

From Pharaoh to Fellaah.

(560)

From

Pharaoh to Fellah

92.B.4.

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGES MONTBARD

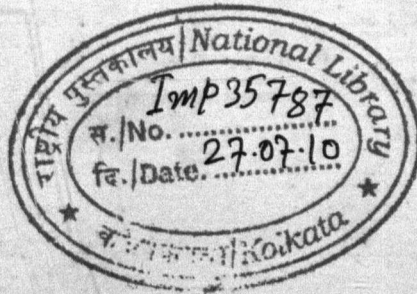
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Dedicated

TO

HIS HIGHNESS

MOHAMED TEWFIK

KHEDIVE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHARAOHS AND

FRIEND TO THE FELLAH

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From Pharaoh to Fellah.

PROLOGUE.

IT was in the early part of the year 188-, and in the bright courtyard of the Grand Hotel de Noailles, that they met. The Scribbler, an unmistakable Briton, was moodily inquiring of the waiter whether eggs in Marseilles were invariably laid addled, and whether coal was the sole ingredient of black coffee, when his eye caught that of another stranger regarding him with some curiosity. The grumbings ceased, and with an exclamation of "Sketcher, by Jove!" the Scribbler sprang from his chair with enthusiasm. The terrified look of the waiter at this unusual form of insanity in an Englishman recalled the latter to a sense of his nationality, and falling back into his Anglo-Saxon shell, he said quietly, "How are you, Sketcher?"

The man addressed was evidently no Englishman. The light-blue eyes, under straw-coloured eyebrows, betrayed the Gothic basis as unmistakably as the light, lithe figure showed the admixture of the Latin—an unmistakable Frenchman with Burgundy in all his veins.

"And what on earth brings you here?" said the first.

"Sketching, of course, old fellow! What else have I done since the days at Clareton when you made me do your French exercises for you, and I in revenge got you a hundred lines by sketching the loves of the Integral and Differential Calculi in the fly-sheet of your 'Todhunter'? A sketcher with nothing to sketch, in search of the picturesque, and with at least as much right to be in my own country as you have. And you?"

"A scribbler in search of material—material that must be solid and dull, such as no man can read, so that I may obtain a reputation for untold wisdom and inscrutable depth, be voted a bore without a trace of frivolity, be elected a member of a statistical society, and eventually, in my toothless old age, be considered worthy of a seat in the Cabinet, or the editorship of a comic paper."

"And in search of it?"

"I am going to Egypt. After mature consideration, I fancy that I shall find there precisely the style of subject I require. In the first place, the British public took some interest in the country last year, so naturally has none now; then it has been so much written about, that there can be nothing new to say; thirdly, we have vital interests in the country, so it is certain that a book on the subject will not be read; and, above all, the subject has been so frequently discussed in Parliament, that one can rely on utter ignorance of essential facts."

"What rubbish! You are going there, first, because you like it; second, because you know that it has become a British possession *à peu près*; and, thirdly—excuse the brutal frankness,—because it's the only subject on which you know anything. Egypt! the dream of my life! I would give my head to come too!"

"You would like to come! then why not join me?" said the Scribbler, with a second access of genuine enthusiasm. "You needn't," he added, relapsing into his old tone, "give your head, though you would probably sacrifice your lungs and your liver. You would get typhoid in Alexandria, of course, and probably cholera in Cairo; but, after all, the hospitals are the cleanest places to live in in Egypt, and you might get over it. What do you say?"

"Say!" said the Sketcher, laughing. "Why, that your invitation is so cordial, your picture so lively, that I've half a mind to take you at your word. To me, Egypt has always presented one inscrutable puzzle, one ever-increasing mystery, and perhaps, if we went there together, you would help me to solve it."

"And what is the mystery? The riddle of the Sphinx? the sources of the Nile? or the explanation of British policy in Egypt?"

"Neither; but one more difficult than either—the connection between Egypt of the Pharaohs and of the Fellah!"

"I hate all mysteries or riddles, and can't even understand the question of yours. The connection between Pharaoh and the Fellah has generally been one of stout hippopotamus hide, called a *kourbash*. I fear there's no difficulty in understanding that!"

"How dense you are, or pretend to be! Listen, and I will explain myself down to the level of your practical intelligence. The Egypt of the Pharaohs is the Egypt of an art hardly absolutely inferior to that of Greece itself, and, as its parent, relatively superior to it—the Egypt of a science which may be similarly compared to our own—the Egypt with a literature, the remnants of

which, scant as they are, show traces of majesty worthy of Homer—the Egypt of an empire embracing half the known world. Such is Egypt of the Pharaohs. Now turn to Egypt of the Fellaḥ—a people who for hundreds of years have given us nothing above the literature of a Kaffir, without a trace of artistic perception, incapable of all but the lowest manual labour, unfit to govern, not a nation only, but a village—a people fallen from the highest to the lowest. Does not this contrast present a riddle worthy of solution?”

“Certainly it would,” said the Scribbler, “if any such contrast existed, but it does not. You make the common error of assuming that the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Egypt of the Fellaḥ are two distinct epochs, instead of two distinct classes, always existing side by side. Egypt of the Pharaoh and of the Fellaḥ existed 7000 years ago, and the same Egypt exists to-day. In the Fellaḥ there has been no change; in the Pharaoh there has been much. The same men to-day till the fields, tend the same cattle, work the same *shadoof*, make the same bricks, as in the hieroglyphs of thousands of years ago. One foreign ruler has followed another, styled either Pharaoh or Ptolemy, Caliph or Khedive, leaving behind them monuments either of their greatness or their littleness; but this is not a change in the people, who are to-day what you have described them, and what they have ever been within the record of seven thousand years.”

“Then you give the Egyptian no part whatever?”

“If you mean by the Egyptian the Fellaḥ of Egypt Proper of to-day—the Egyptian of Arabi—the Egyptian of Blunt, and of the ravers of “Egypt for the Egyptians”—I give them one unbroken past, a servitude of 7000 years, during which they have been hewers of wood and drawers of water to successive conquerors.”

“Even then they must have taken something from their conquerors. You so-called English yourselves are but a *mélange* of different conquering races, and probably owe your best qualities to your conquerors.”

“Precisely; but there is this peculiarity about the Egyptian: always conquered, the prey first of one conqueror and then of the other, he is himself the real conqueror in process of time. The conquering race passes over him, but leaves no trace. Just as Indian wheat or American cotton-seed, planted in Nile mud, becomes at the second crop Egyptian wheat and Egyptian cotton, taking its nature from the soil, so the human seed—mixed though it has been with Ethiopian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab, the race Egyptian has always re-asserted itself and remained one and the same, physically and morally. I believe, if you were to obliterate the race, and people the country with settlers

from Nova Scotia, you would in a few generations have the lying, licentious, and easily governed Egyptian of to-day."

"Then you believe in no regeneration of Egypt?"

"How can there be regeneration if there has been no birth? Egypt as a nation has never existed; that is, of course, as an independent nation under its own rulers. Whether such an existence is possible to her in the future, who can say? None of her numerous conquerors has ever tried the experiment."

"Are you English trying it?"

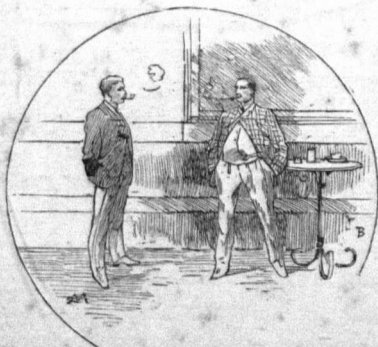
"Ah! that is a question that requires a long answer; but, if you are serious, come with me and study for yourself both Pharaoh and Fellah."

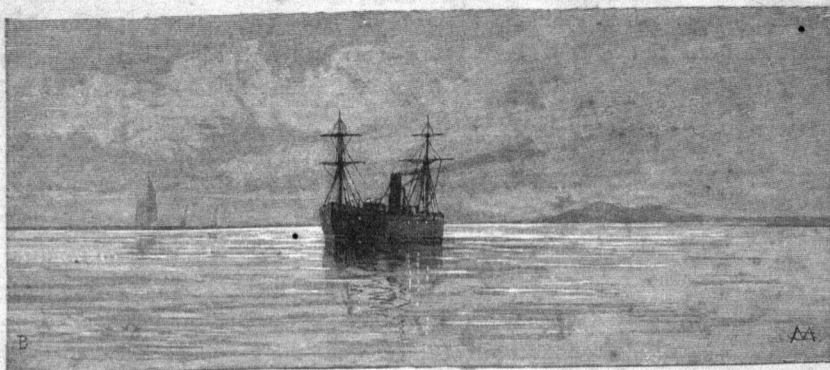
"But are you serious? Will you not feel like Sinbad, with a man of paints and pencils on your shoulders—a pure idealist—absolutely ignorant of all relating to the country?"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow, you will be invaluable to me. Experience, after all, is frequently only another name for prejudice; you shall correct me with the impartiality due to utter ignorance, and instruct me in the beauties of oriental dirt, which I have never been able to appreciate. You shall sketch with the pencil, and I with the pen; you shall depict the Fellah, and I propound the Pharaoh; you sometimes travelling into my domain and I into yours, we shall together find the happy mean."

"And the result?"

"That we shall amuse and instruct ourselves, if no one else, and add one more book on Egypt."



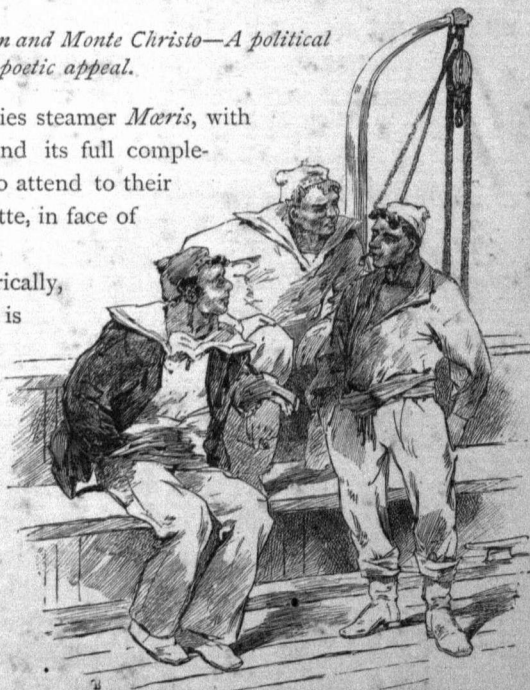


CHAPTER I.

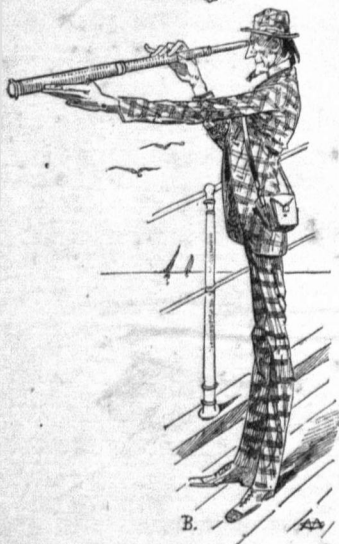
Marseilles—Passengers—Corsica—Napoleon and Monte Christo—A political discourse—A pathetic and poetic appeal.

A FEW days later, and the Messageries steamer *Mæris*, with some hundreds of passengers, and its full complement of two stewards and a cabin-boy to attend to their wants, was struggling out of Port la Joiette, in face of a light head wind.

