow passage between. These double walls were either without a door, or had only a small blocked-up wicket on the northern side, and from that day (A. H. 90), no one, says El Samanhudi, has been able to approach the sepulchre. A minaret was erected at each corner of the Mosque. The building was enlarged to 200 cubits by 167, and was finished

in A. H. 91. When El Walid, the Caliph, visited it in state, he inquired of his lieutenant why greater magnificence had not been displayed in the erection; upon which Umar, the Governor, informed him, to his astonishment, that the walls alone had cost 45,000 ducats.

The fourth Mosque was erected in A. H. 191, by El Mehdi, third prince of the Benú Abbas or Baghdad Caliphs—celebrated in history only for spending enormous sums upon a pilgrimage. He enlarged the building by adding ten handsome pillars of carved marble, with gilt capitals, on the northern side. In A. H. 202, El Ma'mun made further additions to this Mosque. It was from El Mehdi's Masjid that El Hakim b'amr Illah, the third Fatimite Caliph of Egypt, and the deity of the Druze sect, determined to steal the bodies of the Prophet and his two companions. About A. H. 412, he sent emissaries to El Medinah: the attempt, however, failed, and the would-be violators of the tomb lost their lives. It is generally supposed that El Hakim's object was to transfer the Visitation to his own capital; but in one so manifestly insane it is difficult to discover the spring of action. Two Christians, habited like Maghribi pilgrims, in A. H. 550, dug a mine from a neighbouring house into the temple. They were discovered, beheaded, and burned to ashes. In relating these events the Moslem historians mix up many foolish preternaturalisms with credible matter. At last, to prevent a recurrence of such sacrilegious attempts, El Malik el Adil Nur el Din of the Baharite

Mamluk Sultans, or, according to others, Sultan Nur el Din Shahid Mahmud bin Zangi, who, warned by a vision of the Prophet, had started for El Medinah only in time to discover the two Christians, surrounded the holy place with a deep trench filled with molten lead. By this means Abubekr and Omar, who had run considerable risks of their own, have ever since been enabled to occupy their last homes undisturbed.

In A. H. 654, the fifth Mosque was erected in consequence of a fire, which some authors attribute to a volcano that broke out close to the town in terrible eruption; others, with more fanaticism and less probability, to the schismatic Beni Husayn, then the guardians of the tomb. On this occasion the Hujrah was saved, together with the old and venerable copies of the Koran there deposited, especially the Cufic MSS., written by Osman, the third Caliph. The piety of three sovereigns, El Mustasim (last Caliph of Baghdad), El Muzaffar Shems el Din Yusuf, chief of Yemen, and El Zahir Beybars, Baharite Sultan of Egypt, completed the work in A. H. 688. This building was enlarged and beautified by the princes of Egypt, and lasted upwards of 200 years.

The sixth Mosque was built, almost as it now stands, by Kaid Bey, nineteenth Sultan of the Circassian Mamluk kings of Egypt, in A. H. 888: it is therefore more than four centuries old. El Mustasim's mosque had been struck by lightning during a storm; thirteen men were killed at prayers, and the destroying

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element spared nothing but the interior of the Hujrah.* The railing and dome were restored; niches and a pulpit were sent from Cairo, and the gates and minarets were distributed as they are now. Not content with this, Kaid Bey established "Wakf" (bequests) and pensions, and introduced order among the attendants on the tomb. In the tenth century, Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent paved with fine white marble the Rauzah or garden, which Kaid Bey, not daring to alter, had left of earth, and erected the fine minaret that bears his name. During the dominion of the later Sultans, and of Mohammed Ali, a few trifling presents, of lamps, carpets, wax candles and chandeliers, and a few immaterial alterations, have been made. The present head of El Islam is, as I have before said, rebuilding one of the minarets and the northern colonnade of the temple.

Such is the history of the Mosque's prosperity.

During the siege of El Medinah by the Wahhabis, the principal people seized and divided amongst themselves the treasures of the tomb, which must have been considerable. When the town surrendered, Saud, accompanied by his principal officers, entered the Hujrah, but, terrified by dreams, he did not penetrate behind the curtain, or attempt to see the tomb. He plundered, however, the treasures in the passage, the

* "On this occasion," says El Samanhudi, quoted by Burckhardt, "the interior of the Hujrah was cleared, and three deep graves were found in the inside, full of rubbish, but the author of this history, who himself entered it, saw no traces of tombs." Yet in another place he, an eye-witness, had declared that the coffin containing the dust of Mohammed was cased with silver.

"Kaukab el Durri," or pearl star, and the ornaments sent as presents from every part of El Islam. Part of these he sold, it is said for 150,000 Riyals (dollars), to Ghalib, Sherif of Meccah; the rest he carried with him to Dara'iyyah, his capital. An accident prevented any further desecration of the building. The greedy Wahhabis, allured by the appearance of the golden or gilt globes and crescents surmounting the green dome, attempted to throw down the latter. Two of their number, it is said, were killed by falling from the slippery roof, and the rest, struck by superstitious fears, abandoned the work of destruction. They injured, however, the prosperity of the place by taxing the inhabitants, by interrupting the annual remittances, and by forbidding visitors to approach the tomb. They are spoken of with abhorrence by the people, who quote a peculiarly bad trait in their characters, namely, that in return for any small religious assistance of prayer or recitation, they were in the habit of giving a few grains of gunpowder, or something equally valuable, instead of "stone-dollars."*

When Abdullah, son of Sa'ud, had concluded in A.D. 1815 a treaty of peace with Tussun Pasha, the Egyptian General bought back from the townspeople, for 10,000 Riyals, all the golden vessels that had not been melted down, and restored the treasure to its original place. This I have heard denied; at the same time it rests upon credible evidence. Amongst Ori-

* The Bedawin calls a sound dollar "Kirsh Hajar," or Riyal Hajar, a "stone-dollar."

entals the events of the last generation are usually speaking imperfectly remembered, and the Olema are well acquainted with the history of vicissitudes which took place 1200 years ago, when profoundly ignorant of what their grandfathers witnessed. Many incredible tales also I heard concerning the present wealth of the El Medinah Mosque: this must be expected when the exaggeration is considered likely to confer honor upon the exaggerator.

The establishment attached to the El Medinah Mosque is greatly altered since Burckhardt's time, the result of the increasing influence of the Turkish half-breeds. It is still extensive, because in the first place the principle of divided labor is a favorite throughout the East, and secondly because the Sons of the Holy Cities naturally desire to extract as much as they can from the Sons of other Cities with the least amount of work. The substance of the following account was given to me by Umar Effendi, and I compared it with the information of others upon whom I could rely.

The principal of the Mosque, or Shaykh el Haram, is no longer a neuter. The present is a Turkish Pasha, Usman, appointed from Constantinople with a salary of about 30,000 piasters a month. His Naib or deputy is a black eunuch, the chief of the Aghawat, upon a pay of 5000 piasters. The present principal of this college is one Tayfur Agha, a slave of Esma Sultanah, sister to the last Sultan Mahmud. The

chief treasurer is called the Mudir el Haram; he keeps an eye upon the Khaznadars or treasurer, whose salary is 2000 piasters. The Mustaslim is the chief of the Katibs, or writers who settle the accounts of the Mosque; his pay is 1500, and under him is a Nakib or assistant upon 1000 piasters. There are three Shaykhs of the eunuchs, who receive from 700 to 1000 piasters a month each. The eunuchs, about 120 in number, are divided into three orders. The Bawwabin, or porters, open the doors of the Mosque. The Khubziyah sweep the purer parts of the temple, and the lowest order, popularly called "Battalin," clean away all impurities, beat those found sleeping, and act as beadle, a duty here which involves considerable use of the cane. These men receive as perquisites presents from each visitor when they offer him the usual congratulation, and for other small favours, such as permitting strangers to light the lamps, or to sweep the floor. Their pay varies from 250 to 500 piasters a month: they are looked upon as honorable men, and are generally speaking married, some of them indulging in three or four wives, which would have aroused Juvenal's bile. The Agha's character is curious and exceptional as his outward conformation. Disconnected with humanity, he is cruel, fierce, brave, and capable of any villainy. His frame is unnaturally long and lean, especially the arms and legs, with high shoulders, protruding joints, and a face by contrast extraordinarily large; he is unusually expert in the use of weapons, and, sitting

well "home," he rides to admiration, his hoarse thick voice investing him with all the circumstance of command.

Besides the eunuchs there are a number of free servants, called Farrashin, attached to the Mosque; almost all the middle and lower class of citizens belong to the order. They are divided into parties of thirty each, and are changed every week, those on duty receiving a Ghazi, or twenty-two piasters, for their services. Their business is to dust, and spread the carpets, to put oil and wicks into the lamps which the eunuchs let down from the ceiling, and, generally speaking, diligently to do nothing.

Finally, the menial establishment of the Mosque consists of a Shaykh el Sakka (chief of the water carriers), under whom are from forty-five to fifty men who sprinkle the floors, water the garden, and, for a consideration, supply a cupful of brackish liquid to visitors.

The literary establishment is even more extensive than the executive and the menial. There is a Kazi, or chief judge sent every year from Constantinople. After twelve months at El Medinah he passes on to Meccah, and returns home after a similar term of service in the second Holy city. Under him are three Muftis, of the Hanafi, the Shafei, and the Maliki schools;—the fourth, or Hanbali, is not represented here or at Cairo;—each of these officers receives as pay about 250 piasters a month. The Ruasa, as the

Muezzins (prayer-callers) here call themselves, are extensively represented; there are forty-eight or forty-nine of the lowest order, presided over by six Kubar or Masters, and these again are under the Shaykh el Ruasa, who alone has the privilege of calling to prayers from the Raisiyah minaret. The Shaykh receives 150 piasters, the chiefs about 100, and the common criers sixty; there are forty-five Khatibs, who preach and pray before the congregation on Fridays for 120 piasters a month; they are under the Shaykh el Khutaba. About the same sum is given to seventy-five Imams, who recite the five ordinary prayers of every day in the Mosque; the Shaykh el Aimmat is their superior.

Almost all the citizens of El Medinah who have not some official charge about the temple qualify themselves to act Muzawwirs. They begin as boys to learn the formula of prayer, and the conducting of visitors, and partly by begging, partly by boldness, they often pick up a tolerable livelihood at an early age. The Muzawwir will often receive strangers into his house, as was done to me, and direct their devotions during the whole time of their stay. For such service he requires a sum of money proportioned to his guests' circumstances, but this fee does not end the connexion. If the Muzawwir visit the home of his Zair, he expects to be treated with the utmost hospitality, and to depart with a handsome present. A religious visitor will often transmit to his cicerone at Meccah and at El Medinah yearly sums to purchase

for himself a prayer at the Kaabah and the Prophet's Tomb. The remittance is usually wrapped up in paper, and placed in a sealed leathern bag, somewhat like a portfolio, upon which is worked the name of the person entitled to receive it. It is then given in charge either of a trustworthy pilgrim, or of the public treasurer, who accompanies the principal caravans.

I could procure no exact information about the amount of money forwarded every year from Constantinople and Cairo to El Medinah; the only point upon which men seemed to agree was that they were defrauded of half their dues. When the Sadaka and Aukaf (the alms and bequests) arrive at the town, they are committed by the Surrah, or financier of the caravan, to the Muftis, the chief of the Khatibs, and the Kazi's clerk. These officers form a committee, and after reckoning the total of the families entitled to pensions, divide the money amongst them, according to the number in each household, and the rank of the pensioners. They are divided into five orders.

The Olema, or learned, and the Mudarrisin, who profess, lecture, or teach adults in the Haram.

The Imams and Khatibs.

The descendants of the Prophet.

The Fukaha, poor divines, pedagogues, gerund-grinders, who teach boys to read the Koran.

The Awam, or nobile vulgus of the Holy City, in-

cluding the Ahali, or burghers of the town, and the Mujawirin, or those settled in the place.

Umar Effendi belonged to the second order, and he informed me that his share varied from three to fifteen Riyals per annum.

CHAPTER IV.

El Medinah.

IT is equally difficult to define politically and geographically, the limits of El Hejaz. Whilst some authors, as Abulfeda, fix its northern frontier at Aylah and the Desert, making Yemen its southern limit, others include in it only the tract of land lying between Meccah and El Medinah. The country has no natural boundaries, and its political limits change with every generation: perhaps, therefore, the best distribution of its frontier would be that which includes all the properly called Holy Land, making Yambu' the northern and Jeddah the southern extremes, while a line drawn through El Medinah, Suwayriyah, and Jebel Kora—the mountain of Taif—might represent its eastern boundary. Thus El Hejaz would be an irregular parallelogram, about 250 miles in length, with a maximum breadth of 150 miles.

Two meanings are assigned to the name of this venerated region. Most authorities make it mean the "Separator," the "Barrier," between Nejd and Tehamah, or between Yemen and Syria. According to others, it signifies the "colligated," *i. e.* by mountains. It is to be observed that the people of the country, especially the Bedawin, distinguish the lowlands from

the high regions by different names; the former are called Tehamat el Hejaz, the sea-coast of El Hejaz, as we should say in India, "below the Ghats;" the latter is known peculiarly as El Hejaz.

Medinat el Nabi, the Prophet's City, or, as it is usually called for brevity, El Medinah, *the City*, is situated on the borders of Nejd, upon the vast plateau of high land which forms central Arabia. The limits of the sanctuary called the Hudud el Haram, as defined by the Prophet, may still serve to mark out the city's plain. Northwards, at a distance of about three miles, is Jebel Ohod, or, according to others, Jebel Saur, a hill somewhat beyond Ohod; these are the last ribs of the vast primitive and tertiary chine which, extending from Taurus to near Aden, and from Aden again to Maskat, fringes the Arabian trapezium. To the S.W. the plateau is bounded by ridges of scoriaceous basalt, and by a buttress of rock called Jebel Ayr, like Ohod, about three miles distant from the town. Westward, according to some authors, is the Mosque Zu'l Halifah. On the east there are no natural landmarks, nor even artificial, like the "Alamayn" at Meccah; an imaginary line, therefore, is drawn, forming an irregular circle, of which the town is the centre, with a diameter of from ten to twelve miles. Such is the sanctuary. Geographically considered, the plain is bounded, on the east, by a thin line of low dark hills, traversed by the Darb el Sharki, or the "Eastern road," through Nejd to Meccah: southwards, the plateau is open, and almost perfectly level as far as the eye can see.

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Within the sanctuary all Muharramat, or sins, are forbidden; but the several schools advocate different degrees of strictness. The Imam Malik, for instance, allows no latrinæ nearer to El Medinah than Jebel Ayr, a distance of about three miles. He also forbids slaying wild animals, but at the same time he specifies no punishment for the offence. Some do not allow the felling of trees, alleging that the Prophet enjoined their preservation as an ornament to the city, and a pleasure to visitors. El Khattabi, on the contrary, permits people to cut wood, and this is certainly the general practice. All authors strenuously forbid within the boundaries slaying man (except invaders, infidels, and the sacrilegious), drinking spirits, and leading an immoral life. As regards the dignity of the sanctuary, there is but one opinion; a number of Hadis testify to its honor, praise its people, and threaten dreadful things to those who injure it or them. It is certain that on the last day, the Prophet will intercede for, and aid, all those who die and are buried, at El Medinah. Therefore, the Imam Malik made but one pilgrimage to Meccah, fearing to leave his bones in any other cemetery but El Baki'a. There is, however, much debate concerning the comparative sanctity of El Medinah and Meccah. Some say Mohammed preferred the former, blessing it as Abraham did Meccah. Moreover, as a tradition declares that every man's body is drawn from the dust of the ground in which he is buried, El Medinah, it is evident, had the honor of supplying materials for the Prophet's person. Others,

like Omar, were uncertain in favour of which city to decide. Others openly assert the pre-eminence of Meccah. The general consensus of El Islam preferring El Medinah to Meccah, save only the Bayt Allah in the latter city, is a *juste-milieu* view, by no means in favor with the inhabitants of either place. Meanwhile the Meccans claim unlimited superiority over the Madani; the Madani over the Meccans.

El Medinah dates its origin doubtless from ancient times, and the cause of its prosperity is evident in the abundant supply of water, a necessary generally scarce throughout Arabia. The formation of the plateau is in some places salt sand, but usually a white chalk, and a loamy clay, which even by the roughest manipulation makes tolerable bricks. Lime also abounds. The town is situated upon a gently shelving part of the plain, the lowest portion of which, to judge from the versant, is at the southern base of Mount Ohod, hence called El Safilah, and the highest at the Awali, or plains about Kuba, and the East. The southern and south-eastern walls of the suburb are sometimes carried away by violent "Sayl," or torrents, which, after rain, sweep down from the western as well as from the eastern highlands. The water-flow is towards El Ghabbah, lowlands in the northern and western hills, a little beyond Mount Ohod. This basin receives the drainage of the mountains and the plain, according to some absorbing it, according to others collecting it till of sufficient volume to flow off to the sea.

Water, though abundant, is rarely of good quality. In the days of the Prophet, the Madani consumed the produce of wells, seven of which are still celebrated by the people. Historians relate that Omar, the second Caliph, provided the town with drinking-water from the northern parts of the plains by means of an aqueduct. The modern city is supplied by a source called the Ayn el Zarka or Azure Spring, which arises some say at the foot of Mount Ayr, others, with greater probability, in the date-groves of Kuba. Its waters were first brought to El Medinah by Marwan, governor in El Muawiyah's day. It now flows down a subterraneous canal, about 30 feet below the surface; in places the water is exposed to the air, and steps lead to it for the convenience of the inhabitants: this was the work of Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent. After passing through the town it turns to the N.West, its course being marked by a line of circular walls breast high, like the Kariz of Afghanistan, placed at unequal distances, and resembling wells: it then loses itself in the Nakhil or palm-groves. During my stay at El Medinah, I always drank this water, which appeared to me, as the citizens declared it to be, sweet and wholesome.* There are many wells in the town, as water is found at about 20 feet below the surface of the soil: few produce anything fit for drinking,

* Burckhardt confounds the Ayn el Zarka with the Bir el Khatim, or Kuba well, of whose produce the surplus only mixes with it, and he complains loudly of the "detestable water of Medinah." But he was ill at the time, otherwise he would not have condemned it so strongly after eulogising the salt-bitter produce of the Meccan Zem Zem.

some being salt, and others bitter. As usual in the hilly countries of the East, the wide beds and Fiumaras, even in the dry season, will supply travellers for a day or two with an abundance of water, filtrating through, and, in some cases, flowing beneath, the sand.

The climate of the plain is celebrated for a long and comparatively speaking a rigorous winter: a popular saying records the opinion of the Prophet "that he who patiently endures the cold of El Medinah and the heat of Meccah, merits a reward in Paradise." Ice is not seen in the town, but may frequently be met with, it is said, on Jebel Ohod; fires are lighted in the houses during winter, and palsies attack those who at this season imprudently bathe in unwarmed water. The fair complexions of the people prove that this account of the brumal rigors is not exaggerated. Chilly and violent winds from the eastern desert are much dreaded, and though Ohod screens the town on the N. and N.E. a gap in the mountains to the N.W. fills the air at times with raw and comfortless blasts. The rains begin in October, and last with considerable intervals through six months; the clouds, gathered by the hill-tops and the trees near the town, discharge themselves with violence, and about the equinoxes thunder-storms are common. At such times the Barr el Manakah, or the open space between the town and the suburbs, is a sheet of water, and the land near the south and the south-eastern wall of the faubourg becomes a pool. Rain,

however, is not considered unhealthy here, and the people, unlike the Meccans and the Cairenes, expect it with pleasure, because it improves their date-trees and fruit plantations.

In winter it usually rains at night, in spring during the morning, and in summer about evening time. This is the case throughout El Hejaz, as explained by the poet Lebid in the lines which describe the desolate site of an old encampment:—

“It (the place) hath been fertilised by the first spring-showers of the constellations, and hath been swept by
The incessant torrents of the thunder-clouds, falling in heavy and in gentle rains,
From each night-cloud, and heavily dropping morning-cloud,
And the even-cloud, whose crashings are re-echoed from around.”

And the European reader will observe that the Arabs generally reckon three seasons, including our autumn in their summer. The hot weather at El Medinah appeared to me as extreme as the hibernal cold is described to be, but the air was dry, and the open plain prevented the faint and stagnant sultriness which distinguishes Mecca. Moreover, though the afternoons were close, the nights and the mornings were cool and dewy. At this season of the year the citizens sleep on the house-tops, or on the ground outside their doors. Strangers must follow this example with circumspection; the open air is safe in the Desert, but in cities it causes, to the unaccustomed, violent catarrhs and febrile affections.

I collected the following notes upon the diseases

and medical treatment of the northern Hejaz. El Medinah has been visited four times by the Rih el Asfar (yellow wind), or Asiatic Cholera, which is said to have committed great ravages, sometimes carrying off whole households. In the Rahmat el Kabirah, the "Great Mercy," as the worst attack is piously called, whenever a man vomited, he was abandoned to his fate; before that, he was treated with mint, lime-juice, and copious draughts of coffee. It is still the boast of El Medinah that the Ta'un, or plague, has never passed her frontier. The Judari, or small-pox, appears to be indigenous to the countries bordering upon the Red Sea; we read of it there in the earliest works of the Arabs,* and even to the present time, it sometimes sweeps through Arabia, Central Africa and the Somali country with desolating violence. In the town of El Medinah it is fatal to children, many of whom, however, are in these days inoculated: amongst the Bedawin old men die of it, but adults are rarely victims, either in the city or in the desert. The nurse closes the room whilst the sun is up, and excludes the night-air, believing that, as the disease is "hot," a breath of

* Conjecture, however, goes a little too far when it discovers small-pox in the Tayr Ababil, the "swallow birds," which, according to the Koran, destroyed the host of Abraham el Ashram. Major Price (Essay) may be right in making Ababil the plural of Abilah, a vesicle; but it appears to me that the former is an Arabic and the latter a Persian word, which have no connexion whatever. M. C. de Perceval, quoting the *Sirat el Rasul*, which says, that at that time small-pox first appeared in Arabia, ascribes the destruction of the host of Yemen to an epidemic and a violent tempest. The strangest part of the story is, that although it occurred at Mecca, about two months before Mohammed's birth, and, therefore, within the memory of many living at the time, the Prophet alludes to it in the Koran as a miracle.

wind would kill the patient. During the hours of darkness, a lighted candle or lamp is always placed by the side of the bed, or the sufferer would die of madness, brought on by fright or evil spirits. Sheep's-wool is burnt in the sick-room, as death follows the inhaling of any perfume. The only remedy I have heard of is pounded Kohl (antimony) drunk in water, and the same is drawn along the breadth of the eyelid, to prevent blindness. The diet is Adas (lentils*), and a peculiar kind of date, called Tamr el Birni. On the 21st day the patient is washed with salt and tepid water. Ophthalmia is rare. In the summer, quotidian and tertian fevers (Hummah Salis) are not uncommon, and if accompanied by emetism, they are frequently fatal. The attack generally begins with the Naffazah, or cold fit, and is followed by El Hummah, the hot stage. The principal remedies are cooling drinks, such as Sikanjebin (oxymel) and syrups. After the fever the face and body frequently swell, and indurated lumps appear on the legs and stomach. There are also low fevers, called simply Hummah; they are usually treated by burning charms in the patient's room. Jaundice and bilious complaints are common, and the former is popularly cured in a peculiar way. The sick man looks into a pot full of water, whilst the exorciser, reciting a certain spell, draws the heads of two needles from the patient's ears

* This grain is cheaper than rice on the banks of the Nile—a fact which enlightened England, now paying a hundred times its value for "Revalenta Arabica," apparently ignores.

along his eyes, down his face, lastly dipping them into water, which at once becomes yellow. Others have "Mirayat," magic mirrors,* on which the patient

* This invention dates from the most ancient times, and both in the East and the West has been used by the weird brotherhood to produce the appearances of the absent and the dead, to discover treasure, to detect thieves, to cure disease, and to learn the secrets of the unknown world. The Hindus called it Anjan, and formed it by applying lamp-black, made of a certain root, and mixed with oil to the palm of a fooling child, male or female. The Greeks used oil poured into a boy's hand. Cornelius Agrippa had a crystal mirror, which material also served the Counts de St. Germain and Cagliostro. Dr. Dee's "show-stone" was a bit of cannel coal. The modern Sindians know the art by the name of Gahno or Vinyano; there, as in southern Persia, ink is rubbed upon the seer's thumb-nail. The people of northern Africa are considered skilful in this science, and I have a Maghribi magic formula for inking the hand of a "boy, a black slave girl, a virgin, or a pregnant woman," which differs materially from those generally known. The modern Egyptians call it Zarb el Mandal, and there is scarcely a man in Cairo who does not know something about it. In selecting subjects to hold the ink, they observe the right hand, and reject all who have not what is called in palmistry the "Linea media naturalis" straight and deeply cut. Even the barbarous Finns look into a glass of brandy, and the natives of Australia gaze at a kind of shining stone. Lady Blessington's crystal ball is fresh in the memory of the present generation, and most men have heard of Electro-Biology and the Cairo magician.

Upon this latter subject, a vexed one, I must venture a few remarks. In the first account of the magician by Mr. Lane, we have a fair and dispassionate recital of certain magical, mystical, or mesmeric phenomena, which "excited considerable curiosity and interest throughout the civilised world." As usual in such matters, the civilised world was wholly ignorant of what was going on at home; otherwise, in London, Paris, and New York, they might have found dozens studying the science. But a few years before, Dr. Herklots had described the same practice in India, filling three goodly pages; but he called his work "Qanoon-i-Islam," and, consequently, despite its excellences, it fell still-born from the press. Lady H. Stanhope frequently declared "the spell by which the face of an absent person is thrown upon a mirror to be within the reach of the humblest and most contemptible of magicians;" but the civilised world did not care to believe a prophetess. All, however, were aroused by Mr. Lane's discovery, and determined to decide the question by the ordeal of reason.

Accordingly, in A. D. 1844, Mr. Lane, aided by Lord Nugent and others, discovered that a "coarse and stupid fraud" had been perpetrated upon him by Usman Effendi, the Scotchman. In 1845, Sir G. Wilkinson remarked of this rationalism, "The explanation lately offered, that Usman Effendi was in

looks, and loses the complaint. Dysenteries frequently occur in the fruit season, when the greedy Arabs devour all manner of unripe peaches, grapes, and pomegranates. The popular treatment is by the actual cautery; the scientific affect the use of drastics and astringent simples, and the Bizr el Kutn (cotton-seed) toasted, pounded, and drunk in warm water. Almost every one here, as in Egypt, suffers more or less from haemorrhoids; they are treated by dietetics—eggs and leeks—and by a variety of drugs, Myrobalans, Lisan-el-Hamal, (Arnoglossum,) &c. But the patient looks with horror at the scissors and knife, so that they seldom succeed in obtaining a radical cure. The Filaria Medinensis, locally called "Farantit," is no longer common at the place which gave it its European name. At Yambu', however, the people suffer much from the Vena appearing in the legs. The complaint is treated here as in India and Abyssinia: when the tumour bursts, and the worm shows, it is extracted by being gradually wound round a splinter of wood. Hydrophobia is rare, and the people have

collusion with the magician, is neither fair on him nor satisfactory, as he was not present when those cases occurred which were made so much of in Europe," and he proposed "leading questions and accidents" as the word of the riddle. Eothen attributed the whole affair to "shots," as schoolboys call them, and ranks success under the head of Paley's "tentative miracles." A writer in the Quarterly explained them by suggesting the probability of divers (impossible) optical combinations, and, lest the part of belief should have been left unrepresented, Miss Martineau was enabled to see clear signs of mesmeric action, and by the decisive experiment of self, discovered the magic to be an "affair of mesmerism." Melancholy to relate, after all this philosophy, the herd of travellers at Cairo is still divided in opinion about the magician, some holding his performance to be "all humbug," others darkly hinting that "there may be something in it." I commend the subject to the enlightened Mgr. Gaume.

many superstitions about it. They suppose that a bit of meat falls from the sky, and that a dog eating it goes mad. I was assured by respectable persons, that when a man is bitten, they shut him up with food, in a solitary chamber, for four days, and that if at the end of that time he still howls like a dog, they expel the Ghul (Devil) from him, by pouring over him boiling water mixed with ashes—a certain cure I can easily believe. The only description of leprosy known in El Hejaz is that called "El Baras:" it appears in white patches on the skin, it seldom attacks any but the poorer classes, and it is considered incurable. Wounds are treated by Marham, or ointments, especially by the "Balesan," or Balsam of Meccah; a cloth is tied round the limb, and not removed till the wound heals, which, amongst this people of simple life, generally takes place by first intention. Ulcers are common in El Hejaz, as indeed all over Arabia. We read of them in ancient times. In A. D. 504, the poet and warrior, Amr el Kays, died of this dreadful disease, and it is related that when Mohammed Abu Si Mohammed, in A. H. 132, conquered Yemen with an army from El Hejaz, he found the people suffering from sloughing and mortifying sores, so terrible to look upon that he ordered the sufferers to be burnt alive. Fortunately for the patients, the conqueror died suddenly before his inhuman mandate was carried out. These sores here, as in Yemen, are worst when upon the shin bones; they then eat deep into the leg, and the patient dies of fever and

Mecca and Medina. II.

68 gangrene. They are treated on first appearance by the actual cautery, and when practicable, by cutting off the joint; the drugs popularly applied are Tutiya (tutty) and verdigris. There is no cure but rest, a generous diet, and change of air.

By the above short account it will be seen that the Arabs are no longer the most skilful physicians in the world. They have, however, one great advantage in their practice, and they are sensible enough to make free use of it. As the children of almost all the respectable citizens are brought up in the Desert, the camp becomes to them a native village. In cases of severe wounds or chronic diseases, the patient is ordered off to the Black Tents, where he lives as a Bedawi, drinking camels' milk, a diet for the first three or four days highly cathartic, and doing nothing. This has been the practice from time immemorial in Arabia, whereas Europe is only beginning to systematize the adhibition of air, exercise, and simple living. And even now we are obliged to veil it under the garb of charlatany—to call it a "milk-cure" in Switzerland, a "water-cure" in Silesia, a "grape-cure" in France, a "hunger-cure" in Germany, and other sensible names which act as dust in the public eyes.

El Medinah consists of three parts,—a town, a fort, and a suburb little smaller than the body of the place. The town itself is about one-third larger than Suez, or nearly half the size of Meccah. It is a walled enclosure forming an irregular oval with four gates. The Bab el Shami, or "Syrian Gate," in the north-west

side of the enceinte leads towards Jebel Ohod, Hamzah's burial-place and the mountains. In the eastern wall, the Bab el Jum'ah, or Friday Gate, opens upon the Nejd road and the cemetery, El Baki'a. Between the Shami and the Jum'ah gates, towards the north, is the Bab el Ziyafah (of Hospitality); and westwards the Bab el Misri (Egyptian) opens upon the plain called the Barr el Manakhah. The eastern and the Egyptian gates are fine massive buildings, with double towers close together, painted with broad bands of red, yellow, and other colours, not unlike that old entrance of the Cairo citadel which opens upon the Rumayliyah plain. They may be compared with the gateway towers of the old Norman castles—Arques, for instance. In their shady and well-watered interiors, soldiers keep guard, camel-men dispute, and numerous idlers congregate to enjoy the luxuries of coolness and companionship. Beyond this gate, in the street leading to the Mosque, is the great bazar. Outside it lie the Suk el Khuzayriyah, or green-grocers' market, and the Suk el Habbabah, or the grain bazar, with a fair sprinkling of coffee-houses. These markets are long masses of palm-leaf huts, blackened in the sun and wind, of a mean and squalid appearance, detracting greatly from the appearance of the gates. Amongst them there is a little domed and white-washed building, which I was told is a Sabil or public fountain.

In the days of the Prophet the town was not walled. Even in El Edrisi's time (twelfth cent.), and

as late as Bartema's (eighteenth cent.), the fortifications were mounds of earth, made by order of Kasim el Daulat el Ghori, who repopulated the town and provided for its inhabitants. Now, the *enceinte* is in excellent condition. The walls are well built of granite and lava blocks, in regular layers, cemented with lime; they are provided with "Mazghal" (or "Matras") long loopholes, and "Shararif" or trefoil-shaped crenelles: in order to secure a flanking fire, semicircular towers, also loopholed and crenellated, are disposed in the curtain at short and irregular intervals. Inside, the streets are what they always should be in these torrid lands, deep, dark, and narrow, in few places paved—a thing to be deprecated—and generally covered with black earth well watered and trodden to hardness. The most considerable lines radiate towards the Mosque.

There are few public buildings. The principal Wakalahs are four in number; one is the Wakalat Bab Salam near the Haram, another the Wakalat Jabarti, and two are inside the Misri gate; they all belong to Arab citizens. These caravanserais are principally used as stores, rarely for dwelling places like those of Cairo; travellers, therefore, must hire houses at a considerable expense, or pitch tents to the detriment of health and to their extreme discomfort. The other public buildings are a few mean coffee-houses and an excellent bath in the Harat Zarawan inside the town: far superior to the unclean establishments of Cairo, it borrows something from the luxury of Stamboul.

The houses are for the East well built, flat-roofed and double-storied; the materials generally used are a basaltic scoria, burnt brick and palm wood. The best enclose spacious court-yards and small gardens with wells, where water-basins and date-trees gladden the owner's eyes. The latticed balconies, first seen by the European traveller at Alexandria, are here common, and the windows are mere apertures in the wall, garnished, as usual in Arab cities, with a shutter of planking.

El Medinah fell rapidly under the Wahhabis, but after their retreat, it soon rose again, and now it is probably as comfortable and flourishing a little city as any to be found in the East. It contains between fifty and sixty streets, including the alleys and culs de sac. There is about the same number of Harat or quarters; but I have nothing to relate of them save their names. Within the town few houses are in a dilapidated condition. The best authorities estimate the number of habitations at about 1500 within the enceinte, and those in the suburb at 1000. I consider both accounts exaggerated; the former might contain 800, and the Manakhah perhaps 500; at the same time I must confess not to have counted them, and Captain Sadlier (in A. D. 1819) declares that the Turks, who had just made a kind of census, reckoned 6000 houses and a population of 18,000 souls. Assuming the population to be 16,000 (Burckhardt raises it as high as 20,000), of which 9000 occupy the city, and 7000 the suburbs and fort, this would give little more than twelve in-

habitants to each house, a fair estimate for an Arab town, where the abodes are large and slaves abound.

I afterwards received the following information from Mr. Charles Cole, H. B. M. vice-consul for Jeddah, a gentleman well acquainted with western Arabia, and having access to official information.

