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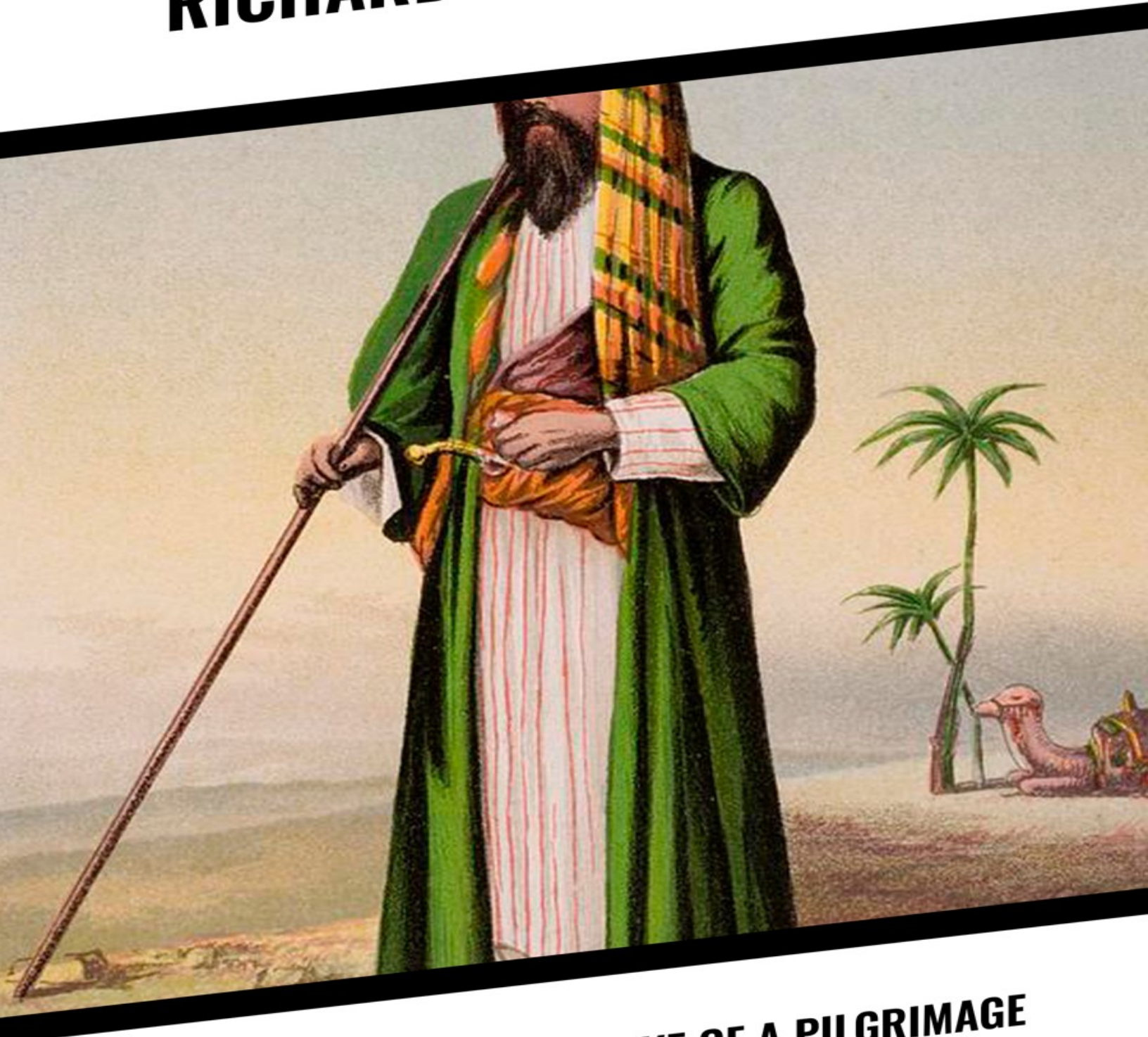
RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON



PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A PILGRIMAGE TO AL-MADINAH & MECCAH (VOL.1-3)

Richard Francis Burton

Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah & Meccah (Vol.1-3)

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Richard Burton as Mirza Abdullah