Verily, in sober truth, and not satirically, the finest view in all *la belle France* is seen as we leave its grand old Phœcean port. "If Paris had its Cannebière, it would be Marseilles," say its shabby citizens; but Marseilles could give Paris a hundred Cannebières, and still, from the height of its 2400 years, afford to look down upon its gaudy parvenu rival. Beautiful it looks now, nestling at the feet of its golden Virgin of Notre Dame de la Garde, glittering like a sun lighthouse,



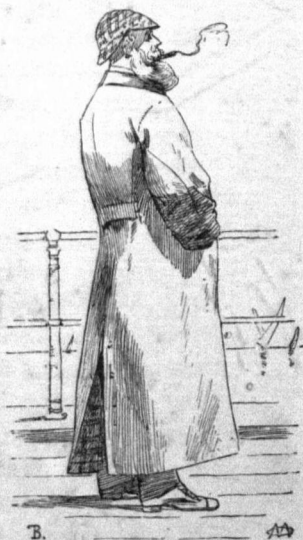
guarded by its saints militant, Forts Saint Jean and Saint Nicholas. The Chateau d'If and the Isle Mairé stand stern and forbidding, but beyond we see the lovely coast of Provence, rich in all colour from sun and sea and sky.



The shouting, which seems necessary to safe navigation for the first few hours, was gradually toning down; and the sailors, settling themselves into little groups against the bulwarks, and furtively smoking the vilest *caporal* from their short pipes, were discussing their experiences of the few days they had passed among the land-lubbers. The monotonous throb of the engines, the flapping of the cordage, the premonitory groans of a few passengers, who were inviting sea-sickness in their cabins, and the rattling of plates in the pantry, were the only sounds which reached the Sketcher and the Scribbler as they tramped the deck, and discussed the age, station, calling, and relationship of the few passengers who had not already gone below.

There was a portly Britisher, whose sense of dignity, and a desire to prove that he individually represented a nation that ruled the waves, was struggling hard with a

conviction that the waves should be ruled straighter, and that at this particular juncture they were acquiring more control than was becoming over the region covered by his capacious white waistcoat. The mingled dignity and helplessness of his demeanour recalled irresistibly the Turtle of Wonderland; and the two fresh-looking daughters who were with him fitted naturally to their sobriquets of Turtle-Doves. A lanky American, of some six feet three, was trying hard, with the aid of a telescope of about his own length and breadth, to assume a nautical air. But Nature reasserted itself; for piteously appealing to a typical Englishman, who, arrayed in an ulster, was dealing death to him with every whiff of his cigar, he remarked, "We long-built men feel the motion a deal more than them as has their innards slung lower," and went below. A scion of England's later aristocracy was maintaining his reputation as a man about town by sucking the handle of his cane; but these, a German savant, an English clergyman, and a lady of



uncompromising principles and bonnet, were the sole occupants of the deck.

Early next morning the sea had got tired of what the American called its waltz, and had settled down to the demeanour of a stately chaperone. The sun shone as it only shines in the Mediterranean, without the vulgar ostentation of the tropics, and with none of that timid reserve to which we are accustomed in England. It shone as if it shone for its own pleasure, with a desire to make things pleasant for the insignificant world below; and the sea was grateful, for it answered with its merriest laugh, and gave itself up as a mirror to reflect His Majesty's glories. And Corsica, lying in the distance, looked grateful; the mountain tops were still covered with snow, but they blushed pink as the sun slanted across them, and made the dark rugged cliffs, scattered with sparse woodland, look their best.

B.



It was one of the Turtle-Doves who began it, that merry cry of "Corsica!" and a group of muslin took it up, passed it on to a group of youngsters on the way to their regiments in Egypt, and so it went round the ship, sounding now like a *feu-de-joie*, now like a volley, and at last dying away in minute-guns. Corsica! Corsica!! Corsica!!! and the laziest rose from his seat, to be able to say that he had seen it, while the more conscientious consulted their guide-books, and a Herr Doctor in spectacles took out a chart of prodigious dimensions, to satisfy himself that Corsica stood where it did.

The Turtle was a member of the British Legislature, who felt that his mission in life was the imparting of solid information, and who was not to be deterred from the fulfilment of it. Ostensibly addressing the Doves, but generously raising his voice for the benefit of the company, he raised his right flapper, and pointing in the direction of the island, said, "The birthplace of Bonyparty, a very remarkable man." Perhaps the Sketcher felt that it was a generous admission; at all events he said, "Yonder is Elba." The Turtle bowed,



"B

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and again raising his flapper, said, "And there is where he died;" but, with sudden doubts as to his historical accuracy, he lifted the other fin, and pointed it in a direction which might be supposed to vaguely indicate the direction of St. Helena. He observed the Sketcher taking, at the moment, a hurried note, and, relapsing from his semaphore attitude, remarked to the Doves that the young man seemed intelligent and anxious to acquire information; "for a Frenchman, remarkably so," he added, as he glowed with a conscious feeling of toleration towards inferiors.

"Look at Monte Christo," cried the Sketcher, as a rocky outline appeared on the horizon. "History and romance facing one another, and who shall say which has the best of it? You now, Scribbler mine, who try to prove the world a thing of dry facts and figures, sewers and drains, practical man as you are, will you deny that even the creation of the wildest imagination has not been beaten by your own facts?"

"Facts, my enthusiastic friend! What are facts? Do you mean Thiers's facts, or Napoleon le Petit's facts? Do you expect me to take history as proof of facts, when you know the very man's existence is capable of logical disproof? There was probably a substratum of truth in Monte Christo. Reduce the two stories to their naked facts, and then we will judge."

The Turtle, who had never heard of Whately or Dumas, found himself out of his depth; but she, who had been already christened the Fond Dove, encouraged by the previous parental approval, smiled at the Sketcher, who lay at her feet from that hour. And the Fair Dove asked the Scribbler if he were going to Cairo; and when he replied that he was afraid so, she quoted to him pages of "Murray," and so the acquaintance began—an acquaintance pleasant indeed, but which had its drawbacks, for the ever-conscientious Turtle saw an occasion not to be missed. For years he had been struggling to catch the Speaker's eye, to unbosom himself on Egypt; and though, because he had once been a Cabinet Minister, he had twice hooked that slippery optic, it had, to his surprise, only resulted in a "count out." Now was his opportunity. Drawing his heels together, protruding his waistcoat and chin, and apostrophising the nearest mast as an imaginary Speaker, he began: "In the complicated series of blunders in which, so to speak, the mummy of the Egyptian question is swathed"—when the luncheon-bell ringing, carried away his audience, and left him speaking.

The next day brought the *Maris* off Naples, and the glassy stillness of the sea reflecting Vesuvius, Ischia, Nisida, and Procida as in a mirror, left the most inveterate of sea-sick sufferers no excuse to remain below. Even that

never-absent female, who in any possible voyage is firmly convinced that she will be drowned in the Bay of Biscay, appeared on deck, arrayed in a bonnet which was apparently adapted to serve in case of need as a life-buoy. Is it necessary to describe the Neapolitan shore, from Castellamare the stately to Posilipo the beautiful? Are we not rather intent on more Eastern scenes than these, sung of from Horace to Lamartine? Need we linger over the forgotten terrors of Scylla and Charybdis, the gardens of Messina, the majesty of Etna, and the cerulean Calabrian coast? The *Maris* has passed them all, and is in the waste of sea that will not be broken till she sights the Alexandria light. The party have shaken down, as the stiffest of parties will do on a sea-voyage. The Turtle is less dogmatic; the Sketcher is pretending to give drawing lessons to the Fond Dove; while the Fair One is relaxing the cynicism of the Scribbler under a course of Browning. The Patrician has emerged from sea-sickness with more sense of toleration towards his fellow-sufferers; the American has vainly endeavoured to start a business connection in hides, which he explains is his specialty; and Ulster, ever genial and content, has managed to keep the whole party in good-humour with themselves and each other.

The last night had arrived; the *Maris* was due early next morning at Alexandria, and our little party were pouring forth their stores of information or imagination regarding Egypt for mutual benefit. The young Patrician was naturally a violent Radical; and the Turtle, having made his money in soap, as decided a Conservative. "We should never have touched the country, sir, but for your fatal Conservative interference," said the first. "We should never have made ourselves contemptible there, if we had been in power," replied the other.

"Now that," said the Sketcher, "is the peculiarity of your English party politics. I invariably find that the party in power, and the party in opposition, are agreed on one point, and that is, that whatever has been done, has been done badly and under pressure from the party out of office. 'Why did you go to Egypt?' says one. 'Because you compelled us,' replies the other. The idea



that, any one party, ministry, or man should have a policy of their own, is absent from English politics."

"Yes," said Ulster. "'Please, sir, 'twasn't me, 'twas t'other boy,' would summarise most of our debates on foreign politics. But perhaps it's as dignified as sending in an ultimatum one week and going off to Jaffa the next, to the tune of '*Partant pour la Syrie*,' as your fleet did, my good friend."

"Leaving to the British fleet the sole glory of bombarding a helpless town," said the Frenchman.

"The town was not helpless, and was not bombarded," replied the other. "The forts were silenced one day, and only one shot was fired the next day, while the 'helpless' soldiery were firing the town, massacring Christians, and ill-treating even native women. On the whole, throughout this Egyptian business we behaved with singular clemency and good faith."



A Fellah Woman.

The discussion became general and was getting warm. The Gallic blood of the Sketcher had been aroused against Ulster, and the Turtle and the Patrician were gradually working their way back into the Middle Ages, in an attempt to fix the origin of our intervention in Egypt.

The Scribbler, who had gravely followed the discussion with the silence becoming a person of authority, summed up the debate with cynical impartiality. "As for the origin of the whole matter, it would be about as useful to discuss the origin of the siege of Troy. Put it down as the offspring bred by human nature out of geographical position nursed by national imbecility. Let us go back a little. Palmerston, so far as I know, never read history, but *knew* it, so avoided logical will-o'-the-wisps with a true instinct. Perhaps you don't know that he refused the Protectorate of Egypt when Abbas offered to throw over the Sultan, but it's a fact."

"You mean from the Czar Nicholas?" said the Turtle.

"No, I don't; that was another offer refused; but I refer to a distinct, specific offer on the part of Abbas, then Viceroy of Egypt, to place himself under the protection of England instead of that of the Sultan. Palmerston refused; he said that we did not require Egypt; but when Abbas's successor encouraged the Suez Canal, Palmerston saw as clearly as Alexander that, if the project succeeded, Egypt would become of vital importance to the mistress of India. Did he believe all he said about the certain failure of Lesseps and his visionary schemes? I don't know; but in any case, the wish was father to the thought, and there

is no better proof of his foresight than the cautious answer he gave as an explanation of his opposition to the scheme: 'Remote speculations with regard to easier access to our Indian possessions, only requiring to be indistinctly shadowed forth to be fully appreciated.' He recognised, and even predicted, that if a practical waterway were created between the two seas, England would be compelled, sooner or later, to annex Egypt,—that, in fact, we must either hold Egypt or lose India."

The Turtle opined that the Canal could never be depended upon, and that England would have to rely on quick transports by the Cape.

"Excuse me," said the Scribbler, "if I point out that that argument is the result of a singular confusion of ideas. The ordinary British mind can only take in one idea at a time, and that very slowly. It took it a long time to realise that the Suez Canal had altered the situation as regarded Egypt itself. Having at last grasped the importance of the Suez Canal, it dropped all idea of Egypt, just as a monkey drops one nut when you offer it another, though a smaller one. *1st idea*: Egypt is of no importance; *2nd idea*: Egypt is of importance because of Suez Canal; *3rd idea*: Therefore Suez Canal is of importance; *4th idea*: Therefore Egypt is of no importance. Now, because we realise that the Suez Canal is of importance, surely there is no need to forget the importance of Egypt's land route; and if we cannot rely on the Suez Canal (which is an open question), there is all the more reason to hold on to the alternative. If we found our advantage in transporting troops across Egypt during the Indian Mutiny, when there was no Canal, does that advantage disappear because there is another doubtful route running parallel to it? And when you talk of quick steamers round the Cape, you forget that there is nothing to prevent the same speed in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Quickened your transport either way, by all means; but you cannot get over the 4300 miles difference between the two routes, and, even at thirty miles an hour, that is six days. Six days in which you may lose or save your Empire! Besides, if Egypt is useless to you,—if the Mediterranean is a *cul de sac*, leading to nowhither, through seas where you have to run the gauntlet of hostile fleets,—of what use are Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus? Be consistent; and when you give up Egypt, give up those also. A year later you will have no trouble in getting rid of India too."

