

abouts, where it passed through Akaba-esh-Shami ; and from the white line of this road, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and the more distinct description of the dark volcanic summits, with their lava field, forming, as it were, an island in the plain, the legitimate inference is that the former is more distinct than the latter : that is to say, the volcanic region lies to the west of the hadj road running along the meridian of Akaba-esh-Shami, which is in 36° E. long.

“ In what parallel of latitude the same are to be placed depends on the distance the travellers were able to see, and this again will in part depend on the height of the volcanic summits and the state of the atmosphere. But it seems to be quite certain that they must be situate at some distance to the south of the parallel of Petra and Ma'an, which is about $30^{\circ} 20'$ north, and that, therefore, they lie within the Harra Radjlà, of which the limits are pretty accurately determined by the reports of Burckhardt and Palgrave, the former of whom appears to have skirted it on the east, and the latter on the north, as is shown in page 43 of my pamphlet [*'Mount Sinai a Volcano'*]. It is within the range of possibility that Mount Sinai itself is one of these 'three volcanic summits' of Irby and

Mangles ; but I doubt it, being rather of opinion that the mountain which 'burned with fire unto the midst of heaven' at the time of the delivery of the Law unto Moses, is a separate volcano, standing further to the south, but situate always within the same volcanic region as the other three, and forming part of the same chain of mountains of igneous origin. Under this view, the destruction of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram may have occurred somewhere on the flank of one of these more northerly volcanoes.¹

"In any case, the Harra Radjlâ, of which Mount Sinai forms a part, appears to be now shut in by the Wady Arabah on the west, Palgrave's route through Ma'an on the north, and the hadj road between that town and Akaba-esh-Shami on the east ; and as on the south it must necessarily be limited by the road from the head of the Red Sea eastward, that is to say, from Akaba to Akaba-esh-Shami, there can be no serious difficulty in reaching Mount Sinai from Akaba by the way of Wady Ithem, the Etham of the Exodus, and as I hope to have it shortly in my power to do."

3 P.M.—The weather is finer than ever, but being now in the open sea, the vessel rolls a little, though

¹ See "Mount Sinai a Volcano," p. 43.

nothing of consequence. We have had a splendid passage, and expect to be at Alexandria by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, this being about seventy-six hours. You and I did it, you know, in seventy-two hours, but the old "Simla's" bottom is very foul, and her engines are not so good as they were once. Like myself, both she and they are not so young as they used to be. We have on board three Italian girls, second-class passengers, who are said to be going to the Khédive's *Harim*, to make dresses for His Highness's ladies. We have also a *prima donna* going to the theatre at Alexandria. I have not seen the lady, but I hear she has been singing in the cuddy. Last night I had a long talk with General H——, who is going out to India. My friend Captain Burton was in his regiment, and we had a long talk about him. He says he is wonderfully clever, &c. My neighbour, Mr. Williams, was with Burton a few days ago in Istria, where they were travelling, which seems to be the reason why he did not answer my last letter.

December 18.—During the night the sea got rather rougher, and this morning we had the trays laid on the table for our plates. At tiffin the ship gave such a lurch that everything was sent flying!

However it got better as we neared the land, and by 2 P.M. we were in the harbour of Alexandria. I had a telegram announcing our safe arrival all ready, and sent it on shore in the purser's despatch-box, so that by this time (4 P.M.) it may have reached you—especially if we allow for the difference of longitude. It costs thirty-one shillings, a good deal of money, but at all events you will know that I have arrived safely and in good health.

We have sent off the India mails and some of the passengers' baggage. The rest, with the passengers themselves, will leave at 6 P.M. They cross Egypt *in quarantine*, as I told you before, not being allowed to leave the railway carriages during the whole journey, which will occupy at least ten hours. I do not envy them. In the harbour there is a nice little steamer belonging to the Khédive just come from the Red Sea. She is one of the two boats formerly belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company—the "*Vectis*," the other being the "*Valetta*"—which used to carry the mails between Malta and Marseilles. I have made the passage in one of them : her companion was lost some time ago in the Red Sea. I should like much to have her to take me to Akaba : she

is only nine hundred tons, and so would be *quite big enough to carry me and all my suite!* There are several of the Khédive's steamers lying in the harbour doing nothing, and I am told that there are plenty more at Suez employed in the same manner.

It is not certain yet whether we shall have two days' quarantine. The Austrian Lloyd's boat, which arrived yesterday, has been admitted to *pratique*, and perhaps we may be to-morrow morning. Meanwhile we have the yellow flag at the masthead, and a couple of *guardiani* on board to prevent communication with the shore. The weather is fine, but there is a strong wind blowing, which makes it very cold still. My finger is not quite well yet. We have been about seventy-nine hours on the voyage from Brindisi—eighty nominally, but we gain an hour on the longitude. The contract time is seventy-five hours, and we should have done it within the time, had it not been for a heavy current setting in against us. I have given Captain Evans my address at the London Institution, and invited him to call on me there, where he will be always sure to hear of me. He has promised to do so, but does not expect to be in England for some time to come. He only joined the "Simla" at Venice,

having come overland from England, where he has been staying several months: he is now commander of the Peninsular and Oriental fleet. You may imagine the confusion we are in; but we shall be quieter for a while as soon as the Indian passengers have left. Colonel Moggridge goes through to Hong-Kong: he is much interested in my pamphlet, and has commissioned Milne to send him a copy of my work as soon as it is published. The passengers all left the ship at 5.30 P.M. to go by the six o'clock train.

December 19.—During the night we had a regular storm, the rain falling in torrents. This morning it is fine again; but a strong north-west wind is blowing, and it is very cold. This is rather different weather to that you and I used to experience in Egypt in former years. Fortunately we got in as we did yesterday afternoon, as otherwise we should have had to lie off the harbour; for in this weather it would have been impossible to enter the port.¹ Before breakfast the health officer came on board to inspect us, and we had all to pass before him. It was a mere form, or rather a mere farce, for several of the passengers never presented

¹ A scheme is now on foot for the improvement of the entrance to the harbour, whereby vessels will be enabled to enter the port in all weathers.

themselves ! But we shall have to remain on board till two o'clock to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, and so I fear I shall not be able to do anything in the way of business till Monday morning, which will be another great loss of time and money. *Pazienza !*

I hear that the Peninsular and Oriental Company have a small steamer, the "Timsah," lying at Suez doing nothing. She is of about four hundred tons, and was sent out to tug the Company's large steamers through the Canal ; but they find that the tonnage on her would cost too much, so that she is not used for the purpose intended. She would be the very ship for me, if I could but get her ; that is, supposing the Khédive will not assist me ; but I trust he will. They say he is very hard up for money, having been able to raise only five or six millions of the loan of thirty millions he is in want of. If only he could be persuaded to help me ! Perhaps he may do so in the hope that it will tell in England.

2 P.M.—We have now been half our time in the harbour : the weather is still very dirty, but I think the worst is over, and that we shall have fine weather to-morrow to land in. We have a Dutch artist on board—a M. Van Elven—who is painting

views of the ships in the harbour. I wish it were in my power to take him with me. My contemplated lecture is not spoken of. The fact is, that most of our English passengers have left the ship and gone on to India. Those who remain, however respectable they may be in themselves, are but a mongrel set—Germans, French, Italians, &c., who do not much care for such things. This stopping on board is most tedious, there being nothing to do but to walk about and chat on indifferent subjects. The Khédive, I hear, gives general dissatisfaction. He spends money like water, and oppresses everybody. They talk of his reign coming soon to an end. I hope, however, this may not be just yet.

I have been chatting with M. Van Elven, who tells me he is established in Paris, and is now going to Beirût and Damascus: so I recommended him to go on to Harran, which place I told him we visited in 1861, and identified as the Haran of Scripture, the residence of the Patriarch Abraham; and that Mrs. Beke had published a narrative of the journey in 1865, entitled "Jacob's Flight; or, A Pilgrimage to Harran, and thence in the Patriarch's Footsteps into the Promised Land."¹ He said he would make a point of going there. I then spoke to him about

¹ Published by Longmans & Co., London.

my present journey in search of the true Mount Sinai, and he seems a good deal interested in it, and half inclined to go with me. He says he was in Egypt a few years ago, and painted several pictures for the Viceroy, by whom he was *décoré*. He gave me his card. It would be a great thing to have such a person with me ; but this is building castles in the air : however, just now there is nothing better to do. The weather still continues bad ; but I don't think the wind is quite so strong : I trust it will be better to-morrow, or else we shall get a wetting going on shore.

December 20.—The weather is still so bad that the passengers have signed a round-robin asking for the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-tug to take them on shore. The captain was equal to the occasion, having already sent for it ! I told him that they are really the P. and O. Company—the “Polite and Obliging.” Yesterday a Bengal officer—Colonel Robert Morrieson—borrowed my pamphlet, “Mount Sinai a Volcano,” and was engaged all day reading it and making notes. This morning he came to me, and said he was so pleased with it, that he was ready to give ten'napoleons towards the expenses of the expedition. This offer was quite voluntary on his part, as we had not

spoken a word together, except on general subjects, during the voyage—it having been Milne, in fact, who lent him the pamphlet. Colonel Morrieson has passed it on to an American artist named Wallin, I believe, who has come to Egypt for the purpose of sketching, accompanied by a Mr. White, who is said to be an American historical painter of eminence. Mr. Wallin has been here before. He speaks as if he were inclined to join my expedition, on account of its opening a new field to him. I was thinking of going to the Hotel du Nil at Cairo, but Colonel Morrieson advised me not to do so, as he says I ought to be among the tourists, some of whom might be inclined to join me. He himself is going to the New Hotel, and suggests that I should do the same; the difference of expense, eight shillings per diem—sixteen shillings twice told—instead of twelve, is a consideration. Still, his suggestion is a good one and deserving of consideration, especially as coming from one whose generous contribution will enable me to bear the extra expense.

As the day advanced it got more stormy, so that there was no possibility of landing in small boats: therefore, at three o'clock, the steam-tug came alongside, and took us all and our baggage on shore. Before leaving the ship, for fear of accidents, I

gave my letter for England to the purser to put in the fetter-box, though there is little doubt of my being able to write after landing. On reaching the shore, we were subjected to far more formalities than on former occasions, having to deliver up our passports at the Passport Office, whence they will be taken to the British Consulate, where we are to go for them on Monday.

