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watermarks of the fumaras show that El-Mediná is considerably above the level of the sea; and though geographers may not be correct in claiming for Jebel Radhwa (near Yambu) a height of 6000 feet, that elevation does not appear too great for the plateau upon which is the Prophet's burial place. From El-Mediná to El-Suwayrkiyah is another gentle rise, and from this to El-Zaribah stagnating waters would argue a level. It is this circumstance most probably that has given rise to reports about a perennial lake on the eastern boundary of El-Hejaz, in which I believe as little as in the fumara turned into a river and placed by Ptolemy between Yambu and Mecca. The lake probably owes its existence to similar conditions—a heavy fall of rain. Beginning at El-Zaribah is a decided fall, which continues with minor intervals to the sea. The Arafat torrent sweeps from E. to W. with great violence, sometimes carrying away the habitations and even injuring the sanctuary of Mecca.

I venture to hope that the delay in forwarding this paper will be attributed to its true cause—the heavy calls upon my time in making preparations for penetrating into Eastern Africa. Shortly after the hot season I start again from Aden as a Mohammedan trader to visit a part of the country whence the Ameer—silly young man!—has determined to avert the danger of Europeans by threatening their throats. On my return I will, with your permission, forward a copy of my notes; they may be valuable in some points, for the *country is utterly unknown*. But again, unhappily for me, it will be impossible to use anything but watch and pocket compass.

V.—*Narrative of a Trip to Harar.* By RICHARD F. BURTON,
Lieut. Bombay Army.*

Read, June 11, 1855.

IN May, 1849, the late Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, an ardent geographer and a warm encourager of adventure, in concert with the President and Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, urged upon the Honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company the desirability of ascertaining the productive resources of the Somali country; but the project lay in abeyance until March, 1850, when Sir Charles Malcolm offered the charge of an expedition to Dr. Carter, of Bombay, an officer well known as surgeon to the 'Palinurus' during the maritime survey of Eastern Arabia. The state of that gentleman's health and the

* See Report on the Position of Harar, &c., by Lieut. Barker. Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xii. p. 238.—Ed.

exigencies of the service caused certain difficulties, and the project was again given up for the time.

In March, 1854, after my return from Arabia to Bombay, I applied myself to the task of resuscitating the expedition. My plans were favourably received by Lord Elphinstone, the enlightened Governor of the Presidency, and by the local authorities, amongst whom the name of the Hon. William Lumsden, then member of council, will ever be remembered with the liveliest feelings of gratitude and affection. In August a despatch from the India House authorised the expedition. It was originally composed of three members—Lieut. Herne of the 1st Bombay Europeans, Lieut. Stroyan of the Indian Navy, and myself. The first-named officer was accustomed to survey, to daguerreotype, and to observe; and the second was distinguished by his surveys of the coast of Western India, in Sindh, and on the Panjáb rivers. Soon afterwards the expedition received an addition in Lieut. J. H. Speke, of the 46th regiment Bengal N. I., who had spent many years in collecting the Fauna of Tibet and the Himalayan mountains, and who volunteered with ardour to become a sharer in the hardships and the perils of African travel.

Assembled at Aden, in the summer of 1854, we found the public voice so loud against our project, that I offered as a preliminary to visit Harar in disguise, thus traversing the lands of the dreaded Eesa clan, and entering a place hitherto closed to us by a ruler with the worst of reputations. I could not suppress my curiosity about this mysterious city. It had been described to me as the head-quarters of slavery in Eastern Africa, and its territory as a land flowing with milk and honey; the birthplace of the coffee-plant, and abounding in excellent cotton, tobacco, saffron, gums, and other valuable products. But when I spoke of visiting it, men stroked their beards, and in Oriental phrase declared that the human head once struck off does not regrow like the rose.

Our arrangements were soon made. Lieutenant Speke was detached to Guray Bunder, with directions to explore, if possible, the celebrated Wadi Nogal, and to visit the Dulbahantas, most warlike of the Somal. Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne established their camp at Berbera, the great mart and harbour of the Eastern coast; and they employed themselves in ascertaining the productive resources of the country; in mastering the subject of slavery—still, I regret to say, flourishing in these regions;—and in collecting carriage for a more extended journey. They were also directed, in case of my detention by the Emir of Harar, to demand restitution before allowing the great caravan, which supplies that city with the luxuries of life, to leave the coast.

In the mean time I prepared for a trip into the interior. The political resident at Aden, our possession in the Red Sea, assisted

me with two Somali policemen, and I provided myself with a small stock of cloth, tobacco, rice, dates, trinkets, and other articles with which a Moslem merchant would load his camels. I determined to travel as El Haj Abdullah, a personage of some sanctity. Perhaps my adventures and a short description of a city hitherto unvisited by Europeans may not be unacceptable to a Society which, though essentially scientific, does not withhold encouragement from the pioneer of discovery, reduced by hard necessity to use nature's instruments—his eyes and ears.