"Stop a bit," said the Patrician. "You said that we sent troops through Egypt during the Mutiny. Well, we didn't garrison Egypt then; why should we not withdraw from the country now, and still be able to cross it if we wished to?"

“Because, my dear boy, 1857 is not 1887. The Crimean war was just over then; France was our ally; Turkey our humble servant; Russia temporarily exhausted; Germany and Italy non-existent. Is that the position to-day? And, lastly, if you want another reason, because we were not in possession then, and we are in legal occupation now. To take is one thing, to give up is another.”

“For a somewhat reserved son of honest Britain, I think,” said the Sketcher, “that that is a very fair exposition of England’s declared policy of retirement from Egypt.”

“I am not called upon,” replied the Scribbler, “to expound or to subscribe to the absurd engagements entered into by a Government which made two contradictory and equally impossible promises. I might, if I chose, refer you to Mackenzie Wallace’s argument, and say that in such a case the less important promise must give way to the other; but not being politicians, let’s do away with casuistry, and the cant—pardon me, Ulster—of ‘singular clemency and good faith.’ We showed just the same amount of the latter as you do when you pay an overdue bill under pressure. As to clemency, it’s true that we only *fired* at the forts; but as our shells riddled that lighthouse, which by special order the gunners were instructed to avoid, perhaps it’s of more importance to consider what we hit than what we fired at. We certainly didn’t do much damage to the inhabited quarters of the town *directly*, but *indirectly*, by failing to send troops, or even to land four hundred marines, we are morally responsible for all that happened and the burning of Alexandria must remain, what Wolseley called it, ‘a lasting disgrace to the British navy.’ As to our not firing the next day, let’s be silent about it. There’s not much merit in it when you happen to have fired away the last shot from your locker; and seeing that there were representatives of some half-dozen doubtfully friendly fleets within a few miles, it’s not pleasant to think that if one or two had turned on us, we should have had to make a bolt for it.”

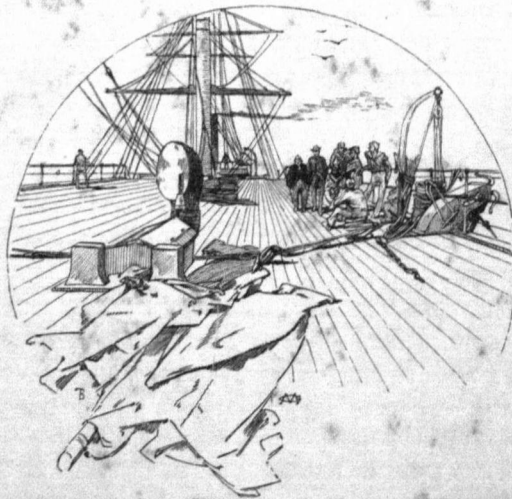
“Is that true?” asked Ulster.

The Scribbler rose. “You had better ask the Admiralty, who, to save a few pounds in coal, sent the *Hecle* with the ammunition from Malta under canvas, so that she arrived twenty-four hours too late. Of course they’ll deny it, as they denied sending the marines without arms, and the *Orontes* without troops on board, but it’s true none the less.”

“Scribbler,” said the Sketcher solemnly, as they left the deck, “I have a favour to beg. To-morrow we land at Alexandria, and yonder light on Pharos is the morning star that heralds me to the glorious East. Let me entreat you to

abstain from immoderate indulgence in Blue Books. Put your spirit in unison with the surroundings with which we shall be environed. Remember that we shall land amidst the ruins of Ptolemy; that we shall breathe the air of Cleopatra, and be pacing the groves of the Platonists. A few days more, and we shall have plunged into the dreamland of Haroun el Raschid; and yet a few weeks will see us in the temples of Osiris, amidst the shades of Ramses. Remember that the difference between life and death is only accordance or want of accordance with our environments; and let me live!"

The Scribbler was touched by the agonised tone of the appeal. "There doesn't happen," he said, "to be any light on Pharos, but only ruins, not of Ptolemy, but of Beauchamp Seymour. Your morning star is rising and setting every two minutes in a rather ugly lighthouse of the nineteenth century. You will find the air of Cleopatra very much like that of most other decomposed matter; and the groves of the Platonists are converted into peculiarly ugly buildings, mostly tenanted as *café-chantants* of a third-rate order. I might then ask you to put yourself in accordance with these environments, and become a practical travelling companion; but I will not ask impossibilities. I will do my best, and to-morrow shall see me a changed character."



CHAPTER II.

Alexandria—A well-meant effort at the poetical—An artistic discussion—Perspective and Ru-tew-shan—Odours of Araby—The bombardment—Alexandria of the Ptolemies—Rhacotis—Heptastadium—Museum—Library—The oldest street in the world—The Soma—The Panecum—Theatre—Canopic Gate—Cæsareum—Nineteenth-century Vandals—Pompey's Pillar—Serapeum.

THE next morning at daybreak, the *Mavis* was steaming over the rocky bar into Alexandria harbour. To the Sketcher, with his strongly imaginative temperament, all things alike, old and new, were objects of delight. The low sandy shore to the west; the little villas of Ramleh to the east; the ungainly windmills and hideous palace of Mex; even the dilapidated stuccoed Ras el Tin itself seemed bathed in Oriental splendour. The pilot's "half-a-speed-astern" impressed him. "It had," he said, "precisely that mellifluous guttural sound which he had always associated with Arabic;" and it required some argument from Ulster to convince him that he was mistaken. As for the Scribbler, he had a preoccupied air, as of one who had been wearied with midnight study. It was abstractedly that he answered his companion's eager inquiries; uncontradicted, he allowed the Turtle to point to a factory chimney as Pompey's Pillar, and to expatiate upon the unmistakable grace of what he called "the Monolith;" and even when, later, one of the Doves remarked that the Monolith was smoking, his smile was unusually grave. He submitted with unwonted meekness to the obstreperous appeals of the numerous Alis and Mahomets, as they divided his portmanteau among them and struggled for his person. It was with a sigh of relief that he escaped from the Custom-House, seized the Sketcher by the arm, and, pointing to a Maltese engaged in a scuffle with a Greek, began as follows: "Do you see Abn Hassan at the city gate? and there is Haroun el Raschid quietly coming up in that disguise of a city merchant. There is Sinbad the porter, too, hurrying to Sinbad the sailor; these minarets make the city so beautiful; the heavy mound-like domes"——

The Sketcher was disturbed; in the dirty, semi-European faces around him he could recognise none of the wonders described by his ordinarily practical

friend ; besides, the words sounded familiar to him. "There's something like that in an American book," he said.

"Good heavens ! you've read it, then ! Why, I sat up all last night learning pages on purpose to please you ; and there's lots more of it," he added pathetically ; "but what's the use ?"

"None whatever, my friend. I too have been striving to change my skin and become practical. That 97½ pounds make a piaster, or 97½ piasters a pound, I am convinced, but I cannot remember which. Let us give it up. Keep you to the practical side of this trip, and leave to me the artistic ! Is it a bargain ?"

"Agreed," said the other ; "I will write fact, and you shall paint pictures."

"Let us hope, at least," said the Fond One, "that the facts will be as true as Art."

"As true as Art ! As if Art, or painting, at least, were ever true. Your truest picture is a framed untruth !"

"The Scribbler is only happy when indulging in paradoxes," explained his friend.

"Paradox ! do you call that a paradox which is self-evident. Take this sketch now," he continued, taking the block from the Sketcher's hands ; "what is that but a conventional representation of a street ? That house is a hundred yards away, this one is ten yards off, and you represent them on a plane. You call it drawn in perspective ; but what is perspective but a term invented to get over the difficulty ? Your educated eye, as you call it, recognises its rules ; but the Chinese eye is just as educated, only with other rules ; so he ignores your perspective, draws in accordance with rules of his own, called *Ru-tew-shan*, and equally thinks he has got over the difficulty."

"But I see no difficulty to get over," said the Sketcher.

"Of course you don't. Your eyes have been so educated, that to you there is nothing absurd in a European picture drawn in accordance with the rules of perspective, just as to the Chinaman there is nothing absurd in his pictures drawn according to the rules of *Ru-tew-shan*. None the less the one and the other is equally untrue to nature, and equally false. If you want a proof, show a child of artistically uneducated parents that porter, and ask what he is. He will say, a man carrying a trunk tied on to his head, and a very shabby bag in



A Seller of Drinks.

his hand. From such a description you may recognise that it is a porter carrying my modest luggage. Now, show this sketch, which you all doubtless recognise, to the same child, and ask him what it is. He will say it is a white sheet of paper with black marks on it. Turn it right way up or upside down, and he will say the same—a sheet of paper with black marks on it, that's what he would say; and he would be right, for that's precisely what it is;" and he returned it to the disgusted artist.



A Native Shayal.

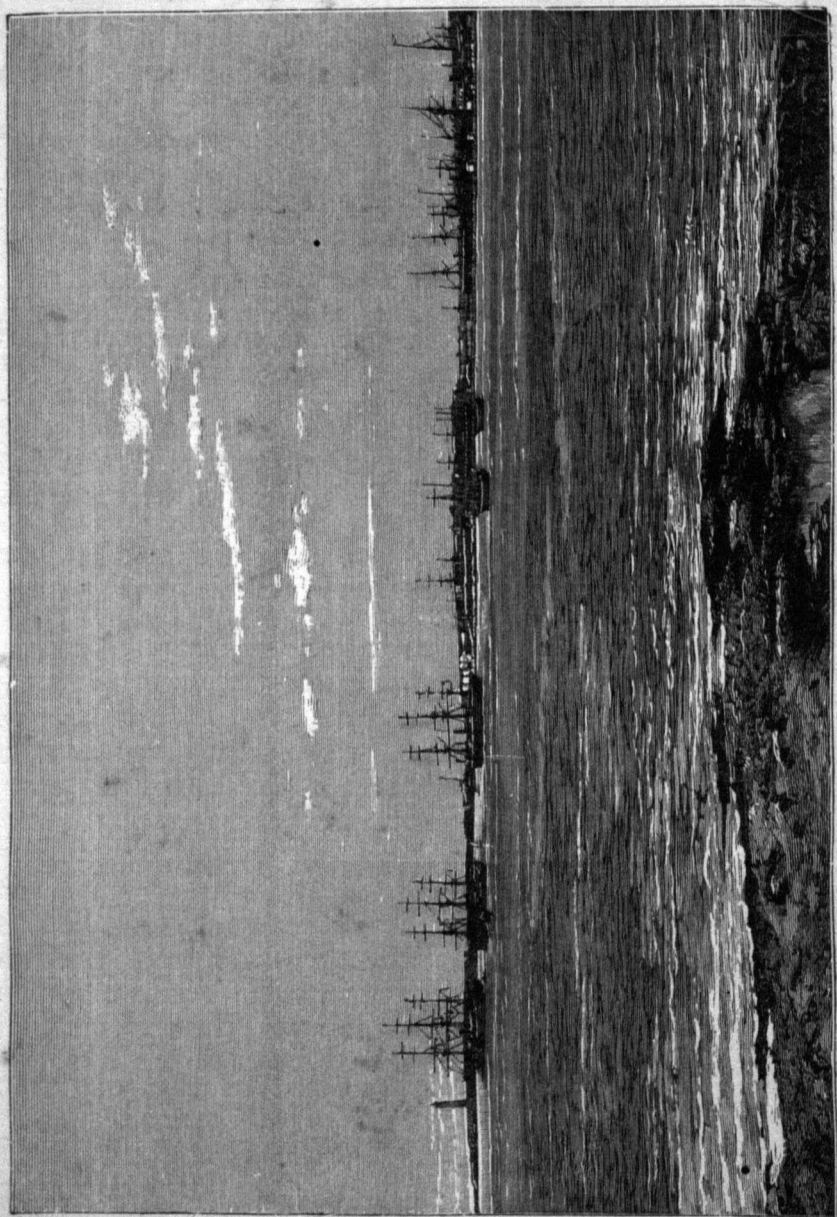
"You seem, sir," said the Turtle, "to have given this subject considerable and lengthy study."