"The population of El Medinah is from 16,000 to 18,000, and the Nizam troops in garrison 400. Meccah contains about 45,000 inhabitants, Yambu' from 6000 to 7000, Jeddah about 2500 (this I think is too low), and Taif 8000. Most of the troops are stationed at Meccah and Jeddah. In El Hejaz there is a total force of five battalions, each of which ought to contain 800 men; they may amount to 3500, with 500 artillery, and 4500 irregulars, though the muster rolls bear 6000. The government pays in paper for all supplies, (even water for the troops,) and the paper sells at the rate of forty piastres per cent."

The castle joins on to the N. W. angle of the city enceinte, and the wall of its eastern outwork is pierced for a communication, through a court strewed with guns and warlike apparatus, between the Manakhah Suburb, and the Bab el Shami, or the Syrian Gate. Having been refused entrance into the fort, I can describe only its exterior. The outer wall resembles that of the city, only its towers are more solid, and the curtain appears better calculated for work. Inside, a donjon, built upon a rock, bears proudly enough the banner of the Crescent and the Star; its whitewashed walls make it a conspicuous object, and guns pointed

in all directions, especially upon the town, project from their embrasures. The castle is said to contain wells, bomb-proofs, provisions, and munitions of war; if so, it must be a kind of Gibraltar to the Bedawin and the Wahhabis. The garrison consisted of a Nisf Urtah, or half battalion (400 men) of Nizam infantry, commanded by a Pasha; his authority also extends to a Sanjak, or about 500 Kurdish and Albanian Bashi Buzuks, whose duty it is to escort caravans, to convoy treasure, and to be shot at in the Passes. The Madani, who, as usual with Orientals, take a personal pride in their castle, speak of it with much exaggeration. Commanded by a high line of rocks on the N.W., and built as it is in most places without moat, glacis, earthwork, or outworks, a few shells and a single battery of siege guns would soon render it untenable. In ancient times it has more than once been held by a party at feud with the town, for whose mimic battles the Barr el Manakhah was a fitting field. Northward from the fort, on the road to Ohod, but still within fire, is a long many-windowed building, formerly Daud Pasha's palace. In my time it had been bought by Abbas Pasha of Egypt.

The suburbs lie to the S. and W. of the town. Southwards they are separated from the enceinte by a wide road, called the Darb el Jenazah, the Road of Biers, so called because the corpses of certain schismatics, who may not pass through the city, are carried this way to their own cemetery near the Bab el Jum'ah, or Eastern Gate. Westwards, between El Medinah and

its faubourg, lies the plain of El Manakhah, about three quarters of a mile long, by 300 yards broad. The straggling suburbs occupy more ground than the city; fronting the *enceinte* they are without walls; towards the west, where open country lies, they are enclosed by mud or raw brick ramparts, with little round towers, all falling to decay. A number of small gates lead from the suburb into the country. The only large one, a poor copy of the Bab el Nasr at Cairo, is the Ambari or western entrance, through which we passed into El Medinah. The suburb contains no buildings of any consequence, except the Khaskiyah, or official residence of the Muhamfiz (governor), a plain building near the Barr el Manakhah, and the Khamsah Masajid, or Five Mosques, which every Zair is expected to visit. They are

The Prophet's Mosque in the Manakhah.

Abubekr's near the Ayn el Zarka.

Ali's Mosque in the Zukak el Tayyar of the Manakhah. Some authors call this the "Musalla el Eed," because the Prophet here prayed the Festival Prayer.

Omar's Mosque, near the Bab Kuba of the Manakhah, and close to the little torrent called El Sayh.

Belal's Mosque, celebrated in books; I did not see it, and some Madani assured me that it no longer exists.

A description of one of these buildings will suffice, for they are all similar. Mohammed's Mosque in the Manakhah stands upon a spot formerly occupied, some

say, by the Jami' Ghamamah. Others believe it to be founded upon the Musalla el Nabi, a place where the Prophet recited the first Festival prayers after his arrival at El Medinah, and used frequently to pray, and to address those of his followers who lived far from the Haram or Sanctuary. It is a trim modern building of cut stone and lime in regular layers, of parallelogrammic shape, surmounted by one large and four small cupolas. These are all whitewashed, and the principal is capped with a large crescent, or rather a trident rising from a series of gilt globes: the other domes crown the several corners. The minaret is of the usual Turkish shape, with a conical roof, and a single gallery for the Muezzin. An Acacia tree or two on the eastern side, and behind it a wall-like line of mud-houses, finish the coup-d'œil; the interior of this building is as simple as the exterior. And here I may remark that the Arabs have little idea of splendor, either in their public or in their private architecture. Whatever strikes the traveller's eye in El Hejaz is always either an importation or the work of foreign artists. This arises from the simple tastes of the people, combined, doubtless, with their notable thriftness. If strangers will build for them, they argue, why should they build for themselves? Moreover, they have scant inducement to lavish money upon grand edifices. Whenever a disturbance takes place, domestic or from without, the principal buildings are sure to suffer. And the climate is inimical to their enduring. Both ground and air at El Medinah, as well as at

Meccah, are damp and nitrous in winter, in summer dry and torrid; the lime is poor; palm-timber soon decays; even foreign wood-work suffers, and a few years of neglect suffice to level the proudest pile with the dust.

The suburbs to the S. of El Medinah are a collection of walled villages, with plantations and gardens between. They are laid out in the form, called here as in Egypt, Hosh (court-yards), with single-storied tenements opening into them. These enclosures contain the cattle of the inhabitants; they have strong wooden doors, shut at night to prevent "lifting," and they are capable of being stoutly defended. The inhabitants of the suburb are for the most part Bedawin settlers, and a race of schismatics who will be noticed in another chapter. Beyond these suburbs, to the S., as well as to the N. and N. E., lie gardens and extensive plantations of palm-trees.

CHAPTER V.

A Ride to the Mosque of Kuba.

THE principal places of pious visitation in the vicinity of El Medinah, are the Mosques of Kuba, the Cemetery El Baki'a, and the martyr Hamzah's tomb, at the foot of Mount Ohod. These the Zair is directed by all the Olema to visit, and on the holy ground to pray Allah for a blessing upon himself, and upon his brethren of the faith.

Early one Saturday morning, I started for Kuba with a motley crowd of devotees. Shaykh Hamid, my Muzawwir, was by my side, mounted upon an ass more miserable than I had yet seen. The boy Mohammed had procured for me a Meccan dromedary, with splendid trappings, a saddle with burnished metal peaks before and behind, covered with a huge sheep-skin dyed crimson, and girthed over fine saddle-bags, whose enormous tassels hung almost to the ground. The youth himself, being too grand to ride a donkey, and unable to borrow a horse, preferred walking. He was proud as a peacock, being habited in a style somewhat resembling the plume of that gorgeous bird, in the coat of many colours—yellow, red, and golden flowers, apparently stitched on a field of bright green silk—which cost me so dear in the Haram. He was

armed, as indeed all of us were, in readiness for the Bedawin, and he anxiously awaited opportunities of discharging his pistol. Our course lay from Shaykh Hamid's house in the Manakhah, along and up the Fiumara, "El Sayh," and through the Bab Kuba, a little gate in the suburb wall, where, by the bye, my mounted companion was nearly trampled down by a rush of half-wild camels. Outside the town, in this direction, southward, is a plain of clay, mixed with chalk, and here and there with sand, whence protrude blocks and little ridges of basalt. As far as Kuba, and the Harrah ridge to the west, the earth is sweet and makes excellent gugglets. Immediately outside the gate I saw a kiln, where they were burning tolerable bricks. Shortly after leaving the suburb, an Indian, who joined our party upon the road, pointed out on the left of the way what he declared was the place of the celebrated Khandak, or Moat, the Torres Vedras of Arabian History.

Presently the Nakhil, or palm plantations, began. Nothing lovelier to the eye, weary with hot red glare, than the rich green waving crops and the cool shade, the "food of vision," as the Arabs call it, and "pure water to the parched throat:" for hours I could have sat and looked at it. The air was soft and balmy, a perfumed breeze, strange luxury in El Hejaz, wandered amongst the date-fronds; there were fresh flowers and bright foliage, in fact, at midsummer, every beautiful feature of spring. Nothing more delightful to the ear than the warbling of the small birds, that sweet familiar

sound; the splashing of tiny cascades from the wells into the wooden troughs, and the musical song of the water-wheels. Travellers—young travellers—in the East talk of the “dismal grating,” the “mournful monotony,” and the “melancholy creaking of these dismal machines.” To the veteran wanderer their sound is delightful from association, reminding him of fields, and water-courses, and hospitable villages, and plentiful crops. The expatriated Nubian, for instance, listens to the water-wheel with as deep emotion as the Ranz des Vaches ever excited in the hearts of Switzer mercenary at Naples, or “Lochaber no more,” among a regiment of Highlanders in the West Indies.

The date-trees of El Medinah merit their celebrity. Their stately columnar stems, here, seem higher than in other lands, and their lower fronds are allowed to tremble in the breeze without mutilation. These enormous palms were loaded with ripening fruit, and the clusters, carefully tied up, must often have weighed upwards of eighty pounds. They hung down between the lower branches by a bright yellow stem, as thick as a man's ankle. Books enumerate 139 varieties of trees; of these between sixty and seventy are well-known, and each is distinguished, as usual among Arabs, by its peculiar name. The best kind is El Shelebi; it is packed in skins, or in flat round boxes covered with paper, somewhat in the manner of French prunes, and sent as presents to the remotest parts of the Moslem world. The fruit is about two inches long, with a small stone, and appeared to possess a

peculiar aromatic flavour and scent; it is seldom eaten by the citizens on account of the price, which varies from two to ten piastres the pound. The tree, moreover, is rare, and is said to be not so productive as the other species. The Ajwah date is eaten, but not sold, because a tradition of the Prophet declares, that whoso breaketh his fast every day with six or seven of these fruits need fear neither poison, nor magic. The third kind, El Hilwah, also a large date, derives a name from its exceeding sweetness: of this palm the Moslems relate that the Prophet planted a stone, which in a few minutes grew up and bore fruit. Next comes El Birni, of which was said, "It causeth sickness to depart, and there is no sickness in it." The Wahshi on one occasion bent its head, and "salamed" to Mohammed as he ate its fruit, for which reason even now its lofty tuft turns earthwards. The Sayhani (Crier) is so called, because when the founder of El Islam, holding Ali's hand, happened to pass beneath, it cried, "This is Mohammed the Prince of Prophets, and this is Ali the Prince of the Pious, and the Progenitor of the Immaculate Imams."* Of course the descendants of so intelligent a vegetable hold high rank in the kingdom of palms, and the vulgar were in the habit of eating the Sayhani and of throwing the stones about the Haram. The Khuzayriyah is thus named, because it preserves its green colour, even when perfectly ripe; it is dried and preserved as a curiosity.

* So in A.D. 1272 the Crucifix spoke to St. Thomas Aquinas. *Superstitions of no age or country.*

The Jebeli is the common fruit: the poorest kinds are the Laun and the Hilayah, costing from 4 to 7 piastres per mudd.*

I cannot say that the dates of El Medinah are finer than those of Meccah, although it is highly heretical to hold such tenet. The produce of the former city was the favorite food of the Prophet, who invariably broke his fast with it: a circumstance which invests it with a certain degree of relic-sanctity. The citizens delight in speaking of dates as an Irishman does of potatoes, with a manner of familiar fondness: they eat them for medicine as well as food; "Rutab," or wet dates, being held to be the most saving, as it is doubtless the most savoury of remedies. The fruit is prepared in a great variety of ways: the favorite dish is a broil with clarified butter, extremely distasteful to the European palate. The date is also left upon the tree to dry, and then called "Balah:" this is eaten at dessert as the "Nukliyat"—the "quatre mendiants" of Persia. Amongst peculiar preparations must be mentioned the "Kulladat el Sham" (necklace of Sham). The unripe fruit is dipped in boiling water to preserve its gamboge color, strung upon a thick

* At El Medinah

12 Dirhams (drams)	make 1 Wukkiyah (ounce).
20 Wukkiyah	1 Ratl (pound).
33 Wukkiyah and 3 drams	, 1 Wukkah (less than 2 lbs.)
4 Wukkah	1 Mudd.
24 Mudd	1 Ardebb.

This Ratl or pound is the larger one applied to particular articles of commerce—such as meat, vegetables, and clarified butter. Coffee, rice, soap, &c. are sold by the smaller Ratl of Meccah, equal to 140 dirhams. In Egypt the Ratl is 144 Dirhams or 12 Wukkiyahs, about 1 lb. 2 oz. and 8 dwts. troy.

thread and hung out in the air to dry. These strings are worn all over El Hejaz as necklaces by children, who seldom fail to munch the ornament when not in fear of slappings; and they are sent as presents to distant countries.

January and February are the time for the masculination of the palm. The "Nakhwali," as he is called, opens the female flower, and having inserted the inverted male blossom, binds them together: this operation is performed, as in Egypt, upon each cluster. The fruit is ripe about the middle of May, and the gathering of it forms the Arabs' "vendemmia." The people make merry the more readily because their favorite fruit is liable to a variety of accidents: droughts injure the tree, locusts destroy the produce, and the date crop, like most productions which men are imprudent enough to adopt singly as the staff of life, is subject to failure. One of the reasons for the excellence of Medinah dates is the quantity of water they obtain: each garden or field has its well, and even in the hottest weather the Persian wheel floods the soil every third day. It has been observed that the date-tree can live in dry and barren spots; but it loves the beds of streams and places where moisture is procurable. The palms scattered over the other parts of the plain, and depending solely upon rain water, produce less fruit, and that too of an inferior quality.

Verdure is not usually wholesome in Arabia, yet invalids leave the close atmosphere of El Medinah to

seek health under the cool shades of Kuba. The gardens are divided by what might almost be called lanes, long narrow lines with tall reed fences on both sides. The graceful branches of the Tamarisk, pearly with manna, and cottoned over with dew, and the broad leaves of the castor plant, glistening in the sun, protected us from the morning rays. The ground on both sides of the way was sunken, the earth being disposed in heaps at the foot of the fences, an arrangement which facilitates irrigation, by giving a fall to the water, and in some cases affords a richer soil than the surface. This part of the Medinah plain, however, being higher than the rest, is less subject to the disease of salt and nitre. On the way here and there the earth crumbles and looks dark under the dew of morning, but nowhere has it broken out into that glittering efflorescence which denotes the last stage of the attack. The fields and gardens are divided into small oblongs separated from one another by little ridges of mould which form diminutive water-courses. Of the cereals there are luxuriant maize, wheat, and barley, but the latter two are in small quantities. Here and there patches of "Barsim," or Egyptian clover, sparkle brightly in the sunbeams. The principal vegetables are Badanjan (Egg plant), the Bamiyah (a kind of esculent hibiscus, called Bhendi in India), and Mulukhiyah (*Corchorus olitorius*), a mucilaginous spinage common throughout this part of the East. These three are eaten by citizens of every rank; they are in fact the potatoes and the greens of

Mecca and Medina. II.

Arabia. I remarked also onions and leeks in fair quantities, a few beds of carrots and beans, some Fijl (radishes), Lift (turnips), gourds, cucumbers, and similar plants. Fruit trees abound. There are five descriptions of vines, the best of which is El Sherifi, a long white grape of a flavour somewhat resembling the produce of Pisa in Tuscany. Next, and very similar, is El Birni. The Hejazi is a round fruit, sweet, but insipid, which is also the reproach of the Sawadi, or black grape. And lastly, the Raziki is a small white fruit, with a diminutive stone. The Nebek, Lote or Jujube, is here a fine large tree with a dark green leaf, roundish and polished like the olive; it is armed with a short, curved, and sharp thorn*, and bears a pale straw-colored bacca, about the size of a gooseberry, with red streaks on the side next the sun. Little can be said in favor of the fruit, which has been compared successively by disappointed "Lotus eaters" to a bad plum, an unripe cherry, and an insipid apple. It is, however, a favorite with the people of El Medinah, who have reckoned many varieties of the fruit: Hindi (Indian), Baladi ("native"), Tamri (date-like) and others. There are a few peaches, hard like the Egyptian, and almost tasteless, fit only for stewing, but greedily eaten in a half-ripe state; large coarse bananas, lime trees, a few water melons, figs, and apples, but

* This thorn (the *Rhamnus Nabeca*, or *Zizyphus Spina Christi*) is supposed to be that which crowned the Saviour's head. There are Mimosas in Syria; but no tree, save the fabled Zakkum, could produce the terrible apparatus with which certain French painters of the modern school have attempted to heighten the terrors of the scene.

neither apricots nor pears. There are three kinds of pomegranates: the best is the Shami (Syrian); it is red outside, very sweet, and costs one piastre; the Turki is large, and of a white color; and the Misri has a greenish rind, and a somewhat sub-acid and harsh flavour: the latter are sold four times as cheap as the best. I never saw in the East, except at Meccah, finer fruits than the Shami: almost stoneless, like those of Maskat, they are delicately perfumed, and as large as an infant's head. El Medinah is celebrated, like Taif, for its "Rubb Rumman," a thick pomegranate syrup, drunk with water during the hot weather, and esteemed cooling and wholesome.

After threading our way through the gardens, an operation requiring less time than to describe them, we saw, peeping through the groves, Kuba's simple minaret. Then we came in sight of a confused heap of huts and dwelling-houses, chapels and towers with trees between, and foul lanes, heaps of rubbish, and barking dogs—the usual material of a Hejazi village. Having dismounted, we gave our animals in charge of a dozen infant Bedawin, the produce of the peasant gardeners, who shouted "Bakhshish" the moment they saw us. To this they were urged by their mothers, and I willingly parted with a few paras for the purpose of establishing an intercourse with fellow-creatures so fearfully and wonderfully resembling the tailless simiad. Their bodies, unlike those of Egyptian children, were slim and straight, but their ribs stood out with a curious distinctness, the color of the skin was that oily

lamp-black seen upon the face of a European sweep, and the elf-locks, thatching the cocoa-nut heads, had been stained by the sun, wind, and rain to that reddish-brown hue which Hindu romances have appropriated to their Rakshasas or demons. Each anatomy carried in his arms a stark-naked miniature of himself, fierce-looking babies with faces all eyes; and the strong little wretches were still able to extend the right hand and exert their lungs with direful clamor. Their mothers were fit progenitors for such progeny: long, gaunt, with emaciated limbs, wall-sided, high-shouldered, and straight-backed, with pendulous bosoms, spider-like arms, and splay feet. Their long elf-locks, wrinkled faces, and high cheek-bones, their lips darker than the epidermis, hollow staring eyes, sparkling as if to light up the extreme ugliness around, and voices screaming as though in a perennial rage, invested them with all the "charms of Sycorax." These "Houris of Jehannum" were habited in long night-gowns dyed blue to conceal want of washing, and the squalid children had about a yard of the same material wrapped round their waists for all toilette. This is not an overdrawn portrait of the farmer race of Arabs, the most despised by their fellow-countrymen, and the most hard-favored, morally as well as physically, of all the breed.

Before entering the Mosque of El Kuba it will be necessary to call to mind some passages of its past history. When the Prophet's she-camel, El Kaswa, as he was approaching El Medinah after the flight from Meccah, knelt down here, he desired his companions

to mount the animal. Abubekr and Omar did so; still she sat upon the ground, but when Ali obeyed the order, she arose. The Prophet bade him loose her halter, for she was directed by Allah, and the Mosque walls were built upon the line over which she trod. It was the first place of public devotion in El Islam. Mohammed laid the first brick, and with an "Anzah" or iron-shod javelin, marked out the direction of prayer, each of his successors followed his example. According to most historians, the land belonged to Abu Ayyub the Ansari, the Prophet's host; for which reason the "Bayt Ayyub," his descendants, still perform the service of the Mosque, keep the key, and share with the Bawwabs or porters the alms and fees here offered by the Faithful. Others declared that the ground was the property of one Linah, a woman who was in the habit of tethering her ass there. The Prophet used to visit the place every Saturday on foot, and made a point of praying the dawn-prayer there on the 17th Ramazan. A number of traditions testify to its dignity: of these, two are especially significant. The first assures all Moslems that a prayer at Kuba is equal in religious efficacy to a Lesser Pilgrimage at Meccah; and the second declares that such devotion is more acceptable to the Deity than prostrations at the Bayt el Mukaddas (Jerusalem). Moreover sundry miracles took place here, and a verset of the Koran descended from heaven. For which reasons the Mosque was much respected by Omar, who, once finding it empty, swept it himself with a broom of thorns, and

expressed his wonder at the lukewarmness of Moslem piety. It was originally a square building of very small size; Osman enlarged it in the direction of the minaret, making it sixty-six cubits each way. It is no longer "mean and decayed" as in Burckhardt's time: the Sultan Abd el Hamid, father of the Sultan Mahmud, erected a minaret of Turkish shape and a neat structure of cut stone, whose crenelles make it look more like a place of defence than of devotion. It has, however, no pretensions to grandeur. To the south a small and narrow Riwak (porch) with unpretending columns, looks out northwards upon a little open area simply sanded over; and this is the whole building.

The large Mastabah or stone bench at the entrance of the Mosque, was crowded with sitting people: we therefore lost no time, after ablution and the *Niyat* ("the Intention") peculiar to this Visitation, in ascending the steps, in pulling off our slippers, and in entering the sacred building. We stood upon the *Musalla el Nabi* (the Prophet's place of prayer): after *Shaykh Nur* and *Hamid* had forcibly cleared that auspicious spot of a devout Indian, and had spread a rug upon the dirty matting, we performed a two-bow prayer, in front of a pillar into which a diminutive marble *Mihrab* or niche had been inserted by way of memento. Then came the *Dua*, or supplication, which was as follows:

"O Allah! bless and preserve, and increase, and perpetuate, and benefit, and be propitious to, our Lord Mohammed, and to his Family, and to his Companions, and be Thou their Preserver! O Allah! this is the

Mosque Kuba, and the Place of the Prophet's Prayers. O Allah! pardon our Sins, and veil our Faults, and place not over us one who feareth not Thee, and who pitieith not us, and pardon us, and the true Believers, Men and Women, the Quick of them and the Dead; for verily Thou, O Lord, art the Hearer, the near to us, the Answerer of our Supplications." After which we recited the Testification and the Fatihah, and we drew our palms as usual down our faces.

We then moved away to the south-eastern corner of the edifice, and stood before a Mihrab in the southern wall. It is called "Takat el Kashf" or "Niche of Disclosure," by those who believe that as the Prophet was standing undecided about the direction of Meccah, the Archangel Gabriel removed all obstructions to his vision. There again we went through the two-bow prayer, the Supplication, the Testification, and the Fatihah, under difficulties, for people mobbed us excessively. During our devotions, I vainly attempted to decipher a Cufic inscription fixed in the wall above, and on the right of the Mihrab — my regret, however, at this failure was transitory, the character not being of an ancient date. Then we left the Riwak, and despite the morning sun which shone fiercely with a sickly heat, we went to the open area where stands the "Mabrak el Nakah," or the "Place of kneeling of the she-Dromedary." This, the exact spot where El Kaswa sat down, is covered with a diminutive dome of cut stone, supported by four stone pillars: the building is about eight feet high and

a little less in length and breadth. It has the appearance of being modern. On the floor, which was raised by steps above the level of the ground, lay, as usual, a bit of dirty matting, upon which we again went through the ceremonies above detailed.

Then issuing from the canopy into the sun, a little outside the Riwak and close to the Mabrak, we prayed upon the "Makan el Ayat," or the "Place of Signs." Here was revealed to Mohammed a passage in the Koran especially alluding to the sanctity of the place and of the people of Kuba, "a Temple founded in Purity from its first Day;" and again: "there live Men who love to be cleansed, and verily Allah delights in the Clean." The Prophet exclaimed in admiration, "O ye Sons of Amr! what have ye done to deserve all this Praise and Beneficence?" when the people offered him an explanation of their personal cleanliness which I do not care to repeat. The temple of Kuba from that day took a fresh title—Masjid el Takwa, or the "Mosque of Piety."

Having finished our prayers and ceremonies at the Mosque of Piety, we fought our way out through a crowd of importunate beggars, and turning a few paces to the left, halted near a small chapel adjoining the south-west angle of the larger temple. We there stood at a grated window in the western wall, and recited a supplication looking the while reverently at a dark dwarf archway under which the Lady Fatimah used to sit grinding grain in a hand-mill. The Mosque in consequence bears the name of Sittna Fatimah. A

surly-looking Khadim, or guardian, stood at the door demanding a dollar in the most authoritative Arab tone—we therefore did not enter. At El Medinah and at Meccah the traveller's hand must be perpetually in his pouch: no stranger in Paris or London is more surely or more severely taken in. Already I began to fear that my eighty pounds would not suffice for all the expenses of sight-seeing, and the apprehension was justified by the sequel. My only friend was the boy Mohammed, who displayed a fiery economy that brought him into considerable disrepute with his countrymen. They saw with emotion that he was preaching parsimony to me solely that I might have more money to spend at Meccah under his auspices. This being palpably the case, I threw all the blame of penuriousness upon the young Machiavel's shoulders, and resolved, as he had taken charge of my finances at El Medinah, so at Meccah to administer them myself.

After praying at the window, to the great disgust of the Khadim, who openly asserted that we were "low fellows," we passed through some lanes lined with beggars and Bedawi children, till we came to a third little Mosque situated due south of the larger one. This is called the Masjid Arafat, and is erected upon a mound also named Tall Arafat, because on one occasion the Prophet, being unable to visit the Holy mountain at the pilgrimage season, stood there, saw through the intervening space, and in spirit performed the ceremony. Here also we looked into a window instead of opening the door with a silver key,

and the mesquin appearance of all within prevented my regretting the necessity of economy. In India or Sind every village would have a better mosque.

Our last visit was to a fourth chapel, the Masjid Ali, so termed because the Prophet's son-in-law had a house upon this spot. After praying there—and terribly hot the little hole was!—we repaired to the last place of visitation at Kuba—a large deep well called the Bir El Aris, in a garden to the west of the Mosque of Piety, with a little oratory adjoining it. A Persian wheel was going drowsily round, and the cool water fell into a tiny pool, whence it whirled and bubbled away in childish mimicry of a river. The music sounded sweet in my ears, I stubbornly refused to do any more praying—though Shaykh Hamid, for form's sake, reiterated, with parental emphasis, “how very wrong it was”—and sat down, as the Prophet himself did not disdain to do, with the resolution of enjoying on the brink of the well a few moments of unwonted “Kayf.” The heat was overpowering, though it was only nine o'clock, the sound of the stream was soothing, that water wheel was creaking a lullaby, and the limes and pomegranates, gently rustling, shed voluptuous fragrance through the morning air. I fell asleep—and wondrous the contrast!—dreamed that I was once more standing

“By the wall whereon hangeth the crucified vine,”
looking upon the valley of the Lianne, with its glaucous seas and grey skies, and banks here and there white with snow.

The Bir el Aris, so called after a Jew of El Medinah, is one which the Prophet delighted to visit. He would sit upon its brink with his bare legs hanging over the side, and his companions used to imitate his example. This practice caused a sad disaster; in the sixth year of his caliphate, Osman, according to Abulfeda and Yakut, dropped from his finger Mohammed's seal ring, which, engraved in three lines with "Mohammed—Apostle—(of) Allah," had served to seal the letters sent to neighboring kings, and had descended to the first three successors. The precious article was not recovered after three day's search, and the well was thenceforward called Bir el Khatim—of the Seal Ring. It is also called the Bir el Taflat (of Saliva), because the Prophet honored it by expectoration, as, by the by, he seems to have done to almost all the wells in El Medinah. The effect of the operation upon the Bir el Aris, say the historians, was to sweeten the water, which before was salt. Their testimony, however, did not prevent my detecting a pronounced medicinal taste in the luke-warm draught drawn for me by Shaykh Hamid. In Mohammed's day the total number of wells is recorded to have been twenty: most of them have long since disappeared; but there still remain seven, whose waters were drunk by the Prophet, and which, in consequence, the Zair is directed to visit. They are known by the classical title of Sab'a Abar, or the seven wells, and their names are included in this couplet,

"Aris and Ghars, and Rumah and Buza'at
And Busat, with Bayruha and Ihn."

After my sleep, which was allowed to last until a pipe or two of Latakia had gone round the party, we remounted our animals. Returning towards El Medinah, my companions pointed out to me on the left of the village a garden, called El Madshuniyah. It contains a quarry of the yellow loam or bole-earth, called by the Arabs Tafl, the Persians Gil i Sarshui and the Sindians Metu. It is used as soap in many parts of the East, and, mixed with oil, it is supposed to cool the body, and to render the skin fresh and supple. It is related that the Prophet cured a Bedawi of the Benu Haris tribe of fever by washing him with a pot of Tafl dissolved in water, and hence the earth of El Medinah derived its healing fame. As far as I could learn from the Madani, this clay is no longer valued by them, either medicinally or cosmetically.

CHAPTER VI.

The Visitation of Hamzah's Tomb.

ON the morning of Sunday, the twenty-third Zu'l Ka'adah (28th August, 1853), arrived from El Sham or Damascus the great Caravan, popularly called Hajj El Shami, the "Damascus pilgrimage," as the Egyptian Cafila is El Misri, or the Cairo pilgrimage. It is the main stream which carries off all the small currents that at this season of general movement flow from central Asia towards the great centre of the Islamic world, and in 1853 it amounted to about 7000 souls. The arrival was anxiously expected by the people for several reasons. In the first place, it brought with it a new curtain for the Prophet's Hujrah, the old one being in a tattered condition; secondly, it had charge of the annual stipends and pensions of the citizens; and thirdly, many families expected members returning under its escort to their homes. The popular anxiety was greatly increased by the disordered state of the country round about; and, moreover, the great caravan had been one day late, generally arriving on the morning of the 22nd Zu'l Ka'adah.*

* I reprint the following from the Illustrated London News, in proof that the literati of England have still something to learn.

"On the 1st inst. the annual ceremony of the departure of the Sûrâ'îmî

During the night three of Shaykh Hamid's brothers, who had entered as Muzawwirs with the Hajj, came suddenly to the house: they leaped off their camels, and lost not a moment in going through the usual scene of kissing, embracing, and weeping bitterly for joy. I arose in the morning, and looked out from the windows of the Majlis. The Barr el Manakhah, from a dusty waste dotted with a few Bedawin and hair tents, had assumed all the various shapes and the colors of a kaleidescope. The eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another, thrown confusedly together in one small field; and, however jaded with sightseeing, it dwelt with delight upon the variety, the vivacity, and the intense picturesqueness of the scene. In one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, color, and shape—round, square and oblong, open and closed,—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the Pasha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the Harem, to its neighbour the little

with the Imperial gifts for the *Prophet's tomb at Meccah* took place in front of the palace at Constantinople. The *Levant Herald* states that the presents, which consist, beside the large money donation, of rich shawls and gold-woven stuffs, were brought out of the Imperial apartments and packed, in presence of the Sultan, on two beautiful camels, which, after the delivery of the usual prayers, were then led in grand procession, accompanied by all the high officers of state, to the landing-place at Cabatash, where the Sure-emin and camels were embarked on a Government steamer and ferried over to Scutari. There the holy functionary will remain some days, till the 'faithful' of the capital and those who have come from the interior have joined him, when the caravan will start for Damascus. At this latter city the grand rendezvous takes place, and, that accomplished, the great caravan sets out for Mecca under the Emir-el-Hadj of the year. The Imperial presents on this occasion cost more than £20,000."

dirty green "rowtie" of the tobacco-seller. They were pitched in admirable order: here ranged in a long line, where a street was required; there packed in dense masses, where thoroughfares were unnecessary. But how describe the utter confusion in the crowding, the bustling, and the vast variety and volume of sound? Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hejaz appeared mere pony-camels, jingling large bells, and bearing Shugdufs (litters) like miniature green tents, swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous Takhtrawan, or litters carried between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedawin bestriding naked-backed "Daluls" (dromedaries), and clinging like apes to the hairy humps; Arnaut, Kurd, and Turkish Irregular Cavalry, fiercer looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims, forcing their stubborn camels to kneel, or dismounted grumbling from jaded donkeys; Kahwajis, sherbet sellers, and ambulant tobacconists crying their goods; country-people driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamor through lines of horses fiercely snorting and biting and kicking and rearing; townspeople seeking their friends; returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes; devout Hajis jolting one another, running under the legs of camels, and tumbling over the tents' ropes in their hurry to reach the Haram; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers and fruit vendors fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well-mounted party of

fine old Arab Shaykhs of the Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the Arzah or war dance,—compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself—firing their duck-guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright-colored rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears tufted with ostrich feathers high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters their tents with vain cries of “Ya Mohammed!” grandes riding mules or stalking on foot, preceded by their crowd-beaters, shouting to clear the way; here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another; there the low moaning of some poor wretch that is seeking a shady corner to die in: add a thick dust which blurs the outlines like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd, and the brass balls of tent and litter; and—I doubt, gentle reader, that even the length, the jar, and the confusion of this description is adequate to its subject, or that any “word-painting” of mine can convey a just idea of the scene.

This was the day appointed for our visiting the martyrs of Ohod. After praying the dawn-prayers as directed at the Haram, we mounted our donkeys, and, armed with pistols and knives, we set out from the city. Our party was large. Sa'ad the Demon had offered to accompany us, and the bustle around kept

him in the best of humours; Umar Effendi was also there, quiet-looking and humble as usual, leading his ass to avoid the trouble of dismounting every second minute.* I had the boy Mohammed and my "slave," and Shaykh Hamid was attended by half a dozen relations. To avoid the crush of the Barr el Manakhah, we made a détour westwards, over the bridge and down the course of the torrent-bed "El Sayh." We then passed along the southern wall of the castle, traversed its eastern outwork, and issued from the Bab el Shami. During the greater part of the time we were struggling through a living tide; and among dromedaries and chargers a donkey is by no means a pleasant mount. With some difficulty, but without any more serious accident than a fall or two, we found ourselves in the space beyond and northward of the city. This also was covered with travellers and tents, amongst which, on an eminence to the left of the road, rose conspicuous the bright green pavilion of the Emir El Hajj, the commandant of the Caravan. Hard by, half its height surrounded by a Kanat or tent wall, stood the Syrian or Sultan's Mahmal (litter), all glittering with green and gilding and gold, and around it were pitched the handsome habitations of the principal officers and grandees of the pilgrimage. On the right hand lay extensive palm plantations, and on the left, strewed over the plain, were signs of wells and tanks, built to supply the Hajj with water. We pass

* Respectable men in El Hejaz, when they meet friends, acquaintances, or superiors, consider it only polite to dismount from a donkey.
Mecca and Medina. II.

two small buildings, one the Kubbat El Sabak, or Dome of Precedence, where the Prophet's warrior friends used to display their horsemanship; the second the Makan, or burial-place of Sayyidna Zaki el Din, one of Mohammed's multitudinous descendants. Then we fall into a plain, resembling that of Kuba, but less fertile. While we are jogging over it, a few words concerning Mount Ohod may not be misplaced.

A popular distich says,

"Verily there is healing to the eye that looks
Unto Ohod and the two Harrabs (ridges) near."