We did not reach the hotel (Abbat's) till half-past four o'clock, and as soon as we had seen our rooms, I went out to look about me, it being too late in the day for any business to be done. Finding, however, the office of the Austrian Lloyd's open, I looked in on my old friend Signor Battisti, who was very glad to see me, and with whom I had a long talk about my affairs. He told me that the chief of Oppenheim's house here, Mr. Jacques Oppenheim, our friend Mr. Henry Oppenheim's cousin, is at Cairo, but a younger brother of his, Sebastian, is here in Alexandria. Just now the firm does not stand so well with the Khédive, in consequence of the failure of his last loan; but they are trying to get him some more money, and so may soon be in favour with him again. Signor Battisti did not see any difficulty in the way of my getting a steamer from the Khédive, only he says

he thinks I shall have to make my application through General Stanton. This I doubt much, as I do not expect I shall be likely to obtain any more assistance from Her Majesty's representative here, than I obtained from Her Majesty's Government at home, Lord Enfield having written to me from the Foreign Office, on the 7th November 1873, the following letter:—"In reply to your letter of the 5th instant, requesting letters of introduction to Her Majesty's agent and Consul-General in Egypt, and to Her Majesty's Consul at Jerusalem, directing these gentlemen to use their friendly offices with the local Governments, so as to secure to you their protection and assistance, in case of need, on the journey you are about to undertake into Arabia Petræa, I am directed by His Lordship (Lord Granville) to acquaint you that he cannot issue instructions to Mr. Vivian and Mr Moore to ask for facilities on your behalf which are not granted to other travellers; but his Lordship does not doubt that you will receive from these officers all the assistance which they can properly afford."

I could not stay long with Battisti, as he was busy with the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, which leaves early on Monday morning. So I took leave and went to the post-office, to see whether

there were any letters for Milne. The office was shut up, but the clerk, who is always very civil here, looked for them, but there were none. It was now five o'clock, and all the offices were closed or closing, so that nothing more was to be done to-day. It is a great pity; however, I must see what can be done to-morrow morning *before church*.

CHAPTER V.

SOJOURN IN EGYPT.

December 21.—This morning after breakfast my first task was to call on Messrs. Tod, Rathbone, & Co., where I saw Mr. Müller, and also his partner, Mr. Kay, whose acquaintance I made one day in the city when I called on my friend Mr. Tod. I had a chat with them, but not very long, on account of their being busy with the post (though Sunday); the “Simla” leaving to-morrow morning for Brindisi with the mails. From there I went to church, and after the service, Milne and I went, on Mr. Kay’s invitation, to dine with him and Mr. Kay at Ramleh, a suburb about five miles from Alexandria, where most of the merchants now live, instead of along the Canal, where they formerly did. There is a railway to it, the fare being one franc fifty cents each way. Mr. Kay is a very intelligent man, and we passed a very agreeable afternoon together. We met there a clever young architect, a Mr. Clarke, who has come to Egypt

on business connected with the South Kensington Museum, and is staying a few days with the Kays before returning to England. I had a good deal of interesting conversation about my expedition, and the means of obtaining a steamer from the Khédive to take me round the pseudo Mount Sinai and up the Gulf of Akaba. Both Mr. Kay and Mr. Müller are of the same opinion as my friend Battisti, namely, that General Stanton is the only one through whom I am likely to succeed, or rather, that I shall not do so *unless* he is favourable, or at all events, is not indisposed towards me. He is at present in Alexandria, but goes to Cairo on Tuesday. Colonel Gordon has not yet arrived.¹

The acting partner in Oppenheim's house here in Alexandria is a Belgian named Lecluse; but the real head of the house in Egypt is a German named Beyerlé, who resides at Cairo. I am told that my best way is to obtain an introduction to Nubar Pasha, the Foreign Minister, who is all-powerful with the Khédive, though it is doubtful whether he would do anything without General Stanton's sanction. All these particulars are valuable as hints for the line of conduct I am to

¹ This news turned out to be incorrect, for I afterwards learned that Colonel Gordon returned to Europe in the "Simla."

pursue. I see clearly that it will require a good deal of prudence and management, and that I must not be in too great hurry, lest I make a false step.

Whilst I am engaged on business, my companion wanders about and amuses himself as well as he can, which is not a very difficult matter, as he has never been here before, and everything is new and interesting to him. I cannot take him on my business calls, but when Mr. Kay asked me to go home with him, I introduced Milne to him as being with me, and he at once kindly invited him. Besides, he is of actual service to me, for by this time he is well up in "Sinai," and can talk for me when I am not present, and does talk too!

December 22.—Abbat's hotel is very much enlarged and improved since you were here in 1866. The street from the Grande Place to the Place de l'Eglise, where the hotel stands, is now called "Lombard Street." It is well paved and lighted, and also laid out and planted with trees. The Grande Place is also well lighted; but the streets from the post-office to the square are as filthy dirty as ever, several inches deep in mud; quite a disgrace for such a place as Alexandria. It seems now fine clear weather, and not so cold: still, it is

anything but warm. A few days before I left England I wrote to Mr. H. Oppenheim, whose acquaintance you and I made several years ago at dinner at our friend's Mr. J. Tod's, when, you will recollect, it was proposed I should join the Egyptian Trading Company, in the establishment of which I had been so deeply interested. In my letter I told him what I wanted of the Khédive, and asked him to write to his partners or managers here, desiring them to exert their influence with His Highness on my behalf. In reply he told me he had written to his house in Egypt, as requested, and had no doubt they would be able to obtain what I desired. At the same time he kindly favoured me with a letter of introduction to them. This morning, then, my first duty was to call on Messrs. Oppenheim. I saw Mr. L. and Mr. S. O., to whom I presented my letter of introduction. They were both very civil, but said they had no power to move in the business, which was that of the house at Cairo, where whatever is to be done will be done, and whither they had accordingly forwarded Mr. H. O.'s letter. My letter of introduction was in like manner returned to me in order that I might present it to Mr. B. at Cairo.

From Messrs. Oppenheim's I went to the British

Consulate for my passport, and saw Mr. Stanley the Consul, who was very kind and obliging to you and me on our last visit to Alexandria, and who was equally so to me on the present occasion. He gave me a pass at the Custom House for my things when they arrive, which I handed over to Mr. Kay, as I do not intend to remain here. At the Bank of Egypt I cashed two circular notes, receiving for them a fraction over five hundred francs; and then I called on Colonel Morrieson, who had called yesterday on me at the hotel whilst I was at church, and who now kindly gave me his subscription of two hundred francs.

In the afternoon, after luncheon, I went and called on General Stanton, who received me extremely cordially as an old acquaintance, asking after you very kindly, &c. He said he had seen me in church yesterday, though I did not see him. He starts for Cairo to-morrow, and was of course very busy; but he begged me not to hurry away, and talked with me some little time of things in general, and of my expedition in particular. I gave him a copy of my pamphlet, which he promised to look at on his way to Cairo. We did not come to the point—in fact, there was no time; but he seemed very favourably disposed towards me,

and on the subjects on which we spoke together he took care to let me see that we were quite *d'accord*. On one important point he asked my advice, namely, as to the putting down of slavery on the Bahr el Ghazal, the western arm of the Nile. On this subject I came out strong with my notions of flooding the Libyan Desert, and so gaining a road to the interior, to which he listened with attention and interest. I shall go in for this at Cairo, as it is a most important matter. General Stanton was obliged to leave me in order to go and finish his packing; indeed, he was called away by the men who were doing up the cases. He said he hoped to see me in Cairo; expressed his regret that he could not invite me for Christmas Day, as he will not be installed in his new house. Altogether I have reason to be satisfied with my reception, and augur favourably from it. If our Foreign Secretary has not written to him in my favour, at all events he has not written in disfavour. I should not be surprised if the General has been told to help me officiously.

After leaving General Stanton, I called on Dr. Mackie, Dr. Ogilvie's partner, whom I asked to call on me this evening before I went to bed, to look at my foot, which has got a good deal inflamed. When I was with Signor Battisti we spoke of Fedrigo

Pasha, who was formerly a captain of one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, with whom I made the passage from Alexandria to Trieste in 1854. He is now an Admiral in the Khédive's Navy. He is a very good fellow, just as simple and unassuming as in past years, and Battisti says he will be delighted to see me, and he might also be of use to me. On my calling on Mr. Robert Fleming, Mr. Alexander Tod's nephew and former partner, and a friend of mine, he also spoke highly of Fedrigo Pasha, and gave me a few lines to him, and likewise to McKillop Bey,¹ director of harbours and lighthouses, a warm-hearted British tar (he is a captain in the Royal Navy), and a regular *pusher* if only he takes a thing up. Not wishing to lose this chance, I called twice on Fedrigo Pasha, but could not see him, and as I intended leaving for Cairo to-morrow, I was obliged to content myself with leaving my card and Mr. Fleming's letter. The latter recommends me by all means to go to Shepherd's, and not to the New Hotel, which is but little frequented by English tourists, among whom it is my object to make my expedition known, and of whom, he says, I shall see more in one day at the former, than in a month at the latter. I had pretty well made up my mind to

¹ Since created a Pasha.

this before. The expense is the same at both, namely, sixteen shillings per day.

It is very fortunate that we got into port as we did on Saturday afternoon, for the storm was more violent than has been known here for many years. There was a small schooner wrecked in the eastern harbour, into which it had entered by mistake, and one man was drowned; the rest being saved from the shore. In the evening, after asking Milne, who had just come in from witnessing an Arab wedding procession, to take my letters to the English post-office, I got ready to receive Dr. Mackie when he came to see my leg. I was sitting in my dressing-gown awaiting his arrival, when the waiter came to say Fedrigo Pasha was down-stairs at dinner, and would be glad to see me. So I had to dress myself and go down. He was in a private room, dining with a Greek gentleman. My card and letter had only been given to him after he had sat down to dinner. Of course I took no dinner, as I had dined; but when the dessert came, I ate a couple of bananas and drank a glass of wine, and then we had coffee and cigars. He received me in the most friendly way. Some men assume high manners with high titles, but Fedrigo was, as Battisti told me, just the same as when I knew him

twenty years ago a captain in the Austrian Lloyd's trading service. He is a very simple-minded man, and has the character of being thoroughly honest and straightforward—rare qualities in these countries. His wife, who is lately dead, was an Englishwoman, and he has lived a good deal in England, where he went to superintend the building of some of the Viceroy's steamers. Whilst sitting at table in company with the Greek, we could only converse on general subjects; but when Dr. Mackie was announced, I took Fedrigo apart, and had a few minutes' private talk with him. He said that the two persons possessing the most influence with the Viceroy are Nubar Pasha, the Foreign, and Ismail Pasha the Finance Minister. The former is a highly accomplished Armenian Christian. He is the man for me to make interest with, and this I can do through General Stanton. If he will not speak to him himself, he could at least give me an introduction to him. The General stands well with the court, and a word from him would settle the matter. From what I gather from all this, it is quite clear to me that without General Stanton's help or countenance, I am not likely to do much, if anything at all, with the Khédive. We shall see how things go on at Cairo.