"I have," said the Scribbler; "in fact," he added in an undertone, "ever since that fellow began pulling about my baggage; and now that he's done, we may as well go."

The rest of the party expressed an intention of going in carriages, but the Sketcher vowed that he could descend to nothing so occidental, and ordered camels. Nothing more resembling them than donkeys could, however, be found; and as the rest stoutly refused this mode of conveyance, a compromise was effected. The least disreputable-looking Mahomet was intrusted with the luggage, to take to the Hotel Abbat, and the whole party agreed to walk. The resolution was

carried out not without persistent opposition from numerous donkey-boys, who loudly vociferated the excellent qualities of their beasts. Two of them, respectively named "Bradlaugh" and the "Bishop of London," were finally loaded with the luggage, and ambled ahead in genial fellowship, urged thereto with language of a character which even the Sketcher could not conscientiously mistake for Arabic.

The way from the harbour leads through narrow streets, filled with the offscourings of all nations, and pervaded by an odour to which one becomes rapidly accustomed in Egypt; its basis is unmistakable dirt—rich Nile mud, but adulterated with saturation of garlic, peppermint, arachi, putrid fish, and worse. In different parts of the country, one or other of these extra ingredients predominates over the rest; but they are always all present in a more or less degree, and combine every odour which decomposed animal or vegetable matter is capable of producing. The Scribbler was useful as a guide, and comparatively cheerful; for he explained that he had already gone through all the diseases which were inevitable to first-comers, and so felt personally safe. On the left side of the narrow street up which they passed, he was able to point



The Harbour of Alexandria.

out the house from which had been supplied the "nabouts" with which, on the fatal 11th June 1882, the Christians had been assaulted; and close to it was the Zaptieh, or police-station, whither the unhappy victims fled, only to be shot down by the guardians of order. Turning here to the right, the old Heptastadium, now Frank Street, is entered, through which, amid flames and in danger of falling ruins, the marines entered the town a month later, after the forts had been silenced; and suddenly, at a point where, in Napoleon's time, ended the town, which then contained only six thousand inhabitants, opens out the great square, "Place des Consuls," now "Place de Mehemet Ali." In the centre of it stands the bronze statue of the great Roumeliote; and Scribbler told how, when he last entered it, the statue stood alone, red hot, the square an almost complete rectangle of fire strewed with corpses, and moving among them only two devoted priests, who had stood all the horrors of those nights. Let their names be recorded once more—Père Guillaume, a Franciscan, and Frère Mivielle, a Lazarist.

The ordinary traveller who comes to Egypt disdains Alexandria. He comes to see the land of the Nile, associated somewhat vaguely in his mind with vast antiquity, which he would perhaps describe as consisting of pyramids, Pharaohs, and mummies, or, at the very least, the legendary genii of the "Arabian Nights." Instead of this, he finds a modern town, possessing little pretensions to beauty, and small trace of antiquity: so he hurries on to Cairo, and can see nothing in the commercial capital of Egypt but the commonplace resort of Levantine usurers. And yet, if he would linger a little, he would gain all the clearer insight into the world which he is about to enter without comprehension. If we were as anxious to find indications of prescience in the works of man as in those of nature, we might prove that there was a secret and beneficent purpose in making Alexandria the first stepping-stone into the East. For not only the beauties, but the inconveniences of the Orient, are here broken to us gently. The streets are paved and watered; the shops rival those of any but those of the first European cities; and the very odours are mitigated to suit the untried occidental palate. On the other hand, the Eastern sky, though pleasant, is apt to be murky; the fierce sun is tempered by the cool breeze; and the interesting



A Jewish Scribe.

Oriental who salutes you in the *Lingua Franca* is probably a Jewish saraffe, and possibly smells of spirits. And the position which Alexandria occupies towards the rest of Egypt, as the point of transition from West to East, is similar, though conversely, to that which she holds from an historical point of view. It is at Alexandria that the histories of the East merge with those of the West; that we find in the period of the Ptolemies a stepping-stone between the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Egypt of the Arab. He who looks for many traces of antiquity will indeed fail to find them; but surely it is a dull mortal who requires the tangible object before him to excite his imagination, and who is unable to derive any pleasure from the dream of association alone. The town which was founded by Alexander, defended by Cæsar, and captured by Bonaparte surely merits some consideration.

Is it nothing to you that at almost the spot where you landed, landed some 2200 years ago the great Macedonian himself, at what was then the fishing-village of Rhacotis? Here, beneath the very streets through which you walk to reach the square, was the Heptastadium, the narrow causeway originally connecting "the rocky isle of Pharos" with the mainland, increased by accumulated soil, assigned as dwelling-place to the Franks in Arab times, and now, when the pushing Christians have extended the town to almost the limits of the old city, become the Arab quarter. Here, in the great square, we are in a modern quarter, formed by the soil which collected at the point where the Heptastadium joined the mainland. At the top of the square, and just as we enter Cherif Pasha Street, with the New Bourse on our right, we are really crossing the old city walls, and entering the town just where stood the public granaries, stretching down to the now unused harbour on our left. Walk up Cherif Pasha Street, named after Egypt's late easy-going Premier, and beneath these new-built houses and shops are the ruins of the old town; and when you get to the top of the street you will find yourself—where? If you consult the legend in black and white before you, you will see that you are facing the "British Main Guard;" but if you let your imagination lead you a little, you can think that you are facing the great Museum; for something more than legend makes us certain that it was here. Where that sentry is tramping, paced Euclid, and Clemens, and later Origen. In the groves which stretched behind, where now stand ugly buildings and the railway station, disputed Athanasius and Arius, Cyril and Hypatia—the disciples of Christ, of Aristotle, and of Sefapis. Behind, again, lay the Library of 100,000 volumes, including the Septuagint—the Library destroyed not by Amru, but by the flames of the ships fired by the great Julius, which spread, and spared the Museum itself, but

destroyed its never-to-be-restored treasures. It is to the labour of Alexandrians on this spot that we owe not only the text of Homer, but that translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek which drew into the young Church of Christ all that was best and noblest from all rival creeds. "The Platonist saw in Christianity a fuller and clearer embodiment of the noble ideas of his philosophy than could be seen in Judaism; the Hebrew saw in it the extension of the fate of Abraham and the promises to the whole race of man; the Egyptian saw in it the great doctrines of the divine unity and man's future condition, which had only just disappeared from his religion in the shock of its contact with philosophy."¹

The very street we are standing in, now the fashionable drive to Ramleh and the Canal, thronged with luxurious carriages and needy beggars, is probably the very oldest in the world that still maintains its purpose. Laid out some 2000 years ago, it stretched from the Necropolis Gate to the west—where now you will find leviathan steamers loading cotton and grain at the quay—to the Canopic Gate, beyond the limits of the present town. That part which lies to our right as we face the Museum extends now but a little way, and then loses itself among foundries, Italian schools, and gardens, within which latter lies the old English Cemetery, containing the graves of some of those Englishmen who lost their lives in the Abercromby campaign of 1800. But to the left, going eastward, we can still follow the exact road as traced by the hands of Alexander. Here, next to the Museum, where you see lofty houses, was the Soma, with the bodies of the kings, and that of the great Alexander himself, in about the centre of his city; for Ptolemy Lagus stole the body of his great master from Perdikkas, who was carrying it from Babylon, and placed it here in its golden coffin. Ptolemy Cocæus stole the gold coffin, and replaced it by a glass one; but who shall find it now, whether of crystal or metal, beneath these deposits of ages?



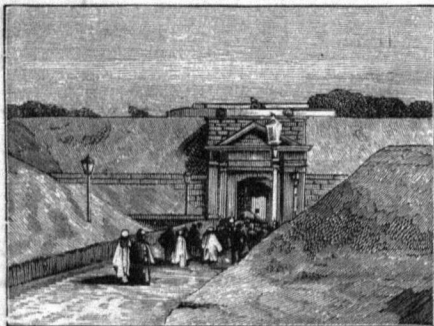
Arab Beggars.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Still a little farther on, and always on the right hand, you see the hill now called Kom el Dikk (Hill of the Cock). Here stood the Paneum, an artificial

¹ "Cities of Egypt." R. S. Poole.

height, as it seems to this day, "of a conical form, with a spiral ascent," says Strabo; but of this there is no trace now, nor from its reduced summit can you see any longer the whole city. On the other side of the road, opposite to the



Rosetta Gate.

Paneum, but at some distance, and near to the sea, stood the Theatre; and passing still on, we reach the modern walls and Rosetta Gate, where stood the Gymnasium with its furlong porticoes; and beyond that, again, we reach the well-marked ridge of the French lines, carried by Abercromby in 1800, where stood the Canopic Gate and the walls of ancient Alexandria. And of all this, nothing remains but the street itself, with here and there a granite pillar or a mutilated statue.

Retracing our steps to the point at which we have fixed the Soma, opposite to where now stands the Theatre Zizinia, we shall find a second road intersecting the first, and having the same claims to antiquity. This road, now called after the Prophet Daniel, contains the tomb of a late Viceroy, Said Pasha, and southward leads to the Moharrem Bey Gate, passing between the sites of the Museum and the Soma. Following it, however, northward, we find ourselves confronted at the end by the familiar "Lion and Unicorn" of the British Consulate. The worthy representative of Britain exercises alike the justice of the Consular court and the hospitality of his own house on the threshold of the Cæsareum. It overlooked the greater harbour, now singularly misnamed the New Port; beneath its waters you may trace the ruins, though little more than the foundations. Here was besieged by the Alexandrians the great Julius, and here Cleopatra lost an empire with Mark Antony. There, to the right, she could see the Lochias Palace with its royal port, the castellated island of Antirhoodos, the Timonium at her feet, which was to be the last refuge of her lover, and stretching away to the left the Poseidium and the Pharos of her ancestors. Here, too, in later days, under Theodosius, Cyril, real ruler of Egypt, held his priestly state, and issued his orders that revenged on the infidels the Christian massacres of past centuries. Of its grandeur nothing remains; the two obelisks, which had survived the Roman and Arab conquests, were destined to fall into the hands of those later barbarians, the Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century. They stand on the Thames Embankment and in the Central Park of New York,



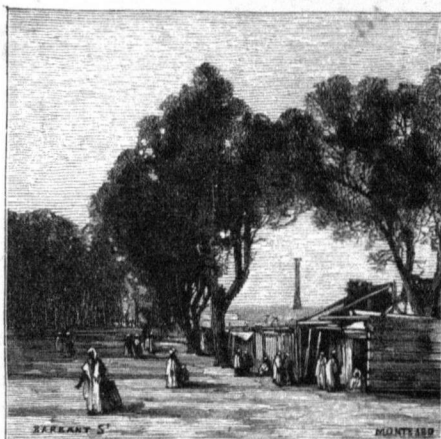
A Street in the Arabian Quarter of Alexandria.

as a testimony to the wealth, perseverance, engineering skill, and consummate vulgarity of the people who removed them.