PREFACE TO THE MEMORIAL EDITION

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After my beloved husband had passed away from amongst us, after the funeral had taken place, and I had settled in England, I began to think in what way I could render him the most honour. A material Monument to his memory has already been erected by his countrymen in the shape of a handsome contribution to the beautiful Mausoleum-tent in stone and marble to contain his remains; but I also hoped to erect a less material, but more imperishable, Monument to his name, by making this unique hero better known to his countrymen by his Works, which have hitherto not been sufficiently known, not extensively enough published, and issued perhaps at a prohibitive price. Viewing the long list of Works written by him between 1842 and 1890, many of which are still unpublished, I was almost disheartened by the magnitude of the work, until the Publishers, Messrs. Tylston and Edwards, fully appreciating the interest with which the British Public had followed my husband's adventurous career and fearless enterprise, arranged to produce this uniform Memorial Edition at their own expense.

Mr. Leonard Smithers, a man of great literary talent and of indefatigable energy, who admired and collaborated with my husband in the traduction of Latin Classics for two years before he died, has also kindly volunteered to be my working assistant and to join with me in the editing.

My part is to give up all my copyrights, and to search out such papers, annotations, and latest notes and corrections, as will form the most complete work; also to write all the Prefaces, and to give every assistance in my power as Editress.

The Memorial Edition commences with the present “Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah,” which will be followed at intervals by others of my husband’s works. Since this “Memorial Edition” was arranged, and the Prospectus issued, I have parted with the Copyright of my husband’s famous translation of the “Arabian Nights” to the Publishers, and they are arranging to bring out that work at an early date, and as nearly as possible uniform in appearance with the Memorial Edition.

The ornamentations on the binding are, a figure of my husband in his Arab costume, his monogram in Arabic, and, on the back of the book, the tent which is his tomb.

Both the publishers and myself have to thank Mr. Smithers for the infinite trouble he has taken in collating the first, second, third and fourth editions of the ‘Pilgrimage’ with Sir Richard’s own original annotated copies. All the lengthy notes and appendices of the first edition have been retained, and these are supplemented by the notes and appendices in the later editions, as well as by the author’s MS. notes. He has adopted Sir Richard’s latest and most correct orthography of Arabic words, and has passed the sheets through the press. Following my husband’s plan in “The Thousand Nights and a Night,” he has put the accents on Arabic words only the first time of their appearance, to show how they ought to be; thinking it unnecessary to

preserve throughout, what is an eyesore to the reader and a distress to the printer. So it is with Arabic books, — the accents are only put for the early student; afterwards, they are left to the practical knowledge of the reader. All the original coloured illustrations of the first edition, and also the wood engravings of the later issues, are reproduced for the first time in one uniform edition. The map and plans are facsimilies of those in the latest (fourth) edition. In fact, everything has been done to make this book worthy of its author and of the public's appreciation.

For those who may not know the import of "A Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah," in 1853, they will not take it amiss when I say that there are Holy Shrines of the Moslem world in the far-away Desert, where no white man, European, or Christian, could enter (save as a Moslem), or even approach, without certain death. They are more jealously guarded than the "Holy Grail," and this Work narrates how this Pilgrimage was accomplished. My husband had lived as a Dervish in Sind, which greatly helped him; and he studied every separate thing until he was master of it, even apprenticing himself to a blacksmith to learn how to make horse-shoes and to shoe his own horses. It meant living with his life in his hand, amongst the strangest and wildest companions, adopting their unfamiliar manners, living for nine months in the hottest and most unhealthy climate, upon repulsive food; it meant complete and absolute isolation from everything that makes life tolerable, from all civilisation, from all his natural habits; the brain at high tension, but the mind never wavering from the role he had adopted; but he liked it, he was happy in it, he felt at

home in it, and in this Book he tells you how he did it, and what he saw.

Sir Richard Burton died at the age of 70, on the 20th October, 1890. During the last 48 years of his life, he lived only for the benefit and for the welfare of England and of his countrymen, and of the Human Race at large. Let us reverently raise up this “Monument,” aere perennius, to his everlasting memory.

ISABEL BURTON.

MAY 24, 1893.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

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After a lapse of twenty-five years, a third edition of my Pilgrimage has been called for by the public, to whom I take this opportunity of returning thanks. Messrs. Mullan have chosen the very best opportunity. My two publications concerning the Khedival Expeditions to Midian ("The Gold Mines of Midian," and "The Land of Midian Revisited"), are, as I have stated in the Preface, sequels and continuations of this Pilgrimage from which the adventures forming their subject may be said to date.