The conversation with the Greek was a curious one. From Mount Sinai it turned on various subjects, and at length on the meaning of the word 'Christ,' which he said was derived from *χρηστος*, 'good'—the old error explained and confuted in my work "Jesus the Messiah" (p. 63).¹ Of course I was at home here, and came out very strong. Fedrigo said very little on the subject, but opened his eyes very wide. I fancy I left them both impressed with a profound conviction of my immense learning! Dr. Mackie examined my ankle, which he found a good deal irritated, and prescribed a lotion for it, so that I hope it will soon be all right again. He stayed with me till eleven o'clock chatting, and would not accept a fee.

Cairo, December 23.—We left Alexandria at 9.50 A.M., and arrived at Shepherd's Hotel at 4.30 P.M. It was a delightful day. The country is so wonderfully improved since we were here in 1866, that one would scarcely fancy one's self in Egypt. I shall say nothing about the journey, as I think I will write an article about it to the "Athenæum." Cairo too, you would not know, so much is it altered for the better: the hotel is also vastly improved. The manager, Mr. Gross,

¹ Published by Trübner & Co., 1872.

knew me again, and so did some of the waiters; thus I am quite at home. Before dinner, Milne and I went out to have a look at the New Hotel; it is a splendid building, which will cut Shephard's out by and by; but at present the visitors there seem principally foreigners. Shephard's is still the headquarters of the English and Americans, and I think I did quite right in coming here; but the expense is dreadful: two pounds a day will barely cover it. However, it would be the same at the New Hotel, and I am convinced it would not do for me to go to the Hotel du Nil. The Esbekiah (square) garden in front of our hotel is beautifully laid out now, and there was a band of music playing. Fancy our being received with Auber's 'Dame Blanche,' which they began playing when we entered the gardens!

After dinner I made the acquaintance of Mr. Rowlatt, the manager of the Bank of Egypt at Alexandria, who happened to be here. He was very friendly, and introduced me to Mr. Holt, the Cairo manager. He recommended me to send my draft on the Paymaster-General home, as he could not cash it except at a loss of two per cent.; so I must do so when the time comes, and you must send me circular notes. Mr. Rowlatt is of the same

opinion as my friends in Alexandria, which is, that General Stanton is the only man to assist me, *if he will*. I called at Cook's the Tourist's office ; but Mr. John Cook was not in. I shall call on him again to-morrow morning, as he is leaving in the evening for England.

December 24.—Mr. Cook will not be here till late this evening, and he does not leave till Saturday. I called this morning on Mr. Beyerlé and Mr. Jacques Oppenheim : they received me extremely well, and entered at once into my plans, about which Mr. Henry Oppenheim had written to them. Mr. Beyerlé said that the business must be done through Nubar Pasha, to whom he would introduce me. He said he was going to see his Excellency *this morning*, and would speak to him about me, and ask him to let me have an audience to-morrow. The result he would let me know this evening ; and if all was right, he would call, for me to-morrow, and take me with him. They seemed to take it as a matter of course, appearing to have no misgivings—at least, so it struck me. But Mr. Beyerlé told me it might be a matter of some little time, as his Highness is *unwell* just now, so much so as not to be able to see even his Ministers.

On my way to Messrs. Oppenheim, I called on

our friend Mr. Rogers, who lives next door but one to Shepherd's Hotel. He returned home last night from his trip up the Nile, and was gone out riding; so I left my card. But here a most curious thing occurred. The person to whom I spoke in the courtyard of the Consulate, was a large, portly, well-dressed native, a Syrian, whom I took for the Consul's dragoman, or something of the sort.

He asked me if I knew the Consul, how long I had been here, where I had made Mr. Rogers's acquaintance, &c., speaking in very good English; and then, on my telling him, as if recognising me, he asked who was my dragoman? On my mentioning *Mikhail Hené's* name, he asked whether I had ever been at Shēchem (Nablus), and to the Samaritan synagogue; to which I replied, Yes, I had, and that I had reason to remember it, for that I had tumbled down the steps; whereupon he exclaimed, "Give me your hand, sir: you are the gentleman to whom I gave some brandy after your fall." You may imagine my surprise at hearing this. I learned afterwards from Mr. Rogers that he is Yakûb esh Shellaby (يعقوب الشلبى), the head of the Samaritan community, who is come here on a visit to him! Of course we had a long chat together, and on my telling him I was going in

search of the true Mount Sinai, he said he would go with me; to which, of course, I replied, Inshallah! But, seriously speaking, he would not make a bad dragoman. Rogers tells me he is a highly respectable man. It would be a curious thing if, supported by the Jews, and accompanied by the chief of the Samaritans, I went to correct the error of the Christian tradition respecting the position of the Mountain of the Law. I really should be very glad for this Yakûb esh Shellaby to go with us. You know there are only a few Samaritans remaining, and their history is most remarkable.¹ Their version of the Pentateuch—it is not a version, but a *text*—

¹ The following interesting description of the Samaritans of Nablus is given by Mrs. Isabel Burton in her "Inner Life of Syria" (published in 1876) — "In the afternoon we rode up to Mount Gerizim, by far the most interesting. It is a difficult ascent of an hour and a half. On the top are the ruins of a Christian church, and a temple, marked by a little 'wely,' as English travellers say, and an immense *débris*. The mountain is entirely covered with stones. Here are encamped at the top all the Samaritans now existing on the face of the earth. They number 135, and are governed by their Chief and High Priest, Ya'akûb Shalabi."

[Miss M. E. Rogers writing to me upon this subject says: "Mrs. Burton calls Yakûb the Chief and 'High Priest' of the Samaritans. He is certainly the *Chief* or *Sheikh* of his people. Jacob *Cohen* is the Priest, but as he is a younger man than Yakûb esh Shellaby; he looks up to him and is guided by him."]

"Here live, entirely apart from the rest of the world, eighty males and fifty females, including children, and here they celebrate their Passover on the 3d of May. We were invited, and wished for an excuse to remain, but if I felt well before the 3d of May we were bound to proceed.

"They showed us a small Square with stone walls, where they celebrate their Passover exactly as the Old Testament dictates

is generally believed to be more correct than that of the Jews. Both are in Hebrew, the Samaritan being in the older character. As long ago as 1836 I published in the 'British Magazine' my opinion in favour of the former, which is nearly, if not quite, the text from which the Septuagint Greek version was made.

After leaving Oppenheim's I took a donkey-boy—not a donkey, for you will recollect how the last time I was here a donkey quietly shot me over his head, and after depositing me in front at his feet, looked down on me with an air of great surprise, as much as to say, What *are* you doing there? He showed me the way to Messrs. Tod,

(Exod. xii. 1-13). From here there is a beautiful view of the Sea, and Moab, and the Plain; also of Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb beneath. The Samaritans were very hospitable. I noticed that they did not like my dog to go near them; and suspecting that it rendered them 'unclean,' according to their faith, I tied him up.

"I will describe the Samaritan women's dress, and will take for a model the wife of Ya'akub Shalabi" [who is now in England, and who writes to me to say how charmed he is with Mrs. Burton's graphic description of his wife's costume, and adds that her name is 'Shemseh,' i.e., sunny], "who was more richly dressed than the others. She wore large leather shoes, cotton trousers gathered in at the ankle, red-striped silk petticoat to the knee, a jacket or bodice over it. She had on five jackets of different colours, open at the bosom, and each was so arranged as to let the border of its neighbour be seen. A girdle was around her waist, a necklace of chains clasped her throat, and another of large gold coins hung round her neck. Her hair was not shaved or tucked under like our Jewesses, but dressed in a thousand little plaits down her back, a thousand worsted plaits to imitate hair covered her own hair, and hung down her back below the waist, and were fastened off with and covered

Rathbone, & Co.'s, where I saw Mr. Wolff (a German), their agent, with whom I arranged about sending me on my letters as soon as received. I then went to the American Consulate to see Mr. Wal-mass, to whom I had an introduction from my good old friend Mr. Hugh Thurburn;¹ but unfortunately he has gone to Constantinople. As I was not to see Mr. Rogers till the afternoon, I thought I would finish my business with the Americans; so I went with my donkey-boy to find out Dr. Lansing and his colleagues, on whom Mr. Fleming had suggested with spangles and coins of value. Upon her head she wore a coat of mail of gold, and literally covered with gold coins, of which a very large one dangled on her forehead. She wore diamond and enamel earrings, and a string of pearls coquettishly arranged on one side of her head in a festoon. A yellow handkerchief covered her head, but hung down loose upon her shoulders. Her eyebrows were plucked out, and in a straight line in their place patterns were thickly marked in ink. I thought wrongly that they were in Hebrew characters, but they presented that appearance. A silver charm, like a jewel *etui*, and a little silver book containing a charm, she wore upon her heart. I forgot to add a third thick chain of gold around her neck, and that all the head ornaments were surmounted by a large crescent studded with jewels. . . . We then went to Ya'akub Shalabi's house in the town. He took us to their present synagogue, a miserable small groined room, hung with a few indifferent lamps. A recess was hidden by a long white counterpane, which had a Hebrew inscription worked upon it in gold, hiding another curtain 350 years old, also inscribed. He then sent out of the room a few Samaritans, and showed us a cupboard containing several old MSS., kept in gold and silver cases, ancient, carved, and scroll shaped. One is held most sacred; it is a copy of the ancient Jewish law, written on vellum, and said to be 3374 years old. This venerable Pentateuch dates 1500 B.C., to Abiahua, son of Phineas, son of Eliezar, son of Aaron (Ezra vii. 5)."