" And thou, Cleopatra's Needle, that hadst thrid
Great skirts of Time ere she and Antony hid
Dead hope !—hast thou too reached, surviving death,
A city of sweet speech scorned, on whose chill stone
Keats withered, Coleridge pined, and Chatterton,
Breadless, with poison froze the god-fired breath? "

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

Away to the south-west, crossing again the square, and passing through one of the gates of the town, we come upon a high eminence, crowned by the pillar which we may call Pompey's or Diocletian's with almost equal inaccuracy. That it had nothing to do with the great Pompey may be admitted; for not only did he never reach Alexandria, but he only came to Egypt itself to be defeated and killed near the modern Port Said; and certainly Alexandrians were the least likely of people to raise a column to a defeated hero. Nor has Diocletian much more right to have his name associated with it. It is possible, or indeed even probable, that, as it stands to-day, with its ungainly base and vulgar capital, it was erected in honour of the persecuting Emperor, who at last staid his hand. It may, too, have been still further disfigured by the statue, either



Distant View of Pompey's Pillar.

of himself, or, as others relate, of his horse, whose stumbling was interpreted as the omen which saved the city. But all this does not justify the title of Diocletian to a column which formed part of a building erected five hundred years before he was born. Similar nomenclature would justify the absurd title of Cleopatra's Needle, or, for that matter, Wilson's Needle, to the obelisk of Thothmes III. The column was a part of the Serapeum. On the highest point of Rhacotis, Ptolemy Philadelphus placed the statue of Serapis, and around it grew the Acropolis of the Greek town. The cult of the god (Osiris-Apis—Serapis) died hard in the city of Alexandria. Long after the religion of the Cross had driven the idolaters from the rest of the town, those who still resisted it found their refuge here. Here was their Library, with volumes greater in number at least than those

which had been already burnt. Here mixed the philosophies of Egypt and of Greece, hurling their Parthian shafts at their victorious foe. And when "the pious indignation of Theophilus" could no longer restrain itself at the furious raging of the heathen, it was here that he pursued them; it was their temple which they turned into a fortress, and where they found a horrible alternation to their sufferings in torturing their Christian prisoners at the foot of the statue of their god. Nothing else remains of the arched portico, the hundred steps which led to it, the stately halls, or the marvellous statues. Through two thousand years the column has looked down upon the struggles of rival creeds and rival empires. Greek and Roman, Turk and Arab, Infidel and Christian, Jew and Moslem, have each struggled at its feet; and in the city of Alexander, where Cæsar and Bonaparte triumphed, it remains the one memorial which survives the British occupation.



A Copt of Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

Ramleh—Mahmoudieh Canal—Nicopolis—An Egyptian judge—The luxury of the law—Consular protection or free-trade in crime—The temple of Arsinoë—The hair of Berenice—An early Christian cemetery.

IT was at the particular request of the Sketcher that the party agreed to miss the evening's express, and devote the afternoon to an excursion to Ramleh. The Scribbler maintained that it was a waste of precious time; that the so-called Brighton of Alexandria was a Cockneyfied desert, with houses scattered like tombs in a cemetery, wherein the pious Alexandrians secluded themselves, to prepare for the next world by abusing their neighbours in this. On this one point, however, the Sketcher was immovable; and declining steadfastly to reveal the reason of his obduracy, he succeeded in exciting the curiosity of the Doves, and, as a matter of course, from this moment carried his point. Driving then from Pompey's Pillar to the Canal, they passed along the shady banks to the east, and were repaid by the beauties of a drive which is perhaps unsurpassable in Cairo itself. The Scribbler indeed refused to be charmed; the Canal to him was nothing but the grave of the 20,000 lives which had been sacrificed to digging it; in the beauties of light and shade he detected rheumatism; beneath the brightest foliage lurked malaria; and in a baker's shop, which the Sketcher styled picturesque, he found only a hot-bed of cholera.

Leaving the Canal with its gardens, the road turned sharp to the north, and passing between a couple of small lakes, reached the continuation of the old Canopic road, already described. Again turning eastward, it led across the Desert, past the hideous modern palace of Ramleh, built on the site and from the very stones of Cæsar's camp at Nicopolis—the scene of the victories of Octavianus over Mark Antony, and of Abercromby over the French. Another mile brought the party to the Beau Mer, an hotel apparently designed to attract from without and to repel from within. The Sketcher, in pursuit of his mysterious purpose, had desired to be introduced to the oldest inhabitant of Nicopolis; and the Scribbler thought that he knew one man, who, from the patient

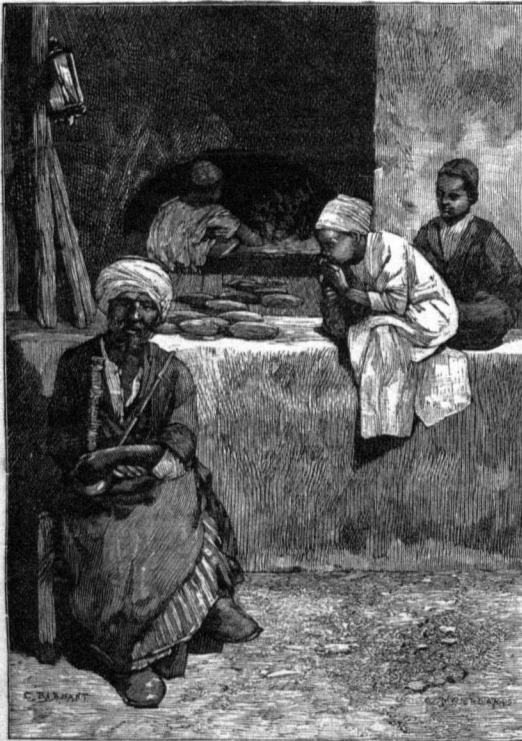
endurance of his disposition, might still have been able to support existence in the hotel. "He is," he explained, "a judge; but it is fair to state, in extenuation, that being an Anglo-Egyptian judge, he is naturally debased by no technical knowledge, and is as necessarily unpractical and unworldly wise. Were it otherwise, he would not have been appointed to the position, nor would he have accepted it. On the other hand, he is socially charming; will recite Tennyson and Swinburne by the hour, which will please you; and is

utterly ignorant of the country, which is an advantage for me."

The judge did not belie his reputation; he had been editor of a newspaper, secretary to a Duke—everything except a judge, and was therefore all that could be desired for the Egyptian bench.

In gentle, uncomplaining tones, he stated the one hardship of his lot—that for three days in the week, during nine months of the year, he had to sit for four hours in a court where the noisy arguments of counsel disturbed all the charm of conversation with his colleagues—"some of whom, I must admit," he added, "take their duties much too seriously, and, in fact, are as solemn as if they were beneficed clergymen of the Church of England."

"Are they all English?" asked the Sketcher.



A Bakery at Karmos.

"No," said the judge; "many of them are of your country, and of other nationalities. It requires the united intelligence of five nations to try every petty case. You see," he added solemnly, "the balance of power in Europe might be disturbed if an Englishman or Frenchman alone were to decide a question of five pounds between Ali Mahomet and Spiro Dimitri. So the other great Powers must be represented too; and Greece, because Spiro is a Greek, and Egypt, because Ali is an

Egyptian ; and if Greece, why not Holland and Denmark ? And then consider the important interests of the United States ! ”

“ And do you all have to listen to such a case ? ”

“ Listen ! well, we all *sit*, you see, and that is the main thing, next to our pay, which, I am glad to say, is regular. For myself, I generally do my private correspondence on the occasion. ”

“ And the rest ? ”

“ Well, you see there are some who have a difficulty in following the case, as they don't understand the language ; but there are generally one or two who can understand if they listen, and they *do* sometimes. ”

“ But,” said the Turtle, “ do you mean to say that this hollow mockery has to be gone through with every trifling offender—that the man who is guilty, say, of a common assault, is allowed thus to waste the time of this highly expensive bench ? ”

“ Not at all, my dear sir, not at all. So expensive are we, that we are reserved as a luxury for purely civil and commercial cases. Neither we, nor, so far as I know, any other Power in Egypt, have criminal jurisdiction. An Englishman, indeed, committing a crime, is subject to the authority of his Consul. He may be transported for life or condemned to death ; that is the peculiar privilege which he enjoys over every other person in Egypt—a privilege for which he pays five shillings annually. I believe,” he added gently, “ I am stating the fact ; if not, my friend will correct me. A free-born Briton differs from all other foreigners in Egypt in two particulars—the one, that he contributes five shillings yearly to the revenue of his country ; and the other, that he may be condemned to death by his country's representative. ”

“ At all events,” interposed the Sketcher, “ you have had, in exchange for your five shillings, the protection of a British fleet and some 30,000 British soldiers. You cannot say that the charge is excessive ? ”

“ No ! perhaps not,” said the other meditatively ; “ provided they remain in the country, I am not disposed to quarrel with the value which my Government attaches to its protection ; in that case the five shillings is not excessive. But if to-morrow the troops are to be removed, we shall certainly be in a distinctly worse position than we were before they came ; and I think I shall then be justified in reclaiming my accumulated five shillings with compound interest. ”

“ But,” asked the Turtle, “ returning to this question of criminal jurisdiction, I presume that other subjects are equally liable to their Consulates ; otherwise, what is the meaning of Consular protection ? ”

“ Consular protection,” explained the Scribbler, “ is, in Egypt, synonymous

with free-trade in crime. Except as regards Englishmen, there is no punishment for crime in Egypt. Natives, whether innocent or guilty, are punished or acquitted according to the price which it is convenient to pay for either condemnation or acquittal. As for other Europeans, they are amenable to their Consulates for misdemeanours; and for crimes, you may, if you like, prosecute them in Moscow, Athens, Copenhagen, or wherever else their supreme court lies."

"And these are the results of the capitulations?"

The Scribbler was preparing to reply, when the Sketcher interposed.

"Let me implore you to desist; the mere mention of the word involves a history of Egypt for the past seven hundred years. Let me change the subject, and ask you where is the temple of Arsinoe?"

The judge appealed to was mute.

"Do you mean, sir, that you have lived here all these years, and cannot direct us to the temple of Arsinoe, of Venus, of Berenice, of what you will?"

"I have heard of all the ladies in question," said the judge, "but have met no one of that description in Ramleh."

"And is this what you have brought us here for?" said the Scribbler; "is it for the sake of three miserable sandstone pillars that you have dragged us into the Desert? Come, you shall see them;" and he led the way to the sea.

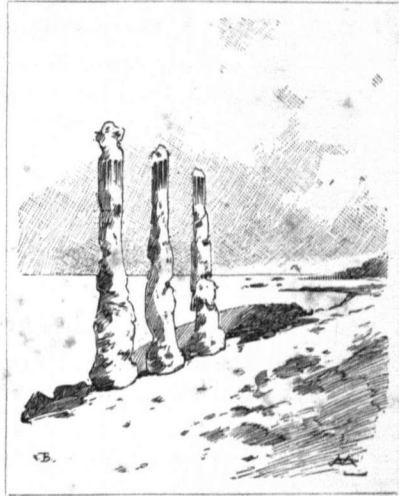
The weary sand which gives its name to the little suburb was sprinkled with ice-plants, poppies, anemones, and early spring flowers, together, it must be admitted, with a goodly number of old sardine-boxes, bottles, and other less romantic objects. Here and there, tents of Bedouins mingled among the houses; but the Bedouin, in the neighbourhood of civilisation, loses his charm and preserves his dirt. Clambering up a gently sloping hill, the party found at their feet the blue Mediterranean in wide expanse to the east, and to the west the outlines of Alexandria, stretching round the bay, and terminating far into the sea with the graceful fort of Pharos. Behind them, the Canal, with its gardens, formed a belt of green; beyond, as far as the eye could reach the Lake Mareotis; and at their feet, half way down the cliff, the remains of a small temple.