The text has been carefully revised, and the "baggage of notes" has been materially lightened.[1] From the Appendix I have removed matter which, though useful to the student, is of scant general interest. The quaint and interesting "Narrative and Voyages of Ludovicus Vertomannus, Gentleman of Rome," need no longer be read in extracts, when the whole has been printed by the Hakluyt Society. (The Travels of Ludovico di Varthema in Egypt, Syria, Arabia Deserta and Arabia Felix, in Persia, India, and Ethiopia, A.D. 1503 to 1508. Translated from the original Italian edition of 1510, with a Preface by John Winter Jones, Esq., F.S.A., and edited, with notes and an Introduction, by George Percy Badger, late Government Chaplain in the Presidency of Bombay. London.) On the other hand, I have inserted after the Appendix, with the permission of the author, two highly interesting communications from Dr. Aloys Sprenger, the

well-known Orientalist and Arabist, concerning the routes of the Great Caravans. My friend supports his suspicions that an error of direction has been made, and geographers will enjoy the benefit of his conscientious studies, topographical and linguistic.

The truculent attacks made upon pilgrims and Darwayshes call for a few words of notice. Even that learned and amiable philanthropist, the late Dr. John Wilson of Bombay (“Lands of the Bible,” vol. ii., p. 302) alludes, in the case of the Spaniard Badia, alias Ali Bey al-Abbasi, to the “unjustifiable fanciful disguise of a Mohammedan Pilgrim.” The author of the Ruddy Goose Theory (“Voice of Israel from Mount Sinai”) and compiler of the “Historical Geography of Arabia” has dealt a foul blow to the memory of Burckhardt, the energetic and inoffensive Swiss traveller, whose name has ever been held in the highest repute. And now the “Government Chaplain” indites (Introduction, p. xxvii.) the following invidious remarks touching the travels of Ludovico di Varthema — the vir Deo carus, be it remarked, of the learned and laical Julius Caesar Scaliger:

“This is not the place to discuss the morality of an act involving the deliberate and voluntary denial of what a man holds to be truth in a matter so sacred as that of Religion. Such a violation of conscience is not justifiable by the end which the renegade (!) may have in view, however abstractedly praiseworthy it may be; and even granting that his demerit should be gauged by the amount of knowledge which he possesses of what is true and what false, the conclusion is inevitable, that nothing short of utter ignorance of the precepts of his faith, or a conscientious

disbelief in them, can fairly relieve the Christian, who conforms to Islamism without a corresponding persuasion of its verity, of the deserved odium all honest men attach to apostasy and hypocrisy."

The reply to this tirade is simply, "Judge not; especially when you are ignorant of the case which you are judging." Perhaps also the writer may ask himself, Is it right for those to cast stones who dwell in a tenement not devoid of fragility? The second attack proceeds from a place whence no man would reasonably have expected it. The author of the "Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia" (vol. i., pp. 258-59) thus expresses his opinions:—

"Passing oneself off for a wandering Darweesh, as some European explorers have attempted to do in the East, is for more reasons than one a very bad plan. It is unnecessary to dilate on that moral aspect of the proceeding which will always first strike unsophisticated minds. To feign a religion which the adventurer himself does not believe, to perform with scrupulous exactitude, as of the highest and holiest import, practices which he inwardly ridicules, and which he intends on his return to hold up to the ridicule of others, to turn for weeks and months together the most sacred and awful bearings of man towards his Creator into a deliberate and truthless mummery, not to mention other and yet darker touches, — all this seems hardly compatible with the character of a European gentleman, let alone that of a Christian."

This comes admirably a propos from a traveller who, born a Protestant, of Jewish descent, placed himself "in

connection with," in plain words took the vows of, "the order of the Jesuits," an order "well-known in the annals of philanthropic daring"; a popular preacher who declaimed openly at Bayrut and elsewhere against his own nation, till the proceedings of a certain Father Michael Cohen were made the subject of an official report by Mr. Consul-General Moore (Bayrut, November 11, 1857); an Englishman by birth who accepted French protection, a secret mission, and the "liberality of the present Emperor of the French"; a military officer travelling in the garb of what he calls a native (Syrian) "quack" with a comrade who "by a slight but necessary fiction passed for his brother-in-law[2]"; a gentleman who by return to Protestantism violated his vows, and a traveller who was proved by the experiment of Colonel (now Sir Lewis) Pelly to have brought upon himself all the perils and adventures that have caused his charming work to be considered so little worthy of trust. Truly such attack argues a sublime daring. It is the principle of "vieille coquette, nouvelle devote"; it is Satan preaching against Sin. Both writers certainly lack the "giftie" to see themselves as others see them.