¹ Mr. Thurburn's much lamented death has since occurred.

I should call. They are the Presbyterian missionaries, who have, as it were, taken the place of our Church missionaries since the death of Dr. Lieder; whose widow you will recollect was so kind to us when we were here some years ago.

After wandering about from pillar to post, I was taken to the *German* mission house, where I saw a Dr. Trautvetter, with whom, being pretty well knocked up by this time, I sat talking a considerable time about Mount Sinai. Did not he open his eyes? When at last I was about to leave, he thought he might improve the occasion by suggesting that in thus attending to the *letter* of Scripture I might be neglecting its *spirit*—the more important matter. But I replied that it appeared to me to be quite as important to learn what the letter was truly, of which we had to know the spirit, or we might perchance fall into error as to this latter. We parted, however, on the best of terms, and he expressed himself most anxious to know the result of my investigations, kindly wishing me every success, &c.

I then came home to my lunch (the *table d'hôte* breakfast), where I met Milne, who had been on a voyage of discovery by himself half over Cairo; and among other places, he discovered that he had got into a mosque, where they had led him into

all sorts of places one after the other, making him pay *bakshish*—a franc—for each. He appeared to be amazingly amused with himself, as much as anything at allowing himself to be so robbed. If he likes it, it is not my affair ; only I laughingly told him that if he went on in this manner I should have to take his money from him and ‘write to his mother’ about him. He puts me in mind of Mr. Latimer Clarke, whom you and I met here on his first visit to Egypt. Everything is so entirely new to Milne, that he really does not know where he is or what he is about. Besides he is only three-and-twenty, and though very well-informed on many subjects, he is as green as grass on others.

I learned at the hotel that Mr. Rogers¹ had called on me while I was out : he had evidently lost not a moment’s time after his return home. When luncheon was finished I went off to him again. He received me in the most friendly manner, nothing could possibly be more cordial, introducing me to his wife, and not leaving me many minutes before he invited me to eat my Christmas dinner with them, in which invitation Mrs. Rogers joined. He had, in fact, called on me for the purpose of inviting me. I told him of Mr. Milne being with me, when they

¹ Mr. Rogers is now Director of the Ministry of Public Instruction in Egypt.

kindly invited him likewise. We had a long friendly chat about old times, and I told him about Harran and the new "tradition."

The story of Harran is excessively curious, and is besides most pertinent to the present question of the true position of Mount Sinai. In my "*Origines Biblicæ*" I contended that the Jews having during their captivity beyond the Euphrates become acquainted with the celebrated city of Harran in Mesopotamia, fell into the not unnatural error of supposing that city to be the Haran of Genesis; an error which was the more readily committed because the Greek word *Mesopotomia* is an almost literal translation of the Hebrew term *Aram Naharaim*, "Aram," or Syria, "of the Two Rivers;" which two rivers, however, I proved to be the "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," and not the great rivers Euphrates and Tigris. This was in 1834. In 1852 a village called Harran was discovered by the Rev. Joseph Leslie Porter precisely where eighteen years previously I had said it ought to be looked for, without his being at all conscious of the importance of his discovery; and nine years afterwards, namely in 1861, my wife and I went to the spot to verify my identification of it, just as I now propose visiting the true Mount Sinai.

Of our pilgrimage to Harran a narrative was given by my wife in her work "Jacob's Flight." At Harran we discovered a well, which we named "Rebekah's Well," because it was in my opinion that at which the daughter of Bethuel was met by Abraham's steward.¹ At that time no designation of any kind had been given to this well by the people themselves; and, though we were most minute in our inquiries, we could not learn that any history or tradition whatever was attached either to the well or to the troughs near it used for watering cattle, as it is, in fact, expressly recorded in Mrs. Beke's work. Indeed, when we first arrived at Harran, the people of the village denied altogether the existence of any well whatever, as our old friend Dr. Wetzstein, who was with us, can testify. It is scarcely necessary to add that the inhabitants of Harran had not the remotest idea of their village having been the habitation of El Khalil, "The Friend of God," as the Patriarch Abraham is usually called. But they were not slow to adopt my identification of it; and when Major Wilson, R.E. (in 1865), and Mr. John Macgregor, of the "Rob Roy," visited Harran in December 1868, just seven years after my wife and I were there, he was shown what

¹ Gen. xxiv. 10-20.

he described in the "Record" newspaper, as a very curious well called "Abraham's Well," adding that he had never met with stones and cistern more worn than those; the well thus shown to him as "Abraham's Well" by the canny natives being our "Rebekah's Well" which my wife discovered in 1861. But this is not all; two years later, when Captain Burton was Consul at Damascus, he wrote in the "Athenæum" that he knew the Haran well to be called "Abraham's Well" by many Syrian Moslems who had been to that place, and who certainly never heard of Dr. Beke's visit to it in 1861. And since then, on his return to England, he informed me in person that the Moslems of other places besides Damascus, all speak of "Abraham's Well" at Haran, as a matter of notoriety!

The local tradition appears thus to have been immediately set on foot; and within ten years of the time when I made them acquainted with it, my identification of the place has come to be regarded as a notorious "fact," and I, its originator, am lost sight of! This serves to illustrate how "traditions" originate, and consequently how little value they possess in themselves, however long they may have remained unquestioned.

Just before leaving Mr. Rogers, some ladies and

Mr. Clarke, the Consular Chaplain, came in for the purpose of rehearsing the hymn for to-morrow's service. But before doing so, I said a few words to my friend about my wish for a steamer, and that General Stanton might assist me *officieusement* with the Government. I gave him a copy of my pamphlet, which I requested him to look over at once, in order that he might be able to speak to General Stanton on the subject. I had given one also to Mr. Beyerlé, that he might show it to Nubar Pasha. I must not forget to mention that I also spoke to him about the inundation of the Libyan Desert as a means of abolishing the slave trade, and of enabling the Khédive to get near to Darfûr and Kordofan. This seemed to interest Mr. Beyerlé more than the slave trade! I fancy I shall make something of this. M. de Lesseps is here, having arrived yesterday in company with Mr. Rogers. After my visit to the latter I came home to my hotel, and have been "in my *keyf*" the whole afternoon, first taking a cup of coffee and a cigar, then a nap of an hour and a half, and then writing this long letter to you. I think I have done a good day's work on the whole. Poor Rogers suffers much from Nile boils: this year he had no less than one hundred and ten opened with

the lancet. That is living in Egypt for something!

This afternoon Milne found his way to the museum at Boulak, which he went over, only paying one franc. This he looks on as a great feat: he laughs at himself for being so egregiously *swindled* this morning, and says he almost swore he would shut himself up in his room at the hotel, and not leave it till I was ready to go to Mount Sinai. He is a most amusing fellow, and also very useful. He has brought drawing materials with him, and at Alexandria, whilst I went to General Stanton's, he went on and made a drawing of Pompey's Pillar. So if I do not take an artist with me, he will be able to help me in this respect likewise.

And now I have to tell you some good news. This afternoon Mr. Beyerlé called on me to appoint to-morrow morning for my interview with Nubar Pasha. The porter tells me he came while I was out: it may, however, have been while I was in Milne's room next to mine, into which I went for a few minutes after I had finished writing to you. Be this as it may, he left his card. Whatever may be the result of my audience, it is a great step to be at once brought into personal commu-

nication with the most powerful man in Egypt. Should he be favourable, and obtain me the steamer, there would still be much delay in such a country as this. But here "Admiral" Fedrigo and "Captain" Mackillop—Fedrigo *Pasha*, and Mackillop *Bey*, the titles correspond—would be of service to me in pushing matters on, especially Mackillop, if what they say of him be true. Altogether, I trust I am going on well; and I think you will agree with me that I have not been dilatory. I do not believe myself that I have lost a moment. And now I have nothing more to say to-night, except to wish you from the bottom of my heart a merry and happy Christmas, and a still happier New Year. If it please God to bring me home in safety, I think I shall have good and profitable work for the remainder of my days. For my book "*Sinai Regained*" *must* become a popular work; and if *it* does, so will a larger work on the history of Genesis and Exodus, which I purpose writing afterwards—a second edition, in fact, of "*Origines Biblicæ*."

Milne is off to the theatre to-night. He is enjoying himself with all his might. It does one good to witness it; only I have to lecture him a little against coming it too strong. He did not go

after all to the theatre, but remained in his room writing to his mother.

December 25, 1873.—A merry Christmas to you and a happy New Year. The same to Mrs. Laurence-Levi, and also to master prinny (our doggy), as he is one of the family, and to Teddy likewise, who, I conclude, is spending his holidays with you. I hope he is a good boy, and that he has made more progress last half. I got up early to look out my things for this evening, and also to sew the elastic band of my pocket-book, which has come undone. On looking into my work-bag, I have found nothing but, to me, invisible needles and invisible thread, which it is quite beyond my powers to make use of, and almost even to *feel*. I do not know who put them up for me. I want needle and thread that I can lay hold of. If Milne has not any, I must buy some. My ankle is much better.

At 9.15 A.M. Mr. Beyerlé called in his carriage to take me to Nubar Pasha. We were at once shown in, and found his Excellency sitting on the divan with an Englishman, named Norris. He at once rose, shook hands with us, and relinquished his place to me, taking a chair by my side, or rather in front of me. He began the conversation in English, when I said that, if he preferred it, we

would speak French, which he talks better than English, though he quite understood this language. After a few words of general conversation, we spoke of my expedition, with the general purport of which he was quite *au fait*. My pamphlet, "Sinai a Volcano," was lying on the divan by the side of where I sat. We then came to the object of my visit, when he at once said that the Viceroy had no steamers in the Red Sea, only one stationed between Massowah and some place I did not catch the name of; but I think it was Berbera. The service of the Red Sea is performed by steamers belonging to a company, which has succeeded the *Aziziah*. He feared there would be great difficulty in doing what I wished. The company's vessels might be inclined to leave me at some place on the Arabian coast; but this, I said, would be worse than proceeding direct from Suez by land. I suggested the importance of my expedition, its exceptional character, &c.; but there was no moving him. After sitting some time I rose to take leave, when I suggested that he might perhaps be induced to change his opinion on reflection. But to this he only shrugged his shoulders, saying he did not see how it could be. So I took my leave and came away. I must mention that we had coffee brought soon after we came in; pipes

were not offered, though Nubar Pasha himself smoked a cigarette. So ends act the first.