On the 29th October, 1854, I started from Aden in a Somali boat bound to Zayla, a small port on the African coast of the Red Sea, nearly opposite and about 140 miles from our Arabian settlement. After two days' sail we reached our destination, when I found that the mules, ordered three months before, and paid for, had not been procured. The governor, our old friend El Haj Shermarkay, sent immediately to the neighbouring port of Tajurrah; but between the delay of catching the animals and a contrary wind which delayed the vessel, I lost at Zayla twenty-eight days. Travellers, like poets, are mostly an angry race: by falling into a daily fit of passion, I proved to the governor and his son, who were profuse in their attentions, that I was in earnest. He supplied me with women (cooks), guides, servants, and camels—under protest, warning me that the road swarmed with brigands, that the Eesa had lately murdered his son, that the small-pox was depopulating Harar, and that the emir or prince was certain destruction. One death to a man is a serious thing: a dozen neutralize one another. I contented myself with determining the good Shermarkay to be the true Oriental hyperbolist.

With four mules and five camels laden with cotton cloth, Surat tobacco, rice, dates, various "notions," a few handsome tobes or sheets (intended as presents to chiefs) and necessaries for the way, on the 27th November, 1854, El Haj Abdullah, attended by the governor, his son Mohammed, and a detachment of Arab soldiers, passed through the southern gate of Zayla, and took the way of the Desert.

There are two lines of road from Zayla to the ancient capital of the Hadiyah empire. The more direct numbers eight long stages through the Eesa territory, and two through the mountains of the Nola tribe of Gallas. In this country the "gedi" corresponds with the "hamlah" of Arabia: it is a stage varying from four to five hours. The camels are laden at dawn, and they proceed leisurely till about 10 A. M., when they are allowed to rest and feed. The march is resumed in the afternoon, and at nightfall the beasts and baggage are deposited in a thorn fence, which serves as a protection against lions and plunderers. I estimate the average progress to be 15 miles per diem; in places of danger

the Somal are capable of marching 27 or 28 without a halt; on the contrary, when water and pasture abound, they content themselves with a single short march. Shermarkay objected to my travelling by the direct route on account of the Eesa and the Gallas. These tribes inherit from their ancestors the horrible practice of mutilation. They seek the honour of murder, to use their own phrase, "as though it were gain," and will spear a pregnant woman in hopes that the unborn child may be a male. Then bearing with him his trophy, the hero returns home and places it before his wife, who stands at the entrance of her hut uttering shrill cries of joy and tauntingly vaunting the prowess of her man. The latter sticks in his tufty poll an ostrich feather, the medal of these regions, and is ever afterwards looked upon with admiration by his fellows.

The route which I pursued is by no means direct; its sole merit is that, after a march of about 50 miles through the Eesa territory, the merchant enters the lands of the Gudabursi Somal, amongst whom life is, comparatively speaking, safe. My compass bearings were as follow:—

1. From Zayla to Gudingaras	S.E. 165°	distance	19 miles.
2. From Gudingaras to Kuranyeli	145°	"	8 "
3. From Kuranyeli to Adad	225°	"	25 "
4. From Adad to Damal	205°	"	11 "
5. From Damal to Ilarmo	190°	"	11 "
6. From Ilarmo to Jiyaf	202°	"	10 "
7. From Jiyaf to Halimalah	192°	"	7 "
8. From Halimalah to Aububah	245°	"	20 "
9. From Aububah to Koralay	165°	"	25 "
10. From Koralay to Harar	260°	"	65 "

The distances give a total of about 202 miles. As regards the names of stations, it must be observed that the Somal, like the Bedouins of Arabia, the Todas of the Neilgherry hills, and other wild races, are profuse in nomenclature of every feature of ground. Each little watercourse, hill, dale, and plain, is distinguished by some descriptive term: "Adad," for instance, denotes the quantity of gum found upon the banks of the fiumara; Koralay (the "saddle-like") describes the peculiar appearance of a mass of rock.