And of this holy hill the Prophet declared, "Ohod is a Mountain which loves Us and which We love: it is upon the Gate of Heaven;" adding, "and Ayr is a Place which hates Us and which We hate: it is upon the Gate of Hell." The former sheltered Mohammed in the time of danger, therefore, on Resurrection Day it will be raised to Paradise: whereas Jebel Ayr, its neighbour, having been so ill-judged as to refuse the Prophet water on an occasion while he thirsted, will be cast incontinently into Jehannum.

Moslem divines, be it observed, ascribe to Mohammed miraculous authority over animals, vegetables, and minerals, as well as over men, angels, and jinns. Hence the speaking Wolf, the weeping Post, the Oil-stone, and the love and hate of these two mountains. It is probably one of the many remains of ancient paganism pulled down and afterwards used to build up the edifice of El Islam. According to the old Persians, the sphere has an active soul. Some sects of

Hindus believe "mother earth," upon whose bosom we little parasites crawl, to be a living being. This was a dogma also amongst the ancient Egyptians, who denoted it by a peculiar symbol,—the globe with human legs. Hence the "Makrokosmos" of the plagiaristic Greeks, the animal on a large scale, whose diminutive was the "Mikrokosmos"—man. "Tota natura," repeats Malpighi, "existit in minimis." Amongst the Romans, Tellus or Terra was a female deity, anthropomorphised according to their syncretic system, which furnished with strange gods their Pantheon, but forgot to append the scroll explaining the inner sense of the symbol. And some modern philosophers, Kepler, Blackmore, and others, have not scrupled to own their belief in a doctrine which as long as "Life" is a mere word on man's tongue, can neither be proved nor disproved. The Mohammedans, as usual, exaggerate the dogma—a Hadis related by Abu Hurayrah casts on the Day of Judgment the sun and the moon into hell fire.

Jebel Ohod owes its present reputation to a cave which sheltered the Prophet when pursued by his enemies, to certain springs of which he drank, and especially to its being the scene of a battle celebrated in El Islam. On Saturday, the 11th Shawwal, in the 3rd year of the Hijrah (26th January A. D. 625) Mohammed with 700 men engaged 3000 infidels under the command of Abu Sufyan, ran great personal danger, and lost his uncle Hamzah, the "Lord of Martyrs." On the topmost pinnacle, also, is the Kubbat Harun, the dome erected over Aaron's remains.

It is now, I was told, in a ruinous condition, and is placed upon the "pinnacle of seven hills" in a position somewhat like that of certain buildings on St. Angelo in the bay of Naples. Alluding to the toil of reaching it, the Madani quote a facetious rhyme inscribed upon the wall by one of their number who had wasted his breath—

"Mal'un ibn Mal'un
Man talaa Kubbat Harun!"

Anglicè, "The man must be a ruffian who climbs up to Aaron's Dome." Devout Moslems visit Ohod every Thursday morning after the dawn devotions in the Haram, pray for the Martyrs, and, after going through the ceremonies, return to the Haram in time for mid-day worship. On the 12th of Rajab, Zairs come out in large bodies from the city, encamp here for three or four days and pass the time in feasting, jollity, and devotion, as usual at pilgrimages and saints' festivals in general.

After half an hour's ride we came to the Mustarah or resting place, so called because the Prophet sat here for a few minutes on his way to the battle of Ohod. It is a newly-built square enclosure of dwarf whitewashed walls, within which devotees pray. On the outside fronting El Medinah is a seat like a chair of rough stones. Here I was placed by my Muzawwir, who recited an insignificant supplication to be repeated after him. At its end, with the Fatihah and accompaniments, we remounted our asses and resumed our way. Travelling onwards, we came in sight of the

second Harrah or ridge. It lies to the right and left of the road, and resembles lines of lava, but I had not an opportunity to examine it narrowly. Then we reached the gardens of Ohod, which reflect in miniature those of Kuba, and presently we arrived at what explained the presence of verdure and vegetable life —a deep Fiumara full of loose sand and large stones denoting an impetuous stream. It flows along the southern base of Ohod, said to be part of the plain of El Medinah, and collects the drainage of the high lands lying to the S. and S.E. The bed becomes impassable after rain, and sometimes the torrents overflow the neighbouring gardens. By the direction of this Fiumara I judged that it must supply the Ghabbah or "basin" in the hills north of the plain. Good authorities, however, informed me that a large volume of water will not stand there, but flows down the beds that wind through the Ghauts westward of El Medinah and falls into the sea near the harbour of Wijh. To the south of the Fiumara is a village on an eminence, containing some large brick houses now in a ruinous state; these are the villas of opulent and religious citizens who visited the place for change of air, re-creation, and worship at Hamzah's tomb. Our donkeys presently sank fetlock-deep in the loose sand of the torrent-bed. Then reaching the northern side and ascending a gentle slope, we found ourselves upon the battle-field.

This spot, so celebrated in the annals of El Islam, is a shelving strip of land, close to the southern base

of Mount Ohod. The army of the Infidels advanced from the Fiumara in crescent shape, with Abu Sufiyan, the general, and his idols in the centre. It is distant about three miles from El Medinah, in a northerly direction. All the visitor sees is hard gravelly ground, covered with little heaps of various colored granite, red sandstone, and bits of porphyry, to denote the different places where the martyrs fell and were buried. Seen from this point, there is something appalling in the look of the Holy Mountain. Its seared and jagged flanks rise like masses of iron from the plain, and the crevice into which the Moslem host retired, when the disobedience of the archers in hastening to plunder, enabled Khalid bin Walid to fall upon Mohammed's rear, is the only break in the grim wall. Reeking with heat, its surface produces not one green shrub or stunted tree; neither bird nor beast appeared upon its inhospitable sides, and the bright blue sky glaring above its bald and sullen brow, made it look only the more repulsive. I was glad to turn away my eyes from it.

To the left of the road N. of the Fiumara, and leading to the mountains, stands Hamzah's Mosque, which, like the Haram of El Medinah, is a mausoleum as well as a fane. It is a small strongly-built square of hewn stone, with a dome covering the solitary hypostyle to the south, and the usual minaret. The westward wing is a Zawiyah or oratory, frequented by the celebrated Sufi and Saint, Mohammed el Samman, the "Clarified Butter-Seller," one of whose blood, the

reader will remember, stood by my side in the person of Shaykh Hamid. On the eastern side of the building a half wing projects, and a small door opens to the south upon a Mustabah or stone bench five or six feet high; this completes the square of the edifice. On the right of the road opposite Hamzah's Mosque is a large erection, now in ruins, containing a deep hole leading to a well, with huge platforms for the accommodation of travellers. Beyond, towards the mountains, are the small edifices presently to be described.

Some Turkish women were sitting veiled upon the shady platform opposite the Martyrs' Mosque. At a little distance their husbands, and the servants holding horses and asses, lay upon the ground, and a large crowd of Bedawin, boys, girls, and old women, had gathered around to beg, draw water, and sell dry dates. They were awaiting the guardian, who had not yet acknowledged the summons. After half an hour's vain patience, we determined to proceed with the ceremonies. Ascending by its steps the Mastabah subtending half the eastern wall, Shaykh Hamid placed me so as to front the tomb. There, standing in the burning sun, we repeated the following prayer: "Peace be upon Thee, O our Lord Hamzah! O Paternal-Uncle of Allah's Messenger! O Paternal-Uncle of Allah's Prophet! Peace be upon Thee, O Paternal-Uncle of Mustafa! Peace be upon Thee, O Prince of the Martyrs! O Prince of the Happy! Peace be upon Thee, O Lion of Allah! O Lion of His Prophet!"

After which, we asked Hamzah and his companions

to lend us their aid, in obtaining for us and ours pardon, worldly prosperity, and future happiness. Scarcely had we finished when, mounted on a high-trotting dromedary, appeared the emissary of Mohammed Khalifah, descendant of El Abbas, who keeps the key of the Mosque, and who receives the fees and donations of the devout. It was to be opened for the Turkish pilgrims. I waited to see the interior. The Arab drew forth from his pouch, with abundant solemnity, a bunch of curiously made keys, and sharply directed me to stand away from and out of sight of the door. When I obeyed, grumblingly, he began to rattle the locks, and to snap the padlocks, opening them slowly, shaking them, and making as much noise as possible. The reason of the precaution—it sounded like poetry if not sense—is this. It is believed that the souls of martyrs, leaving the habitations of their senseless clay, are fond of sitting together in spiritual converse, and profane eye must not fall upon the scene. What grand pictures these imaginative Arabs see! Conceive the majestic figures of the saints—for the soul with Mohammedans is like the old European spirit, a something immaterial in the shape of the body—with long grey beards, earnest faces, and solemn eyes, reposing beneath the palms, and discussing events now buried in the gloom of a thousand years.

I would fain be hard upon this superstition, but shame prevents. When in Nottingham, eggs may not be carried out after sunset; when Ireland hears Banshees, or apparitional old women, with streaming hair,

and dressed in blue mantles; when Scotland sees a shroud about a person, showing his approaching death; when France has her loup-garous, revenants, and poules du Vendredi Saint (*i. e.* hens hatched on Good Friday supposed to change color every year): as long as the Holy Coat cures devotees at Trèves, Madonnas wink at Rimini, San Januario melts at Naples, and Addolorate and Estatiche make converts to hysteria at Rome—whilst the Virgin manifests herself to children on the Alps, whilst Germany sends forth Psychography, whilst Europe, the civilised, the enlightened, the sceptical, registers miracles by the dozen, miracles believed in even by millions of hard-headed Americans; whilst “Creation by Law” is scouted—I must hold the men of El Medinah to be as wise, and their superstition to be as respectable as that of others.

But the realities of Hamzah’s Mosque have little to recommend them. The building is like that of Kuba, only smaller; and the hypostyle is hung with oil lamps and ostrich eggs, the usual paltry furniture of an Arab mausoleum. On the walls are a few modern inscriptions and framed poetry, written in a caligraphic hand. Beneath the Riwak lies Hamzah, under a mass of black basaltic stone, resembling that of Aden, only more porous and scoriaceous, convex at the top, like a heap of earth, without the Kiswah, or cover of a saint’s tomb, and railed round with wooden bars. At his head, or westward, lies Abdullah bin Jaysh, a name little known to fame, under a plain whitewashed tomb,

also convex; and in the court-yard is a similar pile, erected over the remains of Shammas bin Usman, another obscure Companion. We then passed through a door in the northern part of the western wall, and saw a diminutive palm plantation and a well. After which we left the Mosque, and I was under the "fatal necessity" of paying a dollar for the honor of entering it. But the guardian promised that the chapters Y. S. and El Ikhlas should be recited for my benefit—the latter forty times—and if their efficacy be one-twentieth part of what men say it is, the reader cannot quote against me a certain popular proverb, concerning an order of men easily parted from their money.

Issuing from the Mosque, we advanced a few paces towards the mountain. On our left we passed by—at a respectful distance, for the Turkish Hajis cried out that their women were engaged in ablution—a large Sehrij or tank, built of cut stone with steps, and intended to detain the overflowing waters of the torrent. The next place we prayed at was a small square, enclosed with dwarf whitewashed walls, containing a few graves denoted by ovals of loose stones thinly spread upon the ground. This is primitive Arab simplicity. The Bedawin still mark the places of their dead with four stones planted at the head, the feet, and the sides; in the centre the earth is either heaped up Musannam (*i. e.* like the hump of a camel), or more generally left Musattah—level. I therefore suppose that the latter was the original shape of the Prophet's tomb.

Within the enclosure certain martyrs of the holy army were buried. After praying there, we repaired to a small building still nearer to the foot of the mountain. It is the usual cupola springing from four square walls, not in the best preservation. Here the Prophet prayed, and it is called the Kubbat el Sanaya, "Dome of the Front Teeth," from the following circumstance. Five infidels were bound by oath to slay Mohammed at the battle of Ohod: one of these, Ibn Kumayyah, threw so many stones, and with such good will that two rings of the Prophet's helmet were driven into his cheek, and blood poured from his brow down his mustachios, which he wiped with a cloak to prevent the drops falling to the ground. Then Utbah bin Abi Wakkas hurled a stone at him, which, splitting his lower lip, knocked out one of his front teeth. On the left of the Mihrab, inserted low down in the wall, is a square stone, upon which Shaykh Hamid showed me the impression of a tooth: he kissed it with peculiar reverence, and so did I. But the boy Mohammed being by me objurgated—for I remarked in him a jaunty demeanour combined with neglectfulness of ceremonies—saluted it sulkily, muttering the while hints about the holiness of his birth-place exempting him from the trouble of stooping. Already he had appeared at the Haram without his Jubbah, and with ungirt loins—in waistcoat and shirt sleeves. Moreover he had conducted himself indecorously by nudging Shaykh Hamid's sides during divine service. Feeling that the youth's "moral man" was, like his physical,

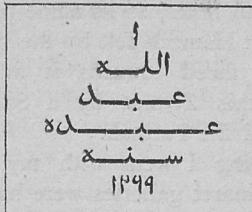
under my charge, and determined to arrest a course of conduct which must have ended in obtaining for me, the master, the reputation of a "son of Belial," I insisted upon his joining us in the customary two-bow prayers. And Sa'ad the Demon taking my side of the question with his usual alacrity when a disturbance was in prospect, the youth found it necessary to yield.

After this little scene, Shaykh Hamid pointed out a sprawling inscription blessing the companions of the Prophet. The unhappy Abubekr's name had been half effaced by some fanatic Shiah, a circumstance which seemed to arouse all the evil in my companions' nature, and looking close at the wall I found a line of Persian verse to this effect:

"I am weary of my life (Umr), because it bears the name of Umar."*

We English wanderers are beginning to be shamed out of our "vulgar" habit of scribbling names and nonsense in noted spots. Yet the practice is both classical and oriental. The Greeks and Persians left their marks everywhere, as Egypt shows, and the paws of the Sphinx bear scratches which, being interpreted, are found to be the same manner of trash as that written upon the remains of Thebes in A.D. 1874. And Easterns appear never to enter a building with a white wall without inditing upon it platitudes in verse and prose. Influenced by these considerations, I drew forth a pencil and inscribed in the Kubbat el Sanaya,

* In Persian characters the word Umr, life, and Umar, the name of the hated caliph, are written in the same way; which explains the pun.



"Abdullah, the servant of Allah."
(A. H.) 1399.

Issuing from the dome we turned a few paces to the left, passed northwards, and thus blessed the Martyrs of Ohod:

"Peace be upon Ye, O Martyrs! Peace be upon Ye, O Blessed! Ye Pious! Ye Pure! who fought upon Allah's Path the good Fight, who worshipped your Lord until He brought you to Certainty.* Peace be upon You of whom Allah said (viz. in the Koran) 'Verily repute not them slain on God's Path (i. e. warring with Infidels); nay, rather they are alive, and there is no Fear upon them, nor are they sorrowful!' Peace be upon Ye, O Martyrs of Ohod! One and All, and the Mercy of Allah and his Blessings."

Then again we moved a few paces forward and went through a similar ceremony, supposing ourselves to be in the cave that sheltered the Prophet. After which, returning towards the torrent-bed by the way we came, we stood a small distance from a cupola called Kubbat el Masra. It resembles that of the

* That is to say, "to the hour of death."

“Front-teeth,” and notes, as its name proves, the place where the gallant Hamzah fell by the spear of Wahshi the slave. We faced towards it and finished the ceremonies of this Ziyarat by a Supplication, the Testification, and the Fatihah.

In the evening I went with my friends to the Haram. The minaret galleries were hung with lamps, and the inside of the temple was illuminated. It was crowded with Hajis, amongst whom were many women, a circumstance which struck me from its being unusual. Some pious pilgrims, who had duly paid for the privilege, were perched upon ladders trimming wax candles of vast dimensions, others were laying up for themselves rewards in Paradise, by performing the same office to the lamps; many were going through the ceremonies of Ziyarat, and not a few were sitting in different parts of the Mosque apparently overwhelmed with emotion. The boys and the beggars were inspired with fresh energy, the Aghawat were gruffer and surlier than I had ever seen them, and the young men about town walked and talked with a freer and an easier demeanour than usual. My old friends the Persians—there were about 1200 of them in the Hajj caravan—attracted my attention. The door-keepers stopped them with curses as they were about to enter, and all claimed from each the sum of five piastres, whilst other Moslems are allowed to enter the Mosque free. Unhappy men! they had lost all the Shiraz swagger, their mustachios drooped pitifully, their eyes would not look any one in the face, and

not a head bore a cap stuck upon it crookedly. Whenever an "Ajemi," whatever might be his rank, stood in the way of an Arab or a Turk, he was rudely thrust aside, with abuse muttered loud enough to be heard by all around. All eyes followed them as they went through the ceremonies of Ziyarat, especially as they approached the tombs of Abubekr and Omar—which every man is bound to defile if he can—and the supposed place of Fatimah's burial. Here they stood in parties, after praying before the Prophet's window: one read from a book the pathetic tale of the Lady's life, sorrows, and mourning death, whilst the others listened to him with breathless attention. Sometimes their emotion was too strong to be repressed. "Ay Fatimah! Ay Mazlumah! Way! way!—O Fatimah! O Thou injured one! Alas! alas!"—burst involuntarily from their lips, despite the danger of such exclamations, tears trickled down their hairy cheeks, and their brawny bosoms heaved with sobs. A strange sight it was to see rugged fellows, mountaineers perhaps, or the fierce Iliyat of the plains, sometimes weeping silently like children, sometimes shrieking like hysterical girls, and utterly careless to conceal a grief so coarse and grisly, at the same time so true and real, that I knew not how to behold it. Then the Satanic scowls with which they passed by or pretended to pray at the hated Omar's tomb! With what curses their hearts are belying those mouths full of blessings! How they are internally canonising Fayruz—the Persian slave who stabbed Omar in the Mosque—and

praying for his eternal happiness in the presence of the murdered man! Sticks and stones, however, and not unfrequently the knife and the sabre, have taught them the hard lesson of disciplining their feelings, and nothing but a furious contraction of the brow, a roll of the eye, intensely vicious, and a twitching of the muscles about the region of the mouth, denotes the wild storm of wrath within. They generally, too, manage to discharge some part of their passion in words. "Hail Omar Thou hog!" exclaims some fanatic Madani as he passes by the heretic—a demand more outraging than requiring a red-hot, black-north Protestant to bless the Pope. "O Allah! *hell* him!" meekly responds the Persian, changing the benediction to a curse most intelligible to, and most delicious in, his fellows' ears. I have heard of a Persian being beaten to death, because instead of saying "Peace be with Thee, Ya Omar," he insisted upon saying "Peace ^{بَرَکَة} with Thee, Ya Humar (O ass!)" A favorite trick is to change *Razi Allahu anhu*—May Allah be satisfied with him!—to *Razi Allahu Aan*. This last word is not to be found in Richardson, but any "Luti" from Shiraz or Isfahan can make it intelligible to the curious linguist.

An evening hour in the steamy heat of the Haram was equal to half a dozen afternoons; and I left it resolved never to revisit it till the Hajj departed from El Medinah. It was only prudent not to see much of the Ajamis; and as I did so somewhat ostentatiously, my companions discovered that the Shaykh Abdullah,

having slain many of those heretics in some war or other, was avoiding them to escape retaliation. In proof of my generalistic qualities, the rolling down of the water jar upon the heads of the Maghribi pilgrims in the "Golden Thread" was quoted, and all offered to fight for me à l'outrance.

I took care not to contradict the report.

CHAPTER VII.

The People of El Medinah.

EL MEDINAH contains but few families descended from the Prophet's Auxiliaries. I heard only of four whose genealogy is undoubted. These were,—

1. The Bayt el Ansari, or descendants of Abu Ayyub, a most noble race whose tree ramifies through a space of 1500 years. They keep the keys of the Kuba Mosque, and are Imams in the Haram, but the family is no longer wealthy or powerful.

2. The Bayt Abi Jud: they supply the Haram with Imams and Muezzins. I was told that there are now but two surviving members of this family, a boy and a girl.

3. The Bayt el Sha'ab, a numerous race. Some of the members travel professionally, others trade, and others are employed in the Haram.

4. The Bayt el Karrani, who are mostly engaged in commerce.

There is also a race called el Nakhawilah, who, according to some, are descendants of the Ansar, whilst others derive them from Yezid, the son of Muawiyah: the latter opinion is improbable, as the Caliph in question was a mortal foe to Ali's family, which is inordinately venerated by these people. As

far as I could ascertain, they abuse the Shaykhayn (Abubekr and Omar): all my informants agreed upon this point, but none could tell me why they neglected to bedevil Osman, the third object of hatred to the Shiah persuasion. They are numerous and warlike, yet they are despised by the townspeople, because they openly profess heresy, and are moreover of low degree. They have their own priests and instructors, although subject to the orthodox Kazi, marry in their own sect, are confined to humble offices, such as slaughtering animals, sweeping, and gardening, and are not allowed to enter the Haram during life, nor to be carried to it after death. Their corpses are taken down an outer street called the Darb el Jenazah—Road of Biers—to their own cemetery near El Baki'a. They dress and speak Arabic, like the townspeople; but the Arabs pretend to distinguish them by a peculiar look denoting their degradation: it is doubtless the mistake of effect for cause, made about all such

“Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast.”

A number of reports are current about the horrid customs of these people, and their community of women with the Persian pilgrims who pass through the town. It need scarcely be said that such tales coming from the mouths of fanatic foes are never to be credited. I regret not having had an opportunity to become intimate with any of the Nakhawilah, from whom curious information might be elicited. Orthodox Moslems do not like to be questioned about such

hateful subjects; when I attempted to learn something from one of my acquaintance, Shaykh Ula el Din, of a Kurd family, settled at El Medinah, a man who had travelled over the East, and who spoke five languages to perfection, he coldly replied that he never consorted with heretics.

Sayyids and Sherifs*, the descendants of the Prophet, here abound. The Benú Husayn of El Medinah have their head-quarters at Suwayrkiyah: the former place contains six or seven families; the latter, ninety-three or ninety-four. Anciently they were much more numerous, and such was their power, that for centuries they retained charge of the Prophet's Tomb. They subsist principally upon their Amlak, property in land, for which they have title-deeds extending back to Mohammed's day, and Aukaf, religious bequests; popular rumour accuses them of frequent murders for the sake of succession. At El Medinah they live chiefly at the Hosh Ibn Sa'ad, a settlement outside the town and south of Darb el Jenazah. There is, however, no objection to their dwelling within the walls, and they are taken to the Haram after death, if there be no evil report against the individual. Their burial-place is the Baki'a cemetery. The reason of

* In Arabia the Sherif is the descendant of Hasan through his two sons, Zayd and Hasan el Musanna: the Sayyid is the descendant of Hosayn through Zayn el Abidin, the sole of twelve children who survived the fatal field of Kerbelā. The former devotes himself to government and war, the latter to learning and religion. In Persia and India, the Sherif is the son of a Sayyid woman and a common Moslem. The Sayyid "Nejib el Taraf" (noble on one side) is the son of a Sayyid father and a common Moslemah. The Sayyid "Nejib el Tarafayn" (noble on both sides) is one whose parents are both Sayyids.

this toleration is, that some are supposed to be Sunni, or orthodox, and even the most heretical keep their "Rafz" (heresy) a profound secret. Most learned Arabs believe that they belong, like the Persians, to the sect of Ali; the truth, however, is so vaguely known, that I could find out none of the peculiarities of their faith, till I met a Shirazi friend at Bombay.

The Benú Husayn are spare dark men of Bedawi appearance, and they dress in the old Arab style still affected by the Sherifs, a Kufiyah (kerchief) on the head, and a Benish, a long and wide-sleeved garment resembling our magicians' gown, thrown over the white cotton Kamis (shirt): in public they always carry swords, even when others leave weapons at home. There are about 200 families of Sayyid Alawiyah, who are descendants of Ali by any of his wives but Fatimah; they bear no distinctive mark in dress or appearance, and are either employed at the temple or engage in trade. Of the Khalifiyyah, or posterity of Abbas, there is, I am told, but one household, the Bayt el Khalifah, who act as Imams in the Haram, and have charge of Hamzah's tomb. Some declare that there are a few of the Siddikiyah, or descendants from Abubekr; others ignore them, and none could give me any information about the Benú Najjar.

The rest of the population of El Medinah is a motley race composed of offshoots from every nation in El Islam. The sanctity of the city attracts strangers who, purposing to stay but a short time, become residents: after finding some employment, they marry,

have families, die, and are buried there with an eye to the spiritual advantages of the place. I was much importuned to stay at El Medinah. The only known physician was one Shaykh Abdullah Sahib, an Indian, a learned man, but of so melancholic a temperament, and so ascetic in his habits, that his knowledge was entirely lost to the public. "Why dost thou not," said my friends, "hire a shop somewhere near the Prophet's Mosque? There thou wilt eat bread by thy skill, and thy soul will have the blessing of being on holy ground." Shaykh Nur also opined after a short residence at El Medinah that it was "bara jannati Shahr," a "very heavenly City," and little would have induced him to make it his home.

The present ruling race at El Medinah, in consequence of political vicissitudes, are the "Sufat," sons of Turkish fathers by Arab mothers. These half-castes are now numerous, and have managed to secure the highest and most lucrative offices. Besides Turks, there are families originally from the Maghrib, Tahruris, Egyptians in considerable numbers, settlers from Yemen and other parts of Arabia, Syrians, Kurds, Afghans, Daghistanis from the Caucasus, and a few Jawis—Java Moslems. The Sindis, I was told, reckon about 100 families, who are exceedingly despised for their cowardice and want of manliness, whilst the Baloch and the Afghan are respected. The Indians are not so numerous in proportion here as at Meccah; still Hindostani is by no means uncommonly heard in the streets. They preserve their peculiar costume, the

women persisting in showing their faces, and in wearing tight, exceedingly tight, pantaloons. This, together with other reasons, secures for them the contempt of the Arabs. At El Medinah they are generally small shopkeepers, especially druggists and sellers of Kumash (dry goods), and they form a society of their own. The terrible cases of misery and starvation which so commonly occur among the improvident Indians at Jeddah and Meccah are here rare.

The Hanafi school holds the first rank at El Medinah, as in most parts of El Islam, although many of the citizens, and almost all the Bedawin, are Shafeis. The reader will have remarked with astonishment that at one of the fountain-heads of the faith, there are several races of schismatics, the Benú Husayn, the Benú Ali, and the Nakhawilah. At the town of Safra there are said to be a number of the Zuyud* schismatics, who visit El Medinah, and have settled in force at Meccah, and some declare that the Bayazi** sect also exists.

The citizens of El Medinah are a favoured race, although their city is not, like Meccah, the grand mart of the Moslem world or the meeting-place of nations. They pay no taxes, and reject the idea of a "Miri," or land-cess, with extreme disdain. "Are *we*, the children of the Prophet," they exclaim, "to support or to be

* Plural of Zaydi. These are well known schismatics of the Shiah persuasion, who abound in Southern Arabia.

** The Bayazi sect flourishes near Muscat, whose Imam or Prince, it is said, belongs to the heretical persuasion. It rejects Osman, and advocates the superiority of Omar over the other two Caliphs.

supported?" The Wahhabis, not understanding the argument, taxed them, as was their wont, in specie and in kind, for which reason the very name of those Arab Puritans is an abomination. As has before been shown, all the numerous attendants at the Mosque are paid partly by the Sultan, partly by Aukaf, the rents of houses and lands bequeathed to the shrine, and scattered over every part of the Moslem world. When a Madani is inclined to travel, he applies to the Mudir el Haram, and receives from him a paper which entitles him to the receipt of a considerable sum at Constantinople. The "Ikram" (honorarium), as it is called, varies with the rank of the recipient, the citizens being divided into these four orders, viz.

First and highest: the Sadat (Sayyids) and Imams, who are entitled to 12 purses, or about 60/. Of these there are said to be 300 families.

The Khanahdan, who keep open house and receive poor strangers gratis. Their Ikram amounts to 8 purses, and they number from 100 to 150 families.

The Ahali (burghers) or Madani properly speaking, who have homes and families, and were born in El Medinah. They claim 6 purses.

The Mujawirin, strangers, as Egyptians or Indians settled at, though not born in, El Medinah. Their honorarium is 4 purses.

The Madani traveller, on arrival at Constantinople, reports his arrival to his consul, the Wakil el Hara-mayn. This "Agent of the two Holy Places" applies to the Nazir el Aukaf, or "Intendant of Bequests;" the

latter, after transmitting the demand to the different officers of the treasury, sends the money to the Wakil, who delivers it to the applicant. This gift is sometimes squandered in pleasure, more often profitably invested either in merchandise or in articles of home-use; presents of dress and jewellery for the women; handsome arms, especially pistols and Balas (yataghans), silk tassels, amber pipe-pieces, slippers, and embroidered purses. They are packed up in one or two large Sahharahs, and then commences the labor of returning home gratis. Besides the Ikram, most of the Madani, when upon these begging trips, are received as guests by great men at Constantinople. The citizens whose turn it is not to travel, await the Aukaf and Sadakat (bequests and alms), forwarded every year by the Damascus caravan; besides which, as has been before explained, the Haram supplies even those not officially employed in it with many perquisites.

Without these advantages El Medinah would soon be abandoned to cultivators and Bedawin. Though commerce is here honorable, as everywhere in the East, business is "slack," because the higher classes prefer the idleness of administering their landed estates, and being servants to the Mosque. I heard of only four respectable houses, El Isawi, El Sha'ab, Abd el Jawwad, and a family from El Shark (the Eastern Region). They all deal in grain, cloth, and provisions, and perhaps the richest have a capital of 20,000 dollars. Caravans in the cold weather are constantly passing between El Medinah and Egypt, but they are rather

bodies of visitors to Constantinople than traders travelling for gain. Corn is brought from Jeddah by land, and imported into Yambu' or viâ El Rais, a port on the Red Sea, one day and a half's journey from Safra. There is an active provision trade with the neighbouring Bedawin, and the Syrian Hajj supplies the citizens with apparel and articles of luxury—to-bacco, dried fruits, sweetmeats, knives, and all that is included under the word "notions."

There are few store-keepers, and their dealings are petty, because articles of every kind are brought from Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople. As a general rule, labour is exceedingly expensive, and at the Visitation time a man will demand fifteen or twenty piastres from a stranger for such a trifling job as mending an umbrella. Handicraftsmen and artisans—carpenters, masons, locksmiths, potters, and others—are either slaves or foreigners, mostly Egyptians. This proceeds partly from the pride of the people. They are taught from their childhood that the Madani is a favored being, to be respected however vile or schismatic, and that the vengeance of Allah will fall upon any one who ventures to abuse, much more to strike him. They receive a stranger at the shop window with the haughtiness of Pashas, and take pains to show him, by words as well as by looks, that they consider themselves as "good gentlemen as the king, only not so rich." Added to this pride are indolence, and the true Arab prejudice, which, even in the present day, prevents a Bedawi from marrying the daughter of an

artisan. Like Castilians, they consider labor humiliating to any but a slave; nor is this, as a clever French author remarks, by any means an unreasonable idea, since Heaven, to punish man for disobedience, caused him to eat daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Besides, there *is* degradation, moral and physical, in handiwork compared with the freedom of the desert. The loom and the file do not conserve courtesy and chivalry like the sword and spear—man “extends his tongue,” to use an Arab phrase, when a cuff and not a stab is to be the consequence of an injurious expression. Even the ruffian becomes polite in the “Far West,” where his brother-ruffian carries a revolver, and those European nations who were most polished when every gentleman wore a rapier, have become the rudest since Civilisation disarmed them.

El Medinah is not a cheap place. Yet the citizens, despite their being generally in debt, manage to live well. Their cookery, like that of Meccah, has borrowed something from Egypt, Turkey, Syria, Persia, and India; as all Orientals they are exceedingly fond of clarified butter. I have seen the boy Mohammed drink off nearly a tumbler full, although his friends warned him that it would make him as fat as an elephant. When a man cannot enjoy clarified butter in these countries, it is considered a sign that his stomach is out of order; and all my excuses of a melancholic temperament were required to be in full play to prevent the infliction of fried meat swimming in grease, or that guest-dish, rice saturated with melted

—perhaps I should say—rancid butter. The “Samn” of El Hejaz, however, is often fresh, being brought in by the Bedawin; it has not the foul flavor derived from the old and impregnated skin-bag which distinguishes the “ghi” of India.

The house of a Madani in good circumstances is comfortable, for the building is substantial, and the attendance respectable. Black slave-girls here perform the complicated duties of servant-maids in England; they are taught to sew, to cook, and to wash, besides sweeping the house and drawing water for domestic use. Hasinah (the “Charmer,” a decided misnomer) costs from \$40 to \$50: if she be a mother, her value is less, but neat-handedness, propriety of demeanour, and skill in feminine accomplishments, raise her to \$100—25*l.* A little black boy, perfect in all his points, and tolerably intelligent, costs about 1000 piastres; girls are dearer, and eunuchs fetch double that sum. The older the children become, the more their value diminishes, and no one would purchase, save under exceptional circumstances, an adult slave, because he is never parted with but for some incurable vice. The Abyssinian, mostly Galla, girls, so much prized because their skins are always cool in the hottest weather, are here rare; they seldom sell for less than 20*l.*, and they often fetch 60*l.* I never heard of a Jariyah Bayza, a white slave girl, being in the market at El Medinah: in Circassia they fetch from 100*l.* to 400*l.* prime cost, and few men in El Hejaz could afford so expensive a luxury. The bazar at El Medinah is poor, and, as

almost all the slaves are brought from Mecca by the Jallabs, or drivers, after exporting the best to Egypt, the town receives only the refuse.

The personal appearance of the Madani makes the stranger wonder how this mongrel population of settlers has acquired a peculiar and almost an Arab physiognomy. They are remarkably fair, the effect of a cold climate; sometimes the cheeks are lighted up with red, and the hair is a dark chestnut—at El Medinah I was not stared at as a white man. The cheeks and different parts of the children's bodies are sometimes marked with Mashali or Tashrih, not the three long stripes of the Meccans, but little scars generally in threes. In some points they approach very near the true Arab type, that is to say, the Bedawin of ancient and noble family. The cheek-bones are high and saillant, the eye small, more round than long, piercing, fiery, deep-set, and brown rather than black. The head is dolichocephalic, the ears well-cut, the face long-oval, not unfrequently disfigured by what is popularly called the "lantern-jaw;" the forehead high, bony, broad and slightly retreating, and the beard and mustachios scanty, consisting of two tufts upon the chin, with, generally speaking, little or no whisker. These are the points of resemblance between the city and the country Arab. The difference is equally remarkable. The temperament of the Madani is not purely nervous, like that of the Bedawin, but admits a large admixture of the bilious and, though rarely, the lymphatic. The cheeks are fuller, the jaws project

farther than in the pure race, the lips are more fleshy, more sensual and ill-fitting, the features are broader, and the limbs are stouter and more bony. The beard is a little thicker, and the young Arabs of the towns are beginning to imitate the Turks in that abomination to their ancestors—shaving. Personal vanity, always a ruling passion among Orientals, and a hopeless wish to emulate the flowing beards of the Turks and the Persians—perhaps the only nations in the world who ought not to shave the chin—have overruled even the religious objections to such innovation. I was more frequently appealed to at El Medinah than anywhere else, for some means of removing the opprobrium “Kusah” or scant-bearded man. They blacken the beard with gall-nuts, henna, and other preparations, especially the Egyptian mixture, composed of sulphate of iron one part, ammoniure of iron one part and gall-nuts two parts, infused in eight parts of distilled water. It is a very bad dye.