In noticing these extracts my object is not to defend myself: I recognize no man's right to interfere between a human being and his conscience. But what is there, I would ask, in the Moslem Pilgrimage so offensive to Christians — what makes it a subject of "inward ridicule"? Do they not also venerate Abraham, the Father of the Faithful? Did not Locke, and even greater names, hold Mohammedans to be heterodox Christians, in fact Arians who, till the end of the fourth century, represented the mass of North-European

Christianity? Did Mr. Lane neverconform by praying at a Mosque in Cairo? did he ever fear to confess it? has he been called an apostate for so doing? Did not Father Michael Cohen prove himself an excellent Moslem at Wahhabi-land?

The fact is, there are honest men who hold that Al-Islam, in its capital tenets, approaches much nearer to the faith of Jesus than do the Pauline and Athanasian modifications which, in this our day, have divided the Indo-European mind into Catholic and Roman, Greek and Russian, Lutheran and Anglican. The disciples of Dr. Daniel Schenkel's school ("A Sketch of the Character of Jesus," Longmans, 1869) will indeed find little difficulty in making this admission. Practically, a visit after Arab Meccah to Angle-Indian Aden, with its "priests after the order of Melchisedeck," suggested to me that the Moslem may be more tolerant, more enlightened, more charitable, than many societies of self-styled Christians.

And why rage so furiously against the "disguise of a wandering Darwaysh?" In what point is the Darwaysh more a mummer or in what does he show more of betise than the quack? Is the Darwaysh anything but an Oriental Freemason, and are Freemasons less Christians because they pray with Moslems and profess their belief in simple unitarianism?

I have said. And now to conclude.

After my return to Europe, many inquired if I was not the only living European who has found his way to the Head Quarters of the Moslem Faith. I may answer in the affirmative, so far, at least, that when entering the penetralia of Moslem life my Eastern origin was never

questioned, and my position was never what cagots would describe as in loco apostatae.

On the other hand, any Jew, Christian, or Pagan, after declaring before the Kazi and the Police Authorities at Cairo, or even at Damascus, that he embraces Al-Islam, may perform, without fear of the so-called Mosaic institution, “Al-Sunnah,” his pilgrimage in all safety. It might be dangerous to travel down the Desert-line between Meccah and Al-Madinah during times of popular excitement; but the coast route is always safe. To the “new Moslem,” however, the old Moslem is rarely well affected; and the former, as a rule, returns home unpleasantly impressed by his experiences.

The Eastern world moves slowly — eppur si muove. Half a generation ago steamers were first started to Jeddah: now we hear of a projected railroad from that port to Meccah, the shareholders being all Moslems. And the example of Jerusalem encourages us to hope that long before the end of the century a visit to Meccah will not be more difficult than a trip to Hebron.

Ziyadeh hadd-i-adab!

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LONDON, 31ST MARCH, 1879.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

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The interest just now felt in everything that relates to the East would alone be sufficient to ensure to the author of “El Medinah and Meccah” the favourable consideration of the Reading Public. But when it is borne in mind that since the days of William Pitts of Exeter (A.D. 1678-1688) no European travellers, with the exception of Burckhardt[3] and Lieut. Burton,[4] have been able to send us back an account of their travels there, it cannot be doubted but that the present work will be hailed as a welcome addition to our knowledge of these hitherto mysterious penetralia of Mohammedan superstition. In fact, El Madinah may be considered almost a virgin theme; for as Burckhardt was prostrated by sickness throughout the period of his stay in the Northern Hejaz, he was not able to describe it as satisfactorily or minutely as he did the Southern country, — he could not send a plan of the Mosque, or correct the popular but erroneous ideas which prevail concerning it and the surrounding city.

The reader may question the propriety of introducing in a work of description, anecdotes which may appear open to the charge of triviality. The author’s object, however, seems to be to illustrate the peculiarities of the people — to dramatise, as it were, the dry journal of a journey, — and to preserve the tone of the adventures, together with that local colouring in which mainly consists “l’education d’un voyage.” For the same reason, the prayers of the

“Visitation” ceremony have been translated at length, despite the danger of inducing tedium; they are an essential part of the subject, and cannot be omitted, nor be represented by “specimens.”