To resume the narrative of my trip. Our little caravan, consisting of about twenty well-armed men and two women cooks, was led by one Raghe, a petty chief of the Eesa tribe. Shermarkay had constituted him our abban or protector; in return for food and sundry presents of cloth and "notions," he afforded us a safeguard in the hour of danger. The "Abbanat," as it is called, is an intricate subject; I may describe it generally as a primitive and truly African way of levying custom-house dues. Your "protector" constitutes himself lord of your life and property; without him you can neither buy nor sell; he regulates your marches, and supplies

you, for a consideration, with the necessaries of the road. In six days we traversed the maritime plain of Zayla; its breadth is from 45 to 48 miles. Along the shore all was desert, a saline flat warded with sand-heaps and bristling with a scanty salsolaceous vegetation. The sun singed as through a burning-glass, and the rare wells yielded a poor supply of bitter bilge-water. As we advanced inland, the country improved. Frequent *fumaras*, or freshets, fringed with shrubs and thorn trees of the liveliest green, showed traces of the copious African monsoon. The ground was covered with a growth of yellow grass not unlike an English stubble; the kraals of the nomades appeared scattered over its surface; long lines of milch camels tossed their heads as they were being driven to pasture; numerous sheep, white as snow, flocked the plain; the beautiful little sand-antelope bounded over the bushes; and flights of vultures, unerring indicators of man's habitation in these lands, soared in the cloudless skies. Wherever we halted we were surrounded by wandering troops of Bedouins. The coarser sex is almost black and exceedingly plain, but tall and well made: their frizzly hair is dyed dun by a mixture of ashes and water, and its only Macassar is a coat of melted sheep's fat. The toilette is simple—a dirty cotton cloth covering the loins, leathern sandals, a round targe, a long dagger strapped round the waist, and two spears. The women are mostly habited in chocolate-coloured leather fringed at the border; their ornaments are zinc earrings, armlets of the same material, a necklace of beads, and a fillet of blue cloth worn only by matrons. The girls plait their wiry locks into numerous little pig-tails, and the heads of the naked children are shaved in a galeated fashion, with a crest of curly hair.

By the power of my star, I escaped a large plundering-party of Habr Awal horsemen, who were sweeping the plain with malicious intentions. A few rifle bullets would doubtless have beaten them off; in this land, if you clear two saddles per cent., the remainder will surely run. But pilgrims and peaceful travellers should avoid using carnal weapons, especially if they intend progress in Eastern Africa. On the 3rd of December we arrived at the southern frontier of the Eesa tribe, under the hills which form the first step to the highlands of Ethiopia and fringe the Somali coast from Tajurrah to Jerd Hafun or Guardafui; their formation is successively limestone, sandstone, and granite in the higher regions. The air became sensibly cooler, and we remarked an increased degree of fertility, together with traces of a monsoon which lasts from June to September in the torrent beds and cataracts which seam the faces of the hills. When I traversed this country it was a desert, the cold having driven the nomades to the maritime plain, but thorn fences and rings dotted the slopes,

showing that in summer it is thickly inhabited. On the 7th December we threaded a *fumara*, the primitive zigzag of these lands, and stood upon the summit of the maritime chain.

From the 7th to the 23rd of December we traversed the country of the Gudabursi Somal, a large tribe, whose habitat is between the Eesa eastward and the Girhi to the W. Theirs is the rolling ground diversified with thorn-clad hill and fertile vale lying above the first zone of maritime mountain, and they have extended their lands by conquest towards Harar, being now bounded in that direction by the Marar prairie. These nomades, who are said to number 10,000 shields, are rich in camels and cows; their warlike reputation depends upon a few wretched ponies. They are more hospitable and docile than the Eesa, but their brighter qualities are obscured by knavery, thievishness, exceeding covetousness, and a habit of lying, wonderful even to the Eastern traveller. Some of the girls are not wanting in attractions. I gave to one of the prettiest a bead necklace, and she repaid me by opining that I was painted white. The savages, who take a delight in sight showing, insisted upon my visiting the Halimalah tree and the ruins of Aububah and Darbinyah Kolah. The former is a gigantic fig (*Ficus religiosa*), under which is performed the ceremony of binding the turban around the brow of each newly-elected *Ūgáz* or chief. The ruins, composed of rough stones,—the mud used for cement in these regions,—and bars of wood inserted as in Cashmir between the courses of masonry, are interesting, as they prove that the land has not been always barbarous. The only tradition preserved by the nomades is, that the fort of Kolah—so called from its queen—as well as Aububah belonged to the Gallas, once lords of the soil, and that their violent hostility ended in mutual destruction.

In the Harawwah valley I met with a notable disappointment as regards elephants. At Zayla they were represented to be plentiful as sheep; after beating the country nothing appeared but the last year's earths. The animals were still in the higher jungles, and we hastened to quit a place where it is impossible even to ride out without being covered with swarms of flies. The Tsetze of Southern Africa does not exist here; there is, however, a red variety called *Diksi-As* (red fly), whose bite, according to the natives, is so hot in summer that it causes violent vomitings. This, together with the fever produced by the mosquito-sting, is universally believed by the people; the traveller will receive the information *cum grano*.