Mr. Beyerlé brought me back home. On the way he said that Nubar Pasha had expressed himself to the same effect when he called on him yesterday. He regretted that we had not succeeded, and said he should at all times be at my service, and ready to assist me in any way in his power. Of course he did not, any more than myself, look on this decision as final. General Stanton might be able to induce him to change his mind, or rather to see things in a different light. Milne was waiting for me outside the hotel, and said Yakûb esh Shellaby had just been to call on me, and had been talking with him. We went out to see whether he was there, when Mr. Norris came up. He had been speaking with Nubar Pasha, or rather Nubar Pasha had been speaking with him about me after I had left, and seemed, he said, to be much interested in my expedition. He added, I must not take "No" for an answer, and hinted, rather significantly, that I should try *higher up*, meaning of course that I should get General Stanton to interest himself for me. So it comes to this, that the Consul-General is my only card, and without him I lose my game.

When the time came we went to church, ser-

vice being held in a room at the New Hotel. We met Mr. Rogers outside, with whom I stood talking for a few minutes before service began. As we came out, General Stanton, who had sat on the opposite side to me, preceded me by a few paces. I saw him hang back till I came out, when he crossed over and came to me holding out his hand, and then of his own accord introduced me to Mrs. Stanton—forgetting, I suppose, that you and I had had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Stanton when we were in Egypt in 1866. Of course there was no time for conversation, but I managed to introduce Mr. Milne to them, and so we parted. We got back to our hotel in time for luncheon, on my coming out from which, Mr. Frank Dillon's card was brought to me. He was waiting outside, and I went to him, and we had a long friendly talk: he asked after you very kindly. Milne had been commissioned by Mr. Waller, the American artist with whom we were on board the "Simla," and who is staying in our hotel, to ask me to come and see his pictures, so I took Dillon with me and introduced him. He is stopping at the Hotel du Nil, where I have promised to go and see him. Then Mr. John Cook, who is also staying at this hotel, stopped me, and politely offered to

take charge of anything for England. I arranged to go and see him to-morrow.

Things do not look so bright as they did yesterday, but I am not at all discouraged. I have now broken the ice. I have the *entrée* to Nubar Pasha, and can now ask General Stanton to say a word in my favour. If I had asked *him* to introduce me to the Minister, he might have made difficulties. I shall be hearing from you to-morrow or the next day, and I trust I may have good news from you. At half-past six, for seven, Milne and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. There were present only the artist, Carl Haag, who has been up the Nile with Rogers, a Madame Büchner, and Yakúb esh Shellaby. We passed a very pleasant evening, leaving at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Rogers is a very nice little woman, a good deal like your friend (?) Commissary Furse's wife in manner and figure, if not exactly in face, only, if anything, shorter and stouter: if she goes on, she will soon equal Mrs. Robinson of Mauritius. We had the orthodox roast Turkey, and plum-pudding and mince pies, with plenty of champagne. In the evening two or three French (or foreign) ladies joined the party, and a Russian artist, who played to us several times on the piano very nicely indeed.

Altogether, we passed a very pleasant Christmas. [Unhappily the last Dr. Beke lived to spend.] Our only regret was, that you were not with me as at Damascus. I invited myself to dine with Rogers this day twelve years again!

December 26.—I got up this morning none the worse for my holiday-making. At ten o'clock I went to the Consulate and had a quiet talk with Mr. Rogers. Of course *he* can do nothing, and I explained at starting that I did not speak to him as Consul, but as an old friend, whose advice I am in need of. He seemed to think that General Stanton might perhaps be induced to interfere on my behalf, and he gave me a valuable hint. The Viceroy has several steam-tugs in the Suez Canal, one of which might be big enough for my purpose, as they are in the habit of carrying passengers; so that if the Viceroy should object to give me a big steamer, he might at all events let me have one of these little ones. As he said it was now a good time to see General Stanton, I went from the Consulate direct to his house, which is close by on the other side of the Esbekiah. And here begins act the second of my historical drama! General Stanton received me in a more than courteous manner. He was writing a letter,

which he asked my permission to finish, offering me a cigar meanwhile; and when he had sent that off, he began talking of my expedition in the most friendly manner. He had read my pamphlet halfway through in the train from Alexandria, and as far as he had gone he thought my reasons were most cogent. We discussed the matter for some little time, looking at the map, and I pointing out the site of Mount Sinai; and then I proceeded to the object of my visit. I had hardly explained what I wanted, when he said that he thought the Viceroy ought and *would* give me a steamer, and *volunteered* to speak to His Highness, and also to Nubar Pasha, to that effect. The Viceroy, he said, would be doing a great service to science; and besides, his sending a steamer to Akaba would give him an opportunity of *showing his flag there*, which he might not dislike to avail himself of. Akaba, General Staunton says, belongs to Egypt.¹ I doubt it. But whether or not, it is just on the Turkish frontier, and the Viceroy might be glad of such an *excuse* for going there and exercising a little bit of authority under the guise of rendering assistance to a distinguished

¹ In the adjustment of the Eastern Question about to be discussed at the approaching Congress, this question will be an important one to decide.

English traveller. The Sultan would have no pretence for finding fault with him for doing so. Is not all this good? For my part I felt inclined to throw up my hat for joy; but of course I confined myself to thanking General Stanton for his very great kindness. In mentioning to him that Mr. Poulett Scrope was one of the kind patrons of my expedition, he said he knew him well, but thought he was dead. He was the colleague, as member of Parliament for Stroud, with General Stanton's father. After this we talked politics, and being both Conservatives, we pulled well together in this respect likewise. Then I broached the Libyan Desert scheme, and showed him on the map of Africa the political, climatic, and humanitarian advantages of it. From his manner, I more than suspect the Khédive has a political object in Dr. Rohlfs's expedition,¹ and would be glad to have *other* motives suggested for justifying it to the world. The General is to see Nubar Pasha to-day, and may then perhaps mention the subject of my expedition. He must, of course, speak to him before addressing himself to the Khédive.

After luncheon Milne and I called on Mrs. Rogers, and then I went alone to pay my respects to Mrs. Stanton. She received me very kindly,

¹ Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs is now organising a fresh expedition.

and asked particularly after you, and was very sorry to hear you had become such an invalid. I had a long talk with her about my affair, in which she seemed much interested, but she said she feared I should meet with much opposition on account of the novelty of my views. When I came back to the hotel, I saw a dragoman recommended by Yakúb, and afterwards Cook's (the tourist's) manager, Alexander Howard, a Syrian. Then I came to my room to write to you. The mail is in from Brindisi, and I hope to hear from you.

December 27.—Yesterday afternoon, after I had finished my letter of the 23d to the 26th, which accompanies this, I received your dear letter of the 18th, and regret exceedingly to hear such bad accounts of your health. Pray do not delay a moment consulting a doctor: I trust to hear you have done so when you next write, and that you will be able to give me a more favourable report, for I am most anxious on the subject. You really must keep well while I am away. If all goes right, as I now hope, it will not be long before I am back with you. What you tell me about Hickie & Co. is most vexing: I shall write to Messrs. Tod, Rathbone, & Co. on the subject. Apart from the extra expenses which I shall try to avoid, I hardly think

there will be very much delay, and as it is only the case of instruments that has gone to Liverpool, why that does not very much signify, as I shall not want them till I start on my journey. *Your* case I shall be glad to receive as quickly as possible. Mr. M.'s conduct, with respect to my article, is really too bad. The fact is, he has *no faith* in my discovery, or in the success of my expedition; but, *inshallah*, we will teach him better yet. I am sorry indeed to hear you have been so unsuccessful with respect to subscriptions for my expedition. I fear with you that you will not get anything more now: I must see whether I cannot meet with some more friends here like Colonel Morrieson. I had last night a long conversation with the Mr. Norris about whom I wrote to you in my last letter, and who seems greatly interested in my expedition. He looked into my pamphlet whilst with Nubar Pasha, and wished he could read it through, so I lent him a copy, which he took forthwith to his room to read. I shall have to tell you more about him by and by. What you say in your letter about the Khédive having an *excuse* for going to Akaba,¹ &c., is exactly what General Stanton said; so this shows what a clever little

¹ See Beke's "French and English in the Red Sea." Second Edition, 1862. Taylor & Francis.

woman you are. Let me first get the steamer, and then *of course* I shall ask for a firman addressed to the Governor of Akaba, ordering him to provide me with whatever is necessary.

And now about myself. I am quite well, and my leg is going on quite well too. It has been raining on and off all the night; this is a novelty in Cairo, where it used *never* to rain: the cultivation *and the trees* are the cause of it. Mr. Norris says that in 1850 there were two and a half millions of acres under cultivation, and now there are five millions! He is an American settled in Paris, and, if I am to believe all he tells me, he is an agent of the French Government, or at all events *was* so at the time of the investment of Paris, when he says he was sent on a mission to the several Powers of Europe having a credit of seven millions of francs. I fancy this is rather "tall" talk; but at all events, he seems to be on intimate terms with the Khédive and his Ministers. We had a good deal of conversation about my expedition and myself. He said that Nubar Pasha was favourably disposed towards me, *only* he could not encourage the Khédive in patronising enterprises like mine that are constantly being brought before him. The Khédive is overhead and ears in debt; money is

getting scarcer every day, and a stop must be made to all unnecessary expenditure. So, enterprises like mine are not to be encouraged, and the Khédive is to squander two or three millions on the marriage of his daughters, as he did last year, and is likely to do again this year. He is, however, a very kind man, and if I were introduced to him, and he were in the humour, he would grant me all I requested. Mr. Norris recommended that I should get General Stanton to introduce me, or to speak to him for me. And as he questioned, I said I had seen, and spoken to him on the subject. Norris was anxious to know what he had said, but I only told him that the General had expressed himself not unfavourably, but of course with persons in his position it was necessary to be diplomatic, and speak in general terms, which led to a long talk about diplomacy and his (Norris's) experience, &c. If he was fishing, he did not catch much. I shall see him again when he has read my pamphlet. I asked him to allow me to pay my respects to Madame, who has come to Egypt for her health. They are lodging in this hotel, where they have been since October. I hear that the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Pender are coming here next month. They built the house in which

the Consul-General is living, and which he rents of them. This is a little speculation of theirs. The Khédive gave them the land, and asked them to build. He is altering the Frank quarter entirely. Shepheard's Hotel is no longer on the Esbekiah. I assure you, you would not know the place. I shall now close my letter and put it in the box so that it may go by the twelve o'clock mail to Alexandria. We are not always sure here about the departure from Alexandria, as it depends on the arrival of the India mail at Suez, whence it goes through direct, without passing through Cairo. The English post-office in this city is now abolished, and our letters have to be sent through the Egyptian post-office. I do not mean to write to the "Athenæum" again till I hear what the editor has done with my letter from Alexandria. It is not raining now, but it is miserably cold, and the streets are filthily dirty. I have written to Messrs. Tod, Rathbone, & Co., and hope to have the case of books, at all events, in a day or two; but it may be a week or more before I get the case of instruments.