Much refinement of dress is now found at El Medinah, Constantinople, the Paris of the East, supplying it with the newest fashions. Respectable men wear either a Benish or a Jubbah; the latter, as at Meccah, is generally of some light and flashy color, gamboge, yellow, tender green, or bright pink. This is the sign of a “dressy” man in other countries. If you have a single coat, it should be of some modest colour, as a dark violet; to appear always in the same tender green, or bright pink, would excite derision. But the Hejazis, poor and rich, always prefer these tulip tints. The

proper Badan, or long coat without sleeves, still worn in truly Arab countries, is here confined to the lowest classes. That ugliest of head-dresses, the red Tunisian cap, called "Turbush," is much used, only the Arabs have too great regard for their eyes and faces to wear it, as the Turks do, without a turban. It is with regret that one sees the most graceful head-gear imaginable, the Kufiyah and the A'akal, proscribed except amongst the Sherifs and the Bedawin.

The women dress, like the men, handsomely. Indoors they wear, I am told, a Sudayriyah, or boddice of calico and other stuffs, like the Choli of India, which supports the bosom without the evils of European stays. Over this is a Saub, or white shirt, of the thin stuff called Halaili or Burunjuk, with enormous sleeves, and flowing down to the feet: the Sarwal or pantaloons are not wide, like the Egyptians', but rather tight, approaching to the Indian cut, without its exaggeration. Abroad, they throw over the head a silk or a cotton Milayah, generally chequered white and blue. The Burka' (face-veil), all over El Hejaz, is white, a decided improvement in point of cleanliness upon the "nose-bag" of Egypt. Women of all ranks dye the soles and the palms of the hands black, and trace thin lines down the inside of the fingers, by first applying a plaster of henna and then a mixture, called "Shadar," of gall-nuts, alum, and lime. The hair, parted in the centre, is plaited into about twenty little twists called Jadilah. Of ornaments, as usual among Orientals, they have a vast variety, ranging from brass and spangles to gold

and precious stones; and they delight in strong perfumes,—musk, civet, ambergris, ottar of rose, oil of jasmine, aloe-wood, and extract of cinnamon. Both sexes wear Constantinople slippers. The women draw on Khuff, inner slippers, of bright yellow leather, serving for socks, and covering the ankle, with Papush of the same material, sometimes lined with velvet and embroidered with a gold sprig under the hollow of the foot. In mourning the men show no difference of dress, like good Moslems, to whom such display of grief is forbidden. But the women, who cannot dissociate the heart and the toilette, evince their sorrow by wearing white clothes and by doffing their ornaments. This is a modern custom: the accurate Burckhardt informs us that in his day the women of El Medinah did not wear mourning.

The Madani generally appear abroad on foot. Few animals are kept here, on account, I suppose, of the expense of feeding them. The Cavalry are mounted on poor Egyptian nags. The horses ridden by rich men are generally Nejdi, costing from \$200 to \$300. Camels are numerous, but those bred in El Hejaz are small, weak, and consequently little prized. Dromedaries of good breed, called Ahrar (the noble) and Na'amani, from the place of that name, are to be had for any sum between \$10 and \$400; they are diminutive but exceedingly swift, sure-footed, sagacious, thoroughbred, with eyes like the antelopes, and muzzles that would almost enter a tumbler. Mules are not found at El Medinah, although popular prejudice

does not now forbid the people to mount them. Asses come from Egypt and Meccah: I am told that some good animals are to be found in the town, and that certain ignoble Bedawi clans have a fine breed, but I never saw any.

Of beasts intended for food, only the sheep is common in this part of El Hejaz. There are three distinct breeds. The larger animal comes from Nejd and from the Anizah Bedawin, who drive a flourishing trade; the smaller is a native of the country. Both are the common Arab species, of a tawny colour, with a long fat tail. Occasionally one meets with what at Aden is called the Berberah sheep, a totally different beast, —white, with a black broad face, a dew-lap, and a short fat tail, that looks as if twisted up into a knot: it was doubtless introduced by the Persians. Cows are rare at El Medinah. Beef throughout the East is considered an unwholesome food, and the Bedawin will not drink cow's milk, preferring that of the camel, the ewe, and the goat. The flesh of the latter animal is scarcely ever eaten in the city, except by the poorest classes.

The manners of the Madani are graver and somewhat more pompous than those of any Arabs with whom I ever mixed. This they appear to have borrowed from their rulers, the Turks. But their austerity and ceremoniousness are skin-deep. In intimacy or in anger the garb of politeness is thrown off, and the screaming Arab voice, the voluble, copious, and emphatic abuse, and the mania for gesticulation, return

in all their deformity. They are great talkers, as the following little trait shows. When a man is opposed to more than his match in disputing or bargaining, instead of patiently saying to himself, *S'il crache il est mort*, he interrupts the adversary with a "Sall' ala Mohammed,"—Bless the Prophet. Every good Moslem is obliged to obey such requisition by responding, "Allahumma salli alayh,"—O Allah bless him! But the Madani curtails the phrase to "A'n," supposing it to be an equivalent, and proceeds in his loquacity. Then perhaps the baffled opponent will shout out "Wahhid," *i. e.* "Attest the unity of the Deity;" when, instead of employing the usual religious phrases to assert that dogma, he will briefly ejaculate "Al," and hurry on with the course of conversation. As it may be supposed, these wars of words frequently end in violent quarrels; for, to do the Madani justice, they are always ready to fight. The desperate old feud between the "Juwwa" and the "Barra"—the town and the suburbs—has been put down with the greatest difficulty. The boys, indeed, still keep it up, turning out in bodies and making determined onslaughts with sticks and stones.

It is not to be believed that in a town garrisoned by Turkish troops, full of travelled traders, and which supports itself by plundering Hajis, the primitive virtues of the Arab could exist. The Meccans, a dark people, say of the Madani, that their hearts are black as their skins are white. This is of course exaggerated; but it is not too much to assert that pride, pugnacity, a

peculiar point of honour, and a vindictiveness of wonderful force and patience, are the only characteristic traits of Arab character which the citizens of El Medinah habitually display. Here you meet with scant remains of the chivalry of the desert. A man will abuse his guest, even though he will not dine without him, and would protect him bravely against an enemy. And words often pass lightly between individuals which suffice to cause a blood feud amongst Bedawin.

The outward appearance of decorum is conspicuous amongst the Madani. There are no places where Corinthians dwell, as at Meccah, Cairo, and Jeddah. Adultery, if detected, would be punished by lapidation according to the rigour of the Koranic law, and simple immorality by religious stripes, or, if of repeated occurrence, by expulsion from the city. But scandals seldom occur, and the women, I am told, behave with great decency. Abroad, they have the usual Moslem pleasures of marriage, lyings-in, circumcision-feasts, holy visitations, and funerals. At home, they employ themselves with domestic matters, and especially in scolding "Hasinah" and "Z'aafaran." In this occupation they surpass even the notable English house-keeper of the middle orders of society—the latter being confined to "knagging" at her slavey, whereas the Arab lady is allowed an unbounded extent of vocabulary. At Shaykh Hamid's house, however, I cannot accuse the women of

"Swearing into strong shudders
The immortal gods who heard them."

They abused the black girls with unction, but without any violent expletives. At Meccah, however, the old lady in whose house I was living would, when excited by the melancholy temperament of her eldest son and his irregular hours of eating, scold him in the grossest terms, not unfrequently ridiculous in the extreme. For instance, one of her assertions was that he—the son—was the offspring of an immoral mother; which assertion, one might suppose, reflected not indirectly upon herself. So in Egypt I have frequently heard a father, when reproving his boy, address him by “O dog, son of a dog!” and “O spawn of an Infidel—of a Jew—of a Christian!”

Amongst the men of El Medinah I remarked a considerable share of hypocrisy. Their mouths were as full of religious salutations, exclamations, and hackneyed quotations from the Koran, as of indecency and vile abuse—a point in which they resemble the Persians. As before observed, they preserve their reputation as the sons of a holy city by praying only in public. At Constantinople they are by no means remarkable for sobriety. Intoxicating liquors, especially Raki, are made in El Medinah, only by the Turks: the citizens seldom indulge in this way at home, as detection by smell is imminent among a people of water-bibbers.

The Madani are, like the Meccans, a curious mixture of generosity and meanness, of profuseness and penuriousness. But the former quality is the result of ostentation, the latter is a characteristic of the Semitic

race, long ago made familiar to Europe by the Hebrew. The citizens will run deeply in debt, expecting a good season of devotees to pay off their liabilities, or relying upon the next begging trip to Turkey; and such a proceeding, contrary to the custom of the Moslem world, is not condemned by public opinion. Above all their qualities, personal conceit is remarkable: they show it in their strut, in their looks, and almost in every word. "I am such a one, the son of such a one," is a common expletive, especially in times of danger; and this spirit is not wholly to be condemned, as it certainly acts as an incentive to gallant actions. But it often excites them to vie with one another in expensive entertainments and similar vanities. The expression, so offensive to English ears, "Inshallah Bukra"—Please God, to-morrow—always said about what should be done to-day, is here common as in Egypt or in India. This procrastination belongs more or less to all Orientals. But Arabia especially abounds in the "Tawakkal al' Allah, ya Shaykh!"—Place thy reliance upon Allah, O Shaykh!—enjoined when a man should depend upon his own exertions. Upon the whole, however, though alive to the infirmities of the Madani character, I thought favourably of it, finding among this people more of the redeeming point, manliness, than in most eastern nations with whom I am acquainted.

The Arabs, like the Egyptians, all marry. Yet, as usual, they are hard and facetious upon that ill-treated subject—matrimony. It has exercised the brain of their

wits and sages, who have not failed to indite notable things concerning it. Saith "Harikar el Hakim" (Dominie Do-all) to his nephew Nadan (Sir Witless), whom he would dissuade from taking to himself a wife, "Marriage is joy for a month and sorrow for a life, and the paying of settlements and the breaking of back (*i. e.* under the load of misery), and the listening to a woman's tongue!" And again, we have in verse—

"They said 'Marry!' I replied, 'Far be it from me
To take to my bosom a sackful of snakes
I am free—why then become a slave?
May Allah never bless womankind!'"

And the following lines are generally quoted, as affording a kind of bird's-eye view of female existence:—

"From 10 (years of age) unto 20,
A repose to the eyes of beholders.
From 20 unto 30,
Still fair and full of flesh.
From 30 unto 40,
A mother of many boys and girls.
From 40 unto 50,
An old woman of the deceitful.
From 50 unto 60,
Slay her with a knife.
From 60 unto 70,
The curse of Allah upon them, one and all!"

Another popular couplet makes a most unsupported assertion—

"They declare womankind to be heaven to man,
I say, 'Allah! give me Jehannum, and not this heaven.'"

Yet the fair sex has the laugh on its side, for these railers, at El Medinah as at other places, invariably marry.

The ceremony is tedious and expensive. It begins with a Khitbah or betrothal: the father of the young man repairs to the parent or guardian of the girl, and at the end of his visit exclaims, "The Fatihah! we beg of your kindness your daughter for our son." Should the other be favourable to the proposal, his reply is, "Welcome and congratulation to you: but we must perform Istikharah" (religious lot-casting); and when consent is given, both pledge themselves to the agreement by reciting the Fatihah. Then commence negotiations about the Mahr or sum settled upon the bride;* and after the smoothing of this difficulty follow feastings of friends and relatives, male and female. The marriage itself is called Akd el Nikah or Ziwaj. A Walimah or banquet is prepared by the father of the Aris (groom) at his own house, and the Kazi attends to perform the nuptial ceremony, the girl's consent being obtained through her Wakil, any male relation whom she commissions to act for her. Then, with great pomp and circumstance, the Aris visits his Arusah (bride) at her father's house; and finally, with a procession and sundry ceremonies at the Haram, she is brought to her new home.

Arab funerals are as simple as their marriages are complicated. Neither Naddabah (myriologist or hired keener), nor indeed any female, even a relation, is present at burials as in other parts of the Moslem

* Among respectable citizens 400 dollars would be considered a fair average sum; the expense of the ceremony would be about half. This amount of ready money (150*l.*) not being always procurable, many of the Madani marry late in life.

world, and it is esteemed disgraceful for a man to weep aloud. The Prophet, who doubtless had heard of those pagan mournings, where an effeminate and unlimited display of woe was often terminated by licentious excesses, like the Christian's half-heathen "wakes," forbade aught beyond a decent demonstration of grief. And his strong good sense enabled him to see through the vanity of professional mourners. At El Medinah the corpse is interred shortly after decease. The bier is carried through the streets at a moderate pace, by friends and relatives, these bringing up the rear. Every man who passes lends his shoulder for a minute, a mark of respect to the dead, and also considered a pious and a prayerful act. Arrived at the Haram, they carry the corpse in visitation to the Prophet's window, and pray over it at Osman's niche. Finally, it is interred after the usual Moslem fashion in the cemetery El Baki'a.

El Medinah, though pillaged by the Wahhabis, still abounds in books. Near the Haram are two Madrasah or colleges—the Mahmudiyah, so called from Sultan Mahmud, and that of Bashir Agha: both have large stores of theological and other works. I also heard of extensive private collections, particularly of one belonging to the Nejib el Ashraf, or chief of the Sherifs, a certain Mohammed Jamal el Layl, whose father is well known in India. Besides which, there is a large Wakf or bequest of books presented to the Mosque or entailed upon particular families. The celebrated Mohammed Ibn Abdillah el Sannusi has

removed his collection, amounting it is said to 8000 volumes, from El Medinah to his house in Jebel Kubays at Meccah.

The burial-place of the Prophet therefore, no longer lies open to the charge of utter ignorance brought against it by my predecessor.* The people now praise their Olema for learning, and boast a superiority in respect of science over Meccah. Yet many students leave the place for Damascus and Cairo, where the Riwak El Haramayn (College of the Two Shrines) in the Azhar Mosque-University is always crowded, and though Umar Effendi boasted to me that his city was full of lore, he did not appear the less anxious to attend the lectures of Egyptian professors. But none of my informants claimed for El Medinah any facilities of studying other than the purely religious sciences. Philosophy, medicine, arithmetic, mathematics, and algebra cannot be learnt here. I was careful to inquire about the occult sciences, remembering that Paracelsus had travelled in Arabia, and that the Count Cagliostro (Giuseppe Balsamo), who claimed the Meccan Sherif as his father, asserted that about A.D. 1765 he had studied alchemy at El Medinah. The only trace I could find was a superficial knowledge of the Magic Mirror.

But after denying the Madani the praise of varied learning, it must be owned that their quick observation and retentive memories have stored up for them an abundance of superficial knowledge, culled from

* Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia, vol. II. p. 174.

conversations in the market and in the camp. I found it impossible here to display those feats which in Sind, Southern Persia, Eastern Arabia, and many parts of India, would be looked upon as miraculous. Most probably one of the company had witnessed the performance of some Italian conjuror at Constantinople or Alexandria, and retained a lively recollection of every manœuvre. As linguists they are not equal to the Meccans, who surpass all Orientals excepting only the Armenians; the Madani seldom know Turkish, and more rarely still Persian and Indian. Those only who have studied in Egypt chaunt the Koran well. The citizens speak and pronounce their language purely; they are not equal to the people of the southern Hejaz, still their Arabic is refreshing after the horrors of Cairo and Maskat.

The classical Arabic, be it observed, in consequence of an extended empire, soon split up into various dialects, as the Latin under similar circumstances separated into the Neo-Roman patois of Italy, Sicily, Provence, and Languedoc. And though Niebuhr has been deservedly censured for comparing the Koranic language to Latin and the vulgar tongue to Italian, still there is a great difference between them, almost every word having undergone some alteration in addition to the manifold changes and simplifications of grammar and syntax. The traveller will hear in every part of Arabia that some distant tribe preserves the linguistic purity of its ancestors, uses final vowels with the noun, and rejects the addition of the pronoun

which apocope in the verb now renders necessary. But I greatly doubt the existence of such a race of philologists. In El Hejaz, however, it is considered graceful in an old man, especially when conversing publicly, to lean towards classical Arabic. On the contrary, in a youth this would be treated as pedantic affectation, and condemned in some such satiric quotation as

“There are two things colder than ice,
A young old man, and an old young man.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A Visit to the Saints' Cemetery.

A SPLENDID comet, blazing in the western sky, had aroused the apprehensions of the Madani. They all fell to predicting the usual disasters—war, famine, and pestilence—it being still an article of Moslem belief that the Dread Star foreshows all manner of calamities. Men discussed the probability of Abd el Mejid's immediate decease; for here as in Rome,

“When beggars die, there are no comets seen:
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.”

And in every strange atmospheric appearance about the time of the Hajj, the Hejazis are accustomed to read tidings of the dreaded Rih el Asfar (cholera).

Whether the event is attributable to the Zu Zuwabah—the “Lord of the Forelock,”—or whether it was a case of post hoc, ergo, propter hoc, I would not commit myself by deciding; but, influenced by some cause or other, the Hawazim and the Hawamid, sub-families of the Benú Harb, began to fight about this time with prodigious fury. These tribes are generally at feud, and the least provocation fans their smouldering wrath into a flame. The Hawamid number, it is said, between 3000 and 4000 fighting men, and the

Hawazim not more than 700: the latter, however, are considered a race of desperadoes who pride themselves upon never retreating, and under their fiery Shaykhs, Abbas and Abu Ali, they are a thorn in the sides of their disproportionate foe. On the present occasion a Hamidah happened to strike the camel of a Hazimi which had trespassed; upon which the Hazimi smote the Hamidah, and called him a rough name. The Hamidah instantly shot the Hazimi, the tribes were called out, and they fought with asperity for some days. During the whole of the afternoon of Tuesday the 30th August the sound of firing amongst the mountains was distinctly heard in the city. Through the streets parties of Bedawin, sword and matchlock in hand, or merely carrying quarter-staves on their shoulders, might be seen hurrying along, frantic at the chance of missing the fray. The townspeople cursed them privily, expressing a hope that the whole race of vermin might consume itself. And the pilgrims were in no small trepidation, fearing the desertion of their camel-men, and knowing what a blaze is kindled in this inflammable land by an ounce of gunpowder. I afterwards heard that the Bedawin fought till night, and separated after losing on both sides ten men.

This quarrel put an end to any lingering possibility of my prosecuting my journey to Maskat as originally intended. I had on the way from Yambu' to El Medinah privily made a friendship with one Mujrim of the Benú Harb. The "Sinful," as his name, ancient

and classical amongst the Arabs, means, understood that I had some motive of secret interest to undertake the perilous journey. He could not promise at first to guide me, as his beat lay between Yambu', El Medinah, Meccah, and Jeddah. But he offered to make all inquiries about the route, and to bring me the result at noonday, a time when the household was asleep. He had almost consented at last to travel with me about the end of August, in which case I should have slipped out of Hamid's house and started like a Bedawi towards the Indian Ocean. But when the war commenced, Mujrim, who doubtless wished to stand by his brethren the Hawazim, began to show signs of recusancy in putting off the day of departure to the end of September. At last, when pressed, he frankly told me that no traveller, nay, not a Bedawi, could leave the city in that direction, even as far as historic Khaybar, which information I afterwards ascertained to be correct.

It was impossible to start alone, and when in despair I had recourse to Shaykh Hamid, he seemed to think me mad for wishing to wend northwards when all the world was hurrying towards the south. My disappointment was bitter at first, but consolation soon suggested itself. Under the most favorable circumstances, a Bedawi-trip from El Medinah to Maskat, 1500 or 1600 miles, would require at least ten months; whereas, under pain of losing my commission, I was ordered to be at Bombay before the end of March. Moreover, entering Arabia by El Hejaz, as has before

been said, I was obliged to leave behind all my instruments except a watch and a pocket compass, so the benefit rendered to geography by my trip would have been scanty. Still remained to me the comfort of reflecting that possibly at Meccah some opportunity of crossing the Peninsula might present itself. At any rate I had the certainty of seeing the strange wild country of the Hejaz, and of being present at the ceremonies of the Holy City.

I must request the reader to bear with a Visitation once more: we shall conclude it with a ride to El Baki'a, the Place of many Roots. This venerable spot is frequented by the pious every day after the prayer at the Prophet's Tomb, and especially on Fridays.

Our party started one morning—on donkeys, as usual, for my foot was not yet strong—along the Darb el Jenazah round the southern wall of the town. The locomotion was decidedly slow, principally in consequence of the tent-ropes which the Hajis had pinned down literally all over the plain, and falls were by no means infrequent. At last we arrived at the end of the Darb, where I committed myself by mistaking the decaying place of those miserable schismatics the Nak-hawilah for El Baki'a, the glorious cemetery of the Saints. Hamid corrected my blunder with tartness, to which I replied as tartly, that in our country—Afghanistan—we burned the body of every heretic upon whom we could lay our hands. This truly Is-lamitic custom was heard with general applause, and

as the little dispute ended, we stood at the open gate of El Baki'a. Then having dismounted I sat down on a low Dakkah or stone bench within the walls, to obtain a general view and to prepare for the most fatiguing of the visitations.

There is a tradition that 70,000, or according to others 100,000 saints, all with faces like full moons, shall cleave on the last day the yawning bosom of El Baki'a. About 10,000 of the Ashab (companions of the Prophet) and innumerable Sadat are here buried: their graves are forgotten, because, in the olden time, tombstones were not placed over the last resting-places of mankind. The first of flesh who shall arise is Mohammed, the second Abubekr, the third Omar, then the people of El Baki'a (amongst whom is Osman, the fourth Caliph), and then the incolæ of the Jannat el Ma'ala, the Meccan cemetery. The Hadis, "whoever dies at the two Haram shall rise with the Sure on the Day of Judgment," has made these spots priceless in value. And even upon earth they might be made a mine of wealth. Like the catacombs at Rome, El Baki'a is literally full of the odour of sanctity, and a single item of the great aggregate here would render any other Moslem town famous. It is a pity that this people refuses to exhume its relics.

The first person buried in El Baki'a was Usman bin Ma'azun, the first of the Muhajirs who died at El Medinah. In the month of Sha'aban, A.H. 3, the Prophet kissed the forehead of the corpse and ordered it to be interred within sight of his abode. In those

days the field was covered with the tree Gharkad; the vegetation was cut down, the ground was levelled, and Usman was placed in the centre of the new cemetery. With his own hands Mohammed planted two large upright stones at the head and the feet of his faithful follower; and in process of time a dome covered the spot. Ibrahim, the Prophet's infant second son, was laid by Usman's side, after which El Baki'a became a celebrated cemetery.

The Burial-place of the Saints is an irregular oblong surrounded by walls which are connected with the suburb at their S.W. angle. The Darb el Jenazah separates it from the *enceinte* of the town; and the Eastern Desert Road beginning from the Bab el Jumah bounds it on the north. Around it palm plantations seem to flourish. It is small, considering the extensive use made of it: all that die at El Medinah, strangers as well as natives, except only heretics and schismatics, expect to be interred here. It must be choked with corpses, which it could never contain did not the Moslem style of burial greatly favour rapid decomposition, and it has all the inconveniences of "intra-mural sepulture." The gate is small and ignoble; a mere doorway in the wall. Inside there are no flower-plots, no tall trees, in fact none of the refinements which lighten the gloom of a Christian burial-place: the buildings are simple, they might even be called mean. Almost all are the common Arab Mosque, cleanly whitewashed, and looking quite new. The ancient monuments were levelled to the ground by

Sa'ad the Wahhabi and his puritan followers, who waged pitiless warfare against what must have appeared to them magnificent mausolea, deeming as they did a loose heap of stones sufficient for a grave. In Burckhardt's time the whole place was a "confused accumulation of heaps of earth, wide pits, and rubbish, without a single regular tombstone." The present erections owe their existence, I was told, to the liberality of the Sultans Abd el Hamid and Mahmud.

A poor pilgrim has lately started on his last journey, and his corpse, unattended by friends or mourners, is carried upon the shoulders of hired buriers into the cemetery. Suddenly they stay their rapid steps, and throw the body upon the ground. There is a life-like pliability about it as it falls, and the tight cerements so define the outlines that the action makes me shudder. It looks almost as if the dead were conscious of what is about to occur. They have forgotten their tools; one man starts to fetch them, and three sit down to smoke. After a time a shallow grave is hastily scooped out. The corpse is packed in it with such unseemly haste that earth touches it in all directions,—cruel carelessness among Moslems, who believe this to torture the sentient frame. One comfort suggests itself. The poor man being a pilgrim has died "Shahid"—in martyrdom. Ere long his spirit shall leave El Baki'a,

"And he on honey-dew shall feed,
And drink the milk of Paradise."

I entered the holy cemetery right foot forwards, as if it were a Mosque, and barefooted, to avoid suspicion of being a heretic. For though the citizens wear their shoes in the Bakī'a, they are much offended at seeing the Persians follow their example.

We began by the general benediction. "Peace be upon You, O People of El Bakī'a! Peace be upon You, O Admitted to the Presence of the Most High! Receive You what You have been promised! Peace be upon You, Martyrs of El Bakī'a, One and All! We verily, if Allah please, are about to join You! O Allah Pardon us and Them, and the Mercy of God, and His Blessings!" After which we recited the Chapter El Ikhlas and the Testification, then raised our hands, mumbled the Fatihah, passed our palms down our faces, and went on.

Walking down a rough narrow path, which leads from the western to the eastern extremity of El Bakī'a, we entered the humble mausoleum of the Caliph Osman—Osman "El Mazlum," or the "ill-treated," he is called by some Moslems. When he was slain, his friends wished to bury him by the Prophet in the Hujrah, and Ayisha made no objection to the measure. But the people of Egypt became violent, swore that the corpse should neither be buried nor be prayed over, and only permitted it to be removed upon the threat of Habibah (one of the "Mothers of the Moslems," and daughter of Abu Sufiyan) to expose her face. During the night that followed his cruel death, Osman was carried out by several of his friends

to El Baki'a, from which, however, they were driven away, and obliged to deposit their burden in a garden, eastward of, and outside, the saints' cemetery. It was called Hisn Kaukab, and was looked upon as an inauspicious place of sepulture, till Marwan included it in El Baki'a. We stood before Osman's monument, repeating, "Peace be upon Thee, O our Lord Osman, Son of Affan! Peace be upon Thee, O Caliph of Allah's Prophet! Peace be upon Thee, O Writer of Allah's Book! Peace be upon Thee, in whose Presence the Angels are ashamed! Peace be upon Thee, O Collector of the Koran! Peace be upon Thee, O Son-in-law of the Prophet! Peace be upon Thee, O Lord of the Two Lights! (the two daughters of Mohammed). Peace be upon Thee, who fought the Battle of the Faith! Allah be satisfied with Thee, and cause Thee to be satisfied, and render Heaven Thy Habitation! Peace be upon Thee, and the Mercy of Allah and His Blessing, and Praise be to Allah, Lord of the (three) Worlds!" This supplication concluded in the usual manner. After which we gave alms, and settled with ten piastres the demands of the Khadim who takes charge of the tomb: this double-disbursing process had to be repeated at each station.

Then moving a few paces to the north, we faced eastwards, and performed the visitation of Abu Sa'id el Khazari, a Sahib or companion of the Prophet, whose sepulchre lies outside El Baki'a. The third place visited was a dome containing the tomb of our lady Halimah, the Bedawi wet-nurse who took charge

of Mohammed: she is addressed thus: "Peace be upon Thee, O Halimah the Auspicious! Peace be upon Thee, who didst perform Thy Trust in suckling the Best of Mankind! Peace be upon Thee, O Wet-nurse of El Mustafa! (the chosen). Peace be upon Thee, O Wet-nurse of El Mujtaba! (the accepted). May Allah be satisfied with Thee, and cause Thee to be satisfied, and render Heaven Thy House and Habitation! and verily we have come visiting Thee, and by means of Thee drawing near to Allah's Prophet, and through Him to God, the Lord of the Heavens and the Earths."

After which, fronting the north, we stood before a low enclosure, containing ovals of loose stones, disposed side by side. These are the martyrs of El Bak'i'a, who received the crown of glory at the hands of El Muslim, the general of the arch-heretic Yezid. The prayer here recited differs so little from that addressed to the martyrs of Ohod, that I will not transcribe it. The fifth station is near the centre of the cemetery at the tomb of Ibrahim, who died, to the eternal regret of El Islam, some say six months old, others in his second year. He was the son of Mariyah, the Coptic girl, sent as a present to Mohammed by Jarih, the Mukaukas or governor of Alexandria. The Prophet with his own hand piled earth upon the grave, and sprinkled it with water—a ceremony then first performed—disposed small stones upon it, and pronounced the final salutation. For which reason many holy men were buried in this part of the cemetery,

every one being ambitious to lie in ground which had been honored by the Prophet's hands.

Then we visited El Nafi Maula, son of Omar, generally called Imam Nafi el Kari, or the Koran chaunter; and near him the great doctor Imam Malik Ibn Anas, a native of El Medinah, and one of the most dutiful of her sons. The eighth station is at the tomb of Ukayl bin Abi Talib, brother of Ali. Then we visited the spot where lie interred all the Prophet's wives, Khadijah, who lies at Meccah, alone excepted. After the "Mothers of the Moslems," we prayed at the tombs of Mohammed's daughters, said to be ten in number.

In compliment probably to the Hajj, the beggars mustered strong that morning at El Baki'a. Along the walls and at the entrance of each building squatted ancient dames, all engaged in anxious contemplation of every approaching face, and in pointing to dirty cotton napkins spread upon the ground before them, and studded with a few coins, gold, silver, or copper, according to the expectations of the proprietress. They raised their voices to demand largesse: some promised to recite Fatihahs, and the most audacious seized visitors by the skirts of their garments. Fakihs, ready to write "Y. S." or anything else demanded of them, covered the little heaps and eminences of the cemetery, all begging lustily, and looking as though they would murder you, when told how beneficent is Allah—a polite form of declining to be charitable. At the doors of the tombs old housewives, and some

Young ones also, struggled with you for your slippers as you doffed them, and not unfrequently the charge of the pair was divided between two. Inside, when the boys were not loud enough or importunate enough for presents, they were urged on by the adults and seniors, the relatives of the "Khadims" and hangers-on. Unfortunately for me, Shaykh Hamid was renowned for taking charge of wealthy pilgrims: the result was, that my purse was lightened of three dollars. I must add that although at least fifty female voices loudly promised that morning, for the sum of ten parahs each, to supplicate Allah in behalf of my lame-foot, no perceptible good came of their efforts.

Before leaving El Bakī'a, we went to the eleventh station, the Kubbat el Abbasiyah, or Dome of Abbas. Originally built by the Abbaside Caliphs in A.H. 519, it is a larger and a handsomer building than its fellows, and it is situated on the right-hand side of the gate as you enter. The crowd of beggars at the door testified to its importance: they were attracted by the Persians who assemble here in force to weep and pray. Crossing the threshold with some difficulty, I walked round a mass of tombs which occupies the centre of the building, leaving but a narrow passage between it and the walls. It is railed round and covered over with several "Kiswahs" of green cloth worked with white letters: it looked like a confused heap, but it might have appeared irregular to me by the reason of the mob around. The eastern portion contains the body of El Hasan, the son of Ali and grandson of

the Prophet; the Imam Zayn el Abidin, son of El Husayn, and great-grandson to the Prophet; the Imam Mohammed El Bakir (fifth Imam), son to Zayn el Abidin; and his son the Imam Ja'afar el Sadik—all four descendants of the Prophet, and buried in the same grave with Abbas ibn Abd el Muttalib, uncle to Mohammed. It is almost needless to say that these names are subjects of great controversy. El Mas'udi mentions that here was found an inscribed stone declaring it to be the tomb of the Lady Fatimah, of Hasan her son, of Ali bin Husayn, of Mohammed bin Ali, and of Ja'afar bin Mohammed. Ibn Jubayr, describing El Bakī'a, mentions only two in this tomb, Abbas and Hasan; the head of the latter, he says, lies in the direction of the former's feet. Other authors relate that in it, about the ninth century of the Hijrah, was found a wooden box covered with fresh-looking red felt cloth, with bright brass nails, and they believe it to have contained the corpse of Ali, placed here by his son Hasan.

Standing opposite this mysterious tomb we repeated, with difficulty by reason of the Persians weeping, the following supplication:—"Peace be upon Ye, O Family of the Prophet! O Lord Abbas, the free from Impurity and Uncleanness, and Father's Brother to the Best of Men! And Thou too O Lord Hasan, Grandson of the Prophet! And Thou also O Lord Zayn el Abidin! Peace be upon Ye, One and All, for verily God hath been pleased to deliver You from all Guile, and to purify You with all Purity. The Mercy

of Allah and His Blessings be upon You, and verily He is the Praised, the Mighty!" After which, freeing ourselves from the hands of greedy boys, we turned round and faced the southern wall, close to which is a tomb attributed to the Lady Fatimah. I will not repeat the prayer, it being the same as that recited in the Haram.

Issuing from the hot and crowded dome, we recovered our slippers after much trouble, and found that our garments had suffered from the frantic gesticulations of the Persians. We then walked to the gate of El Bak'a, stood facing the cemetery upon an elevated piece of ground, and delivered the general benediction.

"O Allah! O Allah! O Allah! O full of Mercy! O abounding in Beneficence! Lord of Length (of days), and Prosperity, and Goodness! O Thou who when asked, grantest, and when prayed for aid, aidest! Have Mercy upon the Companions of Thy Prophet, of the Muhajirin, and of the Ansar! Have Mercy upon them, One and All! Have Mercy upon Abdullah bin Hantal (and so on, specifying their names), and make Paradise their Resting-place, their Habitation, their Dwelling, and their Abode! O Allah! accept our Ziyarat, and supply our Wants, and lighten our Griefs, and restore us to our Homes, and comfort our Fears, and disappoint not our Hopes, and pardon us, for on no other do we rely; and let us depart in Thy Faith, and after the Practice of Thy Prophet, and be Thou satisfied with us! O Allah! forgive our past Offences, and leave

us not to our (evil) Natures during the Glance of an Eye, or a lesser Time; and pardon us, and pity us, and let us return to our Houses and Homes safe (*i. e.* spiritually and physically), fortunate, abstaining from what is unlawful, re-established after our Distresses, and belonging to the Good, Thy Servants upon whom is no Fear, nor do they know Distress. Repentance, O Lord! Repentance, O Merciful! Repentance, O Pitiful! Repentance before Death, and Pardon after Death! I beg Pardon of Allah! Thanks be to Allah! Praise be to Allah! Amen, O Lord of the (three) Worlds!"