On the 23rd of December I crossed the Ban Marar (Marar Prairie), a grassy tract not unlike our English downs, which separates the first from the second zone of hills. Its length is considerable; the breadth varies from 25 to 28 miles. The undu-

lating surface is covered at this season with a glaring yellow coat of dried up grass; about half-way we halted for an hour in a wady or fiumara, where my Somal employed themselves in eating the acacia gum. The place is infamous for razzias, and a small caravan, laden with hides and clarified butter to be bartered for maize and grain, had the honour (as the phrase of the country is) to sit under the shade of our sandals. Starting at 6 A.M., we arrived at 8 in the evening under the hills of Harar, with no other adventure than being dogged by a lion, who fled at the ring of a rifle. The cold was excessive, 42° in the hut at dawn, and in the noon-tide sun the mercury rose to 120°.

Though almost in sight of Harar, our advance was impeded by the African traveller's bane. The Gudabursi tribe was at enmity with the Girhi, and, in such cases, the custom is for your friends to detain you and for their enemies to bar your progress. Shermarkay had given me a letter to the Gerad Adan, chief of the Girhi; a family feud between him and his brother-in-law, our Gudabursi protector, rendered the latter chary of committing himself. We found ourselves forced to idleness until "Dababo," one of the chief's six wives, and his eldest son Sherwa, visited our kraal for the purpose of escorting us onwards.

On the 27th of December we exchanged the rocks, thorn-trees, and dried grass of the desert for alpine scenery rendered by contrast truly delicious. We stood upon the portals of the highlands of Abyssinia, the huge primary chain which runs N. and S. along the length of Eastern Africa, and which—I hazard a conjecture—may have given rise to the theory of the "Lunatic Mountains." This range is broken into abrupt masses, often with table-formed summits; mountain rills of the purest crystal bubble down the ravines, a system of fissures in the pink granite, and, collecting into one broad shallow stream, flow towards the Webbe Shebayli. A species of fir (the Sinaubar of India, here called Dayyib) clothes the flanks and summits of the hills which are bared of earth by heavy rains; its presence in these lands usually denotes an altitude of 5000 feet. The valleys were yellow with corn and tawny crops of the gigantic "Holecus Sorghum;" it was "harvest-home" when the song of the reapers and the sound of the flail gave pleasant proof that we had left the land of Bedouins. The roads were thronged with peasants and market-people, and in the hedges the daisy, the thistle, and the sweet briar were so many mementos of an English home.

We remained six days under the roof of the Gerad Adan, one of the most treacherous and dangerous chiefs in this land of treachery and danger. My Somali attendants saw with horror that preparations were being made to enter the city of evil fame. They attempted by all means in their power to deter me from the

attempt, but the unfortunates little knew the persistency of a Haji. On the 2nd January, 1855, I mounted my mule, intending to enter Harar alone; the two policemen were shamed into accompanying me, and I left my third servant with the Gerad Adan, in charge of my heavy luggage and a letter of directions to be forwarded to Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne in case of accidents.

We passed on over the hills of Harar by roads so rugged that loads are shifted from camel to donkey back. As I approached the city men turned out of their villages to ask if that was the Turk who was going to his death? The question made me resolve to appear before the Emir in my own character, an Englishman. In these lands it is a point of honour not to conceal tribe or nation, and, as a general rule, the Ottoman is more hated and feared than the Frank. On the 3rd of January I entered Harar.

The ancient metropolis of the Hadiyah empire—now sadly decayed—is about 175 miles S.W. (220°) from Zayla and 219 S.W. (257°) from Berbera. This position, which I could ascertain only by dead reckoning, gives a latitude of 9° 20' and a longitude of 42° 17': it agrees nearly with the traditional site according to the following authorities:—

Lieutenant Cruttenden, I.N.	..	{	Lat. 9° 22' 00" N.
		{	Lon. 42° 35' 00" E.
Rev. Dr. Krupf	{	Lat. 9° 25' 00" N.
		{	Lon. 42° 07' 00" E.
Captain Harris, Bo. A.	{	Lat. 9° 24' 00" N.
		{	Lon. 42° 22' 00" E.

My thermometer showed an altitude of about 5500 feet.* The city lies upon the slope of a hill which falls from W. to E.: in the latter direction are plantations of bananas, citrons, limes, the coffee-tree, the kat—a theine plant well known in Arabia—wars or "bastard saffron," and sugar-cane. Westward are gardens and orchards on a terraced slope; northward is a hill covered with tombs, and to the S. the city falls into a valley or ravine. It is about 1 mile long by half that breadth; the streets and alleys are like mountain roads; and the abodes, built of sandstone and granite cemented with a reddish clay, present a dingy appearance, strikingly different from the glaring whitewash of the East. The houses are flat-roofed, with small holes for windows and coarse wooden shutters; most of them have large court-yards and sepa-