December 28.—After I had posted my letter to you yesterday, the rain still continued, with hail. Signor Battisti, who came in from Alexandria in the evening, said they had had hailstones there as

big as the end of one's finger! Of course there was no stirring out of the house. I was glad he came in, so that I might have a chat with him *over the fire*, round which all the visitors in the house crowded after dinner and remained till bedtime. There was no performance at the Opera on account of the weather! To-day it is fine, but the streets are full of mud almost over one's ankles. I went out, nevertheless, before church to see Mr. Beyerlé and Mr. Jacques Oppenheim: the former said that Nubar Pasha would be willing to assist me were it not for the expense, which, he says, would be £2000 at least! I recurred to my conversation about my scheme for flooding the Libyan Desert as a means of abolishing the slave trade, &c. At first he shrugged his shoulders, but afterwards listened more attentively, though he said that the Viceroy had no money for such schemes. I replied that I did not propose he should spend money, for that I thought the English philanthropists would back such an enterprise; and I suggested that he should mention it to the Khédive. He laughed and said that His Highness and he *were at war*—they did not even speak! We know what the end of this will be. When the Khédive gets over his displeasure, because they

have not been willing or able to supply him with all the money he wants, they will be better friends than ever. I explained that I did not put this forward as a scheme from which I wished to derive any personal advantage: what I did was purely in the cause of humanity, and in the interest (as I fully believed) of His Highness. I shall see De Lesseps about it, and also about the Suez Canal steamers: I think I shall at all events be able to get one of these. Mr. Beyerlé promised he would still try to move Nubar Pasha; but that General Stanton could hardly fail of success if he really took the matter up. He and his partner had intended calling on me yesterday but for the weather, and the latter said it was their purpose to do so to-day, but I begged them not to trouble as I was going to church. I suppose I shall see them to-morrow. General Stanton was not at church, so I presume he was busy with the mail, which did not leave till after two p.m. Letters at the post-office were in time till noon. I posted mine yesterday, because I was told it was safer to do so, on account of the freaks the Post-Office Company play when the steamers are behind time. I could still have posted another letter had there been any necessity for it.

The Consul was at church, but he came in late, having had to go to the Khédive. The Consul-General will be going there too, as he must pay his respects after his long absence. I have been fortunate in pushing on to Cairo at the very moment they both arrived here. I omitted to mention that yesterday afternoon I called on Mrs. Norris, as I had requested permission to do when I lent Norris my pamphlet. He was not in, so I had to introduce myself, which I had no difficulty in doing, as we were already on bowing terms from meeting so frequently.

After church I went to look De Lesseps up. I was told he was at the New Hotel, and there they sent me to the Hotel Royal, whence I was forwarded to the Hotel d'Orient, the hotel at which he had really been, but is no longer, he having gone to Ismailia (pronounced Ismaileēyah) three or four days ago. He is expected back in a week or ten days; I think, however, of running over to Ismailia to see him. I will jot down some notes here which I made on my journey from Alexandria.

The country is so changed since I first knew it, that it does not seem the same: it is well cultivated, and looks most rich and flourishing, being

well watered from canals and ditches. I observed a rude way of passing the water from one ditch to another; two men held the ends of a cord, in the middle of which was a basket, which they swung backwards and forwards, and so *scooped* the water out. Many of the villages were much improved, and there were signs of houses for the labourers, approaching more to a European type than the mud huts in which they have hitherto lived. Some of the native villages seemed deserted, and the huts falling into decay. When the Israelites built the cities for Pharaoh of mud, bricks, and straw, I should like to know *how long* they could have lasted, and what traces we are likely to find of them. There was, I am told, an exodus of *fellahs* in the time of Mohammed Ali, in consequence of his oppression, which was the primary cause of the Syrian war. I must see to this.

The reason of the rains which now visit this country so much more than formerly appears to be the greater cultivation, and also the planting of trees, which not only line the road, but are in parts so plentiful as to give it almost the appearance in places of being well wooded: it certainly does not look like Egypt. In the villages far and near one sees the tall chimneys of factories, which tend to

increase the illusion, though the mixture with them of the native mud huts soon destroys the charm. Ophthalmia, the great curse of the country, is certainly on the decrease, being not only less frequent, but also in a milder form. The railway, above all, is a great civiliser, from its opening up the country, facilitating the transport of its produce, and bringing the people of one part into communication with those of another. We had a delightful ride from Alexandria to Cairo, having the carriage entirely to ourselves during the greater part of the time, and the weather being delightfully cool and pleasant. The cotton harvest is just over, and the people are busy clearing and ploughing the land, an animated and lively scene. In one place we saw a camel drawing the plough! In others, the cattle were taking their fill of the rich pasture, which they seemed to have possession of *ad libitum*. Of course there is a dark side—perhaps many dark sides—to the picture, but, looking on the surface only, there is an appearance of great material prosperity, and the balance must certainly be of good.

Yonis Ibrahim, a dragoman, recommended to me by Yakub esh Shellaby, has been with me to-day to let me know his terms. He has the modesty to talk of £8 per day, for one month, that is, £248. I

only wish he may get it, or rather, I wish I had it to give—and then I would not. I told him so; when he proposed that I should take the expenses on myself, and pay him only for his personal services. I asked him how much he expected, when he hinted at his having been paid £25 a month by the Egyptian Government, for accompanying some of the railway surveyors in Upper Egypt. Clearly this gentleman is too high-priced for me; but he is a respectable and intelligent man, has been several times to Akaba, Petra, Ma'an, &c., and I have no doubt would do his work well.

December 29.—This morning, I went to the French Consulate to inquire after M. de Lesseps. He is on the Suez Canal somewhere, and is expected back in a few days. I thought, and still think, of writing to him, appointing to see him at Ismailia; but on inquiry, I find the journey would occupy a whole day and the return another, costing a pound sterling each way, and a third day would be occupied with him. This would involve the hotel bill for two nights, in addition to the expenses of my room here at Cairo, so that I question whether it would be prudent to chance the journey. I will write to him, however, to know when he may be expected here.

This morning I have been to Boulak to see the Egyptian Museum, and also to have a talk with Mariette Bey, the Director, as you know. I looked over the Museum, but did not succeed in finding M. Mariette, as he was absent with the Viceroy, and the people in charge did not know when he would be back. The principal object of my curiosity was the group Mariette discovered at San (the Zoan of Scripture) of the remains of my Mitzrites—his Hyksos—who were evidently allied to the Philistines, and worshipped the same *fish*-god, Dagon. They are very interesting and important, confirming, as they do, my identification of the position of Mitzraim. I was accompanied by Mr. Milne, who had, however, found his way thither a day or two ago, before the rain. He is extremely well informed on other subjects besides geology, having been educated at King's College, London, besides acquiring mechanical knowledge in Lancashire, of which county he is a native. He is rather backward, so that he does not make the most of *himself*, like somebody else I know, so that he requires drawing out: but I find his company very useful to me, and, in talking over matters, I obtain many a valuable hint from him. He has now gone off with his hammer to look at the mountains near here,

which, however, I expect he will find to be further off than he calculates on ; but he has good legs, and knows how to use them. He also knows how to talk, and is gradually disseminating my views among the people in the hotel, with whom he mixes more than I do. I, too, do my best to be sociable. Fancy an American telling him that he looked on me as a long-headed, matter-of-fact Yorkshire-man !

I meet several persons who claim acquaintance with me. One is Dr. Grant, an American physician, who says he lodged with us at Williams's, in the Shoubra road, in 1865 ; another is Mr. Gibbs, the Director of the telegraph, who tells me that the P. and O.'s Southampton steamer has been forced by the weather to proceed direct to Port Said, without putting in at Alexandria to land mails and passengers, and my box of books, &c., which will have to be landed at Ismailia, or it may be at Suez. This is annoying, though, under the circumstances, the delay is not so important as it might have been. It is strange that I have not fallen in with my friend Colonel Morrieson : he came on to Cairo the day before me, and I certainly understood he would be at the New Hotel, but he is not there. In the afternoon I wrote to M. de Lesseps, asking

him when he would be in Cairo, and when I could see him after his arrival.

After dinner Milne and I went and paid a visit to Mr. Frank Dillon at the Hotel du Nil. He asked particularly after you, and hoped to see you and me at his studio at Kensington after his and my return to England. He gave me a photograph of an *interior* of a "native" house which I shall bring home to you. There is a story attached to it, which I need not tell you now.¹ Milne had been out, but did not get as far as the mountains, having been stopped by the cemetery of ancient Cairo which they have been cutting through, exposing thousands of human skulls and bones. Dillon will go there to see them. I suggest that it would make a fine sketch of the "valley of the shadow of death."

December 30. — Last night I looked through Mariette Bey's "History of Egypt," a little work of which I bought a copy yesterday at the Museum. To my great gratification I find he substantially agrees with me as to the fact, that the Israelites were not in bondage under the Egyptians, but under the Hyksos, or *Shepherd Kings*, who were of a different race. Thus I am right in saying that

¹ The story was, that the room fitted up in such a thoroughly oriental style, is Mr. Dillon's own room at South Kensington !

every shepherd was not an "abomination," as our English (and every other) version has it, but of a separate and *respected* class. I must see Mariette, and so I have sent a note to him this morning requesting an interview. He stands well with the Khédive, and may be able to help me with him. I have heard nothing yet from General Stanton. I trust that no news is good news. Having received an answer from Mariette Bey that he was mostly visible in the afternoon, I took a carriage after lunch to Boulak, but he had not come back from Abdin, where he was with the Khédive: but I was told I could see him at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Milne has been out into the country with Mr. Waller, the American artist, and has brought home a very pretty sketch he has made. He, like me, is most anxious to be off and at work, as he wants to get back to England for his Newfoundland engagement in the spring.