The extent of the Appendix requires some explanation. Few but literati are aware of the existence of Lodovico Bartema’s naive recital, of the quaint narrative of Jos. Pitts, or of the wild journal of Giovanni Finati. Such extracts have been now made from these writers that the general reader can become acquainted with the adventures and opinions of the different travellers who have visited El Hejaz during a space of 350 years. Thus, with the second volume of Burckhardt’s Travels in Arabia, the geographer, curious concerning this portion of the Moslem’s Holy Land, possesses all that has as yet been written upon the subject.

The editor, to whom the author in his absence has intrusted his work, had hoped to have completed it by the simultaneous publication of the third volume, containing the pilgrimage to Meccah. The delay, however, in the arrival from India of this portion of the MS. has been such as to induce him at once to publish El Misr and El Medinah. The concluding volume on Meccah is now in the hands of the publisher, and will appear in the Autumn of the present year. Meanwhile the Public will not lose sight of the subject of Arabia. Part of El Hejaz has lately been inspected by M. Charles Didier, an eminent name in French literature, and by the Abbe Hamilton, — persuaded, it is believed, by our author to visit Taif and Wady Laymum. Though entirely unconnected with the subjects of Meccah and El Medinah, the account of the Sherif’s Court where these gentlemen

were received with distinction, and of the almost unknown regions about Jebel Kora, will doubtless be welcomed by the Orientalists and Geographers of Europe.

Mr. Burton is already known by his “History of Sindh.” And as if to mark their sense of the spirit of observation and daring evinced by him when in that country, and still more during his late journeyings in Arabia and East Africa, the Geographical Society, through their learned Secretary, Dr. Norton Shaw, have given valuable aid to this work in its progress through the press, supplying maps where necessary to complete the illustrations supplied by the author, — who, it will be perceived, is himself no mean draughtsman.

It was during a residence of many years in India that Mr. Burton had fitted himself for his late undertaking, by acquiring, through his peculiar aptitude for such studies, a thorough acquaintance with various dialects of Arabia and Persia; and, indeed, his Eastern cast of features (vide Frontispiece, Vol. II.) seemed already to point him out as the very person of all others best suited for an expedition like that described in the following pages.

It will be observed that in writing Arabic, Hindoostannee, Persian, or Turkish words, the author has generally adopted the system proposed by Sir William Jones and modified by later Orientalists.[5] But when a word (like Fatihah for Fat-hah) has been “stamped” by general popular use, the conversational form has been preferred; and the same, too, may be said of the common corruptions, Cairo, Kadi, &c., which, in any other form, would appear to us pedantic and ridiculous. Still, in the absence of the author, it must be

expected that some trifling errors and inaccuracies will have here and there have crept in. In justice to others and himself, the Editor, however, feels bound to acknowledge, with much gratitude, that where such or even greater mistakes have been avoided, it has been mainly due to the continued kindness of an Eastern scholar of more than European reputation, — who has assisted in revising the sheets before finally consigning them to the printer.

Let us hope that the proofs now furnished of untiring energy and capacity for observation and research by our author, as well as his ability to bear fatigue and exposure to the most inclement climate, will induce the Governments of this country and of India to provide him with men and means (evidently all that is required for the purpose) to pursue his adventurous and useful career in other countries equally difficult of access, and, if possible, of still greater interest, than the Eastern shores of the Red Sea.

THOMAS L. WOLLEY.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE,
JUNE, 1855.