* My thermometric observations were as follows:—

		Temperature.	Corrected altitude.
At Zayla and Berbera (sea-level)	..	210° .. 83° (and 86°) feet.
Halimalah (hill top)	204° .. 64°	.. 3347 "
Agjosi (foot of Harar hills)	201° .. 79°	.. 5133 "
Wilensi (near Harar)	200° .. 70°	.. 5656 "

I have said that Harar is about 5500 feet above the level of the sea, as, for circumsppection's sake, the observation was made outside and at some distance from the city.

rate apartments for women, and almost all, even the Emir's palaces, are single-storied. There are some huts called "Gambisa," shaped like a bell-tent and peculiar to the cultivating Somal; they are equally common in Eastern and in Western Africa. The walls, ignorant of cannon, are defended by irregularly oval turrets whence spearmen and archers might annoy the enemy, and the five large gateways are full of guards armed with daggers and long staves. The climate appeared to me delightful—neither cold nor hot. Of eleven days we had three rainy; the air was fresh, and the sun not oppressive. The people assured me that their monsoon lasted six months, and this would account for the prodigious fertility of the soil.

The city owes its existence to the Emir Nur, who reigned about 316 years ago. In the days of Mohammed Gragne, the Attila of Eastern Africa, it was a mere collection of villages. The history of the place is a series of jihad or crusades against the pagan Gallas, and murder and sudden death of its petty princes. There are few public buildings: the bazar is a long street; the jami or cathedral mosque is a kind of barn decorated with two queer old minarets, built, it is said, by Turkish architects; and the palaces are single-storied houses with large courts, protected by doors of holcus stalks. The five gates are—

The Argob Bari	Eastward.
Asum Bari	N.
Asmadim Bari	W.
Badro Bari	S.
Sukutal Bari	S.E.

Harar contains a population of about 10,000 souls, including about 2500 Somal, and not including a considerable number of Gallas and other Bedouins. Women abound, a circumstance arising from the prevalence of slavery. Harar is the great "half-way-house" for the produce of Efat, Guragne, and the Galla countries; slaves are driven thence to Berbera and exported by the subjects of H. H. the Imam of Muscat, in exchange for rice and dates. I did not judge favourably of the morals of the Harari. They drank freely—even in the presence of the Olema and pilgrims—hydromel and Farshu or Abyssinian beer. The Emir has been compelled to establish night patrols, who punish with the bastinado lovers and robbers. The men are peculiarly unprepossessing in appearance. Shaven heads, coarse features, and clumsy figures muffled in coarse tobes or sheets of dirty cotton cloth, with long thin staves in hand, frowned upon us with mischievous brows and occasionally addressed us with the roughest of voices. The pretty Abyssinian features of the women were novel to me, and their utter ignorance of bashfulness a surprise. The dress is a long cotton robe, indigo-dyed, with two

large inverted triangles of scarlet upon the chest and the shoulders: it is girt with a long zone of Harar manufacture. No veil is used, and sandals are at a discount. The hair, confined in blue muslin or network, is tied in two large bunches or balls below the ears, and the only ornaments are armlets of buffalo horn, coral necklaces, gilt hair pins, and Birmingham rings. Their voices are harsh, a phenomenon in Africa, where that organ is the only feature truly feminine; they chew tobacco with effrontery, drink beer, and demean themselves accordingly.

Harar is celebrated for sanctity, erudition, and fanaticism. The Shaykhs Abadil, El Bekri, and Ao Rahmah bequeathed to it a reputation. Of modern celebrities the Kabir Khalil and Kabir Yunis rank foremost. None but the purely religious sciences are studied, books are scarce, and there is no such thing as the wakf or foundation for scholars, which makes men read in the East. Yet Harar sends forth a swarm of widad, *frères ignorants*, who, by the power of long prayer and chanting the Koran, live, as such folk mostly aspire to do, in plenty and indolence. Within the city a language is spoken quite different from the Somali and the Galla dialects; like the former, however, it is partly Semitic in grammar and etymology, the Arabic scion being grafted upon an African stock. I collected a vocabulary and the grammatical forms which will afford the learned some idea of this still unknown tongue. The prevailing sound is the ch of the Scotch "loch," consequently the effect is harsh and unpleasant. Men of education always know Arabic, and the stranger hears in the streets Amharic, Galla, Somali, and Dankali.

The city is immediately surrounded by four tribes of Gallas, namely,—

The Nola to the E. and N.E.
The Alo on the W.
The Babuli Southwards.
The Jarsa to the E. and S.E.

It is impossible to see this people without remarking its consanguinity to the Somal. These Gallas are Christian, Moslem, and Pagan adoring Wak (the Creator), all living together without religious animosity. They might annihilate the city in a day, but it is not their interest to do so. The Emir pays them from 600 to 700 tobes per annum; they carry their lances into the palace-court, never run across H. H.'s gateway, as all others must do, and drink gratis strong drinks which they have not the art to brew. In return they are plundered by the citizens, and the Emir has made it penal to buy by weight and scale.