Just as I came back from Boulak, the Khédive's mother passed in a carriage and four, with her ladies in waiting following in two other carriages and pairs, with syces and outriders carrying gold and silver sticks, and followed by a number of attendants, quite a state affair. My coachman had to stop his horses while she passed. Just before

dinner I was standing in the Hall, when General Stanton and Mr. Rogers called for Mr. Vivian and Mr. Elliott, who are staying at this hotel. The General had just time to say to me that he had seen Nubar Pasha, who had promised to speak to the Viceroy, though he did not expect much good from it. He had intended to call on me to tell me, but had not had time. This is not very encouraging. In fact, I fear I shall not succeed. What I shall do if the Viceroy refuses I really do not know.

Selim, the son of our old dragoman, Mikhail Hené, has been offering his services as dragoman. He asks £7 per diem, and says it will take fifteen days to Akaba alone! What am I to do? I am quite bewildered. My only chance seems to be a *small* boat. Meanwhile time runs on, and I am dipping deeper and deeper into my scanty purse.

December 31.—This morning I was up before seven, had my breakfast in my room, and was off to Mariette Bey. A lovely morning, but the fog so thick that one could not see fifty yards before one; the sun, however, soon cleared it off. Mariette received me very kindly, and we had a long talk together. We are quite of one opinion as to the Israelites and Shepherd Kings. My connecting the

latter with the Philistines by means of the fish-god, Dagon, was something new to him, and he said he would immediately make *une petite étude là dessus*. As to my expedition, he thought the Viceroy might give me a vessel—he has two in the Red Sea—but it depends entirely on Nubar Pasha. They are making great “economics,” he knows, which may stand in the way, but he thinks it might be done. He recommends me to speak to General Stone, an American officer, who is Acting Minister of Public Works. I will get Mr. Norris to introduce me. I spoke to Mariette about inundating the Libyan Desert. He says that the French are actually at work on the subject of inundating the Sahara, behind Algiers, by means of the Lesser Syrtis. It is by the Greater Syrtis, or Gulf of Sidra, that I propose inundating the Libyan Desert.

Whilst I was writing this a gentleman was announced, and on my requesting him to come up to my room, I found him to be Dr. Schweinfurth, a nice young man, much younger than I had any idea of, for although I believe I have met him before I had forgotten what he was like. He is on his way to the Oasis of Khargeh, or Great Oasis, and will start the day after to-morrow. He is lodging at the Hotel du Nil; and hearing of my being

here, he came to pay his respects to me. We had a long and most interesting conversation on a variety of subjects connected with his journey and mine; discussing Baker, Speke, Lepsius, Miani—the last-named is just dead, having gone as far as Schweinfurth himself. One curious fact he told me is that the people of Upper Egypt confound Lepsius with the Persian King Cambyses, who lived three or four hundred years B.C. ! Cambyses, it is well known, destroyed the statue of Memnon and other ancient monuments. Lepsius, it is also well known, defaced many of the monuments by taking away the inscriptions for the Berlin Museum some thirty years ago. In the minds of the ignorant *fellahs* the two have got confused, so that Lepsius is reported to be the destroyer of the statue of Memnon ! Such is “tradition.” Therefore we may well understand how the people of Harran have adopted *our* “Rebekah’s Well,” and made it that of “Abraham.” Schweinfurth says that the Viceroy rendered him *no* assistance, so far as money is concerned : all his support was moral : he ordered the natives to assist him—that is all. To Rohlf’s expedition his assistance is limited to £4000. Sir Samuel Baker’s Expedition has cost the Viceroy half-a-million sterling and seven hundred lives, to no pur-

pose, or rather, it has done harm that it will take long to remedy, if ever ! Instead of putting an end to slavery, it has put an end to legitimate commerce. And as regards science and geographical discovery, he has done absolutely nothing. I gave Schweinfurth a copy of my pamphlet, and have now only one left. The letters by the Southampton steamer arrived here last night from Suez, so that I shall be hearing about my things soon, I hope.

This morning Selim has been speaking to me again. He asks ten francs per day for himself, I finding everything. This would make three hundred francs per month, or £12. Yonis talked of £25 ! There is a Mr. Walter M'Lellan, a manufacturer, or *engineer* more probably, of Glasgow, who is going up the Nile with his wife and daughter ; I have made their acquaintance through Milne, who lent him his copy of my pamphlet to read. He could not then give it the attention he wished, so I thought I might as well present him with a copy from myself, with which he was much pleased. He is a friend of Livingstone's, who gave him a copy of his work on the last day of 1858, in return for which he and two friends made him a present of a little steam-engine, with flour-mill, and I know not

what besides. He seems much interested in my expedition, and may assist it perhaps.

After luncheon I called on General Stanton, to hear the particulars of his conversation with Nubar Pasha. The latter *promised* to speak to the Viceroy, but may *forget* to do so, in which case the General says he will take care to remind him, and he would speak to the Viceroy himself if ever he had an opportunity; but of course he could not go to him on purpose. He says he thinks he could and ought to do this for me. Stanton seems most well disposed, and I must hope he really is so. He says I am too early, and that I ought to wait till the middle or end of February. But how could I do this, especially as I want to be at Akaba at the Pascal full moon? When I went in he presented me with an invitation to dinner to-morrow, New-Year's Day, which he was just going to send out to me. Of course I accepted it with thanks. While with him, Mr. J Oppenheim came in: he had just been to call on me, and I found his card on my return.

Milne is hard at work grubbing in the cemetery and the mountains beyond. Thank God that amidst all my troubles I keep my health. During the rain I felt a little rheumatic, and no wonder;

but now I am all right again, and so nimble that I can run down the marble stairs without holding on. I don't *run* very fast. What I mean to say is, that I go down step after step like *any other* young man ! When I go out Mr. Milne is always very careful to give me his arm, which I found especially of use when I came home at night from Frank Dillon's.

This afternoon I have received a letter from Mr. M——, *via* Southampton, dated the 16th, apologising for not inserting my article, as he had *already* stated my views ! As regards the article on New's work, he inserts the part I asked him to omit because it is "too good to be left out," and then he leaves out all about myself, "lest he should suspect the authorship." Very kind of him. He concludes by saying, "When you get into the wilds send us some letters, and oblige yours faithfully." I feel inclined to say, "I'll see you hanged first," but I suppose I must not quarrel with my bread and butter. I shall see what your next letter says. The "Atlantic" is due to-morrow ; so, after all, no time will have been lost with the instruments. Yakûb esh Shellaby wants to know where Lord Francis Conyngham is, as he wishes to write to him. I will see if I can find out for him. To-day my pension is due. To-morrow I will get Mr. Rogers's

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certificate. The receipt for the Paymaster-General is already made out; but I think I must not send it to you, as I hope to *want* the money before I could hear from you; and after all the loss will apparently not be greater than on circular notes, on which I hear it is two per cent. I ought to have brought all my money in gold napoleons, which go for sixteen shillingssterling, without loss. *Pazienza!* General S., they say, is not liked, and will soon have a fall in spite of the favour in which he now stands. I hear that these are the sentiments of the Americans, of whom there are many in the Viceroy's service, as well as of the native employés. I must feel my ground before wishing to speak to him, as from the character given of him, he 'may perhaps do me no good.

10.30 P.M.—I have been reading in my room Mariette Bey's "History of Egypt;" and now, before going to bed for the last night this year, I open my desk, and sit down to wish you a happy New Year, and pray that God may bless us both, and make us more happy and prosperous than during the year that is now ending. I am very miserable just now, but I trust in God to mend my condition. To His care I commend us both. Again and again God bless you!

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS FOR JOURNEY TO AKABA—RECEPTION BY THE KHÉ-
DIVE—HIS HIGHNESS GRANTS DR. BEKE'S EXPEDITION TO ARABIA
THE ASSISTANCE OF A STEAMER.

January 1, 1874.—A happy New Year to you, my darling Milly. My best wishes to all at home. I saw a little white dog in the *sâk* at Boulak yesterday which looked something like our Prinny.* About ten o'clock I called on Consul Rogers on business, and afterwards went to the New Hotel, with the intention of attending divine service; but there seemed to be none. However, on looking on the board, I found Colonel Morrieson to be in the hotel, so I went up to his room and had a long chat with him. Mr., Mrs., and Miss M'Lellan have left this afternoon for their *dahabieh* on the Nile, in which they intend remaining until they receive their letters from England. Mr. M'Lellan has invited me and also my companion to visit them to-morrow

afternoon. I say "Miss" M'Lellan; but I fancy she is married.

In the afternoon I remained at home, thinking over an article for the "Athenæum," which I began writing. I was stopped in my work by a visit from Colonel Eyre, one of the passengers by the 'Simla,' who is going up the Nile; and is waiting for his baggage which was to come to Alexandria, per 'Malwa,' but, like mine, it has gone on to Suez. I explained to him how the matter stood; and then we had a long talk about my expedition, which lasted till it was nearly time to dress for dinner. We dined at 7.30. The party consisted of M. Carl Haag, Mr. Clarke, the chaplain here, Captain French, Mr. Gordon, General Stanton's secretary, and another young man who appears to have been some time in Egypt, and myself. I took Mrs. Stanton in to dinner; which was served à la Russe, but was nothing very special. After Mrs. Stanton had withdrawn into the General's study—the only room having a fire *that will burn*—chibouques were brought in, and then we joined 'the lady.' The time was pretty well taken up in examining a rather large collection of Egyptian antiquities—small things—which General Stanton has been collecting from time to time. When we left I walked with Carl

Haag, with whom I had some conversation respecting myself, and the difficult position in which I find myself placed. I was led to this by a remark he made during dinner time, about what he had said to the Viceroy when he had called upon him a few days ago: and I bethought me that if *I* had come here and asked to be presented to the Viceroy simply as a distinguished traveller, which General Stanton could not have refused me, and *then* had broached the subject of my expedition, and asked the Viceroy himself for assistance, I should have been spared all the trouble I have had, and have had a better chance of success. This I explained to Haag, who saw the force of it. He suggested that I should ask the General to do so even now; and said that if he could do anything to help me, he would. This was very kind of him. He stands well with the principal people here, being a friend of the Prince of Wales, by whom, I believe, he was introduced. He and Mr. Vivian, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Rogers, have just been up the Nile in the Viceroy's private yacht with His Highness's personal attendants, &c. The Brindisi mail arrived at Alexandria to-day, and while we were at table, the Consul-General's despatch box was brought in.