The few battered sandstone pillars, possessing, indeed, in themselves no remains of beauty, were not without attraction, due to their position on the rugged promontory, beneath which were still to be seen the remains of what perhaps were catacombs, and a passage which may have led to some subterranean refuge.

"Have none of you a word of gratitude to me for bringing you here?" said the Sketcher, as he expatiated on the view.

"The sea," said the Scribbler, "we have seen somewhat more than enough of lately; the sand, except that this is dirtier, we shall see more than enough of by-and-bye; to that add two or three pieces of sandstone, and what have we to thank you for?"

"To thank me for? man who pretends to be interested in historical associations! You have to thank me for bringing you to a spot where the wisest men of perhaps the wisest age, and the most beautiful women of the most beautiful age, racked their brains for the solution of a mystery, and solved it by inventing a constellation. Listen: when Ptolemy Euergetes was away on his Assyrian war" (B.C. 238, interposed the practical Scribbler), "Queen Berenice came here to Zephyrium, and sacrificing a bull to the gods on this very spot, vowed that, if they brought her husband home, she would cut her beautiful tresses, hang them up in this temple, and dedicate them to the sea-born goddess who protected sailors. When Euergetes returned a conqueror, the vow was kept—the locks were yielded to the knife, and hung up here. Imagine them as they floated round this pillar; and do you not see the pirate who, coming in round that point, is attracted by the glitter of what he mistakes to be gold. He has carried them off (for even pirates, Scribbler, had a love of the beautiful in those days), and the whole coast is in a transport of excitement at the audacious robbery. Here stood Ptolemy himself, the outraged Berenice, Callimachus summoned



Temple of Berenice.

from his library at Alexandria, and Theocritus, genial poet-laureate. The king has said that it must be found, and search is made along all the coasts, from Cyrene to Pelusium, and throughout the seaboard of the Empire. But Conon, wise man, is courtier as well as astronomer, and he discovers it. He is busy at the time making a chart of the heavens, and where so likely to be the golden tresses of lovely Berenice? There, sure enough, is a glittering group of stars between the Bear, the Lion, the Virgin, and Bootes, and as it hangs over the temple, he proclaims his discovery of a new constellation, "The Hair of Berenice!"

Can the most exacting monarch inquire farther? Can Berenice herself complain that the glory of her womanhood has preceded her to Elysium?"

"Did you invent that on the spot?" said the Scribbler.

"No, I did not; but, to be honest, I read it in a book."

"Then you are a pirate yourself!"

"Possibly; but always one with an appreciation of the beautiful!"

The Turtle remarked that the story didn't seem at all probable. The Fond

One looked appreciatively at the Sketcher, and hastily assured herself that her own hair had not gone the way of Berenice's. The judge sighed, and passed his hands through his own scant locks. "My Berenice was very beautiful," he said softly. "*Was* her name Berenice, though? No, it was Barbara I was thinking of; but *she* was very beautiful too."

The road back led through the old Nicopolis, where, 1900 years ago, Augustus defeated Antony; past a hideous palace, built by Ismail out of the ruins of Cæsar's camp; and the little white-domed mosque where Sir Ralph Abercromby was carried wounded during the battle of Alexandria, to be taken on board to die a few days later.

Reaching the high ridge known as the French lines, but marking also the walls of the town of Ptolemy, the party came on the recently excavated remains of a cemetery. Entering a doorway cut in the solid rock, they found themselves in a crypt containing tiers of cells, each with the remains of ten male skeletons; and beyond these more, some two hundred corpses in all. The rude cross, marked on the rock with the I.H.S., showed it to belong to the Christian era; not improbably it was the site of a monastery without the outer walls of the Cæsareum, and of about the sixth century.

"It is right," said the Scribbler, "that we should finish Alexandria with this latest discovery, and this latest of ruins, of the old city; for if, as seems probable, this is of the Justinian or Heraclian period, we have to-day seen almost the first and the last of the city as one of the mistresses of the world. Perhaps some of these bones had life when Amru entered Alexandria, and when the Crescent of Islam triumphed over the Cross of Christ in the city of one of her four great Churches Fostat



Peep-Show.



Street Cooking.

becomes the capital of the new Egypt of the Saracens, and for 1200 years Alexandria disappears from history.

We are so prone to measure everything by the standard of our own little lives, that we lose all count of time. We talk of Alexandria as an ancient city; connect it vaguely with Ptolemies, Cæsar, and sectarian struggles, and speak of an Alexandrian period as we speak of the Augustan or Victorian age. But the history of Alexandria is half the intellectual history of the world for nearly nine hundred years, and the two little ruins we have seen to-day are chronologically as far apart from one another as the Norman Conquest from our own day.



A Washerwoman.

CHAPTER IV.

Alexandria to Cairo—Egyptian railway administration—Harmless warfare—Surrender of Kafr Dawar—Blunt patriots—Taking of Tantah—Taking of Cairo.

THE next day, our travellers, who had apparently been definitely accepted as a recognised portion of the Turtle dovecot, had possessed themselves of a first-class carriage, and were crawling at the steady pace of an Egyptian locomotive to Cairo. The Sketcher had again expressed a desire to attempt the journey on camels.

The journey by Egyptian railway was, he argued, much less picturesque, and apparently not much more expeditious, than by caravan. The enduring Ship of the Desert, he maintained, would not lie down oftener than the engine broke down; the motion of either was equally likely to produce sea-sickness; and in both the time of arrival at one's journey's end seemed to depend upon the good-will of the drivers.

The Scribbler maintained that the comparison savoured of exaggeration. "The railway administration," he said, "like most



Interior of a Third Class Carriage.

others in Egypt, is managed by an International Board, and the working of the lines is therefore, to some extent, dependent upon the political relations of Europe, modified by the social relations existing between the directors' wives. The system is certainly not one which can be recommended, either for its

simplicity, economy, or practical results. That considerable loss is occasioned to the Egyptian Government, and the maximum of annoyance caused to all who use the lines, cannot be denied ; but the former should remember that it enjoys the protection of Her Majesty's Government, and must not grumble if it occasionally pays for it in the form of a useless official or two ; while the latter should learn to subordinate their own personal comfort to the political exigencies of Europe."

"But I cannot see," said the Turtle, "how politics enter into the management of the railway."

"The difficulty is not unnatural," replied the Scribbler, "but I will make it clear. The railways having been made the guarantee for a portion of the debt, it was necessary to see that the revenues reached the bondholders. It is true there were four (now six) gentlemen paid £3000 a year each for the sole purpose of protecting the bondholders' interests ; but this was not sufficient ; the railway must be put directly under European control. Considering the length of line and amount of traffic, it would not have been difficult to find a man capable of managing it ; but there arose a question of nationality. First, there must be an Egyptian, because it was an Egyptian railway ; and as he was useless, there must be a Frenchman to look after him ; and as, of course, the balance of power in Europe would otherwise be disturbed, a couple of Englishmen must be sent to look after the other two. A little later, the only capable man of the four having died, it was thought unnecessary to replace him."

"The arrangement seems preposterous enough," said the Turtle ; "but still, after all, each one, I presume, took a department, and so dispensed with the charge of some subordinate officials, who would otherwise be necessary."

"But you cannot think," said the Scribbler, "that gentlemen occupying these exalted positions would condescend to attend to such details. On the contrary, there are chiefs of every department, who do the work and manage the line—a chief of the permanent way, a chief of the rolling stock, a chief of the traffic, an inspector of telegraphs, a controller of the Port—all these officials conduct the business of the administration as well as they can."

"And what are the duties of the Board of Management?"

"Well, you see, they have always a good deal of personal abuse of each other to get through. Irritating the chiefs of departments occupies a considerable portion of their time ; and such as remains is spent in Europe, in hospital, or, on rare occasions, in prison."¹

"And, under all these difficulties, does the railway pay?"

¹ The railway administration has quite recently been somewhat improved.

"Well, if you take the value of the line at £10,000,000, which I suppose is a very large estimate, the dividend would be roughly five per cent. ; but then you must not attach much importance to that. The railway in Egypt is a monopoly, able to charge whatever rates it likes over two-thirds or more of the country. Under these circumstances, it succeeds, at the cost of about forty per cent. of its receipts, in keeping the line in its present ragged condition. The Board is very proud of its success, and points to the forty per cent. as proof that their management is, if nasty, at least cheap ; but if compelled by competition to carry cargo at rates charged in India or England, their working expenses would probably exceed their receipts, and the line prove as expensive as it is ill-managed. To give you an instance of mismanagement : Some years ago one of the chiefs of department found necessary a certain piece of work, which would cost £75. There was no question as to the necessity of the work, but it took fourteen months before the application had passed the necessary formalities before the Board. But then all was not over ; the chief of department found that he would also require the use of a truck for the work. All the negotiations had to begin over again, and, for all I know, are going on still."

"But is it not a fact," asked the Turtle, "that the amount of working expenditure is limited by agreement to a figure which is insufficient?"

"No ; that is a popular fallacy. The amount allowed may be insufficient, but they do not spend it ; they reduce the receipts by gross mismanagement ; they allow the whole material to go from bad to worse ; and then they complain that the administration is starved."

"Well," said the Sketcher, "I for one am grateful to them for the leisurely pace, which offers a pleasant opportunity for surveying the scenery, and for the long pauses at the stations, which enable one to study the manners and customs of the natives ;" for the Sketcher saw beauty where the Turtle saw only squalor and misery, and where the Scribbler saw neither.

"Your beauty," he said, "is nothing but your love for novelty. Prettier effects of light and shade, more beautiful combinations of colour, you can find in nearly every village of England or the South of Europe ; you pass them there because you are accustomed to them, and fall into ecstasies over this because it is new. That woman carrying a *goulah*, that boy on a buffalo, attract your attention because of their novelty. An English farm-lad on a horse, a washer-woman at the village pump, is every bit as picturesque, and considerably cleaner. As to your squalor and misery, there is not a farmer in England, let alone Ireland, who would not change places with the poorest of the Fellaheen, so far as the results of farming are concerned. Had you passed through here twenty years

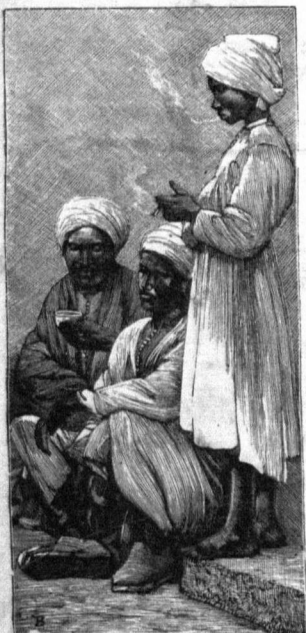
ago, you would have seen squalor and misery; but then that was in the so-called golden days of Ismail."