The Government may briefly be described as the Emir. This petty prince, whose signet bears the grandiose title of "Sultan son of Sultan," is by origin a Galla, by pretension a descendant

from the Caliph Abubekr. He is a beardless youth, 23 or 24 years old, short, thin, and apparently consumptive; his wrinkled brow and protruding eyes give him an appearance truly unprepossessing. Men say that he was poisoned by one of his wives; others declare that his ill health is the effect of a fall from his horse. He has four wives and two young children; during his three years' reign he has imprisoned a selection from his fifty cousins, and as, in this city, political offenders are buried in a dark dungeon, confinement and death are nearly synonymous. The Emir preserves all the dignity of empire. Those presented to him must kiss the back and the palm of his hand. He must not be stared at. When his cough affects him, an attendant presents the hem of his robe. Rosaries are not allowed at the *levée*, and those presented are dragged by the arms to the foot of the throne, a common Cutch couch. Running footmen precede the prince in the streets, flogging the people out of the way, and at mosque two or three matchlockmen stand over him, for he fears internal treachery as much as external violence. His wazir, the Gerad Mohammed, and his mother, the Gisti Fatimalr, dare not address him without permission; he is, however, punctilious in administering justice. Imprisonment, fines, and the confiscation of property, punish political offences. Murderers are given up to the nearest of kin, and their throats are publicly cut with a butcher's knife. Petty offenders are beaten in front and rear by two executioners armed with large horsewhips. Usually, the Emir allows his subjects to seek the benefits of the religious law as propounded by the Cazi Abd el Rahman. They prefer, however, the prince's prompt decisions. Generally in the East a man expects to be defrauded by the civil power, but he is morally certain of being stripped by the ministers of religion.

Harar is an essentially commercial town. Three caravans yearly convey to Berbera the rich spoils of the Galla country; those of January and February are small, that which leaves in the month of March consists of at least 3000 souls and an equal number of camels. Ivory is a royal monopoly; the Emir buys it, and his subjects are forbidden to sell it. The best coffee comes from Jarjar, a Galla district about 7 days W. of Harar. The tobacs of this city are celebrated throughout Eastern Africa; hand-woven, they far surpass the produce of our manufactures in beauty and durability. It is also the grand depot for the coffee, the wars-dye, the admirable cotton, the gums, the tobacco, and the grain of the Galla country. An idea of its cheapness may be formed from the fact that a dollar will purchase 120 fowls, and the same sum suffices to provide a man with bread for a year. The only coin is a bit of brass coarsely stamped; this "Mahallak" is the 66th part of a dollar, and the Emir imprisons all subjects who

pass or possess any other money. Nothing can be more simple than the system of taxation; the cultivators pay 10 per cent. taken in kind, and traders are charged 16 cubits of cotton cloth per donkey load; the consequence is that the animal is supported through the gates by four or five porters.

After sitting for an hour at the eastern gate, waiting the permission of the Emir to enter his walls, we were ordered by a grim guard to follow. Arrived at the prince's court-yard, we were told to dismount and run, as the subjects of H. H. must never cross the gateway or approach the palace but at a long trot. I obeyed the former and resisted the latter order. Then, leading our mules, we stood under a tree close to the state prison, whence resounded the ominous clank of fetters, and turned deaf ears to the eager questions of the crowd. It was a *levée*-day, and troops of Galla chieftains, known by their heavy spears and zinc armlets, passed in and out of the palace prolonging our anxious delay. At last, after being ordered to take off my slippers and to give up my weapons, a mandate to which I again objected, we were escorted by the grim guard to the palace-door. A curtain was raised. I entered with a loud salam, which was courteously returned by a small yellow man, not unlike an Indian Rajah, dressed in a conical turban and a red robe trimmed with white fur. As I advanced towards the throne, four or five chamberlains seizing my arms, according to custom, hurried me on till I bent over the Emir Ahmed bin Abubekr's extended fingers. Leading me back, they then seated me in front of the presence, while my two Somali attendants were kissing the palm and the back of the thin yellow hand. Looking around the room I remarked the significant decorations of its walls—bright fetters and rusty matchlocks. The courtiers stood in double file extended at right angles from the throne; all had their right arms and heads bared in token of respect, and whoever approached the Emir saluted his hand with exceeding reverence. At the end of my survey I was called upon by the wazir or prime minister, who sat upon a rug at the right of and below the throne, to answer a variety of questions concerning my name, nation, and business at Harar. The replies proving, it is presumed, satisfactory, I was invited to become the prince's guest during my ten days' residence, and received every day three dishes of bread and beef from his own kitchen. At subsequent visits I was admitted to the honour of a seat next to the wazir, and the Emir did not disdain to be indoctrinated with the principles of free trade in coffee and cotton. Slavery was a more delicate topic, and not being authorized to treat upon the subject officially, I contented myself with observing its operations and with preparing a scheme which will easily and surely remove this curse upon the