DEDICATION

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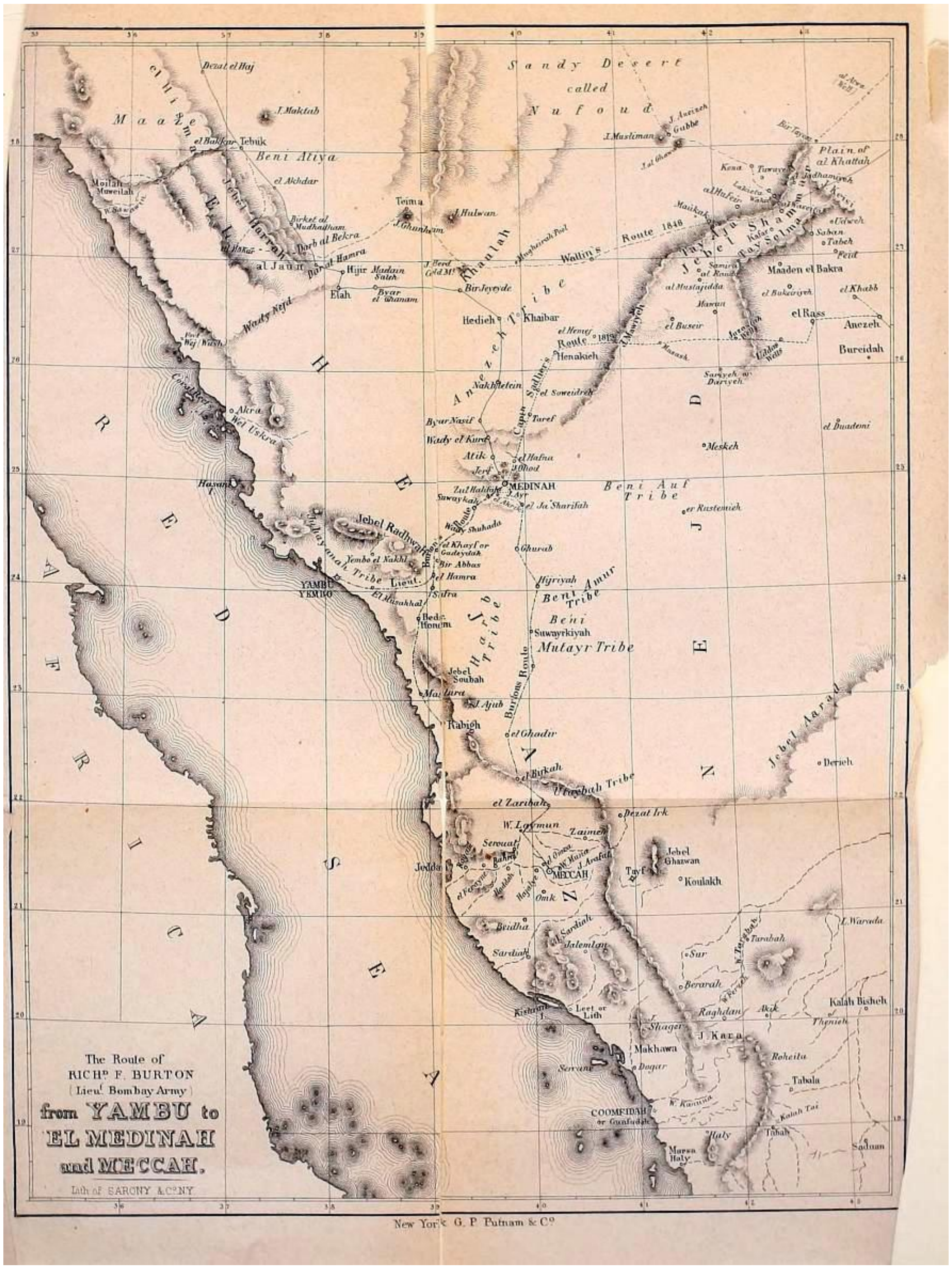
TO COLONEL WILLIAM SYKES, F.R.SOC., M.R.G.SOC., M.R.A.SOC., AND LORD RECTOR OF THE MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

I do not parade your name, my dear Colonel, in the van of this volume, after the manner of that acute tactician who stuck a Koran upon his lance in order to win a battle. Believe me it is not my object to use your orthodoxy as a cover to my heresies of sentiment and science, in politics, political economy and — what not?

But whatever I have done on this occasion, — if I have done any thing, — has been by the assistance of a host of friends, amongst whom you were ever the foremost. And the highest privilege I aim at is this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the multitude of obligations owed to you and to them. Accept, my dear Colonel, this humble return for your kindness, and ever believe me,

The sincerest of your well wishers,

RICHARD F. BURTON.