After which, issuing from El Bak'a, we advanced northwards, leaving the city gate on the left hand, till we came to a small Kubbah (dome) close to the road. It is visited as containing the tomb of the Prophet's paternal aunts, especially of Safiyah, daughter of Abd el Muttalib, sister of Hamzah, and one of the many heroines of early El Islam. Hurrying over our directions here—for we were tired indeed—we applied to a Sakka for water, and entered a little coffee-house near the gate of the town, after which we rode home.

I have now described, at a wearying length, I fear, the spots visited by every Zair at El Medinah. The guide-books mention altogether between fifty and fifty-five mosques and other holy places, most of which are now unknown even by name to the citizens. The most celebrated of these are the few following, which I describe from hearsay.

About three miles to the N.W. of the town, close to the Wady el Akik, lies the Mosque called El Kiblatayn

—“The Two Directions of Prayer.” Some give this title to the Masjid el Takwa at Kuba. Others assert that the Prophet, after visiting and eating at the house of an old woman named Umm Mabshar, went to pray the mid-day prayer in the Mosque of the Benú Salmah. He had performed the prostration with his face towards Jerusalem, when suddenly warned by revelation he turned southwards and concluded his orisons in that direction. I am told it is a mean dome without inner walls, outer enclosures, or minaret.

The Masjid Benú Zafar (some write the word Tifr) is also called Masjid el Baghlah—of the She-mule—because, according to El Matari, on the ridge of stone to the south of this Mosque are the marks where the Prophet leaned his arm, and where the she-mule, Dul-dul, sent by the Mukaukas as a present with Mariyah the Coptic Girl and Yafur the donkey, placed its hoofs. At the Mosque was shown a slab upon which the Prophet sat hearing recitations from the Koran; and historians declare that by following his example many women have been blessed with offspring.* This Mosque is to the east of El Baki'a.

The Masjid el Jum'ah—of Friday, or El Anikah, of the Sand-heaps—is in the valley near Kuba, where Mohammed prayed and preached on the first Friday after his flight from Mecca.

The Masjid el Fazikh—of Date-liquor—is so called

* I cannot say whether this valuable stone be still at the Mosque Benú Tifr. But I perfectly remember that my friend Larking had a mutilated sphynx in his garden at Alexandria, which was found equally efficacious.

because when Abu Ayyub and others of the Ansar were sitting with cups in their hands, they heard that intoxicating draughts were for the future forbidden, upon which they poured the liquor upon the ground. Here the Prophet prayed six days whilst he was engaged in warring down the Beni Nazir Jews. The Mosque derives its other name, El Shams—of the Sun—because, being erected on rising ground east of and near Kuba, it receives the first rays of morning light.

To the eastward of the Masjid el Fazikh lies the Masjid el Kurayzah, erected on a spot where the Prophet descended to attack the Jewish tribe of that name. Returning from the Battle of the Moat, way-worn and tired with fighting, he here sat down to wash and comb his hair, when suddenly appeared to him the Archangel Gabriel in the figure of a horseman dressed in a corslet and covered with dust. "The Angels of Allah," said the preternatural visitor, "are still in Arms, O Prophet, and it is Allah's Will that Thy Foot return to the Stirrup. I go before Thee to prepare a Victory over the Infidels, the Sons of Kurayzah." The legend adds that the dust raised by the angelic host was seen in the streets of El Medinah, but that mortal eye fell not upon horseman's form. The Prophet ordered his followers to sound the battle-call, gave his flag to Ali—the Arab token of appointing a commander-in-chief—and for twenty-five days invested the habitations of the enemy. This hapless tribe was exterminated, sentence of death being passed upon them by Sa'ad ibn Ma'az, an Ausi whom they

constituted their judge because he belonged to an allied tribe. Six hundred men were beheaded in the market-place of El Medinah, their property was plundered, and their wives and children were reduced to slavery.

“Tantane religio potuit suadere malorum!”

The Masjid Mashrabat Umm Ibrahim, or Mosque of the garden of Ibrahim's mother, is a place where Mariyah the Copt had a garden and became the mother of Ibrahim, the Prophet's second son. It is a small building in what is called the Awali, or highest part of the El Medinah plain, to the north of the Masjid Benú Kurayzah, and near the eastern Harrah or ridge.

Northwards of El Baki'a is, or was, a small building called the Masjid el Ijabah—of Granting—from the following circumstance. One day the Prophet stopped to perform his devotions at this place, which then belonged to the Benú Muawiyah of the tribe of Aus. He made a long Dua or supplication, and then turning to his companions, exclaimed, “I have asked of Allah three favors, two hath he vouchsafed to me, but the third was refused!” Those granted were that the Moslems might never be destroyed by famine or by deluge. The third was that they might not perish by interneccine strife.

The Masjid el Fath (of Victory), vulgarly called the “Four Mosques,” is situated in the Wady el Sayh, which comes from the direction of Kuba, and about half a mile to the east of “El Kiblatayn.” The largest

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is called the Masjid el Fath or El Ahzab—of the troops—and is alluded to in the Koran. Here it is said the Prophet prayed for three days during the Battle of the Moat, also called the affair of "El Ahzab," the last fought with the Infidel Kuraysh under Abu Sufyan. After three days of devotion, a cold and violent blast arose, with rain and sleet, and discomfited the foe. The Prophet's prayer having here been granted, it is supposed by ardent Moslems that no petition put up at the Mosque El Ahzab is ever neglected by Allah. The form of supplication is differently quoted by different authors. When El Shafei was in trouble and fear of Harun el Rashid, by the virtue of this formula he escaped all danger: I would willingly offer so valuable a prophylactic to my readers, only it is of an unmanageable length. The doctors of El Islam also greatly differ about the spot where the Prophet stood on this occasion; most of them support the claims of the Masjid el Fath, the most elevated of the four, to that distinction. Below, and to the south of the highest ground, is the Masjid Salman el Farsi, the Persian, from whose brain emanated the bright idea of the Moat. At the mature age of 250, some say 350, after spending his life in search of a religion, from a Magus (fire-worshipper) becoming successively a Jew and a Nazarene, he ended with being a Moslem, and a companion of Mohammed. During his eventful career he had been ten times sold into slavery. Below Salman's Mosque is the Masjid Ali, and the smallest building on the south of the hill is called Masjid

Abubekr. All these places owe their existence to El
Walid the Caliph: they were repaired at times by his
successors.

The Masjid el Rayah—of the Banner—was originally built by El Walid upon a place where the Prophet pitched his tent during the War of the Moat. Others call it El Zubab, after a hill upon which it stands. El Rayah is separated from the Masjid el Fath by a rising ground called Jebel Sula or Jebel Sawab: the former being on the eastern, whilst the latter lies upon the western declivity of the hill. The position of this place is greatly admired, as commanding the fairest view of the Haram.

About a mile and a half south-east of El Bak'a is a dome called Kuwwat Islam, the "Strength of El Islam." Here the Prophet planted a dry palm-stick, which grew up, blossomed, and bore fruit at once. Moreover, on one occasion when the Moslems were unable to perform the pilgrimage, Mohammed here produced the appearance of a Ka'abah, an Arafat, and all the appurtenance of the Hajj. I must warn my readers not to condemn the founder of El Islam for these puerile inventions.

The Masjid Unayn lies south of Hamzah's tomb. It is on a hill called Jebel el Rumat, the 'Shooters' Hill, and here during the battle of Ohod stood the archers of El Islam. According to some the Prince of Martyrs here received his death-wound; others place that event at the Masjid el Askar or the Masjid el Wady.

Besides these fourteen, I find the names, and nothing but the names, of forty Mosques. The reader loses little by my unwillingness to offer him a detailed list of such appellations as Masjid Benú Abd el Ashhal, Masjid Benú Harisah, Masjid Benú Haram, Masjid el Fash, Masjid el Sukiya, Masjid Benú Bayazah, Masjid Benú Hatmah,

“Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.”

CHAPTER IX.

The Damascus Caravan.

THE Damascus Caravan was to set out on the 27th Zu'l Ka'adah (1st September). I had intended to stay at El Medinah till the last moment, and to accompany the Kafilat el Tayyarah, or the "Flying Caravan," which usually leaves on the 2nd Zu'l Hijjah, two days after that of Damascus.

Suddenly arose the rumour that there would be no Tayyarah, and that all pilgrims must proceed with the Damascus Caravan or await the Rakb. This is a dromedary Caravan, in which each person carries only his saddle-bags. It usually descends by the road called El Khabt, and makes Meccah on the fifth day. The Sherif Zayd, Sa'ad the Robber's only friend, had paid him an unsuccessful visit. Schinderhans demanded back his Shaykh-ship, in return for a safe-conduct through his country: "Otherwise," said he, "I will cut the throat of every hen that ventures into the passes."

The Sherif Zayd returned to El Medinah on the 25th Zu'l Ka'adah (30th August). Early on the morning of the next day, Shaykh Hamid returned hurriedly from the bazar, exclaiming, "You must make ready at once, Effendi!—there will be no Tayyarah—all Hajis

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start to-morrow—Allah will make it easy to you!—have you your water-skins in order?—you are to travel down the Darb el Sharki, where you will not see water for three days!"

Poor Hamid looked horror-struck as he concluded this fearful announcement, which filled me with joy. Burckhardt had visited and described the Darb el Sultani, the road along the coast. But no European had as yet travelled down by Harun el Rashid's and the Lady Zubaydah's celebrated route through the Nejd Desert.

Not a moment, however, was to be lost: we expected to set out early the next morning. The boy Mohammed went forth, and bought for eighty piastres a Shugduf, which lasted us throughout the pilgrimage, and for fifteen piastres a Shibriyah or cot to be occupied by Shaykh Nur, who did not relish sleeping on boxes. The youth was employed all day, with sleeves tucked up and working like a porter, in covering the litter with matting and rugs, in mending broken parts, and in providing it inside and outside with large pockets for provisions, with pouches to contain the gugglets of cooled water.

Meanwhile Shaykh Nur and I, having inspected the water-skins, found that the rats had made considerable rents in two of them. There being no workman procurable at this time for gold, I sat down to patch the damaged articles, whilst Nur was sent to lay in supplies for fourteen days. The journey is calculated at eleven days; but provisions are apt to spoil,

and the Bedawi camel-drivers expect to be fed. Besides which, pilferers abound. By my companion's advice I took wheat-flour, rice, turmeric, onions, dates, unleavened bread of two kinds, cheese, limes, tobacco, sugar, tea and coffee.

Hamid himself started upon the most important part of our business. Faithful camel-men are required upon a road where robberies are frequent and stabbings occasional, and where there is no law to prevent desertion or to limit new and exorbitant demands. After a time he returned, accompanied by a boy and a Bedawi, a short, thin, well-built old man with regular features, a white beard, and a cool clear eye; his limbs, as usual, were scarred with wounds. Mas'ud, of the Rahlah, a sub-family of the Hamidah family of the Bení-Harb, came in with a dignified demeanour, applied his dexter palm to ours, sat down, declined a pipe, accepted coffee, and after drinking it, looked at us to show that he was ready for negotiation.

We opened the proceedings with "We want men and not camels," and the conversation proceeded in the purest Hejazi. After much discussion we agreed, if compelled to travel by the Darb el Sharki, to pay \$ 20 for two camels, and to advance Arぶn or earnest-money to half that amount. The Shaykh bound himself to provide us with good animals, which moreover were to be changed in case of accidents; he was also to supply his beasts with water, and to accompany us to Arafat and back. But, absolutely refusing to carry my large chest, he declared that the tent

under the Shugduf was burden enough for one camel, and that the green box of drugs, the saddle-bags, and the provision-sacks surmounted by Nur's cot, were amply sufficient for the other. On our part we bound ourselves to feed the Shaykh and his son, supplying them either with raw or with cooked provender, and, upon our return to Meccah from Mount Arafat, to pay the remaining hire with a discretionary present.

Hamid then addressed to me flowery praises of the old Bedawi. After which, turning to the latter, he exclaimed, "Thou wilt treat these friends well, O Mas'ud the Harbi!" The ancient replied with a dignity that had no pomposity in it,—"Even as Abu Shawarib—the Father of Mustachios*—behaveth to us, so will we behave to him!" He then arose, bade us be prepared when the departure-gun sounded, saluted us, and stalked out of the room, followed by his son, who, under pretext of dozing, had mentally made an inventory of every article in the room, ourselves especially included.

When the Bedawin disappeared, Shaykh Hamid shook his head, advising me to give them plenty to eat, and never to allow twenty-four hours to elapse

* Most men of the Shaf'ei school clip their mustachios exceedingly short; some clean shave the upper lip, the imperial, and the parts of the beard about the corners of the mouth, and the fore-part of the cheeks. I neglected so to do, which soon won for me the epithet recorded above.

Arabs are vastly given to "nick-naming God's creatures;" their habit is the effect of acute observation, and the want of variety in proper names. Sonnini appears not to like having been called the "Father of a nose." But there is nothing disrespectful in these personal allusions. In Arabia you must be "Father" of something, and it is better to be Father of a feature, than Father of a Cooking-pot, or Father of Fetur ("Abu-Zirt.")

without dipping hand in the same dish with them, in order that the party might always be "Malahin,"—on terms of salt. He concluded with a copious lecture upon the villany of Bedawin, and their habit of drinking travellers' water. I was to place the skins on a camel in front, and not behind; to hang them with their mouths carefully tied, and turned upwards, contrary to the general practice; always to keep a good store of liquid, and at night to place it under the safeguard of the tent.

In the afternoon, Umar Effendi and others dropped in to take leave. They found me in the midst of preparations, sewing sacks, fitting up a pipe, patching water-bags, and packing medicines. My fellow-traveller had brought me some pencils and a penknife, as "forget-me-nots," for we were by no means sure of meeting again. He hinted, however, at another escape from the paternal abode, and proposed, if possible, to join the Dromedary-Caravan. Shaykh Hamid said the same, but I saw, by the expression of his face, that his mother and wife would not give him leave from home so soon after his return.

Towards evening-time the Barr el Manakhah became a scene of exceeding confusion. The town of tents lay upon the ground. Camels were being laden, and were roaring under the weight of litters and cots, boxes and baggage. Horses and mules galloped about. Men were rushing wildly in all directions on worldly errands, or hurrying to pay a farewell visit to the Prophet's Tomb. Women and children sat screaming

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on the ground, or ran to and fro distracted, or called their vehicles to escape the danger of being crushed. Every now and then a random shot excited all into the belief that the departure-gun had sounded. At times we heard a volley from the robbers' hills, which elicited a general groan, for the pilgrims were still, to use their own phrase, "between fear and hope," and, consequently, still far from "one of the two comforts."* Then would sound the loud "Jhin-Jhin" of the camels' bells, as the stately animals paced away with some grandee's gilt and emblazoned litter, the sharp plaint of the dromedary, and the loud neighing of excited steeds.

About an hour after sunset all our preparations were concluded, save only the Shugduf, at which the boy Mohammed still worked with untiring zeal; he wisely remembered that he had to spend in it the best portion of a week and a half. The evening was hot, we therefore dined outside the house. I was told to repair to the Haram for the Ziyarat el Wida'a, or the "Farewell Visitation;" but my decided objection to this step was that we were all to part—how soon!—and when to meet again we knew not. My companions smiled consent, assuring me that the ceremony could be performed as well at a distance as in the temple.

Then Shaykh Hamid made me pray a two-prostration prayer, and afterwards facing towards the Haram, to recite this supplication with raised hands:

* The "two comforts" are success and despair; the latter, according to the Arabs, being a more enviable state of feeling than doubt or hope deferred.

“O Prophet of Allah, we beg Thee to entreat Almighty Allah, that He cut off no Portion of the Good resulting to us, from this Visit to Thee and to Thy Haram! May He cause us to return safe and prosperous to our Birthplaces; aid then us in the Progeny He hath given us, and continue to us His Benefits, and make us thankful for our daily Bread! O Allah, let not this be the last of our Visitations of Thy Prophet’s Tomb! Yet if Thou summon us before such Blessing, verily in my Death I bear Witness, as in my Life” (here the forefinger of the right hand is extended, that the members of the body may take part with the tongue and the heart), “that there is no god but Allah, One and without Partner, and verily that our Lord Mohammed is His Servant and His Apostle! O Allah, grant us in this World Weal, and in the future Weal, and save us from the Torments of Hell-fire! Praise to Thee, O Lord, Lord of Glory, greater than Man can describe! and Peace be upon the Prophet, and Laud to Allah, the Lord of the (three) Worlds.” This concludes, as usual, with the Testification and the Fatihah. Pious men on such an occasion go to the Rauzah, where they strive, if possible, to shed a tear—a single drop being a sign of acceptance—give alms to the utmost of their ability, vow piety, repentance, and obedience, and retire overwhelmed with grief, at separating themselves from their Apostle and Intercessor. It is customary, too, before leaving El Medinah, to pass at least one night in vigils at the Haram, and for learned men to read through the Koran once before the Tomb.

Then began the uncomfortable process of paying off little bills. The Eastern creditor always, for divers reasons, waits the last moment before he claims his debt. Shaykh Hamid had frequently hinted at his difficulties; the only means of escape from which, he said, was to rely upon Allah. He had treated me so hospitably, that I could not take back any part of the 5*l.* lent to him at Suez. His three brothers received a dollar or two each, and one or two of his cousins hinted to some effect that such a proceeding would meet with their approbation.

The luggage was then carried down, and disposed in packs upon the ground before the house, so as to be ready for loading at a moment's notice. Many flying parties of travellers had almost started on the high road, and late in the evening came a new report that the body of the Caravan would march about midnight. We sat up till about 2 A.M., when, having heard no gun, and having seen no camels, we lay down to sleep through the sultry remnant of the hours of darkness.

Thus, gentle reader, was spent my last night at El Medinah.

I had reason to congratulate myself upon having passed through the first danger. Meccah is so near the coast, that, in case of detection, the traveller might escape in a few hours to Jeddah, where he would find an English vice-consul, protection from the Turkish authorities, and possibly a British cruiser in the harbour.

But at El Medinah discovery would entail more serious consequences. The next risk to be run was the journey between the two cities, where it would be easy for the local officials quietly to dispose of a suspected person by giving a dollar to a Bedawi.

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CHAPTER X.

From El Medinah to El Suwayrkiyah.

FOUR roads lead from El Medinah to Meccah. The "Darb el Sultani," or "Sultan's Way," follows the line of coast: this general passage has been minutely described by my exact predecessor. The "Tarik el Ghabir," a mountain path, is avoided by the Mahmal and the great Caravans, on account of its rugged passes; water abounds along the whole line, but there is not a single village; and the Sobh Bedawin, who own the soil, are inveterate plunderers. The route called "Wady el Kura" is a favorite with Dromedary Caravans; on this road are two or three small settlements, regular wells, and free passage through the Benú Amr tribe. The Darb el Sharki, or "Eastern road," down which I travelled, owes its existence to the piety of Zubaydah Khatun, wife of Harun el Rashid. That estimable princess dug wells from Baghdad to El Medinah, and built, we are told, a wall to direct pilgrims over the shifting sands. There is a fifth road, or rather mountain-path, concerning which I can give no information.

At 8 A.M. on Wednesday, the 26th *Zu'l Ka'adah* (31st August, 1853), as we were sitting at the window of Hamid's house after our early meal, suddenly ap-

peared, in hottest haste, Mas'ud, our camel-Shaykh. He was accompanied by his son, a bold boy about fourteen years of age, who fought sturdily about the weight of each package as it was thrown over the camel's back; and his nephew, an ugly pock-marked lad, too lazy even to quarrel. We were ordered to lose no time in loading; all started into activity, and at 9 A.M. I found myself standing opposite the Egyptian Gate, surrounded by my friends, who had accompanied me thus far on foot, to take leave with due honour. After affectionate embraces and parting mementos, we mounted, the boy Mohammed and I in the litter, and Shaykh Nur in his cot. Then, in company with some Turks and Meccans, for Mas'ud owned a string of nine camels, we passed through the little gate near the castle, and shaped our course towards the north. On our right lay the palm-groves, which conceal this part of the city; far to the left rose the domes of Hamzah's Mosques at the foot of Mount Ohod; and in front a band of road, crowded with motley groups, stretched over a barren stony plain.

After an hour's slow march, bending gradually from N. to N.E., we fell into the Nejd highway and came to a place of renown called El Ghadir, or the Basin. This is a depression conducting the drainage of the plain towards the Northern Hills. The skirts of Ohod still limited the prospect to the left. On the right was the Bir Rashid (Well of Rashid), and the little white-washed dome of Ali el Urays, a descendant from Zayn el Abidin: the tomb is still a place of visitation.

There we halted and turned to take farewell of the Holy City. All the pilgrims dismounted and gazed at the venerable minarets and the Green Dome—spots upon which their memories would for ever dwell with a fond and yearning interest.

Remounting at noon we crossed a Fiumara which runs, according to my camel-Shaykh, from N. to S.; we were therefore emerging from the Medinah basin. The sky began to be clouded and, although the air was still full of Simum, cold draughts occasionally poured down from the hills. Arabs fear this

“bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,”

and call that a dangerous climate which is cold in the hot season and hot in the cold. Travelling over a rough and stony path, dotted with thorny Acacias, we arrived about 2 P.M. at the bed of lava heard of by Burckhardt. The aspect of the country was volcanic, abounding in basalts and scoriæ, more or less porous: sand veiled the black bed whose present dimensions by no means equal the descriptions of Arabian historians. I made diligent inquiries about the existence of active volcanos in this part of El Hejaz, and heard of none.

At 5 P.M., travelling towards the East, we entered a Bughaz, or Pass, which follows the course of a wide Fiumara, walled in by steep and barren hills—the portals of a region too wild even for Bedawin. The torrent-bed narrowed where the turns were abrupt, and the drift of heavy stones, with a water-mark from

6 to 7 feet high, showed that after rains a violent stream runs from E. and S.E. to W. and N.W. The fertilising fluid is close to the surface, evidenced by a spare growth of Acacia, camel-grass and, at some angles of the bed, by the Daum, or Theban palm. I remarked what are technically called "Hufrah," holes dug for water in the sand; and the guide assured me that somewhere near there is a spring flowing from the rocks.

After the long and sultry afternoon, beasts of burden began to sink in numbers. The fresh carcasses of asses, ponies, and camels dotted the way-side: those that had been allowed to die were abandoned to the foul carrion-birds, the Rakham (vulture), and the yellow Ukab; and all whose throats had been properly cut, were surrounded by troops of Takruri pilgrims. These half-starved wretches cut steaks from the choice portions, and slung them over their shoulders all ready for an opportunity of cooking. I never saw men more destitute. They carried wooden bowls, which they filled with water by begging; their only weapon was a small knife, tied in a leathern sheath above the elbow; and their costume an old skull-cap, strips of leather like sandals under the feet, and a long dirty shirt, or sometimes a mere rag covering the loins. Some were perfect savages, others had been fine-looking men, broad-shouldered, thin-flanked and long-limbed; many were lamed by fatigue and thorns; and looking at most of them, I fancied death depicted in their forms and features.

After two hours' slow marching up the Fiumara

eastwards, we saw in front of us a wall of rock, and turning abruptly southwards, we left the bed, and ascended rising ground. Already it was night; an hour, however, elapsed before we saw, at a distance, the twinkling fires, and heard the watch-cries of our camp. It was pitched in a hollow, under hills, in excellent order; the Pasha's pavilion surrounded by his soldiers and guards disposed in tents, with sentinels regularly posted, protecting the outskirts of the encampment. One of our men, whom we had sent forward, met us on the way, and led us to an open place, where we unloaded the camels, raised our canvas home, lighted fires, and prepared, with supper, for a good night's rest.

Living is simple on such marches. The pouches inside and outside the Shugduf contain provisions and water, with which you supply yourself when inclined. At certain hours of the day, ambulant vendors offer sherbet, lemonade, hot coffee, and water-pipes admirably prepared. Chibouques may be smoked in the cage; but few care to do so during the Simum. The first thing, however, called for at the halting-place is the pipe, and its delightfully soothing influence, followed by a cup of coffee, and a "forty winks" upon the sand, will awaken an appetite not to be roused by other means. How could Waterton, the Traveller, abuse a pipe? During the night-halt, provisions are cooked: rice, or Kichri, a mixture of pulse and rice, are eaten with Chutnee and lime-pickle, varied, occasionally, by tough mutton and indigestible goat.

We arrived at Ja el Sherifah at 8 P.M., after a march of about twenty-two miles. This halting-place is the rendezvous of caravans: it lies 50° S.E. of El Medinah, and belongs rather to Nejd than to El Hejaz.

At 3 A.M., on Thursday (Sept. 1), we started up at the sound of the departure-gun, struck the tent, loaded the camels, mounted, and found ourselves hurrying through a gloomy Pass, in the hills, to secure a good place in the Caravan. This is an object of some importance, as, during the whole journey, marching order must not be broken. We met with a host of minor accidents, camels falling, Shugdufs bumping against one another, and plentiful abuse. Pertinaciously we hurried on till 6 A.M., at which hour we emerged from the black pass. The large crimson sun rose upon us, disclosing, through purple mists, a hollow of coarse yellow gravel, based upon a hard whitish clay. About five miles broad by twelve long, it collects the waters of the high grounds after rain, and distributes the surplus through an exit towards the N.W., a gap in the low undulating hills around. Entering it, we dismounted, prayed, broke our fast, and after half an hour's halt proceeded to cross its breadth. The appearance of the Caravan was most striking, as it threaded its slow way over the smooth surface of the Khabt (low plain). To judge by the eye, the host was composed of at least 7000 souls, on foot, on horse-back, in litters, or bestriding the splendid camels of Syria. There were eight gradations of pilgrims. The

lowest hobbled with heavy staves. Then came the riders of asses, camels, and mules. Respectable men, especially Arabs, were mounted on dromedaries, and the soldiers had horses: a led animal was saddled for every grandee, ready whenever he might wish to leave his litter. Women, children, and invalids of the poorer classes sat upon a "Haml Musattah"—rugs and cloths spread over the two large boxes which form the camel's load. Many occupied Shibriyahs, a few, Shugdufs, and only the wealthy and the noble rode in Takht-rawan (litters), carried by camels or mules. The morning beams fell brightly upon the glancing arms which surrounded the stripped Mahmal, and upon the scarlet and gilt conveyances of the grandees. Not the least beauty of the spectacle was its wondrous variety of detail: no man was dressed like his neighbour, no camel was caparisoned, no horse was clothed in uniform, as it were. And nothing stranger than the contrasts; a band of half-naked Tatruri marching with the Pasha's équipage, and long-capped, bearded Persians conversing with Tarbush'd and shaven Turks.

The plain even at an early hour reeked with vapors distilled by the fires of the Simum: about noon, however, the air became cloudy, and nothing of colour remained, save that milky white haze, dull, but glaring withal, which is the prevailing day-tint in these regions. At mid-day we reached a narrowing of the basin, where, from both sides, "Irk," or low hills, stretch their last spurs into the plain. But after half a mile, it again widened to upwards of two miles. At two P.M.

(Friday, Sept. 2) we turned towards the S.W., ascended stony ground, and found ourselves one hour afterwards in a desolate rocky flat, distant about twenty-four miles of unusually winding road from our last station. "Mahattah Ghurab," or the Raven's Station, lies 10^0 S.W. from Ja el Sharifah, in the irregular masses of hill on the frontier of El Hejaz, where the highlands of Nejd begin.

After pitching the tent, we prepared to recruit our supply of water; for Mas'ud warned me that his camels had not drunk for ninety hours, and that they would soon sink under the privation. The boy Mohammed, mounting a dromedary, set off with the Shaykh and many water-bags, giving me an opportunity of writing out my journal. They did not return home till after nightfall, a delay caused by many adventures. The wells are in a Fiumara, as usual, about two miles distant from the halting-place, and the soldiers, regular as well as irregular, occupied the water and exacted hard coin in exchange for it. The men are not to blame; they would die of starvation, but for this resource. The boy Mohammed had been engaged in several quarrels; but after snapping his pistol at a Persian pilgrim's head, he came forth triumphant with two skins of sweetish water, for which we paid ten piastres. He was in his glory. There were many Meccans in the Caravan, among them his elder brother and several friends: the Sherif Zayd had sent, he said, to ask why he did not travel with his compatriots. That evening he drank so copiously of clarified butter,

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and ate dates mashed with flour and other abominations to such an extent, that at night he prepared to give up the ghost.

We passed a pleasant hour or two before sleeping. I began to like the old Shaykh Mas'ud, who, seeing it, entertained me with his genealogy, his battles, and his family affairs. The rest of the party could not prevent expressing contempt when they heard me putting frequent questions about torrents, hills, Bedawin, and the directions of places. "Let the Father of Mustachios ask and learn," said the old man; "he is friendly with the Bedawin, and knows better than you all." This reproof was intended to be bitter as the poet's satire—

"All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side."

It called forth, however, another burst of merriment, for the jeerers remembered my nickname to have belonged to that pestilent heretic, Sa'ud the Wahhabi.

On Saturday, the 3rd September, the hateful signal-gun awoke us at one A.M. In Arab travel there is nothing more disagreeable than the Sariyah or night-march, and yet the people are inexorable about it. "Choose early Darkness (daljah) for your Wayfarings," said the Prophet, "as the Calamities of the Earth (serpents and wild beasts) appear not at Night." I can scarcely find words to express the weary horrors of the long dark march, during which the hapless traveller, fuming, if a European, with disappointment in his hopes of "seeing the country," is compelled to sit upon

the back of a creeping camel. The day sleep too is a kind of lethargy, and is all but impossible to preserve an appetite during the hours of heat.

At half-past five A.M., after drowsily stumbling through hours of outer gloom, we entered a spacious basin at least six miles broad, and limited by a circlet of low hill. It was overgrown with camel-grass and Acacia (shittim) trees—mere vegetable mummies,—in many places the water had left a mark; and here and there the ground was pitted with mud-flakes, the remains of recently dried pools. After an hour's rapid march we toiled over a rugged ridge, composed of broken and detached blocks of basalt and scoriae, fantastically piled, and thinly dotted with thorny trees. Shaykh Mas'ud passed the time in walking to and fro along his line of camels, addressing us with a Khallikum guddam, “to the front (of the litter)!,” as we ascended, and a Khallikum wara “to the rear!” during the descent. It was wonderful to see the animals stepping from block to block with the sagacity of mountaineers; assuring themselves of their forehands before trusting all their weight to advance. Not a camel fell, either here or on any other ridge: they moaned, however, piteously, for the sudden turns of the path puzzled them; the ascents were painful, the descents were still more so; the rocks were sharp; deep holes yawned between the blocks, and occasionally an Acacia caught the Shugduf, almost overthrowing the hapless bearer by the suddenness and the tenacity of its clutch. This passage took place during daylight.

But we had many at night, which I shall neither forget nor describe.

Descending the ridge, we entered another hill-encircled basin of gravel and clay. In many places basalt in piles and crumbling strata of hornblende schiste, disposed edgeways, green within, and without blackened by sun and rain, cropped out of the ground. At half-past ten we found ourselves in an "Acacia-barren," one of the things which pilgrims dread. Here Shugdufs are bodily pulled off the camel's back and broken upon the hard ground; the animals drop upon their knees, the whole line is deranged, and every one, losing temper, abuses his Moslem brother. The road was flanked on the left by an iron wall of black basalt. Noon brought us to another ridge, whence we descended into a second wooded basin surrounded by hills.

Here the air was filled with those pillars of sand so graphically described by Abyssinian Bruce. They scudded on the wings of the whirlwind over the plain; huge yellow shafts, with lofty heads, horizontally bent backwards, in the form of clouds; and on more than one occasion camels were thrown down by them. It required little stretch of fancy to enter into the Arabs' superstition. These sand-columns are supposed to be Genii of the Waste, which cannot be caught—a notion arising from the fitful movements of the electrical wind-eddy that raises them—and, as they advance, the pious Moslem stretches out his fore-finger, exclaiming, "Iron! O thou ill-omened one!"

During the forenoon we were troubled by the Simum, which, instead of promoting perspiration, chokes up and hardens the skin. The Arabs complain greatly of its violence on this line of road. Here I first remarked the difficulty with which the Bedawin bear thirst. "Ya Latif!"—O Merciful (Lord)!—they exclaimed at times, and yet they behaved like men. I had ordered them to place the water-camel in front, so as to exercise due supervision. Shaykh Mas'ud and his son made only an occasional reference to the skins. But his nephew, a short, thin, pock-marked lad of eighteen, whose black skin and woolly head suggested the idea of a semi-African and ignoble origin, was always drinking; except when he climbed the camel's back and, dozing upon the damp load, forgot his thirst. In vain we ordered, we taunted, and we abused him: he *would* drink, he *would* sleep, but he would *not* work.

At one P.M. we crossed a Fiumara; and an hour afterwards we pursued the course of a second. Mas'ud called this the Wady el Khunak, and assured me that it runs from the E. and the S.E. in a N. and N.W. direction, to the Medinah plain. Early in the afternoon we reached a diminutive flat, on the Fiumara bank. Beyond it lies a Mahjar or stony ground, black as usual in El Hejaz, and over its length lay the road, white with dust and the sand deposited by the camels' feet. Having arrived before the Pasha, we did not know where to pitch; many opining that the Caravan would traverse the Mahjar and halt beyond it. We

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soon alighted, however, pitched the tent under a burning sun, and were imitated by the rest of the party. Mas'ud called the place Hijriyah. According to my computation it is twenty-five miles from Ghurab, and its direction is S.E. 22°.

Late in the afternoon the boy Mohammed started with a dromedary to procure water from the higher part of the Fiumara. Here are some wells, still called Bir Harun, after the great Caliph. The youth returned soon with two bags filled at an expense of nine piastres. This being the twenty-eighth Zu'l Ka'adah, many pilgrims busied themselves rather fruitlessly with endeavours to sight the crescent moon. They failed; but we were consoled by seeing through a gap in the western hills a heavy cloud discharge its blessed load, and a cool night was the result.

We loitered on Sunday, the 4th of September, at El Hijriyah, although the Shaykh forewarned us of a long stage. But there is a kind of discipline in these great Caravans. A gun sounds the order to strike the tents, and a second bids you march off with all speed. There are short halts of half an hour each, at dawn, noon, afternoon, and sunset, for devotional purposes, and these are regulated by a cannon or a culverin. At such times the Syrian and Persian servants, who are admirably expert in their calling, pitch the large green tents, with gilt crescents, for the dignitaries and their harfms. The last resting-place is known by the hurrying forward of these "Farrash" or "tent-Lascars," who are determined to be the first on the

ground and at the well. A discharge of three guns denotes the station, and when the Caravan moves by night, a single cannon sounds three or four halts at irregular intervals.