country's industry. During my residence at Harar, the two Somal who had been sent with me from Aden behaved admirably. As small-pox was raging in the town, I found an easy pretext for hurrying my departure. These African cities are all prisons on a large scale. "You enter at your own bidding—you leave at another's"—is the native proverb, true and significant. My speedy dismissal was perhaps owing to a report that three brothers had been sent by the Government of India to Eastern Africa. Visions of cutting off caravans induced the Emir to get rid of me, he being, it is said, much puzzled how to treat so uncommon a case. Yet I had no reason to complain of him; and as a proof that my modest endeavours to establish friendly relations were not unsuccessful, the Prince wrote, immediately after my departure to Aden, requesting to be furnished with a "Frank physician." He finally dismissed me with a mule for myself and a letter addressed to our Political Resident in Arabia.

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I offer no description of my return route to Berbera, as it was a mere adventure of uncommon hardship. The accident which has for the present terminated our wanderings is deserving of some detail.

On Saturday, the 7th of April, the H. E. I. Company's schooner Mahi (Lieut. King commanding) entered the harbour of Berbera, where her guns roared forth a parting salute to the Somali expedition.

The great emporium of Eastern Africa was, at the time of my second landing, in a state of confusion. But a few hours before the Harar caravan had entered; and purchase, barter, and exchange were being carried on in the utmost hurry. All day and during the greater part of the night the town rang with the loud voices of buyers and sellers. To specify no other valuable articles of traffic, 500 slaves of both sexes were in the market.

On the 9th of April, about 3 P.M., a shower, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came up from the southern hills, where rain had already been falling for some days, and gave notice that the Gugi or Somali monsoon had begun. This was the signal for the Bedouins to leave Berbera: the mats were rapidly stripped off their frameworks of stick and pole, the camels were laden, and thousands of travellers poured out of the town. On the 15th it was wholly deserted; the last craft left the port, and our little party remained in undisputed possession of the place. We awaited the mid-April mail. In their utter security the Abbans or protectors accompanied their families and property to the highlands, leaving with us their sons as an escort. The people were decidedly friendly: the most learned of the Somal, the Shaykh Jami, whom I had met at Harar, called repeatedly upon us, ate with us,

and gave us abundant good advice concerning our future movements.

On the 18th April a small craft belonging to the port of Ayn-terad entered the deserted creek, and brought from Aden ten Somalis, who desired to accompany us southwards. We objected to taking more than four of these men: fortunately, however, I ordered our people to give dinner to the captain and crew of the craft. That evening we were visited by spies, who deceived not only us, but even their own countrymen: accordingly, the usual two sentries were posted for the night, and we all lay down to sleep.

Between 2 and 3 in the morning of the 19th inst. I was aroused by the cry that the enemy was upon us. My first impulse was to request Lieut. Herne to go out with his revolver in the direction of the attack; secondly, I called to Lieuts. Stroyan and Speke that they must arm and be ready; and thirdly, I sent my servant for my sabre. Meanwhile Lieut. Herne returned hurriedly from the rear of the tent, exclaiming that our twelve servants, armed with swords and muskets, had run, and that the enemy amounted to about 150 men. Lieut. Stroyan, who occupied another tent, did not appear: the other two officers and I were compelled to defend ourselves in our own with revolvers, which the darkness of the night rendered uncertain. Presently our fire being exhausted, and the enemy pressing on with spear and javelin, the position became untenable; the tent was nearly battered down by clubs, and had we been entangled in its folds, we should have been killed without the power of resistance. I gave the word for a rush, and sallied out with my sabre, closely followed by Lieut. Herne, with Lieut. Speke in the rear. The former was allowed to pass through the enemy with no severer injury than a few hard blows with a war-club. The latter was thrown down by a stone hurled at his chest and taken prisoner, a circumstance which we did not learn till afterwards. On leaving the tent I thought that I perceived the figure of the late Lieut. Stroyan lying upon the ground close to the camels. I was surrounded at the time by about a dozen of the enemy, whose clubs rattled upon me without mercy, and the strokes of my sabre were rendered uncertain by the energetic pushes of an attendant who thus hoped to save me. The blade was raised to cut him down: he cried out in dismay, and at that moment a Somali stepped forward, threw his spear so as to pierce my face, and retired before he could be punished. I then fell back for assistance, and the enemy feared pursuing us into the darkness. Many of our Somalis and servants were lurking about 100 yards from the fray, but nothing would persuade them to advance. The loss of blood causing me to feel faint, I was obliged to lie down, and, as dawn approached, the craft from Ayn-terad was seen apparently making sail out of the harbour.