This morning I received a note from Messrs. Tod, Rathbone, & Co. of Alexandria, saying that my case of books is not in the manifest of the 'Malwa,' nor yet of the following Southampton steamer 'Cathay,' which had just arrived. I have written to them in reply, that as "passenger's baggage" it would not be entered on the manifest. At luncheon I met Milne, whom I had not seen for twenty-four hours! He was off yesterday afternoon fossilizing, and when he came back to dinner, I was occupied with Colonel Eyre. This morning he was up and away again before I rose. He is off again somewhere this afternoon, so that we now see little of one another.

About 4.30 P.M., as I had just finished my article for the "Athenæum," I was favoured with a visit from Miss M'Lellan, who very kindly came to say her father was waiting to take me on board his *dahabieh* to dine. They have a splendid boat, with eight sleeping-berths, and saloon handsomely furnished with sofas on the deck, an awning and side-curtains, forming a large room. They club with another family of three persons, and Mr. M'Lellan calculates that the trip of the two months will cost them £400, or £200 for each party. How you would like such a trip! They

have their lady's-maid, with dragoman, native servant, and cook ; and the crew consists of captain and mate, ten men, and a boy. We had a very decent dinner, and the crew amused (?) us by singing, accompanied by the tambourine : so that altogether I passed a very pleasant evening. Milne was invited also, but through some misunderstanding he did not come till after dinner. I had a carriage home, which cost four shillings. Both Mr. M'Lellan and his wife gave you and me a most pressing invitation to visit them at Glasgow in the course of next autumn. When I returned to the hotel I fully expected to find letters from you, but there were none. I feel sure that you have written, and conclude, therefore, that Tods of Alexandria delayed a post in sending them on.

January 3.—Finding no letters from you when I went downstairs to breakfast at 8.30, as soon as I had finished I took a donkey-boy and went off to Moski to inquire. I there found Mr. W. sorting the letters received last night, one of them being for me, which he was on the point of sending off. It was yours of Christmas-day, from which I am rejoiced to see that you are *better*. What you tell me of there being no further subscriptions to my expedition is very discouraging. I really do not

know what to do. I hurried off from England as I did, because I feared to be accused of wasting money and time that ought to be applied to another purpose. I am, however, far worse off here, for I am spending five times as much as I should have done in England had I stayed to complete the collection of the necessary funds; and still there is nothing to show for it. God help me! I am almost in despair! From Tod & Co.'s I went to the Bank of Egypt on business.

It is said that the Khédive talks of a railway to Khartum, and even beyond, to which I see no objection. I spoke about flooding the Libyan Desert, which struck them much, and they recommended me to see the Khédive, who would be sure to receive me well. I am surprised I have not heard from De Lesseps; I suppose he is away from Ismailia. On my way back home I called on Mr. J. Oppenheim. He asked me how I progressed, and I told him. I spoke of my desire to see the Viceroy, and asked if *they* could manage it; but he said no one could do it but General Stanton, who could not object to present me as an English traveller of distinction; only I must of course avoid speaking of my expedition in the first instance. The General might object on this ground, but hardly

if I promised not to broach the subject. I feel the difficulty of my position ; but I must not leave a stone unturned. Through Nubar Pasha I expect nothing, though he might be disposed to help me if he saw the Khédive well disposed towards me. Mr. M'Lellan called at luncheon time at the hotel with his daughter to inquire for letters, and to take leave. We met in the hall, shook hands, and had a few words of ordinary conversation, and then said farewell.

January 5.—Ease your mind about the two cases. I have just received from Messrs. Tod and Co. a letter from Messrs. Hickie, enclosing the key of the box you sent them, which *fortunately* they did not send by the 'Malwa,' but by the following week's steamer, the 'Cathay.' The bill of lading of the box, per 'Atlantic,' is also enclosed, so that there is now no difficulty in my going on in this respect. Since I wrote to you on Saturday I have been thinking seriously over my position, and have come to the conclusion that I must *go forward immediately*, let the consequences be what they may. If, therefore, there is not a prospect of the Khédive giving me a steamer *at once* to perform the voyage up the Gulf of Akaba, which I so much desire, I have decided on going on to Suez, and chartering a native boat, or buggalah. I

know what they are, as I came on in one from Djeddah to Suez in 1843. On Saturday I wrote to Mr. West inquiring about the Peninsula and Oriental Company's Steamer "Timsah," and also about a buggalah.

I am now going to Messrs. Oppenheim and to General Stanton to tell them my determination. Through the latter I shall at all events be able to obtain a firman ordering the *Mutsellim* (or Governor) of Kalaat-el-Akaba to help me. I cannot now tell you the result, as I must post this letter before I go out, or I shall be too late for the Marseilles mail. But I have thought it better to write to you about the cases, so as to prevent you from giving yourself any further anxiety on account of this, and also to *ease* your mind a little about myself. All will be for the best; I trust in God. As for myself I have confidence in the knowledge that I am acting for the best under the circumstances in which I am placed. Mr. Milne is going on well. I find him a much better artist than I had any idea of; for he has painted some very pretty views of Cairo. He is getting a little nervous about the delay, as he wants to be back in England by the end of February or so. You know our agreement, or understanding, was, that I should not

require his services for more than three months, and one month has already expired !

January 5.—The few lines I wrote to you this morning, *via* Marseilles, will have prepared you for what I have now to communicate. As soon as I had posted my letter I went to Oppenheim's, and saw Mr. Beyerlé and Mr. Jacques Oppenheim ; the former, before I could say anything to him, volunteered the advice that I should not wait in expectation of the Viceroy's agreeing to my request ; but that I should act independently. I told him this was what I intended to do, and that I had come to speak to him about a firman to the Mutsellim of Akaba. He said that I must apply for it through General Stanton ; but that he would back it with Nubar Pasha. I then went straight to General Stanton, but he was not in, so I directed my steps to the Consulate, where I had a long talk with my friend Rogers. He said that he could obtain for me a letter from the Governor of Cairo, and he would also give me one to him, as he has been in correspondence with him, though he does not know him personally. But when I said I wanted a firman, he replied that this I could only obtain through the Consul-General. So everything is centred in this one man.

However, not disheartened, I went in the afternoon to General Stanton, who immediately said he would introduce me to Nubar Pasha, and *at once*, if I pleased. Whereupon he kindly sent off to the Minister's to know whether he was in his divan—at the Foreign Office; and learning in the affirmative, he at once took me off with him. Nubar Pasha received me most courteously. When the General asked if he had anything to say about the steamer, he shook his head; but on his telling him that I had decided on going to Akaba in a native boat, and wanted a firman to the Governor of Akaba, he immediately replied he should be happy to do everything in his power for me, and would take the necessary steps immediately. General Stanton had previously said to me that he thought the firman should be directed to the Sheikh of Akaba, who has the furnishing of camels, &c., to travellers going to Petra, but to this I objected, saying that I imagined the Governor would be the best. The Consul-General said that I must not expect the Government to order him to supply me with camels, or other animals, or, in fact, to do anything *at their expense*; but this, I said, I wished them to do; and on our way to Nubar Pasha's, I had explained to him how I was circumstanced as to the limited

funds at my disposal for the expedition. He seemed to have forgotten that my journey was at the expense of others ; but recollected all about it when I reminded him of it.

When we spoke to Nubar Pasha, the General asked who was the proper person to whom the firman should be addressed, and the Minister seemed to think it was the Mutsellim ; but he did not know anything positive on the subject, or what the position of that officer is, or the strength of the detachment under his command. However, he promised he would see that everything proper was done. I had spoken to the General about the Khédive, and requested him, whilst Nubar Pasha was speaking to some one else, to ask His Excellency to present me ; but he replied, that I had better do this myself. So as soon as Nubar was disengaged, I did so, explaining my object, which was to speak about the Libyan Desert, and promising that I would not broach the subject of my own expedition. His Excellency seemed to take this in good part, and said he thought the Viceroy would be glad to see me. So he is to speak to His Highness and let me know. On this I took my leave.

I know that you will be disappointed, as I am myself : but what is to be done otherwise ? I must

move. Every day I stay here I am diminishing the funds for the journey ; and to wait for a favourable answer from the Khédive would be simply madness. Return I cannot, without having done what I came to do. As long as I was waiting for my instruments and books to arrive out, I could make an excuse to myself for waiting for the Viceroy's answer ; but now that this excuse no longer exists, I am compelled to look *the naked truth* in the face. And I cannot but admit that there is not the slightest prospect of success. Beyerlé said so of his own accord ; and Nubar Pasha gave me so to understand this afternoon. He had not spoken to the Khédive, and he never intends to do so, inasmuch as he would, in his capacity of Minister, advise His Highness not to comply with my request. It only remains for me to act independently. The journey overland I cannot undertake : first, because I am not capable of it physically ; secondly, because of the expense ; and thirdly, because I want to make the voyage up the Gulf of Akaba. The sea trip will cost me very much less, and by economy and management, I flatter myself I shall be able to carry it into execution. I can bear the sea—like it, in fact. But there will be little of sea, for the boat will coast all the way, anchoring most pro-

bably all night, and taking good care not to leave if there is the slightest prospect of bad weather. I know them of old. If we are rather long on the voyage it cannot be helped. On every account, then, it is advisable we should start at once; and therefore, having now made up my mind, you may rely on it I shall expedite matters as much as possible.

While I think of it, you had better address your letters to me at the "Post Office, Suez." The postage, I think, is only 8d., as it is an *English* post-office. The postmaster, I am informed, is Mr. Levick's son.

January 6.—Yesterday, Yakûb esh Shellaby told me he knew an old and experienced dragoman who would take me "sheepa" than any one else, and better too. This morning I just went as far as the Consulate to see whether he was there. Whilst I was writing to you, Yakûb came in with a *whole bagful* of the certificates of Sáýid Ahmed Abu Nabut, *i.e.*, "Lord Ahmed, the man with a stick." He is a "nobleman," wearing a green turban, as being a descendant of the prophet, and therefore entitled to be called "Sáýid." I looked at a few of the certificates which are certainly first rate, and I have no doubt he is a good man, unless, like