The principal officers were the Emir Hajj, one Ashgar Ali Pasha, a veteran of whom my companions spoke slightlying, because he had been the slave of a slave, probably the pipe-bearer of some grandee, who in his youth had been pipe-bearer to some other grandee. Under him was a Wakil or lieutenant, who managed the executive. The Emir el Surrah—called simply El Surrah, or the Purse—had charge of the Caravan-treasure, and remittances to the Holy Cities. And lastly there was a commander of the forces (Bashat el Askar): his host consisted of about 1000 irregular horsemen, Bashi Buzuks, half bandits half soldiers, each habited and armed after his own fashion, exceedingly dirty, picturesque-looking, brave, and in such a country of no use whatever.

Leaving El Hijriyah at seven A.M., we passed over the grim stone-field by a detestable footpath, and at nine o'clock struck into a broad Fiumara, which runs from the east towards the north-west. Its sandy bed is overgrown with Acacia, the Senna plant, different species of Euphorbiæ, the wild Capparis and the Daum Palm. Up this line we travelled the whole day. About six P.M., we came upon a basin at least twelve miles broad, which absorbs the water of the adjacent hills. Accustomed as I have been to mirage, a long thin line of salt efflorescence appearing at some distance on the

plain below us, when the shades of evening invested the view, completely deceived me. Even the Arabs were divided in opinion, some thinking it was the effects of the rain which fell the day before: others were more acute. It is said that beasts are never deceived by the mirage, and this, as far as my experience goes, is correct. May not the reason be that most of them know the vicinity of water rather by smell than by sight?

Upon the horizon beyond the plain rose dark, fort-like masses of rock which I mistook for buildings, the more readily as the Shaykh had warned me that we were approaching a populous place. At last descending a long steep hill, we entered upon the level ground, and discovered our error by the crunching sound of the camels' feet upon large curling flakes of nitrous salt overlying caked mud. Those civilised birds, the kite and the crow, warned us that we were in the vicinity of man. It was not, however, before eleven P.M., that we entered the confines of El Suwayrkiyah. The fact was made patent to us by the stumbling and the falling of our dromedaries over the little ridges of dried clay disposed in squares upon the fields. There were other obstacles, such as garden walls, wells, and hovels, so that midnight had sped before our weary camels reached the resting place. A rumour that we were to halt here the next day, made us think lightly of present troubles; it proved, however, to be false.

During the last four days I attentively observed the

general face of the country. This line is a succession of low plains and basins, here quasi-circular, there irregularly oblong, surrounded by rolling hills and cut by Fiumaras which pass through the higher ground. The basins are divided by ridges and flats of basalt and greenstone averaging from 100 to 200 feet in height. The general form is a huge prism; sometimes they are table-topped. From El Medinah to El Suwayrkiyah the low beds of sandy Fiumaras abound. From El Suwayrkiyah to El Zaribah, their place is taken by "Ghadir," or hollows in which water stagnates; and beyond El Zaribah the traveller enters a region of water-courses tending W. and S.W. The versant is generally from the E. and S.E. towards the W. and N.W. Water obtained by digging is good where rain is fresh in the Fiumaras; saltish, so as to taste at first unnaturally sweet, in the plains; and bitter in the basins and lowlands where nitre effloresces and rain has had time to become tainted. The landward faces of the hills are disposed at a sloping angle, contrasting strongly with the perpendicularity of their seaward sides, and I found no inner range corresponding with, and parallel to, the maritime chain.

Nowhere had I seen a land in which Earth's anatomy lies so bare, or one richer in volcanic and primary formations. Especially towards the south, the hills were abrupt and quasi-vertical, with black and barren flanks, ribbed with furrows and fissures, with wide and formidable precipices and castellated summits like the work of man. The predominant formation

was basalt, called by the Arabs Hajar Jehannum, or Hell-stone; here and there it is porous and cellular; in some places compact and black; in others coarse and gritty, of a tarry colour, and when fractured shining with bright points. Hornblende is common at El Medinah and throughout this part of El Hejaz: it crops out of the ground edgeways, black and brittle. Greenstone, diorite, and actinolite are found, though not so abundantly as those above mentioned. The granites, called in Arabic Suwan, abound. Some are large grained, of a pink color, and appear in blocks, which, flaking off under the influence of the atmosphere, form oöidal blocks and boulders piled in irregular heaps. Others are grey and compact enough to take a high polish when cut. The syenite is generally coarse, although there is occasionally found a rich red variety of that stone. I did not see eurite or euritic porphyry except in small pieces, and the same may be said of the petrosilex and the milky and waxy quartz.* In some parts, particularly between Yambu' and El Medinah, there is an abundance of tawny yellow gneiss markedly stratified. The transition formations are represented by a fine calcareous sandstone of a bright ochre color: it is used at Meccah to adorn the exteriors of houses, bands of this stone being here

* This country may have contained gold; but the superficial formation has long been exhausted. At Cairo I washed some sand brought from the Eastern shore of the Red Sea North of Wijh, and found it worth my while. I had a plan for working the diggings, but H. B. M.'s Consul Dr. Walne opined that "gold was becoming too plentiful" and would not assist me. This wise saying has since then been repeated to me by men who ought to have known better than Dr. Walne.

and there inserted into the courses of masonry. There is also a small admixture of the greenish sandstone which abounds at Aden. The secondary formation is represented by a fine limestone, in some places almost fit for the purposes of lithography, and a coarse gypsum often of a tufaceous nature. For the superficial accumulations of the country, I may refer the reader to any description of the Desert between Cairo and Suez.

CHAPTER XI.

The Bedawin of El Hejaz.

THE Arab may be divided into three races—a classification which agrees equally well with genetical genealogy, the traditions of the country, and the observations of modern physiologists.*

* In Holy Writ, as the indigenes are not alluded to—only the Noachian race being described—we find two divisions :

1. The children of Joktan (great grandson of Shem), Mesopotamians settled in Southern Arabia, “from Mesha (Musa or Meccah?) to Sephar (Zafar) a mount of the East” (Gen. X. 30): that is to say, they occupied the lands from El Tehamah to Mahrah.

2. The children of Ishmael, and his Egyptian wife; they peopled only the wilderness of Paran in the Sinaitic Peninsula and the parts adjacent.

Dr. Aloys Sprenger (*Life of Mohammed*, p. 18.) throws philosophic doubt upon the Ishmaelitish descent of Mohammed, who in personal appearance was a pure Caucasian, without any mingling of Egyptian blood. And the Ishmaelitish origin of the whole Arab race is an utterly untenable theory. Years ago, our great historian sensibly remarked that “the name (Saracens), used by Ptolemy and Pliny in a more confined, by Ammianus and Procopius in a larger sense, has been derived ridiculously from Sarah the wife of Abraham.” In Gibbon’s observation, the erudite Interpreter of the One Primeval Language—the acute bibliogist who metamorphoses the quail of the wilderness into a “ruddy goose”—detects “insidiousness” and “a spirit of restless and rancorous hostility” against revealed religion. He proceeds on these sound grounds to attack the accuracy, the honesty, and the learning of the mighty dead. This may be Christian zeal; it is not Christian charity. Of late years it has been the fashion of every aspirant to ecclesiastical honors to deal a blow at the ghost of Gibbon. And, as has before been remarked, Mr. Foster gratuitously attacked Burckhardt, whose manes had long rested in the good will of man. This contrasts offensively with Lord Lindsay’s happy compliment to the memory of the honest Swiss and the amiable eulogy quoted by Dr. Keith from the *Quarterly* (vol. xxiii.), and thus adopted as his own.

It may seem folly to defend the historian of the Decline and Fall against

The first race, indigenes or autochthones, are those sub-Caucasian tribes which may still be met with in the province of Mahrah, and generally along the coast between Maskat and Hadramaut. The Mahrah, the Jenabah, and the Gara especially show a low development, for which hardship and privation only will not satisfactorily account. These are "Arab el Aribah," for whose inferiority oriental fable accounts as usual by thaumaturgy.

The principal advenæ are the Noachians, a great Chaldaean or Mesopotamian tribe which entered Arabia about 2200 A.C., and by slow and gradual encroachments drove before them the ancient owners and seized the happier lands of the Peninsula. The great Anizah tribe and the Nejdi families are types of this race, which is purely Caucasian and shows a highly nervous temperament, together with those signs of "blood" which distinguish even the lower animals, the horse and camel, the greyhound and the goat of Arabia. These advenæ would correspond with the Arab el Musta'aribah, or Arabicized Arabs of the eastern historians.

The third family, an ancient and a noble race, dating from A.C. 1900, and typified in history by Ishmael, still occupies the Sinaitic Peninsula. These Arabs, however, do not, and never did, extend beyond

the compiler of the Historical Geography of Arabia. But continental Orientalists have expressed their wonder at the appearance in this 19th century of the "Voice of Israel from Mount Sinai" and the "India in Greece;" they should be informed that all our Eastern students are not votaries of such obsolete vagaries.

the limits of the mountains, where, still dwelling in the presence of their brethren, they retain all the wild customs and the untameable spirit of their forefathers. They are distinguished from the pure stock by an admixture of Egyptian blood, and by preserving the ancient characteristics of the Nilotic family. The Ishmaelites are sub-Caucasian, and are denoted in history as the "Arab el Muta'arribah," the insititious or half-caste Arab.

Oriental ethnography, which, like most Eastern sciences, luxuriates in nomenclative distinction, recognises a fourth race under the name of "Arab el Musta'ajamah." These "barbarized Arabs" are now represented by such a population as that of Meccah.

That Aus and Khazraj, the Himyaritic tribes which emigrated to El Hejaz, mixed with the Amalikah, the Jurham and the Katirah, also races from Yemen, and with the Hebrews, a northern branch of the Semitic family, we have ample historical evidence. And they who know how immutable is race in the desert, will scarcely doubt that the Bedawi of El Hejaz preserves in purity the blood transmitted to him by his ancestors.

I will not apologise for entering into details concerning the personale of the Bedawin; a precise physical portrait of race, it has justly been remarked, is the sole deficiency in the pages of Bruce and Burckhardt.

The temperament of the Hejazi is not unfrequently the pure nervous, as the height of the forehead and

the fine texture of the hair prove. Sometimes the bilious, and rarely the sanguine, elements predominate: the lymphatic I never saw. He has large nervous centres, and well-formed spine and brain, a conformation favorable to longevity. Bartema well describes his color as a "dark leonine:" it varies from the deepest Spanish to a chocolate hue, and its varieties are attributed by the people to blood. The skin is hard, dry, and soon wrinkled by exposure. The xanthous complexion is rare, though not unknown in cities, but the leucous does not exist. The crinal hair is frequently lightened by bleaching, and the pilar is browner than the crinal. The voice is strong and clear, rather barytone than bass: in anger it becomes a shrill chattering like the cry of a wild animal. The look of a chief is dignified and grave even to pensiveness; the "respectable man's" is self-sufficient and fierce; the lower orders look ferocious, stupid, and inquisitive. Yet there is not much difference in this point between men of the same tribe, who have similar pursuits which engender similar passions. Expression is the grand diversifier of appearance among civilised people: in the Desert it knows few varieties.

The Bedawi cranium is small, oöidal, long, high, narrow, and remarkable in the occiput for the development of Gall's second propensity; the crown slopes upwards towards the region of firmness, which is elevated; whilst the sides are flat to a fault. The hair, exposed to sun, wind, and rain, acquires a coarseness not natural to it: worn in "Kurun," ragged elf-locks,

hanging down to the breast, or shaved in the form "Shushah," a skull-cap of hair, nothing can be wilder than its appearance. The face is made to be a long oval, but want of flesh detracts from its regularity. The forehead is high, broad, and retreating; the upper portion is moderately developed; but nothing can be finer than the lower brow, and the frontal sinuses stand out, indicating bodily strength and activity of character. The temporal fossa are deep, the bones are salient, and the elevated zygomata combined with the "lantern-jaw," often give a "death's-head" appearance to the face. The eyebrows are long, bushy, and crooked, broken, as it were, at the angle where "Order" is supposed to be, and bent in sign of thoughtfulness. Most popular writers, following De Page, describe the Arab eye as large, ardent, and black. The Bedawi of the Hejaz, and indeed the race generally, has a small eye, round, restless, deep-set and fiery, denoting keen inspection with an ardent temperament and an impassioned character. Its colour is dark brown or green-brown, and the pupil is often speckled. The habit of pursing up the skin below the orbits, and half closing the lids to exclude glare, plants the outer angles with premature crows' feet. Another peculiarity is the sudden way in which the eye opens, especially under excitement. This, combined with its fixity of glance, forms an expression now of lively fierceness, then of exceeding sternness; whilst the narrow space between the orbits impresses the countenance in repose with an intelligence, not destitute of cunning.

As a general rule, however, the expression of the Bedawi's face is rather dignity than that cunning for which the Semitic race is celebrated, and there are lines about the mouth in variance with the stern or the fierce look of the brow. The ears are like those of Arab horses, small, well-cut, "castey" and elaborate, with many elevations and depressions. The nose is pronounced, generally aquiline, but sometimes straight like those Greek statues which have been treated as prodigious exaggerations of the facial angle. For the most part, it is a well-made feature with delicate nostrils, below which the septum appears: in anger they swell and open like a blood mare's. I have, however, seen, in not a few instances, pert and offensive "pugs." Deep furrows descend from the wings of the nose, showing an uncertain temper, now too grave, then too gay. The mouth is irregular. The lips are either bordés, denoting rudeness and want of taste, or they form a mere line. In the latter case there is an appearance of undue development in the upper portion of the countenance, especially when the jaws are ascetically thin, and the chin weakly retreats. The latter feature, however, is generally well and strongly made. The teeth, as usual among Orientals, are white, even, short, and broad—indications of strength. Some tribes trim their mustachios according to the "Sunnat;" the Shafe'i often shave them, and many allow them to hang Persian-like over the lips. The beard is represented by two tangled tufts upon the chin; where whisker should be, the

Mecca and Medina. II.

place is either bare or thinly covered with straggling pile.

The Bedawin of El Hejaz are short men, about the height of the Indians near Bombay, but weighing on an average a stone more. As usual in this stage of society, stature varies little; you rarely see a giant, and scarcely ever a dwarf. Deformity is checked by the Spartan restraint upon population, and no weakly infant can live through a Bedawi life. The figure, though spare, is square and well knit; fulness of limb seldom appears but about spring, when milk abounds: I have seen two or three muscular figures, but never a fat man. The neck is sinewy, the chest broad, the flank thin, and the stomach in-drawn; the legs, though fleshless, are well made, especially when the knee and ankle are not bowed by too early riding. The shins do not bend cucumber-like to the front as in the African race. The arms are thin, with muscles like whip-cords, and the hands and feet are, in point of size and délicacy, a link between Europe and India. As in the Celt, the Arab thumb is remarkably long, extending almost to the first joint of the index, which, with its easy rotation, makes it a perfect prehensile instrument: the palm also is fleshless, small-boned, and elastic. With his small active figure it is not strange that the wildest Bedawi's gait should be pleasing; he neither unfits himself for walking, nor distorts his ankles by turning out his toes according to the farcical rule of fashion, and his shoulders are not dressed like a drill sergeant's, to throw all the weight of the body

upon the heels. Yet there is no slouch in his walk; it is light and springy, and errs only in one point, sometimes becoming a strut.

Such is the Bedawi, and such he has been for ages. The national type has been preserved by systematic intermarriage. The wild men do not refuse their daughters to a stranger, but the son-in-law would be forced to settle among them, and this life, which has charms for a while, ends in becoming wearisome. Here no evil results are anticipated from the union of first cousins, and the experience of ages and of a mighty nation may be trusted. Every Bedawi has a right to marry his father's brother's daughter before she is given to a stranger; hence "cousin" (bint Amm) in polite phrase signifies a "wife." Our physiologists* adduce the Sangre Azul of Spain and the case of the lower animals to prove that degeneracy inevitably follows "breeding-in." Either they have theorized from insufficient facts, or civilisation and artificial living exercise some peculiar influence, or Arabia is a solitary exception to a general rule. The fact which I have mentioned is patent to every Eastern traveller.

After this long description, the reader will perceive with pleasure that we are approaching an interesting

* Dr. Howe (Report on Idiocy in Massachusetts, 1848,) asserts that "the law against the marriage of relations is made out as clearly as though it were written on tables of stone." He proceeds to show that in seventeen households where the parents were connected by blood, of ninety-five children one was a dwarf, one deaf, twelve scrofulous, and forty-four idiots—total fifty-eight diseased!

theme, the first question of mankind to the wanderer
—“What are the women like?”

Truth compels me to state that the women of the Hejazi Bedawin are by no means comely. Although the Benú Amur boast of some pretty girls, yet they are far inferior to the high-bosomed beauties of Nejd. And I warn all men that if they run to El Hejaz in search of the charming face which appears in my first edition as “a Bedawi girl,” they will be bitterly disappointed: the dress was Arab, but it was worn by a fairy of the West.

The Hejazi woman’s eyes are fierce, her features harsh, and her face haggard; like all people of the South, she soon fades, and in old age her appearance is truly witch-like. Withered crones abound in the camps, where old men are seldom seen: the sword and the sun are fatal to

“A green old age, unconscious of decay.”

The manners of the Bedawin are free and simple: “vulgarity” and affectation, awkwardness and embarrassment, are weeds of civilised growth, unknown to the People of the Desert.* Yet their manners are sometimes dashed with a strange ceremoniousness. When two friends meet, they either embrace or both extend the right hands, clapping palm to palm; their foreheads are either pressed together, or their heads are moved from side to side, whilst for minutes together mutual inquiries are made and answered. It

* This sounds in English like an “Irish bull.” I translate “Badu,” as the dictionaries do, “a desert.”

is a breach of decorum, even when eating, to turn the back upon a person, and if a Bedawi does it, he intends an insult. When a man prepares coffee he drinks the first cup: the "Sharbat Kajari" (poison) of the Persians, and the "Sulaymani" of Egypt, render this precaution necessary. As a friend approaches the camp—it is not done to strangers for fear of startling them—those who catch sight of him shout out his name, and gallop up saluting with lances or firing matchlocks in the air. This is the well-known "La'ab el Barut," or gunpowder play. Bedawin are generally polite in language, but in anger temper is soon shown, and, although life be in peril, the foulest epithets, dog, drunkard, liar, and infidel, are discharged like pistol shots by both disputants.

The best character of the Bedawi is a truly noble compound of gentleness, determination, and generosity. Usually they are a mixture of worldly cunning and great simplicity, sensitive to touchiness, good-tempered souls, solemn and dignified withal, fond of a jest yet of a grave turn of mind, easily managed by a laugh and a soft word, and placable after passion, though madly revengeful after injury. It has been sarcastically said of the Benú-Harb that there is not a man

"Que s'il ne violoit, voloit, tuoit, brûloit
Ne fut assez bonne personne."

The reader will inquire, like the critics of a certain modern humorist, how the fabric of society can be supported by such material. In the first place, it is a

kind of "société léonine," in which the fiercest, the strongest, and the craftiest obtains complete mastery over his fellows, and this gives a key-stone to the arch. Secondly, there is the terrible blood-feud, which even the most reckless fear for their posterity. And, thirdly, though the revealed law of the Koran, being insufficient for the Desert, is openly disregarded, the im-memorial customs of the "Kazi el Arab" (the Judge of the Arabs)* form a system stringent in the extreme.

The valour of the Bedawi is fitful and uncertain. Man is by nature an animal of prey, educated by the complicated relations of society, but readily relapsing into his old habits. Ravenous and sanguinary propensities grow apace in the Desert, but for the same reason the recklessness of civilisation is unknown there. Savages and semi-barbarians are always cautious, because they have nothing valuable but their lives and limbs. The civilised man, on the contrary, has a hundred wants or hopes or aims, without which existence has for him no charms. Arab ideas of bravery do not prepossess us. Their romances, full of foolhardy feats and impossible exploits, might charm for

* Throughout the world the strictness of the *Lex Scripta* is in inverse ratio to that of custom: whenever the former is lax, the latter is stringent, and vice versa. Thus in England, where law leaves men comparatively free, they are slaves to a grinding despotism of conventionalities, unknown in the lands of tyrannical rule. This explains why many, accustomed to live under despotic governments, feel fettered and enslaved in the so-called free countries. Hence, also, the reason why notably in a republic there is less private and practical liberty than under a despotism.

The "Kazi el Arab" (Judge of the Arabs) is in distinction to the *Kazi el Shara*, or the *Kazi* of the Koran. The former is, almost always, some sharp-witted greybeard, with a minute knowledge of genealogy and precedents, a retentive memory and an eloquent tongue.

a time, but would not become the standard works of a really fighting people. Nor would a truly valorous race admire the cautious freebooters who safely fire down upon caravans from their eyries. Arab wars, too, are a succession of skirmishes, in which five hundred men will retreat after losing a dozen of their number. In this partisan fighting the first charge secures a victory, and the vanquished fly till covered by the shades of night. Then come cries and taunts of women, deep oaths, wild poetry, excitement, and reprisals, which will probably end in the flight of the former victor. When peace is to be made, both parties count up their dead, and the usual blood-money is paid for excess on either side. Generally, however, the feud endures till, all becoming weary of it, some great man, as the Sherif of Meccah, is called upon to settle the terms of a treaty, which is nothing but an armistice. After a few months' peace, a glance or a word will draw blood, for these hates are old growths, and new dissensions easily shoot up from them.

But contemptible though their battles be, the Bedawin are not cowards. The habit of danger in raids and blood-feuds, the continual uncertainty of existence, the desert, the chase, the hard life and exposure to the air, blunting the nervous system; the presence and the practice of weapons, horsemanship, sharpshooting, and martial exercises, habituate them to look death in the face like men, and powerful motives will make them heroes. The English, it is said, fight willingly

for liberty, our neighbours for glory; the Spaniard fights, or rather fought, for religion and the "Pundonor;" and the Irishman fights for the fun of fighting. Gain and revenge draw the Arab's sword; yet then he uses it fitfully enough, without the gay gallantry of the French or the persistency of the Anglo-Saxon. To become desperate he must have the all-powerful stimulants of honour and fanaticism. Frenzied by the insults of his women, or by the fear of being branded as a coward, he is capable of any mad deed. And the obstinacy produced by strong religious impressions gives a steadfastness to his spirit unknown to mere enthusiasm. The history of the Bedawi tells this plainly. Some unobserving travellers, indeed, have mistaken his exceeding cautiousness for stark cowardice. The incongruity is easily read by one who understands the principles of Bedawi warfare; with them, as amongst the Red Indians, one death dims a victory. And though reckless when their passions are thoroughly aroused, though heedless of danger when the voice of honour calls them, the Bedawin will not sacrifice themselves for light motives. Besides, they have, as has been said, another and a potent incentive to cautiousness. Whenever peace is concluded, they must pay for victory.

There are two things which tend to soften the ferocity of Bedawi life. These are, in the first place, intercourse with citizens, who frequently visit and intrust their children to the people of the Black tents; and, secondly, the social position of the women.

The Rev. Charles Robertson, author of a certain "Lecture on Poetry, addressed to Working Men," asserts that Passion became Love under the influence of Christianity, and that the idea of a Virgin Mother spread over the sex a sanctity unknown to the poëtry or the philosophy of Greece and Rome.* Passing over the objections of deified Eros and Immortal Psyche and of the Virgin Mother—symbol of moral purity—being common to every old and material faith, I believe that all the noble tribes of savages display the principle. Thus we might expect to find, wherever the fancy, the imagination, and the ideality are strong, some traces of a sentiment innate in the human organisation. It exists, says Mr. Catlin, amongst the North American Indians, and even the Gallas and the Somal of Africa are not wholly destitute of it.

Miss Martineau, when travelling through Egypt, once visited a harem, and there found, among many things, especially in ignorance of books and book-making, materials for a heart-broken wail over the degradation of her sex. The learned lady indulges, too, in sundry strong and unsavoury comparisons between the harem and certain haunts of vice in Europe.

* Though differing in opinion, upon one subject, with the Rev. Mr. Charles Robertson, the lamented author of this little work, I cannot refrain from expressing the highest admiration of those noble thoughts, those exalted views, and those polished sentiments which, combining the delicacy of the present with the chivalry of a past age, appear in a style

"As smooth as woman and as strong as man."
Would that it were in my power to pay a more adequate tribute to his memory!

On the other hand, male travellers generally speak lovingly of the harem. Sonnini, no admirer of Egypt, expatiates on "the generous virtues, the examples of magnanimity and affectionate attachment, the sentiments ardent, yet gentle, forming a delightful unison with personal charms in the harems of the Mamelukes."

As usual, the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. Human nature, all the world over, differs but in degree. Every where women may be "capricious, coy, and hard to please" in common conjunctures: in the hour of need they will display devoted heroism. Any chronicler of the Afghan war will bear witness that warm hearts, noble sentiments, and an overflowing kindness to the poor, the weak, and the unhappy are found even in a harem. Europe now knows that the Moslem husband provides separate apartments and a distinct establishment for each of his wives, unless, as sometimes happens, one be an old woman and the other a child. And, confessing that envy, hatred, and malice often flourish in polygamy, the Moslem asks, Is monogamy open to no objections? As far as my limited observations go, polyandry is the only state of society in which jealousy and quarrels about the sex are the exception and not the rule of life.

In quality of doctor I have seen a little and heard much of the harem. It often resembles a European home composed of a man, his wife, and his mother. And I have seen in the West many a "happy fire-side"

fitter to make Miss Martineau's heart ache than any harem in Grand Cairo.

Were it not evident that the spiritualising of sexuality by sentiment, of propensity by imagination, is universal among the highest orders of mankind—*c'est l'étoffe de la Nature que l'imagination a brodée*, says Voltaire—I should attribute the origin of "love" to the influence of the Arabs' poetry and chivalry upon European ideas rather than to mediæval Christianity. The "Fathers of the Church," it must be remembered, did not believe that women have souls. The Moslems never went so far.

In nomad life, tribes often meet for a time, live together whilst pasturage lasts, and then separate perhaps for a generation. Under such circumstances youths, who hold with the Italian that

"Perduto e tutto il tempo
Che in amor non si spende,"

will lose heart to maidens, whom possibly, by the laws of the clan, they may not marry, and the light o' love will fly her home. The fugitives must brave every danger, for revenge, at all times the Bedawi's idol, now becomes the lode-star of his existence. But the Arab lover will dare all consequences. "Men have died and the worms have eaten them, but not for love," may be true in the West: it is false in the East. This is attested in every tale where love, and not ambition, is the groundwork of the narrative. And nothing can be more tender, more pathetic than the use made of these separations and long absences by the

old Arab poets. Whoever peruses the Suspended Poem of Lebid, will find thoughts at once so plaintive and so noble, that even Dr. Carlyle's learned verse cannot wholly deface their charm.

The warrior-bard returns from afar. He looks upon the traces of hearth and home still furrowing the desert ground. In bitterness of spirit he checks himself from calling aloud upon his lovers and his friends. He melts at the remembrance of their departure, and long indulges in the absorbing theme. Then he strengthens himself by the thought of Nawara's inconstancy, how she left him and never thought of him again. He impatiently dwells upon the charms of the places which detain her, advocates flight from the changing lover and the false friend, and, in the exultation with which he feels his swift dromedary start under him upon her rapid course, he seems to seek and find some consolation for woman's perfidy and forgetfulness. Yet he cannot abandon Nawara's name or memory. Again he dwells with yearning upon scenes of past felicity, and he boasts of his prowess—a fresh reproach to her—of his gentle birth, and of his hospitality. He ends with an encomium upon his clan, to which he attributes, as a noble Arab should, all the virtues of man. This is Goldsmith's deserted village in El Hejaz. But the Arab, with equal simplicity and pathos, has a fire, a force of language, and a depth of feeling, which the Irishman, admirable as his verse is, could never rival.

As the author of the Peninsular War well remarks,

women in troubled times, throwing off their accustomed feebleness and frivolity, become helpmates meet for man. The same is true of pastoral life. Here, between the extremes of fierceness and sensibility, the weaker sex, remedying its want of power, raises itself by courage, physical as well as moral. In the early days of El Islam, if history be credible, Arabia had a race of heroines. Within the last century, Ghaliyah, the wife of a Wahhabi chief, opposed Mohammed Ali himself in many a bloody field. A few years ago, when Ibn Asm, popularly called Ibn Rumi, chief of the Zubayd clan about Rabigh, was treacherously slain by the Turkish general, Kurdi Usman, his sister, a fair young girl, determined to revenge him. She fixed upon the "Arafat-day" of pilgrimage for the accomplishment of her designs, disguised herself in male attire, drew her kerchief in the form "Lisam" over the lower part of her face, and with lighted match awaited her enemy. The Turk, however, was not present, and the girl was arrested to win for herself a local reputation equal to the "maid" of Salamanca. Thus it is that the Arab has learned to swear that great oath "by the honour of my women."

The Bedawin are not without a certain Platonic affection, which they call "Hawa (or Ishk) uzri"—pardonable love. They draw the fine line between amant and amoureux: this is derided by the townspeople, little suspecting how much such a custom says in favour of the wild men. Arabs, like other Orientals, hold that, in such matters, man is saved, not by faith,

but by want of faith. They have also a saying not unlike ours—

“She partly is to blame who has been tried,
He comes too near who comes to be denied.”

The evil of this system is that they, like certain Southerns, pensano sempre al male—always suspect, which may be worldly-wise, and also always show their suspicions, which is assuredly foolish. For thus they demoralise their women, who might be kept in the way of right by self-respect and a sense of duty.

From ancient periods of the Arab's history we find him practising knight-errantry, the wildest form of chivalry. “The Songs of Antar,” says the author of the “Crescent and the Cross,” “show little of the true chivalric spirit.” What thinks the reader of sentiments like these?* “This valiant man,” remarks Antar, (who was “ever interested for the weaker sex,”) “hath defended the honour of women.” We read in another place, “Mercy, my lord, is the noblest quality of the noble.” Again, “it is the most ignominious of deeds to take free-born women prisoners.” “Bear not malice, O Shubub,” quoth the hero, “for of malice good never came.” Is there no true greatness in this sentiment? —“Birth is the boast of the fainéant; noble is the youth who beareth every ill, who clotheth himself in mail during the noon-tide heat, and who wandereth through the outer darkness of night.” And why does the “knight of knights” love Ibla? Because “she is

* I am not ignorant that the greater part of “Antar” is of modern and disputed origin. Still it accurately expresses Arab sentiment.

blooming as the sun at dawn, with hair black as the midnight shades, with Paradise in her eye, her bosom an enchantment, and a form waving like the tamarisk when the soft wind blows from the hills of Nejd!" Yes! but his chest expands also with the thoughts of her "faith, purity, and affection"—it is her moral as well as her material excellence that makes her the hero's "hope, and hearing, and sight." Briefly, in Antar I discern

"a love exalted high,
By all the glow of chivalry;"

and I lament to see so many intelligent travellers misjudging the Arab after a superficial experience of a few debased Syrians or Sinaites. The true children of Antar, my Lord Lindsay, have *not* "ceased to be gentlemen."

In the days of ignorance, it was the custom for Bedawin, when tormented by the tender passion, which seems to have attacked them in the form of "possession," to sigh and wail and wander for long years, doing the most truculent deeds to melt the obdurate fair. When Arabia Islamized, the practice changed its element for proselytism. The Fourth Caliph is fabled to have travelled far, redressing the injured, punishing the injurer, preaching to the infidel, and especially protecting women—the chief end and aim of knighthood. The Caliph El Mutasim heard in the assembly of his courtiers that a woman of Sayyid family had been taken prisoner by a "Greek barbarian" of Ammoria. The man on one occasion struck her;

when she cried "Help me, O Mutasim!" and the clown said derisively, "Wait till he cometh upon his pied steed!" The chivalrous prince arose, sealed up the wine cup which he held in his hand, took oath to do his knightly devoir, and on the morrow started for Ammoria, with 70,000 men, each mounted on a piebald charger. Having taken the place, he entered it, exclaiming, "Labbayki, Labbayki!"—"Here am I at thy call!" He struck off the caitiff's head, released the lady with his own hands, ordered the cupbearer to bring the sealed bowl, and drank from it, exclaiming, "Now, indeed, wine is good!"

To conclude this part of the subject with another far-famed instance. When El Mutanabbi, the poet, prophet, and warrior of Hums (A.H. 354) started together with his son on their last journey, the father proposed to seek a place of safety for the night. "Art thou, the Mutanabbi," exclaimed his slave, "who wrote these lines—

"I am known to the night, to the wild, and the steed,
To the guest, and the sword, to the paper and reed?" *

The poet, in reply, lay down to sleep on Tigris' bank, in a place haunted by thieves, and, disdaining flight, lost his life during the hours of darkness.

It is the existence of this chivalry among the "Children of Antar" which makes the society of Bedawin ("damned saints," perchance, and "honorable

* I wish that the clever Orientalist who writes in the "Saturday Review" would not translate "Al Layl" by *lenes sub nocte susurri*: the Arab bard alluded to no such effeminacies.

villains,") so delightful to the traveller who, like the late Haji Wali (Dr. Wallin), understands and is understood by them. Nothing more naive than his lamentations at finding himself in the "loathsome company of Persians," or among Arab townspeople, whose "filthy and cowardly minds" he contrasts with the "high and chivalrous spirit of the true Sons of the Desert." Your guide will protect you with blade and spear, even against his kindred, and he expects you to do the same for him. You may give a man the lie, but you must lose no time in baring your sword. If involved in dispute with overwhelming numbers, you address some elder, "Dakhilak, ya Shaykh!" (I am) thy protected, O Sir, and he will espouse your quarrel with greater heat and energy, indeed, than if it were his own. But why multiply instances?

The language of love and war and all excitement is poetry, and here, again, the Bedawi excels. Travellers complain that the wild men have ceased to sing. This is true if "poet" be limited to a few authors whose existence everywhere depends upon the accidents of patronage or political occurrences. A far stronger evidence of poetic feeling is afforded by the phraseology of the Arab, and the highly imaginative turn of his commonest expressions. Destitute of the poetic taste, as we define it, he certainly is: as in the Milesian, wit and fancy, vivacity and passion, are too strong for reason and judgment, the reins which guide Apollo's car. And although the Bedawin no longer boast a Lebid or a Maysunah, yet they are passionately fond

of their ancient bards. A man skilful in reading El Mutanabbi and the Suspended Poems would be received by them with the honors paid by civilisation to the travelling millionnaire. And their elders have a goodly store of ancient and modern war songs, legends, and love ditties which all enjoy.

