

At the end of nine days Mr. Bruce reached Sennaar. Here he was kindly received by Adelan, the vizir. Next day, he had an audience of the king, with whom he had an uninteresting conversation. A *cadi*, or judge, who was present, asked some questions respecting the opinions entertained in Europe relative to Gog and Magog. "Our books, said the *cadi*, describe Gog and Magog to be little people, not so big as bees, or like the *zimb*, or fly of Sennaar, that come in great swarms out of the earth, aye, in multitudes that cannot be counted; two of their chiefs are to ride upon an ass, and every hair of that ass is to be a pipe, and every pipe is to play a different kind of music, and those that hear and follow them are carried to hell." "I know them not," said I, "and, in the name of the Lord, I fear them not, were they twice as little as you say they are, and twice as numerous. I trust in God I shall never be so fond of music as to go to hell after an ass, for all the tunes that he or they can play." The king laughed violently. I rose to go away, for I was heartily tired of the conversation. I whispered the Abyssinian servant in Amharic, to ask when I should bring a trifle I had to offer the king. He said, not that night, as I should be tired, but desired that I should now go home, and he would send me notice when to come. I accordingly went away, and found a number of people in the street, all having some taunt or affronting matter to say. I passed through the great square before the palace, and could not help shuddering, upon reflection, at what had happened in that spot to the unfortunate M. du Roule and his companions, though under a protection which should have secured them from all danger, every part of which I was then unprovided with.

After this, Mr. Bruce was plentifully supplied with provisions. At his next audience, he found the king naked, and a servant rubbing him over with very stinking butter or grease, with which his hair was dropping, as if wet with water. In a few days, he was introduced to the prime minister, Adelan, whom he found sitting on the trunk of a palm tree, in the midst of his barracks. His horses were all picqueted in ranks most magnificently disposed. The horses were 400 in num-