The Route of
RICHᴰ F. BURTON
(Lieut. Bombay Army)
from YAMBU to
EL MEDINAH
and MECCAH.
Lith of SARONY & Co NY
New York G. P. Putnam & Co
Sandy Desert
called
Nufoud
Beni Aliya
Teima
Khaibar
Anezeh Tribe
Henakieh
MEDINAH
Jebel Radhwah
YAMBU
YEMBO
Beni Amur Tribe
Mutayr Tribe
Jebel Soubah
Rabigh
el Ghadir
Jedda
MECCAH
Jebel Ghazwan
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Tayf
COOMFIDAH or Gunfudah
Marsa Haly
Kalah Bisheh
Bureidah
el Rass
Anezeh
Maaden el Bakra
Wallin's Route 1846
Burton's Route
Utaybah Tribe
Jebel Aarad
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R E D S E A
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PART I— AL-MISR

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TO ALEXANDRIA

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A few Words concerning what induced me to a Pilgrimage.

In the autumn of 1852, through the medium of my excellent friend, the late General Monteith, I offered my services to the Royal Geographical Society of London, for the purpose of removing that opprobrium to modern adventure, the huge white blot which in our maps still notes the Eastern and the Central regions of Arabia. Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Colonel P. Yorke and Dr. Shaw, a deputation from that distinguished body, with their usual zeal for discovery and readiness to encourage the discoverer, honoured me by warmly supporting, in a personal interview with the then Chairman of the then Court of Directors to the then Honourable East India Company, my application for three years' leave of absence on special duty from India to Maskat. But they were unable to prevail upon the said Chairman, the late Sir James Hogg, who, remembering the fatalities which of late years have befallen sundry soldier-travellers in the East, refused his sanction, alleging as a reason[6] that the contemplated journey was of too dangerous a nature. In compensation, however, for the disappointment, I was allowed the additional furlough of a year, in order to pursue my Arabic studies in lands where the language is best learned.

What remained for me but to prove, by trial, that what might be perilous to other travellers was safe to me? The "experimentum crucis" was a visit to Al-Hijaz, at once the

most difficult and the most dangerous point by which a European can enter Arabia. I had intended, had the period of leave originally applied for been granted, to land at Maskat — a favourable starting-place — and there to apply myself, slowly and surely, to the task of spanning the deserts. But now I was to hurry, in the midst of summer, after a four years' sojourn in Europe, during which many things Oriental had faded away from my memory, and — after passing through the ordeal of Egypt, a country where the police is curious as in Rome or Milan — to begin with the Moslem's Holy Land, the jealously guarded and exclusive Harim. However, being liberally supplied with the means of travel by the Royal Geographical Society; thoroughly tired of "progress" and of "civilisation;" curious to see with my eyes what others are content to "hear with ears," namely, Moslem inner life in a really Mohammedan country; and longing, if truth be told, to set foot on that mysterious spot which no vacation tourist has yet described, measured, sketched and photographed, I resolved to resume my old character of a Persian wanderer,[7] a "Darwaysh," and to make the attempt.

The principal object with which I started was this: to cross the unknown Arabian Peninsula, in a direct line from either Al-Madinah to Maskat, or diagonally from Meccah to Makallah on the Indian Ocean. By what "Circumstance, the miscreator" my plans were defeated, the reader will discover in the course of these volumes. The secondary objects were numerous. I was desirous to find out if any market for horses could be opened between Central Arabia and India, where the studs were beginning to excite general

dissatisfaction; to obtain information concerning the Great Eastern wilderness, the vast expanse marked Rub'a al-Khai (the "Empty Abode") in our maps; to inquire into the hydrography of the Hijaz, its water-shed, the disputed slope of the country, and the existence or non-existence of perennial streams; and finally, to try, by actual observation, the truth of a theory proposed by Colonel W. Sykes, namely, that if tradition be true, in the population of the vast Peninsula there must exist certain physiological differences sufficient to warrant our questioning the common origin of the Arab family. As regards horses, I am satisfied that from the Eastern coast something might be done — nothing on the Western, where the animals, though thorough-bred, are mere "weeds," of a foolish price and procurable only by chance. Of the Rub'a al-Khali I have heard enough, from credible relators, to conclude that its horrid depths swarm with a large and half-starving population; that it abounds in Wadys, valleys, gullies and ravines, partially fertilised by intermittent torrents; and, therefore, that the land is open to the adventurous traveller. Moreover, I am satisfied, that in spite of all geographers, from Ptolemy to Jomard, Arabia, which abounds in fiumaras,[8] possesses not a single perennial stream worthy the name of river;[9] and the testimony of the natives induces me to think, with Wallin, contrary to Ritter and others, that the Peninsula falls instead of rising towards the south. Finally, I have found proof, to be produced in a future part of this publication, for believing in three distinct races. 1. The aborigines of the country, driven like the Bhils and other autochthonic Indians, into the eastern and south-eastern wilds bordering upon the ocean.