I cannot well explain the effect of Arab poetry to one who has not visited the Desert. Apart from the pomp of words, and the music of the sound, there is a dreaminess of idea and a haze thrown over the object, infinitely attractive, but indescribable. Description, indeed, would rob the song of indistinctness, its essence. To borrow a simile from a sister art: the Arab poet sets before the mental eye, the dim grand outlines of picture, which must be filled up by the reader, guided only by a few glorious touches, powerfully standing out, and the sentiment which the scene is intended to express; whereas, we Europeans and moderns, by stippling and minute touches, produce a miniature on a large scale so objective as to exhaust rather than to arouse reflection. As the poet is a creator, the Arab's is poetry, the European's versical description. The language, "like a faithful wife, following the mind and giving birth to its offspring," and free from that "luggage of particles," which clogs our modern tongues, leaves a mysterious vagueness between the relation of word to word, which materially assists the sentiment, not the sense, of the poem. When verbs and nouns have, each one, many different significations, only the radical or general idea suggests

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itself. Rich and varied synonyms, illustrating the finest shades of meaning, are artfully used; now scattered to startle us by distinctness, now to form as it were a star about which dimly seen satellites revolve. And, to cut short a disquisition which might be prolonged indefinitely, there is in the Semitic dialect a copiousness of rhyme which leaves the poet almost unfettered to choose the desired expression. Hence it is that a stranger speaking Arabic becomes poetical as naturally as he would be witty in French and philosophic in German. Truly spake Mohammed el Damiri, "Wisdom hath alighted upon three things—the brain of the Franks, the hands of the Chinese, and the tongues of the Arabs."

The name of "Harami"—brigand—is still honorable among the Hejazi Bedawin. Slain in raid or foray, a man is said to die "Ghandur," or a brave. He, on the other hand, who is lucky enough, as we should express it, to die in his bed, is called "Fatis" (carrion, the corps crêvé of the Klephts); his weeping mother will exclaim, "O that my son had perished of a cut throat!" and her attendant crones will suggest, with deference, that such evil came of the will of Allah. It is told of the Lahabah, a sept of the Auf near Rabigh, that a girl will refuse even her cousin unless, in the absence of other opportunities, he plunder some article from the Hajj Caravan in front of the Pasha's links. Detected twenty years ago, the delinquent would have been impaled; now he escapes with a rib-roasting. Fear of the blood-feud, and the

certainty of a shut road to future travellers, prevent the Turks proceeding to extremes. They conceal their weakness by pretending that the Sultan hesitates to wage a war of extermination with the thieves of the Holy Land.

It is easy to understand this respect for brigands. Whoso revolts against society requires an iron mind in an iron body, and these mankind instinctively admires, however mis-directed be their energies. Thus, in all imaginative countries, the brigand is a hero; even the assassin who shoots his victim from behind a hedge appeals to the fancy in Tipperary or on the Abruzzian hills. Romance invests his loneliness with grandeur; if he have a wife or a friend's wife, romance becomes doubly romantic, and a tithe of the superfluity robbed from the rich and bestowed upon the poor will win to Gasparoni the hearts of a people. The true Bedawi style of plundering, with its numerous niceties of honor and gentlemanly manners, gives the robber a consciousness of moral rectitude. "Strip off that coat, O certain person! and that turban," exclaims the highwayman, "they are wanted by my lady-cousin." You will (of course, if necessary) lend ready ear to an order thus politely attributed to the requirements of the fair sex. If you will add a few obliging expressions to the bundle, and offer Latro a cup of coffee and a pipe, you will talk half your toilette back to your own person; and if you can quote a little poetry, you will part the best of friends, leaving perhaps only a pair of sandals behind you. But should

you hesitate, Latro, lamenting the painful necessity, touches up your back with the heel of his spear. If this hint suffice not, he will make things plain by the lance's point, and when blood shows, the tiger-part of humanity appears. Between Bedawin, to be tamely plundered, especially of the mare, is a lasting disgrace; a man of family lays down his life rather than yield even to overpowering numbers. This desperation has raised the courage of the Bedawin to high repute amongst the settled Arabs, who talk of single braves capable, like the Homeric heroes, of overpowering three hundred men.

I omit general details about the often described Sar, or Vendetta. The price of blood is \$ 800—200*l.*, or rather that sum imperfectly expressed by live-stock. All the Khamsah or A'amam, blood relations of the slayer, assist to make up the required amount, rating each animal at three or four times its proper value. On such occasions violent scenes arise from the conflict of the Arab's two pet passions, avarice and revenge. The "avenger of blood" longs to cut the foe's throat. On the other hand, how let slip an opportunity of enriching himself? His covetousness is intense, as are all his passions. He has always a project of buying a new dromedary, or of investing capital in some marvellous colt; the consequence is, that he is insatiable. Still he receives blood-money with a feeling of shame, and if it be offered to an old woman—the most revengeful variety of our species, be it remarked—she will dash it to the ground, and clutch

her knife, and fiercely swear by Allah that she will not "eat" her son's blood.

The Bedawi considers himself a man only when mounted on horseback, lance in hand, bound for a foray or a fray, and carolling some such gaiety as—

"A steede ! a steede of matchlesse speede !
A sword of metal keene !
All else to noble minds is drosse,
All else on earth is meane."

Even in his pastimes he affects those that imitate war. Preserving the instinctive qualities which lie dormant in civilisation, he is an admirable sportsman. The children, men in miniature, begin with a rude system of gymnastics when they can walk. "My young ones play upon the backs of camels," was the reply made to me by a Jahayni Bedawi when offered some Egyptian plaything. The men pass their time principally in hawking, shooting, and riding. The "Sakr," I am told, is the only falcon in general use; they train it to pursue the gazelle, which greyhounds pull down when fatigued. I have heard much of their excellent marksmanship, but saw only moderate practice with a long matchlock rested and fired at standing objects. Double-barrelled guns are rare amongst them. Their principal weapons are matchlocks and firelocks, pistols, javelins, spears, swords, and the dagger called "Jambiyah;" the sling and the bow have long been given up. The guns come from Egypt, Syria, and Turkey; for the Bedawi cannot make, although he can repair, this arm. He particularly values a good old barrel seven

spans long, and would rather keep it than his coat; consequently, a family often boasts of four or five guns, which descend from generation to generation. Their price varies from two to sixty dollars. The Bedawin collect nitre in the country, make excellent charcoal, and import sulphur from Egypt and India; their powder, however, is coarse and weak. For hares and birds they cut up into slugs a bar of lead hammered out to a convenient size, and they cast bullets in moulds. They are fond of ball-practice, firing, as every sensible man does, at short distances, and striving at extreme precision. They are ever backing themselves with wagers, and will shoot for a sheep, the loser inviting his friends to a feast: on festivals they boil the head, and use it as mark and prize. Those who affect excellence are said to fire at a bullet hanging by a thread; curious, however, to relate, the Bedawin of El Hejaz have but just learned the art, general in Persia and Barbary, of shooting from horseback at speed.

Pistols have been lately introduced into the Hejaz, and are not common amongst the Bedawin. The citizens incline to this weapon, as it is derived from Constantinople. In the Desert a tolerable pair with flint locks may be worth thirty dollars, ten times their price in England.

The spears, called Kanat, or reeds, are made of male bamboos imported from India. They are at least twelve feet long, iron-shod, with a tapering point, beneath which hang one or two tufts of black ostrich

SLV feathers. Besides the Mirzak, or javelin, they have a spear called "Shalfah," a bamboo or a palm stick garnished with a head about the breadth of a man's hand.

No good swords are fabricated in El Hejaz. The Khelawiyah and other Desert clans have made some poor attempts at blades. They are brought from Persia, India, and Egypt; but I never saw anything of value.

The Darakah, or shield, also comes from India. It is the common Cutch article, supposed to be made of rhinoceros hide, and displaying as much brass knob and gold wash as possible. The Bedawin still use in the remoter parts Dira'a, or coats of mail, worn by horsemen over buff jackets.

The dagger is made in Yemen and other places: it has a vast variety of shapes, each of which, as usual, has its proper name. Generally they are but little curved—whereas the Gadaymi of Yemen and Hazramaut is almost a semicircle—with tapering blade, wooden handle, and scabbard of the same material overlaid with brass. At the point of the scabbard is a round knob, and the weapon is so long, that a man when walking cannot swing his right arm. In narrow places he must enter sideways; but it is the mode always to appear in dagger, and the weapon, like the French soldier's coupe-choux, is really useful for such bloodless purposes as cutting wood and gathering grass. In price they vary from one to thirty dollars.

The Bedawin boast greatly of swordsmanship; but it is apparently confined to delivering a tremendous slash,

and to jumping away from a return-cut instead of parrying either with sword or shield. The citizens have learned the Turkish scimitar play, which, in grotesqueness and general absurdity, rivals the East-Indian school. None of these Orientals know the use of the point which characterises the highest school of arms.

The Hejazi Bedawin have no game of chance, and dare not, I am told, ferment the juice of the Daum palm, as proximity to Aden has taught the wild men of Yemen. Their music is in a rude state. The principal instrument is the Tabl, or kettle-drum, which is of two kinds; one, the smaller, used at festivals; the other, a large copper "tom-tom," for martial purposes, covered with leather, and played upon, pulpit-like, with fist and not with stick. Besides which, they have the one-stringed Rubabah, or guitar, that "monotonous but charming instrument of the Desert." In another place I have described their dancing, which is an ignoble spectacle.

The Bedawin of El Hejaz have all the knowledge necessary for procuring and protecting the riches of savage life. They are perfect in the breeding, the training, and the selling of cattle. They know sufficient of astronomy to guide themselves by night, and are acquainted with the names of the principal stars. Their local memory is wonderful. And such is their instinct in the art of Asar, or tracking, that it is popularly said of the Zubayd clan, which lives between Meccah and El Medinah, a man will lose a she camel

and know her four-year-old colt by its foot. Always engaged in rough exercises and perilous journeys, they have learned a kind of farriery and a simple system of surgery. In cases of fracture they bind on splints with cloth bands, and the patient drinks camel's milk and clarified butter till he is cured. Cuts are washed carefully, sprinkled with meal gunpowder, and sewn up. They dress gunshot wounds with raw camel's flesh, and rely entirely upon nature and diet. When bitten by snakes or stung by scorpions, they scarify the place with a razor, recite a charm, and apply to it a dressing of garlic. The wealthy have "Fiss," or ring-stones, brought from India, and used with a formula of prayer to extract venom. Some few possess the "Teriyak" (Theriack) of El Irak; the great counter-poison, internal as well as external, of the East. The poorer classes all wear the Za'al or "Hibas" of Yemen; two yarns of black sheep's wool tied round the leg, under the knee and above the ankle. When bitten, the sufferer tightens these cords above the injured part, which he immediately scarifies; thus they act as tourniquets. These ligatures also cure cramps—and there is no other remedy.

The Bedawi's knowledge of medicine is unusually limited in this part of Arabia, where even simples are not required by a people who rise with dawn, eat little, always breathe desert air, and "at night make the camels their curfew." The great tonic is clarified butter, and the "kay," or actual cautery, is used even for rheumatism. This counter-irritant, together with a

curious and artful phlebotomy, blood being taken, as by the Italians, from the toes, the fingers, and other parts of the body, are the Arab panaceas. They treat scald-head with grease and sulphur. Ulcers, which here abound, without, however, assuming the fearful type of the "Helcoma Yemenense," are cauterised and stimulated by verdigris. The evil of which Fracastorius sang is combated by sudorifics, by unguents of oil and sulphur, and especially by the sand-bath. The patient, buried up to the neck, remains in the sun fasting all day; in the evening he is allowed a little food. This rude course of "packing" lasts for about a month. It suits some constitutions; but others, especially Europeans, have tried the sand-bath and died of fever. Mules' teeth, roasted and imperfectly pounded, remove cataract. Teeth are extracted by the farrier's pincers, and the worm which throughout the East is supposed to produce toothache, falls by fumigation. And, finally, after great fatigue, or when suffering from cold, the body is copiously greased with clarified butter and exposed to a blazing fire.

Mohammed and his followers conquered only the more civilised Bedawin; and there is even to this day little or no religion amongst the wild people, except those on the coast or in the vicinity of cities. The faith of the Bedawi comes from El Islam, whose hold is weak. But his customs and institutions, the growth of his climate, his nature, and his wants, are still those of his ancestors, cherished ere Meccah had sent forth a Prophet, and likely to survive the day when every

vestige of the Ka'abah shall have disappeared. Of this nature are the Hejazi's pagan oaths, his heathenish names (few being Moslem except "Mohammed") his ordeal of licking red-hot iron, his Salkh, or scarification—proof of manliness—his blood revenge, and his eating carrion (*i. e.* the body of an animal killed without the usual formula). All these I hold to be remnants of some old creed; nor should I despair of finding among the Bedawin bordering upon the Great Desert some lingering system of idolatry.

The Bedawin of El Hejaz call themselves Shaf'ei; but what is put into the mouths of their brethren in the West applies equally well here. "We pray not, because we must drink the water of ablution; we give no alms, because we ask them; we fast not the Ramazan month, because we starve throughout the year; and we do no pilgrimage because the world is the House of Allah." Their blunders in religious matters supply the citizens with many droll stories. And it is to be observed that they do not, like the Greek pirates or the Italian bandits, preserve a religious element in their plunderings; they make no vows and they carefully avoid offerings.

The ceremonies of Bedawi life are few and simple—circumcisions, marriages, and funerals. Of the former rite there are two forms, "Taharah," as usual in El Islam, and "Salkh," an Arab invention, derived from the times of Paganism. During Wahhabi rule it was forbidden under pain of death, but now the people have returned to it. The usual age for Taharah is

between five and six; among some classes, however, it is performed ten years later. On such occasions feastings and merry-makings take place as at our christenings.

Women being a marketable commodity in barbarism as in civilisation, the youth in El Hejaz is not married till his father can afford to pay for a bride. There is little pomp or ceremony save firing of guns, dancing, singing, and eating mutton. The "settlement" is usually about thirty sound Spanish dollars, half paid down, and the other half owed by the bridegroom to the father, the brothers, or the kindred of his spouse. Some tribes will take animals in lieu of ready money. A man of wrath not contented with his bride, puts her away at once. If peaceably inclined, by a short delay he avoids scandal. Divorces are very frequent among Bedawin, and if the settlement money be duly paid, no evil comes of them.

The funerals of the wild men resemble those of the citizens, only they are more simple, the dead being buried where they die. The corpse, after ablution, is shrouded in any rags procurable, and, women and hired weepers not being permitted to attend, it is carried to the grave by men only. A hole is dug, according to Moslem custom; dry wood, which everywhere abounds, is disposed to cover the corpse, and an oval of stones surrounding a mound of earth keeps out jackals and denotes the spot. These Bedawin have not, like the wild Sindis and Belochis, favorite cemeteries, to which they transport their dead from afar.

The traveller will find no difficulty in living amongst the Hejazi Bedawin. "Trust to their honour and you are safe," as was said of the Crow Indians; "to their honesty, and they will steal the hair off your head." Only, the wanderer must adopt the wild man's motto, "omnia mea mecum porto," he must have good nerves, be capable of fatigue and hardship, possess some knowledge of drugs, shoot and ride well, speak Arabic and Turkish, know by reading the customs, and avoid offending against local prejudices, by causing himself, for instance, to be called "Tagga'a." The payment of a small sum secures to him a "Rafik," and this "friend," after once engaging in the task, will be faithful. "We have eaten salt together" (Nahnu Malihin) is still a bond of friendship: there are, however, some tribes who require to renew the bond every twenty-four hours, as otherwise, to use their own phrase, "the salt is not in their stomachs." Caution must be exercised in choosing a companion who has not too many blood feuds. There is no objection to carrying a copper watch and a pocket compass, and a Koran could be fitted with secret pockets for notes and pencil. Strangers should especially avoid handsome weapons; these tempt the Bedawi's cupidity more than gold. The other extreme, defencelessness, is equally objectionable. It is needless to say that the traveller must never be seen writing anything but charms, and on no account sketch in public. He should be careful in questioning, and rather lead up to information than ask directly. It offends some Bedawin, besides denoting ignorance and

curiosity, to be asked their names or those of their clans: a man may be living incognito, and the tribes distinguish themselves when they desire to do so by dress, personal appearance, voice, dialect, and accentuation, points of difference plain to the initiated. A few dollars suffice for the road, and if you would be "respectable," a taste which I will not deprecate, some such presents as razors and Tarbushes are required for the chiefs.

The government of the Arabs may be called almost an autonomy. The tribes never obey their Shaykhs, unless for personal considerations, and, as in a civilised army, there generally is some sharp-witted and brazen-faced individual whose voice is louder than the general's. In their leonine society the sword is the great administrator of law.

Relations between the Bedawi tribes of El Hejaz are of a threefold character: they are either "Ashab," "Kiman," or "Akhwan."

"Ashab," or "comrades," are those who are bound by oath to an alliance offensive and defensive: they intermarry, and are therefore closely connected.

"Kiman," or foes, are tribes between whom a blood feud, the cause and the effect of deadly enmity, exists.

"Akhawat," or "brotherhood," denotes the tie between the stranger and the Bedawi, who asserts an immemorial and inalienable right to the soil upon which his forefathers fed their flocks. Trespass by a neighbour instantly causes war. Territorial increase

is rarely attempted, for if of a whole clan but a single boy escape he will one day assert his claim to the land, and be assisted by all the Ashab, or allies of the slain. By paying to man, woman, or child a small sum, varying, according to your means, from a few pence worth of trinkets to a couple of dollars, you share bread and salt with the tribe, you and your horse become "Dakhil" (protected), and every one must afford you brother-help. If traveller or trader attempt to pass through the land without defraying El Akhawah or El Rifikah, as it is termed, he must expect to be plundered, and, resisting, to be slain: it is no dishonor to give it, and he clearly is in the wrong who refuses to conform to custom. The "Rafik," under different names, exists throughout this part of the world; at Sinai he was called a "Ghafir," a "Rabi'a" in Eastern Arabia, amongst the Somal an "Abban," and by the Gallas a "Mogasa." I have called the tax "black mail;" it deserves a better name, being clearly the rudest form of those transit dues and octrois which are in nowise improved by "progress." The Ahl Bayt, or dwellers in the Black Tents, levy the tax from the Ahl Hayt, or the People of Walls; that is to say, townsmen and villagers who have forfeited right to be held Bedawin. It is demanded from bastard Arabs and from tribes who, like the Hutaym and the Khelawiyah, have been born basely or have become "nidering." And these people are obliged to pay it at home as well as abroad. Then it becomes a sign of disgrace, and the pure clans, like the Benú-

Harb, will not give their damsels in marriage to "brothers."

Besides this Akhawat-tax and the pensions by the Porte to chiefs of clans, the wealth of the Bedawi consists in his flocks and herds, his mare, and his weapons. Some clans are rich in horses; others are celebrated for camels; and not a few for sheep, asses, or greyhounds. The Ahamidah tribe, as has been mentioned, possesses few animals; it subsists by plunder and by presents from pilgrims. The principal wants of the country are sulphur, lead, cloths of all kinds, sugar, spices, coffee, corn, and rice. Arms are valued by the men, and it is advisable to carry a stock of Birmingham jewellery for the purpose of conciliating womankind. In exchange the Bedawin give sheep, cattle, clarified butter, milk, wool, and hides, which they use for water-bags, as the Egyptians and other Easterns do potteries. But as there is now a fair store of dollars in the country, it is rarely necessary to barter.

The Arab's dress marks his simplicity; it gives him a nationality, as, according to John Evelyn, "prodigious breeches" did to the Swiss. It is remarkably picturesque, and with sorrow we see it now confined to the wildest Bedawin and a few Sherifs. To the practised eye, a Hejazi in Tarbush and Caftan is ridiculous as a Basque or a Catalonian girl in a cachemire and a little chip. The necessary dress of a man is his Saub (Tobe), a blue calico shirt, reaching from neck to ankles, tight or loose-sleeved, opening at the chest in

front, and rather narrow below; so that the wearer, when running, must either hold it up or tuck it into his belt. The latter article, called Hakw, is a plaited leathern thong, twisted round the waist very tightly, so as to support the back. The trowsers and the "Futah," or loin-cloth of cities, are looked upon as signs of effeminacy. In cold weather the chiefs wear over the shirt an Aba, or cloak. These garments are made in Nejd and the eastern districts; they are of four colors, white, black, red, and brown-striped. The best are of camel's hair, and may cost fifteen dollars; the worst, of sheep's wool, are worth only three; both are cheap, as they last for years. The Mahramah (head-cloth) comes from Syria; which, with Nejd, supplies also the Kufiyah, or headkerchief. The "Ukal," fillets bound over the kerchief, are of many kinds; the Bishr tribe near Meccah make a kind of crown like the gloria round a saint's head, with bits of wood, in which are set pieces of mother-o'-pearl. Sandals, too, are of every description, from the simple sole of leather tied on with thongs, to the handsome and elaborate chaussure of Meccah; the price varies from a piaster to a dollar, and the very poor walk bare-footed. A leathern bandoleer, called Majdal, passed over the left shoulder, and, reaching to the right hip, supports a line of brass cylinders for cartridges. The other cross-belt (El Masdar), made of leather ornamented with brass rings, hangs down at the left side, and carries a Kharizah, or hide-case for bullets. And finally, the Hizam, or waist-belt, holds the dagger and

extra cartridge cases. A Bedawi never appears in public unarmed.

Women wear, like their masters, dark blue cotton Tobes, but larger and looser. When abroad they cover the head with a Yashmak of black stuff, or a poppy-colored Burka'a of the Egyptian shape. They wear no pantaloons, and they rarely affect slippers or sandals. The hair is twisted into "Majdul," little pig-tails, and copiously anointed with clarified butter. The rich perfume the skin with rose and cinnamon-scented oils, and adorn the hair with El Shayh, sweetest herb of the desert; their ornaments are brâcelets, collars, ear and nose-rings of gold, silver, or silver-gilt. The poorer classes have strings of silver coins hung round the neck.

The true Bedawi is an abstemious man, capable of living for six months on ten ounces of food per diem; the milk of a single camel, and a handful of dates, dry or fried in clarified butter, suffice for his wants. He despises the obese and all who require regular and plentiful meals, sleeps on a mat, and knows neither luxury nor comfort, freezing during one quarter and frying three quarters of the year. But though he can endure hunger, like all savages, he will gorge when an opportunity offers. I never saw the man who could refrain from water upon the line of march, and in this point they contrast disadvantageously with the hardy Wahhabis of the East, and the rugged mountaineers of Jebel Shammar. They are still "acridophagi," and even the citizens far prefer a dish of locusts to the

"Fasikh," which act as anchovies, sardines, and herrings in Egypt. They light a fire at night, and as the insects fall dead they quote this couplet to justify their being eaten—

"We are allowed two carions and two bloods,
The fish and locust, the liver and the spleen."*

Where they have no crops to lose, the people are thankful for a fall of locusts. In El Hejaz the flights are uncertain; during the last five years El Medinah has seen but few. They are prepared for eating by boiling in salt water and drying four or five days in the sun: a "wet" locust to an Arab is as a snail to a Briton. The head is plucked off, the stomach drawn, the wings and the prickly part of the legs are plucked, and the insect is ready for the table. Locusts are never eaten with sweet things, which would be nauseous: the dish is always "hot," with salt and pepper, or onions fried in clarified butter, when it tastes nearly as well as a plate of stale shrimps.

The favorite food on the line of march is meat cut into strips and sun-dried. This, with a bag of milk-balls and a little coffee, must suffice for journey or campaign. The Bedawin know neither fermented nor distilled liquors, although "Ikhs ya 'l Khammar!" Fie upon thee, drunkard! is a popular phrase, preserving the memory of another state of things. Some clans, though not all, smoke tobacco. It is generally the growth

* The liver and the spleen are both supposed to be "congealed blood." Niebuhr has exhausted the names and the description of the locust. In El Hejaz they have many local and fantastic terms: the smallest kind, for instance, is called "Jarad Iblis," Satan's locust.

of the country called Hejazi or Kazimiyah; a green weed, very strong, with a foul smell, and costing about one piastre per pound. The Bedawin do not relish Persian tobacco, and cannot procure Latakia: it is probably the pungency of the native growth offending the delicate organs of the Desert-men, that caused nicotiana to be proscribed by the Wahhabis, who revived against its origin a senseless and obsolete calumny.

The almost absolute independence of the Arabs, and of that noble race the North American Indians of a former generation, has produced a similarity between them worthy of note, because it may warn the anthropologist not always to detect in coincidence of custom identity of origin. Both have the same wild chivalry, the same fiery sense of honor, and the same boundless hospitality: elopements from tribe to tribe, the blood feud, and the Vendetta are common to the two. Both are grave and cautious in demeanour, and formal in manner—princes in rags or paint. The Arabs plunder pilgrims, the Indians, bands of trappers; both glory in forays, raids, and cattle-lifting; and both, rob according to certain rules. Both are alternately brave to desperation, and shy of danger. Both are remarkable for nervous and powerful eloquence, dry humour, satire, whimsical tales, frequent tropes, boasts, and ruffling style, pithy proverbs, extempore songs, and languages wondrous in their complexity. Both, recognising no other occupation but war and the chase, despise artifices and the effeminate people of cities, as the game-cock spurns the vulgar roosters of the poultry-

yard. The chivalry of the western wolds, like that of the eastern wilds, salutes the visitor by a charge of cavalry, by discharging guns, and by wheeling around him with shouts and yells. The "brave" stamps a red hand upon his mouth to show that he has drunk the blood of a foe. Of the Utaybah "Harami" it is similarly related, that after mortal combat he tastes the dead man's gore.

Of these two chivalrous races of barbarians, the Bedawi claims our preference on account of his treatment of women, his superior development of intellect, and the glorious page of history which he has filled.

CHAPTER XII.

From el Suwayrkiyah to Mecca.

We have now left the territory of El Medinah. El Suwayrkiyah, which belongs to the Sherif of Mecca, is about twenty-eight miles distant from Hijriyah, and by dead reckoning ninety-nine miles along the road from the Prophet's burial-place. Its bearing from the last station was S.W. 11°. The town, consisting of about 100 houses, is built at the base and on the sides of a basaltic mass, which rises abruptly from the hard clayey plain. The summit is converted into a rude fortalice—without one no settlement can exist in El Hejaz—by a bulwark of uncut stone, piled up so as to make a parapet. The lower part of the town is protected by a mud wall, with the usual semicircular towers. Inside there is a bazar, well supplied with meat (principally mutton) by the neighbouring Bedawin, and wheat, barley, and dates are grown near the town. There is little to describe in the narrow streets and the mud houses, which are essentially Arab. The fields around are divided into little square plots by earthen ridges and stone walls; some of the palms are fine grown trees, and the wells appear numerous. The water is near the surface and plentiful, but it has a brackish taste, highly disagreeable.

after a few days' use, and the effects are the reverse of chalybeate.

The town belongs to the Benú Husayn, a race of schismatics mentioned in the foregoing pages. They claim the allegiance of the Bedawi tribes around, principally Mutayr, and I was informed that their fealty to the Prince of Mecca is merely nominal.

The morning after our arrival at El Suwayrkiyah witnessed a commotion in our little party: hitherto they had kept together in fear of the road. Among the number was one Ali bin Ya Sin, a perfect "old man of the sea." By profession he was a "Zem Zemi," or dispenser of water from the Holy Well, and he had a handsome "palazzo" at the foot of Abu Kubays in Mecca, which he periodically converted into a boarding house. Though past sixty, very decrepit, bent by age, white-bearded, and toothless, he still acted cicerone to pilgrims, and for that purpose travelled once every year to El Medinah. These trips had given him the cunning of a veteran voyager. He lived well and cheaply; his home-made Shugduf, the model of comfort, was garnished with soft cushions and pillows, whilst from the pockets protruded select bottles of pickled limes and similar luxuries; he had his travelling Shishah (water-pipe), and at the halting-place, disdaining the crowded, reeking tent, he had a contrivance for converting his vehicle into a habitation. He was a type of the Arab old man. He mumbled all day and three-quarters of the night, for he had des insomnies. His nerves were so fine, that if any one

mounted his Shugduf, the unfortunate was condemned to lie like a statue. Fidgetty and priggishly neat, nothing annoyed him so much as a moment's delay or an article out of place, a rag removed from his water-gugglet, or a cooking pot imperfectly free from soot; and I judged his avarice by observing that he made a point of picking up and eating the grains scattered from our pomegranates, exclaiming that the heavenly seed (located there by Arab superstition) might be one of those so wantonly wasted.

Ali bin Ya Sin, returning to his native city, had not been happy in his choice of a companion this time. The other occupant of the handsome Shugduf was an ignoble-faced Egyptian from El Medinah. This ill-suited pair clave together for awhile, but at El Suwayrkiyah some dispute about a copper coin made them permanent foes. With threats and abuse such as none but an Egyptian could tamely hear, Ali kicked his quondam friend out of the vehicle. But terrified, after reflection by the possibility that the man now his enemy might combine with two or three Syrians of our party to do him a harm, and frightened by a few black looks, the senior determined to fortify himself by a friend. Connected with the boy Mohammed's family, he easily obtained an introduction to me; he kissed my hand with great servility, declared that his servant had behaved disgracefully, and begged my protection, together with an occasional attendance of my "slave."

This was readily granted in pity for the old man,

who became immensely grateful. He offered at once to take Shaykh Nur into his Shugduf. The Indian boy had already reduced to ruins the frail structure of his Shibriyah, by lying upon it lengthways, whereas prudent travellers sit in it cross-legged and facing the camel. Moreover, he had been laughed to scorn by the Bedawin, who seeing him draw up his dromedary to mount and dismount, had questioned his sex, and determined him to be a woman of the "Miyan."* I could not rebuke them; the poor fellow's timidity was a ridiculous contrast to the Bedawin's style of mounting; a pull at the camel's head, the left foot placed on the neck, an agile spring, and a scramble into the saddle. Shaykh Nur, elated by the sight of old Ali's luxuries, promised himself some joyous hours; but next morning he owned with a sigh that he had purchased splendor at the extravagant price of happiness — the senior's tongue never rested throughout the live-long night.

During our half-halt at El Sawayrkiyah we determined to have a small feast; we bought some fresh dates, and we paid a dollar and a half for a sheep. Hungry travellers consider "liver and fry," a dish to set before a Shaykh. On this occasion, however, our enjoyment was marred by the water; even Soyer's dinners would scarcely charm if washed down with cups of a certain mineral-spring found at Epsom.

We started at 10 A.M. (Monday, Sept. 5) in a south-

* The Hindostanee "sir :" Bedawin address it slightly to Indians.

easterly direction, and travelled over a flat, thinly dotted with desert vegetation. At 1 P.M. we passed a basaltic ridge, and then, entering a long depressed line of country, a kind of valley, paced down it five tedious hours. The Simum as usual was blowing hard, and it seemed to affect the travellers' tempers. In one place I saw a Turk, who could not speak a word of Arabic, violently disputing with an Arab who could not understand a word of Turkish. The pilgrim insisted upon adding to the camel's load a few dry sticks, such as are picked up for cooking. The camel-man as perseveringly threw off the extra burthen. They screamed with rage, hustled each other, and at last the Turk dealt the Arab a heavy blow. I afterwards heard that the pilgrim was mortally wounded that night, his stomach being ripped open with a dagger. On inquiring what had become of him, I was assured that he had been comfortably wrapped up in his shroud and placed in a half-dug grave. This is the general practice in the case of the poor and solitary, whom illness or accident incapacitates from proceeding. It is impossible to contemplate such a fate without horror: the torturing thirst of a wound, the burning sun heating the brain to madness, and—worst of all, for they do not wait till death—the attacks of the jackal, the vulture, and the raven of the wild.

At 6 P.M., before the light of day had faded, we traversed a rough and troublesome ridge. Descending it, our course lay in a southerly direction along a road

flanked on the left by low hills of red sandstone and bright porphyry. About an hour afterwards we came to a basalt field, through whose blocks we threaded our way painfully and slowly, for it was then dark. At 8 P.M. the camels began to stumble over the dwarf dykes of the wheat and barley fields, and presently we arrived at our halting-place, a large village called El Sufayna. The plain was already dotted with tents and lights. We found the Baghdad Caravan, whose route here falls into the Darb el Sharki. It consists of a few Persians and Kurds, and collects the people of north-eastern Arabia, Wahhabis and others. They are escorted by the Agayl tribe and the fierce mountaineers of Jebel Shammar. Scarcely was our tent pitched when the distant pattering of musketry and an ominous tapping of the kettle-drum sent all my companions in different directions to inquire what was the cause of quarrel. The Baghdad Cafila, though not more than 2000 in number, men, women, and children, had been proving to the Damascus Caravan, that, being perfectly ready to fight, they were not going to yield any point of precedence. From that time the two bodies encamped in different places. I never saw a more pugnacious assembly: a look sufficed for a quarrel. Once a Wahhabi stood in front of us, and by pointing with his finger, and other insulting gestures, showed his hatred to the chibouque, in which I was peaceably indulging. It was impossible to refrain from chastising his insolence by a polite and smiling offer of the offending pipe. This made him

draw his dagger without a thought; but it was sheathed again, for we all cocked our pistols, and these gentry prefer steel to lead. We had travelled about seventeen miles, and the direction of El Sufayna from our last halting-place was S.E. 5°. Though it was night when we encamped, Shaykh Mas'ud set out to water his moaning camels: they had not quenched their thirst for three days. He returned in a depressed state, having been bled by the soldiery at the well to the extent of forty piastres, or about eight shillings.

After supper we spread our rugs and prepared to rest. And here I first remarked the coolness of the nights, proving, at this season of the year, a considerable altitude above the sea. As a general rule the atmosphere stagnated between sunrise and 10 A.M., when a light wind rose. During the forenoon the breeze strengthened, and it gradually diminished through the afternoon. Often about sunset there was a gale accompanied by dry storms of dust. At El Sufayna, though there was no night-breeze and little dew, a blanket was necessary, and the hours of darkness were invigorating enough to mitigate the effect of the sand and Simum-ridden day.

Before sleeping I was introduced to a namesake, one Shaykh Abdullah of Meccah. Having committed his Shugduf to his son, a lad of fourteen, he had ridden forward on a dromedary, and had suddenly fallen ill. His objects in meeting me were to ask for some medicine, and a temporary seat in my Shugduf; the latter I offered with pleasure, as the boy Mohammed

was longing to mount a camel. The Shaykh's illness was nothing but weakness brought on by the hardships of the journey: he attributed it to the hot wind, and to the weight of a bag of dollars, which he had attached to his waist belt. He was a man about forty, long, thin, pale, and of a purely nervous temperament: and a few questions elicited the fact, that he had lately and suddenly given up his daily opium pill. I prepared one for him, placed him in my litter, and persuaded him to stow away his burden in some place where it would be less troublesome. He was my companion for two marches, at the end of which he found his own Shugduf. I never met amongst the Arab citizens a better bred or better informed man. At Constantinople he had learned a little French, Italian, and Greek; and from the properties of a shrub to the varieties of honey, he was full of "useful knowledge," and openable as a dictionary. We parted near Meccah, where I saw him only once, and then accidentally, in the Valley of Muna.