The train leaving Alexandria passes over the swamp of Mareotis, stretching on both sides of the line, and cuts through the remains of Arabi's earthworks in 1882. A useless reconnaissance on the 5th August was here the occasion of our first loss during the campaign. Among the reeds to the right fell Howard Vyse and two privates, killed by falling spent shot. After this, for some six weeks, a cannonade with heavy guns from both sides was maintained daily, with the net loss of one buffalo and one horse. The latter gave the name to the clump of trees on the left. A picket of the 60th, on a dark night, found themselves, as they thought, at close quarters with the enemy. Valiantly they fired volley after volley, but their fire was not returned; and next morning they discovered the body of a stray horse lying in what has since been known as the "Dead-horse Picket." Kafr Dawar, the first station, must claim the honour of being the scene of perhaps the most ignoble surrender ever made by men bearing arms; for here 10,000 followers of Arabi surrendered to a sergeant of the Shropshire, armed with a stick. The surrender had, of course, been previously agreed upon; and there were perhaps 300 more of the regiment within call, but there was no need for them. The patriotic Egyptians came in, anxious only to get rid of their arms to any one who would take them. A line of trucks was drawn up by the station; and close to the trucks, with just sufficient room to allow one man to pass at a time, was a telegraph post. On one side of this stood Sergeant Tommy Atkins of the Shropshire; there was no pomp and circumstance of war about him; he had taken off his coat, slipped his braces over his shoulders, and had his sleeves tucked up for business. On crowded the 10,000; and as they came to the post, one by one, they had to pass between it and the trucks; throw their Remingtons, bayonets, pistols, and trumpets into the latter, and pass on. Sergeant Tommy Atkins was one, and they were many; but he was not to be trifled with. Did any try and pass the wrong side of the post or smuggle through a revolver, he got a sharp rap on the knuckles, and a "Now, then, hand up," soon brought him to order. "It would have done Wilfrid Blunt, and other believers in Arabi



A Woman carrying a Goulah.

patriotism, good," said the Scribbler, "to have seen the cheerful way in which these gallant and patriotic warriors accepted the situation. The 'valour of the beaten host,' as Wilfrid calls it, was singularly like the playful excitement of schoolboys who come bounding out of school. So anxious were they to pass muster, that many of them handed their rifles to myself and others, to get rid of them the quicker; and we got into amicable converse with them. Singularly good-tempered were these victims of tyranny to their betrayers; some of them shook me warmly by the hand, and said that, now all this



Some of our Captives.

tomfoolery (*shoogly mushara*) was over, they were going back to serious work; others were delighted at the noise their guns made, 'Even more than yours,' they said, but hoped sincerely they had caused no one any inconvenience. 'None at all,' I replied; 'we didn't lose a man; but how many did you lose?' for great had been the tales in camp of the slaughter we had effected. 'Oh, no!' was the reply; 'you never came near us. You did once,' he said, deprecatingly, 'kill a man's buffalo, but then it had strayed in your way;' and he begged I would not think of it. These were the patriots of Blunt," said the Scribbler; "poor, innocent Fellaheen, ready enough to be put into a uniform, to be given a gun, fair food, and nothing to do, at so much a day. Why should they not, poor wretches? There was nothing else going on; the markets were closed. But fight or incur danger! No, not for Arabi, nor their country, nor for anything else. So when they saw troops they bolted."

"And was all your campaign as glorious as this?" asked the Sketcher sarcastically.

"Well, it was not very different; but you may spare your sneers. The lines of Tel-el-Kebir were carried gallantly, and if there was little resistance, you must remember that the troops were unaware whether there would be any or no; and they stormed, without a moment's hesitation, entrenchments which it's easy to depreciate now, but which, if properly defended, would have defied attack by twice the force. Still, I am willing to admit that the first Egyptian campaign gave little opportunity for trying the mettle of our soldiers in a hand-to-hand fight, but it established our reputation for other qualities not less valuable, and chiefly for *audace*. Here, for instance," he continued, as the train drew up at Tantah, "is the most fanatical town of Egypt, dedicated to the Sheikh

Said el Bedawee. Into it, a few days after Tel-el-Kebir, rode gallant Sir Archie Alison, with a single company of his Highlanders, and found, drawn up in the square there, some 4000 Egyptian troops, armed, and apparently ready to fight. What was he to do? The numbers were forty to one; any hesitation would have been fatal; and the plucky one-armed General showed none. 'Summon all to lay down their arms,' was the order given through an interpreter to the officer in command. Just a moment of anxiety, a glance at the perfectly composed face of the General, and the order was obeyed."

"And suppose it had not been?" asked the Sketcher.

"Precisely! there was the danger; but it *was* obeyed, and that is its justification."

"Justification for the summons to surrender, perhaps, as the best way out of the difficulty; but hardly any justification for getting into it."

"Well, that you may discuss with the General; but the presence of mind remains to the good in any case. Take the surrender of Cairo as another instance. After the wonderful ride from Tel-el-Kebir, the cavalry arrived dead-beat at the Abbasiyeh heights, within sight of Cairo. They were 900 men, and few of them capable of either moving a step in advance, or even of retreating if they had been attacked. There lay the city below them, with 8000 troops, and the citadel commanding their position. What were they to do? At any moment, if discovered, they might be attacked; and it was impossible that they could escape observation. There was only one way of gaining time—to show a bold front, summon the garrison to surrender, and to await the result. To their surprise, the garrison of 8000 at once expressed their readiness to obey the summons. And now arose the question, how to take advantage of it without showing their weakness. With some difficulty, 150 men, able to get their horses on for another five or six miles, were got together. In command of them went Major Watson of the Engineers. Through the close streets of Cairo they threaded their way, till they drew up at the massive gates of the Citadel. Into it quietly walked Major Watson, leaving his tired men drawn up outside, faced by curious but respectful Egyptian troops numbering two to one. 'Where is the commandant?' asked the Major. 'Asleep!' was the reply. 'Then wake him up, and tell him to surrender.' The first order was obeyed, and the commandant came, sleepy but servile. 'Will you kindly turn your men out, and hand me the keys?' said the Englishman. 'Certainly,' said the Egyptian; and within the hour, but with profuse apologies for delay, the 8000 patriot soldiers of Arabi filed out to make way for the 150 tired men, who, unable to sit longer in their saddles, had thrown

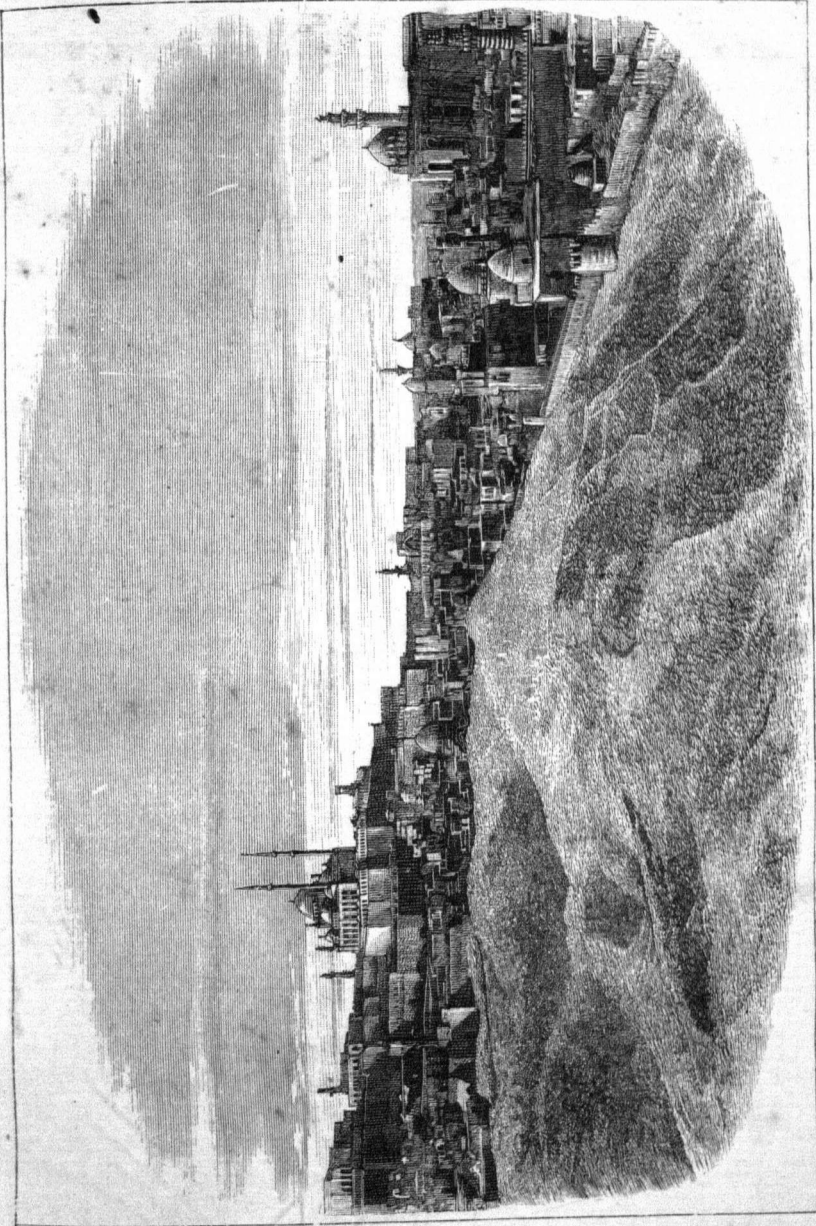
themselves on the ground for very weariness. The Major, who has a fine Irish brogue, adds reproachfully, as he tells the story, 'An' they ca'all that foightin!'"

"And there is the Citadel in question," said the Sketcher, as some few minutes later the line made a sudden curve, bringing in view Cairo, nestling under the Mokhattam hills, with its 'green gardens, the pretty gaily-coloured houses of Shubra, and the slender minarets of the Citadel mosque on the heights above.

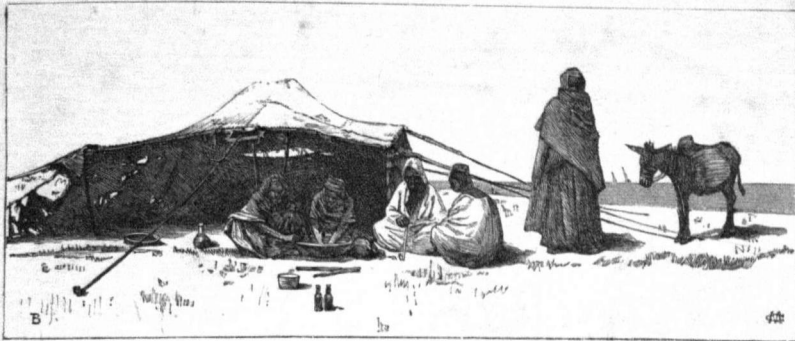
In a few minutes more the train drew up at the Cairo railway station.



Sayces.



View of Cairo.



CHAPTER V.

The Shepherd Angel—Cairo streets—Shepherd's—Shepherd king Luigi—The Shepherd smile—The Shepherd dinner—Shepherd chickens, their pedigree and training—Cairo in twenty-four hours—Cook's tours—Cook the national school-master—A large order.

RIGHTLY called Angelo is the porter of Shepherd's to the weary traveller who arrives in Cairo. Like a good Shepherd does he gather the flocks of portmanteaus, and like a guiding Angel pilots his 'sheep through the crowd. Disdaining the colossal hearse of the hotel, our travellers have hailed lithesome *arabeeyahs*, and are being driven at a pace which would excite the horror and indignation of any well-regulated policeman. The citizens of Cairo despise the modern improvements of Alexandria. They recognise that the capital of Egypt exists solely by virtue of its reputation acquired in the dark ages, and they have determined that no vulgar innovation in the way of cleanliness or municipal regulation shall cast a slur upon their character. The streets, therefore, are neither paved nor levelled, and the carriage flies from one rocky eminence to another, so that one's first experience resembles a steeplechase on wheels. Railways, indeed, have to be submitted to, also bridges; but no fastidious modern precautions are adopted for the one, and a hole or two is still left by way of protest in the other. So the engine puffs across the crowded streets without so much as a telegraph post to attract attention. If the carriage gets in the way, it must share the fate of Stephenson's coo; and if, in dodging an engine, you

should by chance land yourself in a hole of the bridge,—well, it is not big enough to let you through into the canal, and there is generally a policeman near enough to curse your driver. The bridge and the line safely cleared, you urge your Mazeppa-like career to the right, and clinging with both hands to your seat, you get into the comparatively speaking still waters of the road that skirts the hospitable house of Nubar. As you come near a succession of *café-chantants*, you suffer from what seems to be an

after-swell, and are liable to be thrown over the back of the carriage, as you draw up suddenly at the steps of Shepherd's Hotel.