2. A Syrian or Mesopotamian stock, typified by Shem and Joktan, that drove the Indigenae from the choicest tracts of country; these invaders still enjoy their conquests, representing the great Arabian people. And 3. An impure Syro-Egyptian clan — we personify it by Ishmael, by his son Nabajoth, and by Edom, (Esau, the son of Isaac) — that populated and still populates the Sinaitic Peninsula. And in most places, even in the heart of Meccah, I met with debris of heathenry, proscribed by Mohammed, yet still popular, while the ignorant observers of the old customs assign to them a modern and a rationalistic origin.

I have entitled this account of my summer's tour through Al-Hijaz, a Personal Narrative, and I have laboured to make its nature correspond with its name, simply because "it is the personal that interests mankind." Many may not follow my example;[10] but some perchance will be curious to see what measures I adopted, in order to appear suddenly as an Eastern upon the stage of Oriental life; and as the recital may be found useful by future adventurers, I make no apology for the egotistical semblance of the narrative. Those who have felt the want of some "silent friend" to aid them with advice, when it must not be asked, will appreciate what may appear to the uninterested critic mere outpourings of a mind full of self.[11]

On the evening of April 3, 1853, I left London for Southampton. By the advice of a brother officer, Captain (now Colonel) Henry Grindlay, of the Bengal Cavalry, — little thought at that time the adviser or the advised how valuable was the suggestion! — my Eastern dress was called into requisition before leaving town, and all my

“impedimenta” were taught to look exceedingly Oriental. Early the next day a “Persian Prince,” accompanied by Captain Grindlay, embarked on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company’s magnificent screw steamer “Bengal.”

A fortnight was profitably spent in getting into the train of Oriental manners. For what polite Chesterfield says of the difference between a gentleman and his reverse — namely, that both perform the same offices of life, but each in a several and widely different way — is notably as applicable to the manners of the Eastern as of the Western man. Look, for instance, at that Indian Moslem drinking a glass of water. With us the operation is simple enough, but his performance includes no fewer than five novelties. In the first place he clutches his tumbler as though it were the throat of a foe; secondly, he ejaculates, “In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful!” before wetting his lips; thirdly, he imbibes the contents, swallowing them, not sipping them as he ought to do, and ending with a satisfied grunt; fourthly, before setting down the cup, he sighs forth, “Praise be to Allah” — of which you will understand the full meaning in the Desert; and, fifthly, he replies, “May Allah make it pleasant to thee!” in answer to his friend’s polite “Pleasurably and health!” Also he is careful to avoid the irreligious action of drinking the pure element in a standing position, mindful, however, of the three recognised exceptions, the fluid of the Holy Well Zemzem, water distributed in charity, and that which remains after Wuzu, the lesser ablution. Moreover, in Europe, where both extremities are used indiscriminately, one forgets the exclusive use of the right hand, the manipulation of the

rosary, the abuse of the chair, — your genuine Oriental gathers up his legs, looking almost as comfortable in it as a sailor upon the back of a high-trotting — the rolling gait with the toes straight to the front, the grave look and the habit of pious ejaculations.

Our voyage over the “summer sea” was eventless. In a steamer of two or three thousand tons you discover the once dreaded, now contemptible, “stormy waters” only by the band — a standing nuisance be it remarked — performing

> “There we lay
> All the day,
> In the Bay of Biscay, O!”

The sight of glorious Trafalgar[12] excites none of the sentiments with which a tedious sail used to invest it. “Gib” is, probably, better known to you, by Theophile Gautier and Eliot Warburton, than the regions about Cornhill; besides which, you anchor under the Rock exactly long enough to land and to breakfast. Malta, too, wears an old familiar face, which bids you order a dinner and superintend the iceing of claret (beginning of Oriental barbarism), instead of galloping about on donkey-back through fiery air in memory of St. Paul and White-Cross Knights. But though our journey might be called monotonous, there was nothing to complain of. The ship was in every way comfortable; the cook, strange to say, was good, and the voyage lasted long enough, and not too long. On the evening of the thirteenth day after our start, the big-trowsered pilot, so lovely in his deformities to