At half-past 5 A.M., on Tuesday the 6th of September, we arose refreshed by the cool, comfortable night, and loaded the camels. I had an opportunity of inspecting El Sufayna. It is a village of fifty or sixty mud-walled, flat-roofed houses, defended by the usual rampart. Around it lie ample date-grounds, and fields of wheat, barley, and maize. Its bazar at this season of the year is well supplied: even fowls can be procured.

We travelled towards the south-east, and entered



a country destitute of the low ranges of hill which from El Medinah southwards had bounded the horizon. After two miles' march, our camels climbed up a precipitous ridge, and then descended into a broad gravel plain. From 10 to 11 A.M. our course lay southerly over a high table-land, and we afterwards traversed for five hours and a half a plain which bore signs of standing water.

This day's march was peculiarly Arabia. It was a desert peopled only with echoes—a place of death for what little there is to die in it—a wilderness where, to use my companion's phrase, there is nothing but He.* Nature, scalped, flayed, discovered all her skeleton to the gazer's eye. The horizon was a sea of mirage; gigantic sand-columns whirled over the plain; and on both sides of our road were huge piles of bare rock, standing detached upon the surface of sand and clay. Here they appeared in oval lumps, heaped up with a semblance of symmetry; there a single boulder stood, with its narrow foundation based upon a pedestal of low, dome-shaped rock. All were of a pink coarse-grained granite, which flakes off in large crusts under the influence of the atmosphere. I remarked one block which could not measure less than thirty feet in height.

Through these scenes we travelled till about half-past 4 P.M., when the guns suddenly roared a halt. There was not a trace of human habitation around us:

* "La siwa Hu," *i.e.* where there is none but Allah.

a few parched shrubs and the granite heaps were the only objects diversifying the hard clayey plain. Shaykh Mas'ud correctly guessed the cause of our detention at the inhospitable "halting-place of the Mutayr." "Cook your bread and boil your coffee," said the old man; "the camels will rest for awhile and the gun will sound at nightfall."

We had passed over about eighteen miles of ground; and our present direction was S.W. 20° of El Sufayna.

At half-past ten that evening we heard the signal for departure, and, as the moon was still young, we prepared for a hard night's work. We took a south-westerly course, through what is called a Wa'ar—stony ground covered with scrub. Darkness fell upon us like a pall. The camels tripped and stumbled, tossing their litters like cock-boats in a short sea; at times the Shugdufs were well nigh torn off their backs. When we came to a ridge worse than usual, old Mas'ud would seize my camel's halter, and, accompanied by his son and nephew bearing lights, encourage the animals with gesture and voice.

It was a strange, wild scene. The black basaltic field was dotted with the huge and doubtful forms of spongy-footed camels, with silent tread, looming like phantoms in the midnight air; the hot wind moaned, and whirled from the torches flakes and sheets of flame and fiery smoke; whilst ever and anon a swift-travelling Takht-rawan, drawn by mules, and surrounded by runners bearing gigantic Mash'als or cressets, threw

a passing glow of red light upon the dark road and the dusky multitude.

On this occasion the rule was "every man for himself." Each pressed forward into the best path, thinking only of preceding his neighbour. The Syrians, amongst whom our little party had become entangled, proved most unpleasant companions: they often stopped the way, insisting upon their right to precedence. On one occasion a horseman had the audacity to untie the halter of my dromedary, and thus to cast us adrift, as it were, in order to make room for some excluded friend. I seized my sword; but Shaykh Abdullah stayed my hand, and addressed the intruder in terms sufficiently violent to make him slink away. Nor was this the only occasion on which my companion was successful with the Syrians. He would begin with a mild "Move a little, O my Father!" followed, if fruitless, by "Out of the way, O Father of Syria!" and, if still ineffectual, advancing to a "Begone, O he!" This ranged between civility and sternness. If without effect, it was supported by revilings to the "Abusers of the Salt," the "Yezid," the "Offspring of Shimr." Another remark which I made about my companion's conduct well illustrates the difference between the Eastern and the Western man. When traversing a dangerous place, Shaykh Abdullah the European attended to his camel with loud cries of "Hai! Hai!" and an occasional switching. Shaykh Abdullah the Asiatic commended himself to Allah by repeated ejaculations of "Ya Sáir! Ya Sattár!"

Mecca and Medina. II.

The morning of Wednesday (Sept. 7th) broke as we entered a wide plain. In many places were signs of water: lines of basalt here and there seamed the surface, and wide sheets of the tufaceous gypsum called by the Arabs "Sabkhah" shone like mirrors set in the russet frame-work of the flat. This substance is found in cakes, often a foot long by an inch in depth, curled by the sun's rays and overlying clay into which water had sunk.

After our harassing night, day came on with a sad feeling of oppression, greatly increased by the unnatural glare;—

"In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoop'd for relief: thence hot ascending streams
And keen reflection pain'd."

We were disappointed in our expectations of water, which usually abounds near this station, as its name, "El Ghadir," denotes. At 10 A.M. we pitched the tent in the first convenient spot, and we lost no time in stretching our cramped limbs upon the bosom of mother Earth. From the halting-place of the Mutayr to El Ghadir is a march of about twenty miles, and the direction S.W. 21°. El Ghadir is an extensive plain, which probably presents the appearance of a lake after heavy rains. It is overgrown in parts with desert vegetation, and requires nothing but a regular supply of water to make it useful to man. On the east it is bounded by a wall of rock, at whose base are three wells, said to have been dug by the Caliph Harun. They are guarded by a Burj, or tower, which betrays symptoms of decay.

In our anxiety to rest we had strayed from the Damascus Caravan amongst the mountaineers of Shammar. Our Shaykh Mas'ud manifestly did not like the company; for shortly after 3 P.M. he insisted upon our striking the tent and rejoining the Hajj, which lay encamped about two miles distant in the western part of the basin. We loaded, therefore, and half an hour before sunset found ourselves in more congenial society. To my great disappointment, a stir was observable in the Caravan—I at once understood that another night-march was in store for us.

At 6 P.M. we again mounted, and turned towards the eastern plain. A heavy shower was falling upon the western hills, whence came damp and dangerous blasts. Between 9 P.M. and the dawn of the next day we had a repetition of the last night's scenes, over a road so rugged and dangerous, that I wondered how men could prefer to travel in the dark. But the tall camels of Damascus were now worn out with fatigue; they could not endure the sun, and our time was too precious for a halt. My night was spent perched upon the front bar of my Shugduf, encouraging the dromedary; and that we had not one fall excited my extreme astonishment.

At 5 A.M. (Thursday, 8th Sept.) we entered a wide plain thickly clothed with the usual thorny trees, in whose strong grasp many a Shugduf lost its covering, and not a few were dragged with their screaming inmates to the ground. About five hours afterwards we crossed a high ridge, and saw below us the camp of

the Caravan, not more than two miles distant. As we approached it, a figure came running out to meet us. It was the boy Mohammed, who, heartily tired of riding a dromedary with his friend, and possibly hungry, hastened to inform my companion Abdullah that he would lead him to his Shugduf and his son. The Shaykh, a little offended by the fact that for two days not a friend nor an acquaintance had taken the trouble to see or to inquire about him, received Mohammed roughly; but the youth, guessing the grievance, explained it away by swearing that he and all the party had tried to find us in vain. This wore the semblance of truth: it is almost impossible to hit upon any one who strays from his place in so large and motley a body.

At 11 A.M. we had reached our station. It is about twenty-four miles from El Ghadir, and its direction is S.E. 10°. It is called El Birkat (the Tank), from a large and now ruinous cistern built of hewn stone by the Caliph Harun. The land belongs to the Utaybah Bedawin, the bravest and most ferocious tribe in El Hejaz; and the citizens denote their dread of these banditti by asserting that, to increase their courage, they drink their enemy's blood. My companions shook their heads when questioned upon the subject, and prayed that we might not become too well acquainted with them—an ill-omened speech!

The Pasha allowed us a rest of five hours at El Birkat: we spent them in my tent, which was crowded with Shaykh Abdullah's friends. To requite me for

this inconvenience, he prepared for me an excellent water-pipe, a cup of coffee, which, untainted by cloves and cinnamon, would have been delicious, and a dish of dry fruits. As we were now near the Holy City, all the Meccans were busy canvassing for lodgers and offering their services to pilgrims. Quarrels, too, were of hourly occurrence. In our party was an Arnaut, a white bearded old man, so decrepit that he could scarcely stand, and yet so violent that no one could manage him but his African slave, a brazen-faced little wretch about fourteen years of age. Words were bandied between this angry senior and Shaykh Mas'ud, when the latter insinuated sarcastically, that if the former had teeth he would be more intelligible. The Arnaut in his rage seized a pole, raised it, and delivered a blow which missed the camel-man, but brought the striker headlong to the ground. Mas'ud exclaimed, with shrieks of rage, "Have we come to this, that every old-woman Turk smites us?" Our party had the greatest trouble to quiet the quarrellers. The Arab listened to us when we threatened him with the Pasha. But the Arnaut, whose rage was "like red-hot steel," would hear nothing but our repeated declarations, that unless he behaved more like a pilgrim, we should be compelled to leave him and his slave behind.

At 4 P.M., we quitted El Birkat, and travelled eastwards over rolling ground thickly wooded. There was a network of footpaths through the thickets, and clouds obscured the moon; the consequence was inevitable

loss of way. About 2 A.M. we began ascending hills in a south-westerly direction, and presently we fell into the bed of a large rock-girt Fiumara, which runs from east to west. The sands were overgrown with saline and salsolaceous plants; the *Coloquintida*, which, having no support, spreads along the ground; the *Senna*, with its small green leaf; the *Rhazya stricta*; and a large luxuriant variety of the *Asclepias gigantea*, cottoned over with mist and dew. At 6 A.M. (Sept. 9.) we left the Fiumara, and, turning to the west, we arrived about an hour afterwards at the station. El Zaribah, "the valley," is an undulating plain amongst high granite hills. In many parts it was faintly green; water was close to the surface, and rain stood upon the ground. During the night we had travelled about twenty-three miles, and our present station was S.E. 56° from our last.

Having pitched the tent and eaten and slept, we prepared to perform the ceremony of El Ihram (assuming the pilgrim-garb), as El Zaribah is the Mikat, or the appointed place.* Between the noonday and the afternoon prayers a barber attended to shave our heads, cut our nails, and trim our mustachios. Then, having bathed and perfumed ourselves—the latter is a questionable point—we donned the attire, which is nothing but two new cotton cloths, each six feet long by three and-a-half broad, white, with narrow red stripes and fringes; in fact, the costume called "El

* Those coming from the North assume the pilgrim-garb at or, if afloat, off the village of Rabigh.

Eddeh" in the baths at Cairo. One of these sheets, technically termed the "Rida," is thrown over the back, and, exposing the arm and shoulder, is knotted at the right side in the style "Wishah." The "Izar" is wrapped round the loins from waist to knee, and, knotted or tucked in at the middle, supports itself. Our heads were bare, and nothing was allowed upon the instep. It is said that some clans of Arabs still preserve this religious but most uncomfortable costume: it is doubtless of ancient date, and to this day, in the regions lying west of the Red Sea, it continues to be the common dress of the people.

After the toilette we were placed with our faces in the direction of Meccah, and were ordered to say aloud "I vow this Ihram of Hajj (the pilgrimage) and the Umrah (little pilgrimage) to Allah Almighty!" Having thus performed a two-bow prayer, we repeated, without rising from the sitting position, these words, "O Allah! verily I purpose the Hajj and the Umrah, then enable me to accomplish the two, and accept them both of me, and make both blessed to me!" Followed the "Talbiyat," or exclaiming—

"Here I am! O Allah! here am I—
No Partner hast Thou, here am I:
Verily the Praise and the Beneficence are Thine, and the kingdom—
No Partner hast Thou, here am I!"*

* "Talbiyat" is from the word Labbayka ("Here I am") in the cry—

"Labbayk' Allahumma, Labbayk!
(Labbayka) La Sharika laka, Labbayk!
Inna 'l Hamda wa 'n 'Ni'amata laka w'al Mulk
La Sharika laka, Labbayk!"

And we were warned to repeat these words as often as possible, until the conclusion of the ceremonies.

Then Shaykh Abdullah, who acted as director of our consciences, bade us be good pilgrims, avoiding quarrels, bad language, immorality, and light conversation. We must so reverence life that we should avoid killing game, causing an animal to fly, and even pointing it out for destruction; nor should we scratch ourselves, save with the open palm, lest vermin be destroyed, or a hair uprooted by the nail. We were to respect the sanctuary by sparing the trees, and not to pluck a single blade of grass. As regards personal considerations, we were to abstain from all oils, perfumes, and unguents; from washing the head with mallow or lote leaves; from dyeing, shaving, cutting, or vellicating a single pile or hair; and though we might take advantage of shade, and even form it with upraised hands, we must by no means cover our sconces. For each infraction of these ordinances we must sacrifice a sheep; and it is commonly said by Moslems, that none but the Prophet could be perfect in the intricacies of pilgrimage. Old Ali began with an irregularity: he declared that age prevented his assuming the garb, but that, arrived at Meccah, he would clear himself by an offering.

The wife and daughters of a Turkish pilgrim of our party assumed the Ihram at the same time as

Some add, "Here I am, and I honour thee, I the son of thy two slaves: beneficence and good are all between thy hands." The "Talbiyat" is allowed in any language, but is preferred in Arabic. It has a few varieties; the form above given is the most common.

ourselves. They appeared dressed in white garments; and they had exchanged the Lisam, that coquettish fold of muslin which veils without concealing the lower part of the face, for a hideous mask, made of split, dried, and plaited palm-leaves, with two "bulls'-eyes" for light. I could not help laughing when these strange figures met my sight, and, to judge from the shaking of their shoulders, they were not less susceptible to the merriment which they had caused.

At 3 P.M. we left El Zaribah, travelling towards the S.W., and a wondrously picturesque scene met the eye. Crowds hurried along, habited in the pilgrim garb, whose whiteness contrasted strangely with their black skins, their newly shaven heads glistening in the sun, and their long black hair streaming in the wind. The rocks rang with shouts of "Labbayk! Labbayk!" At a pass we fell in with the Wahhabis, accompanying the Baghdad Caravan, screaming "Here am I;" and, guided by a large loud kettle-drum, they followed in double file the camel of a standard-bearer, whose green flag bore in huge white letters the formula of the Moslem creed. They were wild-looking mountaineers, dark and fierce, with hair twisted into thin Dalik or plaits: each was armed with a long spear, a matchlock, or a dagger. They were seated upon coarse wooden saddles, without cushions or stirrups, a fine saddle-cloth alone denoting a chief. The women emulated the men; they either guided their own dromedaries, or, sitting in pillion, they clung to their husbands; veils they disdained, and their countenances

certainly belonged not to a "soft sex." These Wahhabis were by no means pleasant companions. Most of them were followed by spare dromedaries, either unladen or carrying water-skins, fodder, fuel, and other necessaries for the march. The beasts delighted in dashing furiously through our file, which being lashed together, head and tail, was thrown each time into the greatest confusion. And whenever we were observed smoking, we were cursed aloud for Infidels and Idolaters.

Looking back at El Zaribah, soon after our departure, I saw a heavy nimbus settle upon the hill tops, a sheet of rain being stretched between it and the plain. The low grumbling of thunder sounded joyfully in our ears. We hoped for a shower, but were disappointed by a dust-storm, which ended with a few heavy drops. There arose a report that the Bedawin had attacked a party of Meccans with stones, and the news caused men to look exceeding grave.

At 5 P.M. we entered the wide bed of the Fiumara, down which we were to travel all night. Here the country falls rapidly towards the sea, as the increasing heat of the air, the direction of the water-courses, and signs of violence in the torrent-bed show. The Fiumara varies in breadth from 150 feet to three-quarters of a mile; its course, I was told, is towards the south-west, and it enters the sea near Jeddah. The channel is a coarse sand, with here and there masses of sheet rock and patches of thin vegetation.

At about half-past 5 P.M. we entered a suspicious-

looking place. On the right was a stony buttress, along whose base the stream, when there is one, swings; and to this depression was our road limited by the rocks and thorn-trees, which filled the other half of the channel. The left side was a precipice, grim and barren, but not so abrupt as its brother. Opposite us the way seemed barred by piles of hills, crest rising above crest into the far blue distance. Day still smiled upon the upper peaks, but the lower slopes and the Fiumara bed were already curtained with gray sombre shade.

A damp seemed to fall upon our spirits as we approached this Valley Perilous. I remarked that the voices of the women and children sank into silence, and the loud Labbayk of the pilgrims were gradually stilled. Whilst still speculating upon the cause of this phenomenon, it became apparent. A small curl of the smoke, like a lady's ringlet, on the summit of the right-hand precipice, caught my eye, and, simultaneous with the echoing crack of the matchlock, a high-trotting dromedary in front of me rolled over upon the sands—a bullet had split its heart—throwing the rider a goodly somersault of five or six yards.

Ensued terrible confusion; women screamed, children cried, and men vociferated, each one striving with might and main to urge his animal out of the Place of death. But the road being narrow, they only managed to jam the vehicles in a solid immovable mass. At every matchlock-shot a shudder ran through the huge body, as when the surgeon's scalpel touches

some more sensitive nerve. The irregular horsemen, perfectly useless, galloped up and down over the stones, shouting to and ordering one another. The Pasha of the army had his carpet spread at the foot of the left-hand precipice, and debated over his pipe with the officers what ought to be done. No good genius whispered "Crown the heights."

Then it was that the conduct of the Wahhabis found favor in my eyes. They came up, galloping their camels—

"Torrents less rapid, and less rash—"

with their elf-locks tossing in the wind, and their flaring matches casting a strange lurid light over their features. Taking up a position, one body began to fire upon the Utaybah robbers, whilst two or three hundred, dismounting, swarmed up the hill under the guidance of the Sherif Zayd. I had remarked this nobleman at El Medinah as a model specimen of the pure Arab. Like all Sherifs, he is celebrated for bravery, and has killed many with his own hand. When urged at El Zaribah to ride into Meccah, he swore that he would not leave the caravan till in sight of the walls; and, fortunately for the pilgrims, he kept his word.

Presently the firing was heard far in our rear, the robbers having fled. The head of the column advanced, and the dense body of pilgrims opened out. Our forced halt was now exchanged for a flight. It required much management to steer our desert-craft clear of danger; but Shaykh Mas'ud was equal to the

occasion. That many were lost was evident by the boxes and baggage that strewed the shingles. I had no means of ascertaining the number of men killed and wounded: reports were contradictory, and exaggeration unanimous. The robbers were said to be 150 in number; their object was plunder, and they would eat the shot camels. But their principal ambition was the boast "We, the Utaybah, on such and such a night stopped the Sultan's Mahmal one whole hour in the Pass."

At the beginning of the skirmish I had primed my pistols, and sat with them ready for use. But soon seeing that there was nothing to be done, and, wishing to make an impression—nowhere does Bobadil now "go down" so well as in the East—I called aloud for my supper. Shaykh Nur, exanimate with fear, could not move. The boy Mohammed ejaculated only an "Oh, sir!" and the people around exclaimed in disgust, "By Allah, he eats!" Shaykh Abdullah, the Meccan, being a man of spirit, was amused by the spectacle. "Are these Afghan manners, Effendim?" he inquired from the Shugduf behind me, "Yes," I replied aloud, "in my country we always dine before an attack of robbers, because that gentry is in the habit of sending men to bed supperless." The Shaykh laughed aloud, but those around him looked offended. I thought the bravado this time mal placé; but a little event which took place on my way to Jeddah proved that it was not quite a failure.

As we advanced, our escort took care to fire every

large dry Asclepias, to disperse the shades which buried us. Again the scene became wondrous wild:—

“Full many a waste I’ve wander’d o’er,
Clomb many a crag, cross’d many a shore,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne’er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where’er I chanced to roam.”

On either side were ribbed precipices, dark, angry, and towering above, till their summits mingled with the glooms of night; and between them formidable looked the chasm, down which our host hurried with shouts and discharges of matchlocks. The torch-smoke and the night-fires of flaming Asclepias formed a canopy, sable above and livid red below; it hung over our heads like a sheet, and divided the cliffs into two equal parts. Here the fire flashed fiercely from a tall thorn, that crackled and shot up showers of sparks into the air; there it died away in lurid gleams, which lit up a truly Stygian scene.

As usual, however, the picturesque had its inconveniences. There was no path. Rocks, stone-banks, and trees obstructed our passage. The camels, now blind in darkness, then dazzled by a flood of light, stumbled frequently; in some places slipping down a steep descent, in others sliding over a sheet of mud. There were furious quarrels and fierce language between camel-men and their hirers, and threats to fellow-travellers; in fact, we were united in discord. I passed that night crying, “Hai! Hai!” switching the

camel, and fruitlessly endeavoring to fustigate Mas'ud's nephew, who resolutely slept upon the water-bags. During the hours of darkness we made four or five halts, when we boiled coffee and smoked pipes, but men and beasts were beginning to suffer from a deadly fatigue.

Dawn (Saturday, Sept. 11) found us still travelling down the Fiumara, which here is about 100 yards broad. The granite hills on both sides were less precipitous, and the borders of the torrent-bed became natural quays of stiff clay, which showed a water-mark of from twelve to fifteen feet in height. In many parts the bed was muddy; and the moist places, as usual, caused accidents. I happened to be looking back at Shaykh Abdullah, who was then riding in old Ali bin Ya Sin's fine Shugduf; suddenly the camel's four legs disappeared from under him, his right side flattening the ground, and the two riders were pitched severally out of the smashed vehicle. Abdullah started up furious, and, with great zest, abused the Bedawin, who were absent. "Feed these Arabs," he exclaimed, quoting a Turkish proverb, "and they will fire at Heaven!" But I observed that, when Shaykh Mas'ud came up, the citizen was only gruff.

We then turned northward, and sighted El Mazik, more generally known as Wady Laymun, the Valley of Limes. On the right bank of the Fiumara stood the Meccan Sheriff's state pavilion, green and gold: it was surrounded by his attendants, and he had prepared to receive the Pasha of the Caravan. We advanced half

a mile, and encamped temporarily in a hill-girt bulge of the Fiumara-bed. At 8 A.M. we had travelled about twenty-four miles from El Zaribah, and the direction of our present station was S.W. 50^0 .

Shaykh Mas'ud allowed us only four hours' halt; he wished to precede the main body. After breaking our fast joyously upon limes, pomegranates, and fresh dates, we sallied forth to admire the beauties of the place. We are once more on classic ground—the ground of the ancient Arab poets—

"Deserted is the village—waste the halting place and home
At Mina, o'er Rijam and Ghul wild beasts unheeded roam,
On Rayyan hill the channel lines have left their naked trace,
Time-worn, as *primal Writ that dints the mountain's flinty face*,"*—

and this Wady, celebrated for the purity of its air, has from remote ages been a favorite resort of the Mec-cans. Nothing can be more soothing to the brain than the dark-green foliage of the limes and pomegranates; and from the base of the southern hill bursts a bubbling stream, whose

"Chiare, fresche e dolci acque"

flow through the gardens, filling them with the most delicious of melodies, the gladdest sound which Nature in these regions knows.

* In these lines of Lebid, the "Mina" alluded to must not, we are warned by the scholiast, be confounded with "Mina" (vulg. "Muna"), the Valley of Victims. Ghul and Rayyan are hills close to the Wady Laynum.

The passage made me suspect that inscriptions would be found among the rocks, as the scholiast informs us that "men used to write upon rocks in order that their writing might remain" (De Sacy's Moallaka de Lebid, p. 289.) I neither saw nor heard of any. But some months afterwards I was delighted to hear from the Abbé Hamilton that he had discovered in one of the rock monuments a "lithographed proof" of the presence of Sesostris (Rhameses II.).

Exactly at noon Mas'ud seized the halter of the foremost camel, and we started down the Fiumara. Troops of Bedawi girls looked over the orchard walls laughingly, and children came out to offer us fresh fruit and sweet water. At 2 P.M., travelling south-west, we arrived at a point where the torrent-bed turns to the right, and quitting it, we climbed with difficulty over a steep ridge of granite. Before three o'clock we entered a hill-girt plain, which my companions called "Sola." In some places were clumps of trees, and scattered villages warned us that we were approaching a city. Far to the left rose the blue peaks of Taif, and the mountain road, a white thread upon the nearer heights, was pointed out to me.

Here I first saw the tree, or rather shrub, which bears the balm of Gilead, erst so celebrated for its tonic and stomachic properties. I told Shaykh Mas'ud to break off a twig, which he did heedlessly. The act was witnessed by our party with a roar of laughter, and the astounded Shaykh was warned that he had become subject to an atoning sacrifice. Of course he denounced me as the instigator, and I could not fairly refuse assistance. The tree has of late years been carefully described by many botanists; I will only say that the bark resembled in color a cherry-stick pipe, the inside was a light yellow, and the juice made my fingers stick together.

At 4 P.M. we came to a steep and rocky Pass, up which we toiled with difficulty. The face of the country was rising once more, and again presented

the aspect of numerous small basins divided and surrounded by hills. As we jogged on we were passed by the cavalcade of no less a personage than the Sheriff of Meccah. Abd el Muttalib bin Ghalib is a dark, beardless, old man with African features derived from his mother. He was plainly dressed in snowy garments and a white muslin turban, which made him look jet black; he rode an ambling mule, and the only emblem of his dignity was the large green satin umbrella borne by an attendant on foot. Scattered around him were about forty matchlock-men, mostly slaves. At long intervals, after their father, came his four sons, Riza Bey, Abdullah, Ali and Abmed, the latter still a child. The three elder brothers rode splendid dromedaries at speed; they were young men of light complexion, with the true Meccan cast of features, showily dressed in bright-colored silks, and armed, to denote their rank, with sword and gold-hilted dagger.

We halted as evening approached, and strained our eyes, but all in vain, to catch sight of Meccah, which lies in a winding valley. By Shaykh Abdullah's direction I recited, after the usual devotions, the following prayer. The reader is forewarned that it is difficult to preserve the flowers of Oriental rhetoric in a European tongue.

“O Allah! verily this is Thy Safeguard (Amn) and Thy Sanctuary (Haram)! Into it whoso entereth becometh safe (Amin). So deny (Harrim) my Flesh and Blood, my Bones and Skin, to Hell-fire. O Allah! Save

me from Thy Wrath on the Day when Thy Servants shall be raised from the Dead. I conjure Thee by this that Thou art Allah, besides whom is none (Thou only), the Merciful, the Compassionate. And have Mercy upon our Lord Mohammed, and upon the Progeny of our Lord Mohammed, and upon his Followers, One and All!" This was concluded with the "Talbiyat," and with an especial prayer for myself.

We again mounted, and night completed our disappointment. About 1 A.M. I was aroused by general excitement. "Mecca! Mecca!" cried some voices; "The Sanctuary! O the Sanctuary!" exclaimed others; and all burst into loud "Labbayk," not unfrequently broken by sobs. I looked out from my litter, and saw by the light of the southern stars the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain. We were passing over the last ridge by a cutting, called the Saniyat Kuda'a, the Winding place of the Cut. The "tortuous path" is flanked on both sides by watch-towers, which command the "Darb el Ma'ala," or road leading from the north into Mecca. Thence we passed into the Ma'abidah (northern suburb), where the Sherif's Palace is built. After this, on the left hand, came the deserted abode of the Sherif bin Aun, now said to be a "haunted house." Opposite to it lies the Jannat el Ma'ala, the holy cemetery of Mecca. Thence, turning to the right, we entered the Sulaymaniyah or Afghan quarter. Here the boy Mohammed, being an inhabitant of the Shamiyah or Syrian ward, thought proper to display some apprehension.

The two are on bad terms; children never meet without exchanging volleys of stones, and men fight furiously with quarter-staves. Sometimes, despite the terrors of religion, the knife and sabre are drawn. But these hostilities have their code. If a citizen be killed, there is a subscription for blood-money. An inhabitant of one quarter, passing singly through another, becomes a guest; once beyond the walls, he is likely to be beaten to insensibility by his hospitable foes.

At the Sulaymaniyah we turned off the main road into a by-way, and ascended by narrow lanes the rough heights of Jebel Hindi, upon which stands a small whitewashed and crenellated building called a fort. Thence descending, we threaded dark streets, in places crowded with rude cots and dusky figures, and finally at 2 A.M. we found ourselves at the door of the boy Mohammed's house.

From Wady Laymun to Meccah the distance, according to my calculation, was about twenty-three miles, the direction S.W. 45° . We arrived on the morning of Sunday the 7th Zu'l Hijjah (11th September, 1853), and had one day before the beginning of the pilgrimage to repose and visit the Haram.

I conclude this chapter with a few remarks upon the watershed of El Hejaz. The country, in my humble opinion, has a compound slope, southwards and westwards. I have, however, little but the conviction of the modern Arabs to support the assertion that this part of Arabia declines from the north. All declare the course of water to be southerly, and believe the

fountain of Arafat to pass underground from Baghdad. The slope, as geographers know, is still a disputed point. Ritter, Jomard, and some old Arab authors, make the country rise towards the south, whilst Wallin and others express an opposite opinion. From the sea to El Musahhal is a gentle rise. The water-marks of the Fiumaras show that El Medinah is considerably above the coast, though geographers may not be correct in claiming for Jebel Radhwa a height of 6000 feet; yet that elevation is not perhaps too great for the plateau upon which stands the Prophet's burial-place. From El Medinah to El Suwayrkiyah is another gentle rise, and from the latter to El Zaribah stagnating water denotes a level. I believe the report of a perennial lake on the eastern boundary of El Hejaz as little as the river placed by Ptolemy between Yambu' and Meccah. No Bedawi could tell me of this feature, which, had it existed, would have changed the whole conditions and history of the country; we know the Pelusian's river to be a Fiumara, and the lake probably owes its existence to a similar cause, a heavy fall of rain. Beginning at El Zaribah is a decided fall, which continues to the sea. The Arafat torrent sweeps from east to west with great force, sometimes carrying away the habitations, and even injuring the sanctuary.*

* This is a synopsis of our marches, which, protracted on Burckhardt's map, gives an error of ten miles.

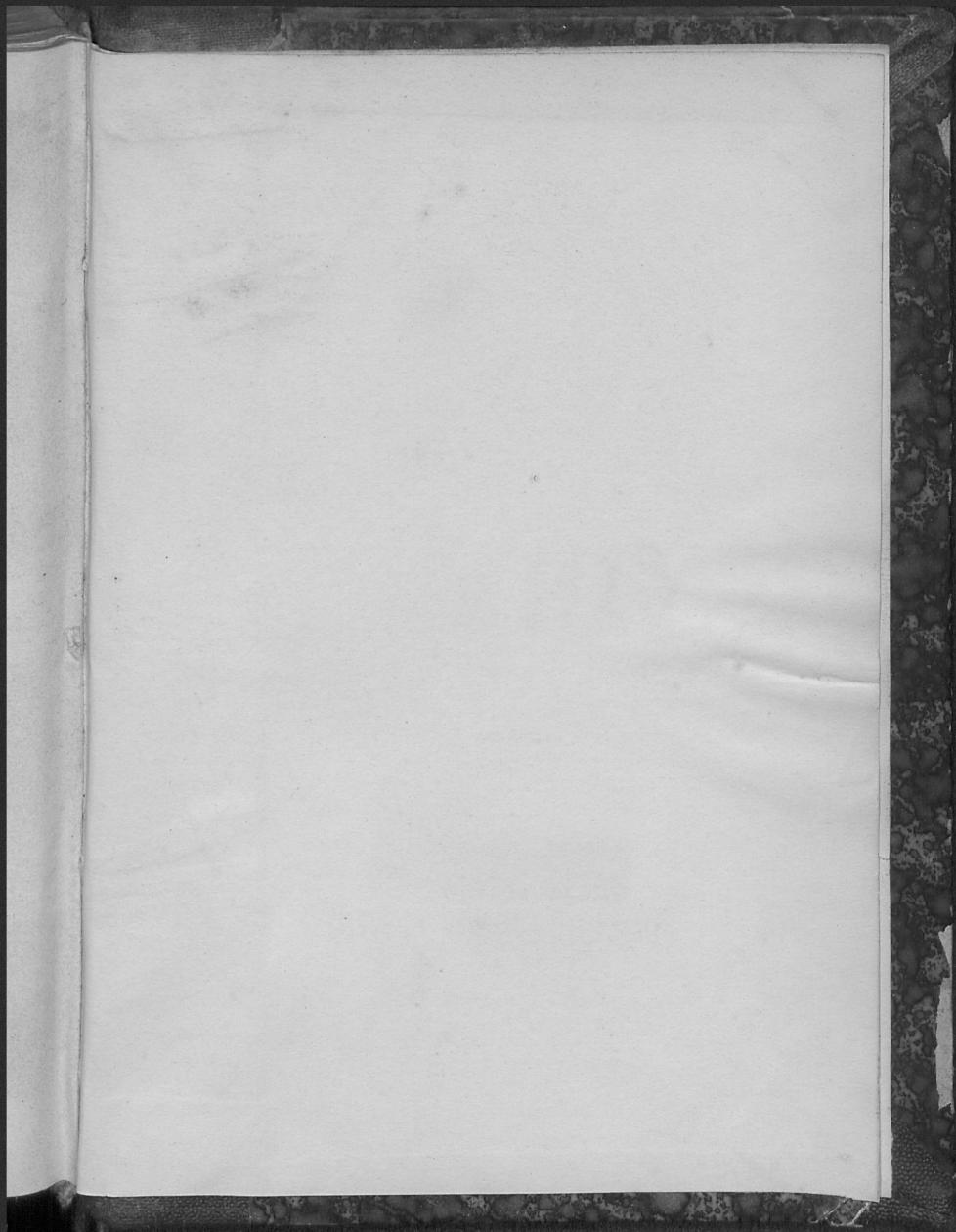
		Miles.
1.	From El Medinah, to Ja el Sharifah, . . . S.E. 50° . . .	22
2.	From Ja el Sharifah to Ghurab, . . . S.W. 10° . . .	24
3.	From Ghurab to El Hijriyah, . . . S.E. 22° . . .	<u>25 = 71</u>

		Miles.
	Brought forward	71
4.	From El Hijriyah to El Suwayrkiyah,	S.W. 11° 28
5.	From El Suwayrkiyah to El Sufayna,	S.E. 5° 17
6.	From El Sufayna to the "Benú Mutayr,"	S.W. 20° 18
7.	From the "Benú Mutayr" to El Ghadir,	S.W. 21° 20
8.	From El Ghadir to El Birkat,	S.E. 10° 24
9.	From El Birkat to El Zaribah,	S.E. 56° 23
10.	From El Zaribah to Wady Laymun,	S.W. 50° 24
11.	From Wady Laymun to Mecca,	S.W. 45° 23 = 177
	Total English miles	248

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