A Street in Cairo.

It may be admitted as an axiom that the man who has not stayed at Shepherd's has never really visited Cairo. Other hostelries, indeed, there are, possessing many and various well-advertised charms. This one is cheap, and that one is in the centre of the bazaars; another has the electric light, and a fourth has the best *table-d'hôte*. Shepherd's disdains offering such inducements. It is Shepherd's and nothing else; and it is enough. As the Nile to other rivers, so is Shepherd's to other hotels. It is not the biggest, nor the most handsome, nor the oldest; nor is it the dearest (not quite) in which mortal might stay and live. What is the charm, which no man can either deny or define?

You may dwell where you will, in private house, in pension, or in unorthodox hotel; but as surely as the needle to the pole will you gravitate to Shepherd's. One attraction, indeed, it has; but that is one which we only reap, like that of Paradise, at the close of our sojourn. Stately is the mien of the Shepherd king Luigi when he receives us the first time; but unutterable bliss accompanies the smile with which he bids us adieu. The man must be obdurate, indeed, who, having once basked in that farewell smile, does not seek its sunshine again. As for such a woman, be assured she does not exist. The attitude itself with which it is rendered is a bouquet; the final bow which accompanies it is its choicest rose, and the smile is its aroma. The feet, well drawn together, with stern determination to support the inevitable; the shoulders bent in agonised but silent despair; the hands clasped in mute entreaty; the head slightly to one side in pious resignation; the reproachful eyes which look tears; the melancholy smile

which tells of joys buried in perennial gloom ; and then the final bow, which is the last dignified submission to fate. "It affects even me," said the unsentimental Scribbler, "and I have seen it for twenty winters."

"But he's quite young," said the Fair One, to whom the graceful proprietor had been pointed out.

"But the smile is part of the hotel properties," said the other ; "it has been handed down through a long succession of Shepherd kings, and the original is in the Hyksos chamber at Boolak."

The great man received them with becoming dignity, and arranged the party with all the promptitude of a skilful general. The Turtle was happy, for he learnt that the sitting-room allotted to him had just been vacated by a crown-prince. Damon and Pythias found quarters at a more remote part of the building, a good quarter of a mile from the landing, through infinite corridors, but commanding a view over the garden, and a tree which the Sketcher at once pronounced to be evidently the one under which Kleber was stabbed. "From this very window, perhaps," he said, "looked out the black woman who spotted the murderer, and pointed him out hidden away among those shrubs." The Scribbler remarked, drily, that this part of the building happened to be only a few years old ; still—there, or somewhere near it, was the tree, and here, or somewhere near it, there was such a window.

Great was the crowd at the *table-d'hôte* that evening in the big room with its long rectangle of tables. Imposing was the row of waiters, steadfastly waiting the word of command from Edgardo, general of brigade ; and a proud man looked Luigi, as at not rare intervals he came, like an able commander-in-chief, to survey the field of battle, and count the bottles which yield him his harvest of four hundred per cent. Lovingly he looked at the chickens—those chickens the lineal descendants of those concerning which wrote Adrian Augustus : "I wish them no other curse but that the Egyptians may be fed with their own chickens, which are hatched in a way I am ashamed to relate."

"And how was that?" asked the Patrician, who, together with the merchant in hides, had joined their late fellow-travellers at the table.

"I presume," said the Scribbler, "they were artificially hatched ; at least it's a flourishing trade now, and probably was then, in Alexandria."

"Wa'al," said Hides, "there is something to me attractive in eating what is to any extent the product of machinery. I reckon most things are better done by machinery than nature. These animals, now," he said thoughtfully, "could never have been brought to this state of sturdy endurance by the fondling

attentions of a parent fowl; they will, for that quality, probably never be excelled until the laying itself is also the work of human ingenuity."

"They do reflect credit on the establishment," said the Scribbler; "they are a well-known speciality of the house, and their legs only reach this muscular state by dint of continual exercise up and down the Pyramids upon which they gaze."

"But I can find nothing but legs," said the Fond Dove.

"The wings are invariably made into *salmi* of duck, and the rest of the bird into game-pie; but, hush! the real excitement of the evening approaches."

It was Luigi, preceding, with ill-concealed pride, the waiters who were bearing that *chef-d'œuvre* of Shepherd's, "the ice-pudding," reserved for Thursdays and Sundays.

"You have dined well?" he inquired, as his guests went out; "you found the ice-pudding good?" And the whole *table-d'hôte*, with one accord, pronounced themselves feasted as if by the gods. Who would dare grumble at Shepherd's? What angry thought, what pang of indigestion, would not disappear before Luigi?

Smoking their cigarettes on the balcony that evening, there was much recounting of experiences, comparison of plans, and consultation for the future among the ex-*Maris* party.

Hides and the Patrician had determined not to let the grass grow under their feet; they had caught the train for Cairo on the day of their arrival, and seen Pompey's Pillar on their way to the station. Hides checked the accuracy of his recollection by looking it up in his "Murray," and finding a mark against it, was convinced. The railway journey he described as trying. "They played bowls with me all along the line," he said. Arriving in Cairo, they had spent half an hour at the Boolak Museum, driven to the Pyramids, walked round the Sphinx, and got back in time to see the Citadel mosque. This last impressed the American more than anything in Cairo; for he measured it carefully, and found that it would make a magnificent tannery. Both were now prepared to take an affidavit that they had done Cairo. As for the Nile, the American was led to believe that it consisted mainly of buildings, mostly in a bad state of repair; and the Patrician had been disappointed in the reported shooting prospects.

The Turtle was anxious to see "the proper thing" in Cairo, and "to do" the Nile with as much regard to his pocket as his dignity would allow. He was opining towards Cook, but the Doves cooed rebelliously for a *dahabecyah*, and indulged in some not profoundly original sneers at Cook's tourists.

The Scribbler, on the contrary, avowed himself an enthusiastic Cook, as

the only feasible means of combining the exigencies of time, money, and the Nile. "Perhaps some of the people are not exactly those you would choose as companions, and perhaps, for that very reason, they are precisely the people whom it will do you good to travel with. You complain that Cook is too gregarious. I tell you it is exactly the reverse. Cook makes you go out of your own narrow set, and does for you what a public school does to the boy from home. Of course, you don't like it, nor does the boy at first; but you come away all the better—you have enlarged your ideas as to your fellow-man."

"Enlarged your ideas with a Cook's tourist!" said the Patrician.

"Certainly, my dear boy. It may be, in some cases, that you have enlarged your ideas as to their narrowness; but how can one arrive even at your own large and generous toleration of others, unless you have some experience of them? '*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*,' say you; but how can you hate what you always avoid?"

"But they are so very unpicturesque," murmured the Sketcher.

"Now, that," said the Scribbler, "is all cant. Look at ourselves, and tell me if we add anything to the beauty of the scenery? Where does Cook take them to? To Paris, where their worst bonnet-strings can compare not unfavourably with the flashy Saint-Chapelle. To the Rhine, where they look at least as graceful as the newly whitewashed castles on that tedious river. To Switzerland, where the scenery is already spoilt by the hideousness of the women. And here, where they are at least a comparatively bright spot of cleanliness. I tell you, sir," continued the Scribbler, getting argumentative, and consequently hyperbolic, "that against all the inconvenience which you, and a few like you, grumble at, is to be set the education of the most ignorant part of the British nation—the eradication of our greatest national vice, vulgarity. Mr. Cook is the educator of our middle class—the class through whose education alone we have any hope of remaining a nation. Do you think we should have had all this rubbish about non-intervention if John Cook had educated our grandfathers as he is educating us? No, sir! They were brought up in the belief that they lived in a nice little, tight little island; but their idea was to make that nice little island rule the world, of which they knew nothing. Their sons, who had imbibed the first part of the theory with their mother's milk, added a little knowledge of geography



A well-known Character in Cairo.

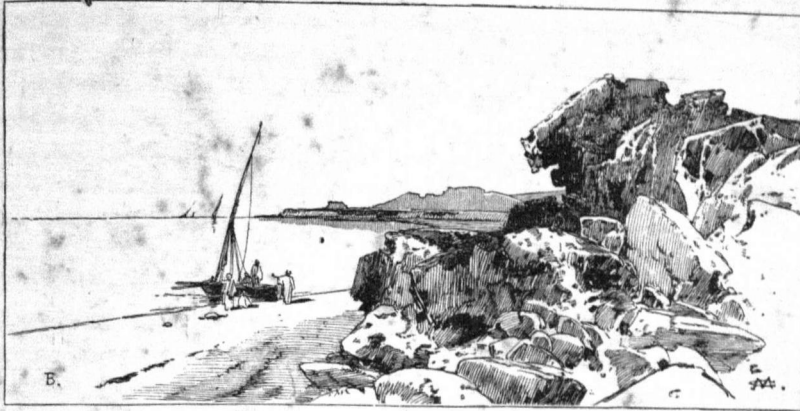
from an atlas ; thought England looked very small on a map ; got frightened at the Alexander idea of conquest, and jumped to the other extreme. This tight little island was enough for them—let all the rest of the world go as it would. Cook has made their children again travel, and they are slowly awakening to a consciousness of the fact that there are other races as intelligent as they are ; that they have to fight to hold their own ; and that the veins and arteries of this tight little island are in every village and in every country of the globe.”



A Water Seller.

“The admission of which general principle,” said the Sketcher, “does not seem to bring us much nearer to Assouan, or the means of getting there. It seems to me that, however we go, we are bound to be despised. If we go by the post-boat, we are despised by those who go by Cook. If we go by Cook, we are despised by those who go by *dahabeeyah* ; and if we go by *dahabeeyah*, we are condemned by the Scribbler. Similarly, if we go to Luxor, we are despised by those who get as far as Assouan ; and these in their turn are despised by the hardy travellers as far as Wady Halfa.”

The notion of doing anything for which he could be possibly despised was ungrateful to the Turtle ; but comforted by the reflection that the Archbishop of Canterbury and some royal personages had travelled as Cook’s tourists, he announced his decision of starting by the steamer of that day week, and graciously condescended to place himself and party in Cairo under the personal conduct of the Scribbler for the intervening seven days. “You will understand,” he added gravely, “that we should like to see everything,”—which, thought the Scribbler, as Cairo is supposed to contain 400 mosques, 1170 cafés, 140 schools, 300 cisterns, 70 public baths, 40 Christian churches, 13 synagogues, and 1265 *okellas*, is a pretty considerable order ; but he saw the eyes of the Fair One fixed on him, and consented with effusion.



The Nile near Bent Hassan.

CHAPTER VI.

Cairo from Mokhattam—Seventy centuries—Cairo of “Arabian Nights”—Cairo according to Ariosto—The Muski—Khan Khalili—Cairo of the Khedives—Sequence of history—A vast plan.

TO understand Cairo aright, the first view should be taken from the Mokhattam heights. The view which Murray ignores and Bädiker dismisses in a paragraph is generally neglected for the far inferior but more easily accessible one from the Citadel terrace. If he who has “not seen Cairo, has nothing seen,” then assuredly the same condemnation attaches to him who neglects the Mokhattam, for there, below you, lies not only Cairo, but Egypt itself. The forty, or let us say seventy centuries, look across to us from the Pyramids; the Sphinx, from even a remoter period, stands still waiting the answer to its never-solved riddle; and down from long ages, with huge lacunæ indeed, we trace the history of the world, marked by the ruined footprints of time. There is Memphis, earliest of cities, built by the dissatisfied Prince of This; there are the colossal tombs of the ancient empire, stretching from Sakkarah to Ghizeh. To the right lies Heliopolis, with its sun-temple of the Middle Monarchy; and the Nile, hurrying by to Tanis of the Hyksos, to Sais and Bubastis of the new empire, to Naukratis of the Greeks, and to Alexandria