With my little remaining strength I reached the spit at the head of the creek, was carried into the vessel, and persuaded the crew to arm themselves and repair to the scene of our disaster. Presently Lieut. Herne appeared, and closely following him Lieut. Speke, who had escaped from his captors, was supported in badly wounded. Lastly, the body of Lieut. Stroyan was brought on board, speared through the heart, with the mark of a lance piercing the abdomen, and a frightful gash apparent in the forehead. The lamented officer had ceased to exist; his body was stark and cold: we preserved his remains till the morning of the 20th instant, when we were compelled to commit them to the deep, Lieut. Herne reading the funeral service. We were overwhelmed with grief: we had lived together like brothers. Lieut. Stroyan was a universal favourite, and truly melancholy was the contrast between the hour when he lay down to rest full of life and spirits, and the ensuing morning when we saw him a livid corpse.

In conclusion, I must remark that a number of little combinations gave rise to our disaster. Our arrangements were hurriedly made. We could not take from Aden the number of well-trained Somali policemen upon which I had originally calculated, and we had to depend upon raw recruits, who fled at the first charge. But we had ever been led to believe that Berbera was as safe as Bombay itself, and we expected, after a month's march, that the men would be educated to fight. Political events at Aden also prevented our detaining the war-schooner Mahi, whose presence would have rendered the coast safe, and once in the interior we should have been secure from the Bedouins, who have a horror of fire-arms. Had our letters despatched from Aden arrived when expected, we should have been enabled to leave Berbera with the Ogadayn caravan.

Yet my opinion of the Somal is unchanged; nor would I assume the act of a band of brigands—for such was the cause of our disaster—to be the expression of a people's animus. They have learned to respect us: four or five of their number were, it is reported, killed or mortally wounded that fatal night; and if my plans for punishing the outrage be carried out, it will be long before a similar event occurs again. The officers whom I have had the honour to command profess themselves ready to renew the attempt; and when the ferment has subsided, we would start from Kurrum, a safer though a less interesting route. Should we be deterred by the loss of a single life, however valuable, from prosecuting plans now made public in Africa, we shall not rise in the estimation of the races around us. Briefly, permission to carry out our original projects is the sole recompense we hope for what we have suffered.

VI.—On the supposed Sources of the River Purus, one of the principal Tributaries of the Amazons.

By C. R. MARKHAM, Esq., F.R.G.S.

Read, March 12, 1855.

ON the 1st of May, 1853, I left the little town of Paucar-tambo, which is 40 miles N.E. from Cuzco, the ancient city of the Incas, with the intention of exploring and collecting information concerning the valleys to the eastward, and, if possible, penetrating to the banks of the Madre de Dios, or Purus.* From the level plains on the summits of the last range of the Andes, where the clouds, charged with particles of ice, roll along the ground, and snow covers the long grass, the road descends rapidly into the Montaña.† In less than half an hour the trees of tropical growth began to rise on either side of the steep zigzag path, the heat became oppressive, torrents of rain fell continuously, while, as the mists at intervals cleared away, hills became visible on every side, clothed with gigantic trees and tangled underwood.

After a journey down the steep path, of three hours' duration, I accomplished the descent, which was 8 miles long, and reached the banks of the torrent of Chiri-mayu, where a little shed had been erected. It was near sunset when I thus found myself at the entrance of the Montaña. The torrent, descending by a splendid waterfall at the side of the path, swept by the little level space where the shed was built, and disappeared almost immediately between the spurs of the hills. From the small amphitheatre thus formed, the hills rise up perpendicularly on every side, covered with tangled brushwood, ferns, and creepers of most brilliant colours; and wherever a projecting point gave room for roots to take hold, the space was occupied by lofty palms and other forest trees. The Chiri-mayu (or cold river) falls into the Tono, one of the tributaries of the Purus. Towards sunset it ceased raining, and the mists clearing away, a scene was presented of unequalled loveliness. The brilliant and varied colours of the foliage and flowers, the splendid butterflies of immense size, and birds of the gaudiest plumage, humming birds shaking the dew-drops from the scarlet salvias, parrots crowding on the upper branches of the trees, with the sparkling fall of the torrent, combined to form a fairy-like scene of surpassing beauty.

* "The passage into these valleys, where the coca grows, is over that high mountain called 'Canacuy,' descending 5 leagues almost perpendicular, which makes a man's head giddy to look down: how much more laboursome must it be to ascend and descend those ways, turning and winding in form of a serpent!"—*U. de la Vega*, b. iv. ch. xvi.

† The tropical valleys and plains to the eastward of the Peruvian Andes are called "the Montaña."